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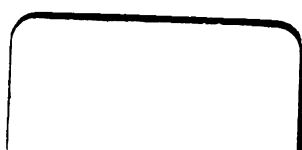
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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND  
NATIONAL REVIEW.

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VOLUME I.  
JANUARY TO JUNE.



TORONTO:  
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.  
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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

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VOL. I.]

JANUARY, 1872.

[No. I.

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INTRODUCTORY.

WHERE several attempts have failed, the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful. But it is hoped that the effort to give an organ, in the form of a periodical, to the intellectual life of Canada, is now made under better auspices than before. There has been of late a general awakening of national life, which has probably extended to the literary and scientific sphere: of the large number recently added to our population, the ordinary proportion may be supposed to be writers or readers; and special circumstances have favoured the present publishers in obtaining literary assistance in the conduct of their Magazine.

The plan of paying for all contributions, adopted by the present publishers, will, besides its more obvious advantages, secure to them that perfect liberty of selection which could not be enjoyed by the managers of periodicals conducted on the other system.

The chief promoters of the enterprise feel that, at all events, the creation of a worthy periodical for Canada is an object import-

ant enough to warrant them in expending some labour and encountering some risk. They are confirmed in this conviction by the favour with which this project has been received, and by the generous and patriotic support already afforded.

To deal with Canadian questions and to call forth Canadian talent will be the first aim of the managers of the *Canadian Monthly*. But they will seek in all quarters the materials of an interesting and instructive Magazine.

The utmost latitude will be allowed to contributors in the expression of opinion, as well as in the choice of subjects; but the Magazine is not open to party politics or to party theology; nor will anything be admitted which can give just offence to any portion of the community.

Having a national object in view, the managers of the Magazine will sincerely endeavour to preserve, in all its departments, a tone beneficial to the national character and worthy of the nation.

## THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

A GENERAL settlement of all disputed questions between two such nations as England and the United States may well be cause of international congratulation. Family quarrels are proverbially bitter, and the two peoples are near enough akin to give vehemence to their inevitable wrangles. A list of old, unsettled scores was liable to be converted into a cause of quarrel, at the most inopportune moment. The satisfaction arising out of the settlement, may, on the one side or the other, be tempered with the feeling that too little has been obtained here, and too much sacrificed there; that the rough balance struck, in the somewhat incongruous mingling of questions, which bore no relation to one another, and in which third parties were interested, has left just causes of complaint. A simpler and more natural way of proceeding would have been to conclude in form, as there are in fact, two treaties; but, as in 1818, it was found impossible to settle one question without bringing in others, so now, the central idea was to lump every thing together, and apply the sponge to the aggregate score. The settlement will avert all immediate causes of uneasiness as to the continuance of peace, and it has somewhat ameliorated the tone of international criticism; but it will neither change the respective characters of the two nations nor bring about the millenium. Nor can we, looking closely at the stipulations, and contrasting them with the omissions of the treaty, congratulate ourselves that international morality has made a marked advance, or that this country has received new securities against the annoyance of irregular invasion. The great merit of the treaty is that it removes,

for the time, every serious ground of dispute; but no arrangement that could be made now could prevent new complications arising in the future. If, in many respects, all available guarantees to that end are taken, in one particular, as we shall hereafter see, there is a manifest failure on this point. The best terms obtainable were probably secured, but while the work entrusted to the Commissioners is, in the main, satisfactory, it is, in some respects, open to grave objection.

The British High Commissioners, appointed on the sixteenth February, 1871, to settle all questions of difference with the United States, comprised Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John Alex. Macdonald, and Mr. Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law at the University of Oxford. The American Commissioners were: Mr. Secretary Fish, Mr. Robert Schenck, Mr. Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Ebenezer Hoar, and Mr. George H. Williams. Any three of the British Commissioners would, by the powers conferred upon them, have been sufficient to conclude a treaty. Of discretionary power they had little or none, as the references made, from time to time, to their government clearly show. The Joint High Commissioners first met on the 27th February, and concluded their labours on the 6th May.

In the settlement of the Alabama question, England has accepted rules of international law which she holds were not in force at the time of the occurrences out of which the American claims arose. This sacrifice may be compensated, in a pecuniary sense, and

in that sense only, by the advantages which a great maritime nation like England may, in future, reap from the following rules becoming obligatory on the two contracting powers :—

“A neutral Government is bound—

“First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a Power with which it is at peace ; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

“Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of a renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

“Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.”

It would not be difficult to understand the acceptance of an *ex post facto* rule, by one party to the contract, if the other came under a similar obligation. But we look in vain for any thing like reciprocity here. The case of the Fenian raids was of a more flagrant character than that of the Alabama. All that could be urged against England was that she may have failed to use due diligence to prevent the sailing of that famous corsair. A vessel can be fitted out with a secrecy which is impossible in setting on foot a land force. The Fenian raids were organized with the greatest ostentation of publicity, in a time of peace. The municipal laws of England, on the subject of neutrality, were feeble compared with those of the United States. The govern-

ment of the latter country on the occasion of the first Fenian raid, stood silently still till the soil of Canada had, after weeks of loud-trumpeted preparation, been invaded. Then it issued a proclamation. Having so completely failed in its duty, there was more reason that it should pay the damages occasioned by these raids than that England should pay the Alabama claims. In refusing to do so, it stands condemned by international law, by its own municipal laws, and by its early traditions in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Randolph. England not only pays but apologizes for the depredations of the Alabama. The contrast is more striking than agreeable.

Let us look at the Fenian raids question in the light of the past, and we shall see how the United States of to-day performs its national obligations compared with the way it performed those obligations at the close of the last century. No nation ever pushed to a greater extent the maxim that individual citizens have no right to be at war while their government is at peace. The early statesmen of the Republic contended that the restriction extended not merely to masses of men, but included every individual citizen. Nor did they rest content with declaring the rule : they sought to enforce it. In 1793, when war existed between England and France, the French contended that they had a treaty right to enlist men for the naval service in the United States. And they tried to put this alleged right into force. An American citizen, Gideon Henfield, was arrested by his own government and tried for having taken service, illegally, on the French cruiser *Citizen Genet*. Besides being an old revolutionary soldier, he pleaded ignorance of the law he was accused of violating, and expressed contrition for his conduct ; and he was, probably for these reasons, acquitted by the jury. The arrest gave occasion for the Government to make a public exposition of the law on the subject of private citizens making war on their own



account. Besides being punishable because his conduct was in violation of treaties, by which the United States stipulated with other countries, that there should be peace between their citizens and subjects, Attorney General Randolph declared every such offender was indictable at Common Law, because his conduct brought him within the description of persons disturbing the peace of the United States. And Jefferson, who was at the time Secretary of State, laid down the rule in words which ought never to be forgotten. "For our citizens," he said, in an official communication to the French Minister to the United States, "to commit murders and depredations on the members of nations at peace with us, or to combine to do it, appeared to the Executive, and to those whom they consulted, as much against the laws of the land as to murder or rob, or to combine to murder or rob, its own citizens, and as much to require punishment, if done within their limits, or where they have a territorial jurisdiction, or on the high seas, where they have a personal jurisdiction, that is to say, one which reaches their own subjects only." He gave notice that the laws would be enforced against all persons so offending, whether citizens or aliens within the jurisdiction of the Republic and enjoying the protection of its laws. The argument against an individual citizen going to war on his own authority was that what one might do all had the same right to undertake; and if this were allowed the nation might find itself at war without the authority of the Government.

The right to restrain individual citizens, and the arguments by which it was upheld, now find few defenders. The Americans afterwards confined their restriction to bodies of men, intending to act together against any power with which the Government was at peace.

When we apply these facts to the case of the Fenian expeditions, and to the refusal of the Washington Government to give com-

pensation for the injuries Canada received therefrom, it is difficult to find any reason for being jubilant over this part of the treaty, as indicating an advance in the principles of international justice and morality. The Fenian raids were organized under circumstances very different from those in which individual American citizens joined the French standard in 1793. There was no war in progress; no flag for the Fenians to take shelter under; no government for them to transfer their allegiance to. The pretence, which was not allowed, at the former epoch, in time of war, of divesting themselves of the character of American citizens and transferring their allegiance to a foreign sovereign by the mere act of engaging in his service, could not be set up by the Fenians. They were a lawless band of marauders, composed of American citizens and persons under the protection of American laws; incapable of accomplishing anything beyond rapine and murder. Of the few leaders against whom legal proceedings were taken by their own Government, the punishment was only a form, equally without reality or deterring influence. For this great international wrong—this invasion of our territory in a time of profound peace—the Americans neither make apology nor would give compensation. England, we are given to understand by a speech of Mr. Gladstone, stands vicariously charged with the damages. So Canada will be paid. It makes no difference to us, we may be told, in a money point of view, whence the compensation comes; but it makes a vast difference in the guarantees of future security whether or not a nation, bands of whose citizens have committed unprovoked outrages on our soil, holds itself amenable to the rules of international law and the plainest principles of justice. The practical immunity of the offenders could hardly fail to serve as an encouragement to them; the national disavowal of responsibility may put the whole nation in a temper to believe that raids on

the territory of a country coterminous with the Republic may at any time be made a safe diversion from the dull routine of every day life. We know, as a matter of fact, that before the treaty has, in all its parts, gone into operation, another raid by American citizens has been made on the frontier of the North-West. If this last raid was thoroughly contemptible, it involved the Dominion in the expense of sending up a hundred men to Fort Garry.

The opening of the United States market to Canadian fish reconciles to the treaty the class who have the greatest and most direct interest in the fisheries: the fishermen of Canada. Their views of the arrangement are at once coloured and circumscribed by their interests. They know that it is to their advantage to have free access for the products of their industry to the nearest, and in some respects the best, market. They have no sympathy with a feeling that would bar the American market to them, unless these fisheries could be converted into a make-weight in securing a general reciprocity of trade, which American statesmen show no disposition to grant. The unpopularity of the fishery articles of the treaty with other classes is, in a measure, compensated by their ready acceptance by the fishermen. The latter are most nearly interested; the former most numerous. Nova Scotia, whose greatest material interest lies in her fisheries, was brought into the confederation in a manner which her population deeply resented. She complained that she was dragged into an union about which her people were not fairly consulted; that undue restraint was put upon her will. The sullen gloom inspired by that event had not been wholly dissipated; and it would have been highly impolitic to act as if other parts of the Dominion had a greater interest in the fisheries of the Province than her own fishermen. As between the fishermen of the two countries, the Canadian appear to be better satisfied than the American; and

it is not improbable that the complaints which went up from Barnstable and Plymouth, Massachusetts, to Congress in 1806, at having to meet the competition of British Colonial fish, in American markets, may be repeated.

When they were excluded from the United States, by high duties, the fishermen of Nova Scotia were loud in their demands for a strict enforcement of the prohibitions of the Convention of 1818. In 1836, the Local Legislature passed an Act authorizing officers of the Government to board American fishing vessels found hovering within the prohibited limits, and to remain on board till the vessels moved away. That Province was foremost in urging the exclusion of Americans from the Bay of Fundy and Bay Chaleur, and in denying them the right to navigate the Strait of Canso. The Local Legislature claimed the right to prevent foreign vessels passing through that strait, where, it was complained, they cast bait to lure fish, and by this means negatively contravened the treaty.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the British Government would have thrown open to the Americans all the Bays over six miles wide, if it had not been for the assurance of Lord Falkland, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, that the measure would create deep-rooted dissatisfaction both in that Province and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia deprecated any concession to their rivals; and insisted on their being held to a strict construction of the treaty. And in 1845, excepting only the Bay of Fundy, she succeeded in bringing over the Imperial Government to her views. She sometimes employed as many as four armed vessels for the protection of the fisheries; and she was loudest of all the colonies in demanding from England an increase of naval armaments. While she contributed four, her sister Province, New Brunswick, in 1852, tardily furnished two; and Canada, not exceeding in this respect

the efforts of the little island of Prince Edward, did not furnish more than one vessel. When to these was added a naval force of English steamers and sailing vessels, for the avowed purpose of preventing encroachments on our fisheries, a storm arose in Congress. The more fiery of the Senators, including the most responsible among them, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, treated the collection of this naval force as an "insult and indignity to the whole American people." This fleet, they said, must have some ulterior object. War was freely spoken of as a possible result. But the American Executive took the matter more calmly, and instead of sending the whole home squadron into our waters sent only the frigate *Mississippi*.

This threatening aspect of affairs had been mainly brought about by the pertinacity with which Nova Scotia had insisted on the treaty being executed, in its full rigour. That the fishermen of this Province should accept the treaty of Washington, as a boon, shows how fully they appreciate the opening of the American market to the products of their industry. It is the more remarkable that this should occur among a people whose political passions have for four years been inflamed almost to the highest pitch consistent with the preservation of order.

If we have given away, on new terms, those fisheries which, on a previous occasion, were accepted by American statesmen as an equivalent for a more general yet necessarily limited reciprocity of commerce, it does not follow that under the altered circumstances, we have not done the best we could. The treaty of 1854, never long popular with the Americans, was finally abrogated by Congress. The chief objections urged against it were its restricted scope and its alleged one-sided character. It admitted our raw produce to American markets and excluded their manufactures from ours. The latter were chargeable with duty; the first was free. This discrimination was,

unreasonably, but not the less pertinaciously, held to be unfair; for it is one thing to enter on the free list raw products which serve as food, or enter into manufactures, and altogether another thing to admit along side of them completed manufactures. Many nations, when there is no question of treaty stipulations, make a difference between the two classes. They find it advantageous to obtain raw produce on the cheapest terms; whether in the shape of food or materials, to be worked up into manufactures. American politicians and manufacturers failed to recognize the necessity of discriminating in this way between different articles of import. The treaty having been legally terminated, the Cabinet of Washington, through Mr. Seward and Mr. Secretary McCulloch, declined to discuss proposals for any new arrangement from which manufactures should be excluded. And in any case, they refused to enter on negotiations for a new reciprocity treaty. They proposed reciprocal legislation as a substitute; and they insisted on placing raw materials and manufactures on the same footing. These terms Canada rejected with an unanimity that was unbroken by any voice of dissent loud enough to be heard amid the general din. To have admitted American manufactures free would either have involved a loss of revenue, with which it was impossible to dispense, or a discrimination in favour of the United States and against all the rest of the world, England included. So far, the objection urged by Canada was reasonable. But it went beyond this, and embraced legislative reciprocity in any and every possible form.

Under like circumstances, when all the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted, England once tried the expedient of reciprocal legislation with success. And, as in this case also, it was the United States that had to be dealt with. The questions to be settled were questions of commerce and navigation. There was, in the words of Canning, an evident conviction among the

diplomatists, on both sides, "that there existed an unconquerable difference of principle, and it was by that difference, rather than by an irreconcilableness of interest, that a satisfactory arrangement was rendered hopeless." Under these circumstances, England passed an Act of Parliament which contained proposals to be carried into effect on their being reciprocated by Congress, or the authority of other nations, as respected the nations so reciprocating. In this way, England, from 1823 to 1830, overcame a difficulty which had baffled negotiation and survived the exhausted efforts of diplomacy to remove.

But whether Canada were right or wrong in refusing to try the experiment of reciprocal legislation, the fact remains that she did resolutely and persistently refuse. The statesmen of Washington were not less persistent in refusing to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty. In 1871, as in 1867, they refused to listen to propositions for galvanizing into new life the treaty of 1854, which they had strangled amidst loud exclamations of national delight. We might have insisted on holding the fisheries as a latent reserved power ; but in that case, the only certain result would have been continued disputes about encroachments, while it would have rested with the authorities at Washington to give, or refuse to give, the only equivalent for which we could have consented to part with them. If they had, for four years, refused our terms, we could not point to any time in the future when they would accept them. As a means of repurchasing the conditions of the old Reciprocity Treaty, or anything like them, it would have been a blind self delusion to rely on the fisheries.

We do not forget that, in 1851, the President declined to negotiate, and suggested a regulation of the commerce of the two countries by reciprocal legislation ; and that this objection to the mode of proceeding was overcome three years later. But the

circumstances were then different. No previous treaty had existed to become unpopular, and be terminated with the assent of all parties in the Republic.

We have, then, to consider the Fishery clauses on their merits ; and without prejudice in favour of an alternative arrangement, which the stern facts oblige us to look upon as impossible. The facility with which excuses could be found for objecting to the British interpretation of the Treaty might be made a dangerous source of mischief in the hands of politicians willing to subordinate all questions to their personal success. The claim made by Americans of a right to fish in the large bays, which Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, admitted was not tenable on a strict construction of the Treaty, had long, and especially since 1842, been a fertile subject of dispute. It was reserved to General Butler to encourage American fisherman to encroach on the in-shore fisheries, within the three mile limit, and to use force to repel attempts at capture. Before giving this advice he had been their District representative in Congress, and had latterly been living for some months among the fishermen on the coast of New England, whose good will he was now doubly anxious to secure in view of a prospective election, in which the gubernatorial chair of the State would be the object of contest. It is possible that he may have heard from those fishermen how some of their progenitors, in the last generation, resorted to acts of violence, akin to those he recommended ; and that they escaped all punishment. Of the nine American vessels captured in 1824, by Captain Hoare, of Her Majesty's brig *Dotterel*, one was retaken by her crew, and two others were rescued by the joint efforts of their crews and an armed party from Eastport, Maine. When the British Government complained of these proceedings, its communication remained unanswered a year and a half ; and when afterwards, waiving any demand for the

punishment of the persons concerned in the outrages, it asked an acknowledgment of the wrong done, even that satisfaction does not appear to have been given.

In the interval, between the exchange of ratifications and the action of the Dominion Parliament necessary to give full effect to the Treaty of Washington, the opportunity was availed of by the owners of the American fishing schooner, *E. H. Horton*, seized in September, for a violation of the fishery laws, and lying in Guysborough harbour, awaiting an investigation before the Court of Admiralty, to act upon the rash advice of Gen. Butler. On the night of the 8th October, in the absence of the guards, she was cut from her moorings and taken in triumph to Gloucester, Mass., where her arrival, after this outrage, was cause of much wild local excitement and rowdy rejoicing. But the act does not command much sympathy outside of the circle of interested fishermen and their immediate neighbours. General Butler, in making so rash an appeal to men proverbial for their ignorance, and liable by the accidents of the season to find their venture unrewarded, must have known that he was sowing seed on a soil that might possibly prove alarmingly fertile. If he encouraged them to take forcible possession of the shore fisheries, they would easily persuade themselves that any attempt to exclude them from Bay Chaleur was alike unreasonable and illegal. If the claim to fish in that Bay rested on an application of the principles of international law, we think it likely that it would have been tenable. But the question, which had previously given much trouble, depended for its solution on the interpretation of the Convention by which the Americans renounced the right of taking fish within three miles of any bay as well as of any creek or harbour. The English interpretation was that the three mile line must be drawn from the headlands ; an interpretation which the Americans, unable to prove incorrect, were never willing

to accept. In 1845, the British Government, while adhering to this construction, conceded to them the privilege of fishing in the Bay of Fundy ; but it was with the condition that they should not go within three miles of the entrance of any other bay on the coasts of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. The United States, through its minister, Mr. Everett, accepted the concession, but denied that to be a favour which had been contended for as a right. It mattered not that the Americans had themselves applied the term bay to a water of their own, Delaware Bay, nearly as wide as Bay Chaleur, and treated it as the exclusive property of the nation. The British ship *Grange*, captured in Delaware Bay, by the French frigate *Embuscade*, in 1793, was demanded for restoration by the Washington Government, on the ground that the capture had taken place in the neutral waters of the United States. And France, at a time when she was in a sufficiently contentious mood, complied without a word of objection, by the pen of Citizen Minister Genet, the most contentious of mortals. But this question of the right of fishing in the Bay of Chaleur always remained, like an open fester, which stubbornly refused to yield to treatment. And it is possible that we have not seen the last of it ; for it would revive with the termination of the Treaty of Washington.

A factitious importance was formerly attached to the fisheries from the belief that they were the best nurseries for the naval marine of the countries by whose people they were prosecuted. This notion was not confined to any one country : it prevailed alike in France, in England, and the United States. Bounties on fish were formerly, and are sometimes now, defended on this ground. A nation largely engaged in fisheries and having but a limited commercial marine, might seek among fishermen the materials with which to man its navy ; but it is difficult to believe that the fisheries now form the best, or even a good school of naval

seamanship. Now that the navies of the world are formed largely of steamships, often armour plated, there is very little to be learned in a fishing smack that would be of use in the naval service. A fisherman will learn to keep his feet in a rough sea, and will not be liable to be prostrated by sea sickness like a landsman ; but he learns not much else that would be of use in the navy. The merchant marine, though an imperfect, is a better school. How many British American fishermen are annually drafted into the English navy ? Very few at all ; directly, scarcely any. The habits of the fishermen are eminently sedentary. The great majority of them return, year after year, when the season's venture is over, to the same spot. England no longer encourages this supposed nursery for seamen by bounties : Canada, of all these British Provinces, did so, before Confederation, and her fishery never attained respectable dimensions. France may gain something to her navy by the Newfoundland fisheries, because they are largely followed by a home population, who once a year visit their native country. And though Daniel Webster may have been in the right when he flattered the American fishermen by giving them credit for success in naval encounters, it is very doubtful whether, with the modern way of conducting naval warfare, this will ever be true in future. As for Canada, she has not yet become burthened with the cost of maintaining a navy ; and if some day, she should find it necessary to do so, and the fisheries were as good a resource as has been alleged, she would be found to possess abundant raw material for the purpose.

President Grant's opening message to Congress, in 1870, gave rise to a suspicion that he had taken his tone, on the Fishery question, from General Butler, without going to the length of his supposed mentor ; and showed a tendency to increase the number of difficult and irritating questions arising under the Convention of 1818. His bill of

complaint had but slender ground of justification ; much of it none at all. He set out by alleging that it had been customary for the British or Colonial authorities to warn American fishermen not to trench on what he called the technical rights of Great Britain ; but that this practice had not been followed when the Parliament of the Dominion resolved to grant no more licenses to Americans to engage in our shore fisheries. This complaint of want of notice is not a new one. It was made by Minister Everett, in 1842, when British rights were enforced in the Bay of Fundy ; and it was made by Senator Mason, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in 1852, when an extra protective naval force of British vessels had been sent to the fishing grounds. As the Americans had, as far back as 1845, been allowed the liberty of fishing in the Bay of Fundy, this privilege, we may admit, should not have been withdrawn without notice, if at all. There is nothing in the Canadian Fishery Act of 1867 to exempt this Bay from its purview. But the President made no complaint on this score ; and it is possible that the fact of the prior concession had escaped his notice, as it seems to have escaped the notice of the Canadian Parliament. The chief reason for abolishing the license system was that that it was not honestly carried out ; that for one licensed vessel there were several poachers, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the two classes was very great.

Another objection made by President Grant was that, though the treaty obligations of the United States were towards England, Canada exercised a delegated power to seize and condemn American vessels hovering within three miles of any creeks or harbours ; that she, an irresponsible power, exercised her authority harshly and with a view to producing political effect on the Government of Washington.

If the authority to seize American vessels hovering in forbidden waters, were exercised



by Canada, the President threatened in loose and general terms, that the authorities of the Republic would take steps to enforce what he called American rights. Whether in the shape of an Imperial or Colonial enactment, or both, the substance of the provision here denounced had existed ever since the first Act of Parliament was passed to give the treaty effect; and this is the first time that the American Government made it the ground of a like intimation. The President might fairly claim that, as the treaty was made between the United States and England, each country is entitled to look to the other for a fulfilment of its obligations. But is Canada no part of the British Empire? In point of fact, whatever seizures were made were nearly all made by vessels belonging to the British navy. British subjects living in this part of the Empire might surely act in conjunction with those sent by the metropolitan power to see the treaty obligations enforced. The fishery laws of the Dominion cannot go into effect till they receive the assent of the Crown, in one form or another. A question might be raised whether an error was not committed in the Act of 1867. This Act is in part, a literal copy of an Act passed by the Legislature of Nova Scotia, in 1836. Both these Acts authorized certain officers to board foreign fishing vessels, found in any harbour of Canada or hovering within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbours; and to take certain prescribed proceedings afterwards. There can be no doubt about the right to capture vessels fishing within three miles of any of the places mentioned; for the enactment, so far only follows the wording of the treaty. But whether a vessel preparing to fish would properly be liable to seizure and condemnation under the treaty, as it was under these Statutes, is a question that might fairly have been raised. But we do not find that it ever was raised till the Convention had been in force twenty-three years. In 1841, Mr. Forsyth, American

Minister in London, brought this along with other objections against the Nova Scotia Act of 1836, apparently in ignorance of the fact that this provision did not originate with the Legislature of that Province, but had first been embodied in an Imperial Statute passed the very next year after the treaty was concluded. No objection was then made that the prohibiting of foreign vessels from preparing to fish within limits which they could enter only for other purposes, was beyond the scope of the treaty; and for nearly a quarter of a century, this provision was practically acquiesced in by the Americans. In all the long diplomatic controversies which grew out of these fisheries, we find no further reference to this question till it found a place in the list of grievances presented by President Grant to Congress: good evidence that he was making the most of his material.

That functionary also complained of the provision requiring a vessel found within a harbour to depart, on being warned to do so, within twenty-four hours. These foreign fishing vessels had a right to go into harbours to buy wood and obtain water; but they might be subjected to such restrictions as would be necessary to guard against their abusing this privilege. Was the requirement that a suspected vessel should leave within twenty-four hours a necessary restriction? In 1842, the English law officers of the Crown gave an opinion on the legality of another form of restriction. To the question, whether American fishermen had the right to enter the bays and harbours of Nova Scotia for the purpose of purchasing wood and obtaining water, when they had provided neither of these necessities, in their own country, at the commencement of the voyage; or whether they had a right to do so only when their original supply of these articles had been exhausted: the answer was that the liberty of entering for these purposes was conceded in general terms, unrestricted by any conditions express or

implied, and that none such as those suggested could be attached to its enjoyment. But this is quite consistent with the clearly expressed right to impose such restrictions as might be necessary to prevent any abuse of the liberty, whether by illegal trading, or catching or drying fish ; and we do not think that, in case of a suspected vessel, having no further apparent reason to prolong her stay, the requirement that she should depart within twenty-four hours would be an act of undue rigour. But the provision is one that is liable to abuse, and requires the exercise of an equitable discrimination in its enforcement.

President Grant claimed for American fishing vessels a general right of trading in the ports of the Dominion ; a claim, which, during the more than half century, which the Convention has been in force, was never advanced before. He seemed at a loss to know whether the denial of this right was based on the British construction of the treaty : if it was, he could not acquiesce in it ; if it was founded on Provincial Statutes, he felt at liberty to ignore them, all the dealings of the Republic, on this subject, being with England and not with Canada.

The Canadian Statute to which exception is taken goes, on this point, neither beyond the Imperial Act of 1819, nor the Convention of 1818, both of which state, in so many words, that the fishermen of the United States may enter the harbours of certain specified portions of British America, "for the purpose of shelter, and repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." The prohibition could hardly have been stronger, though it might have been expressed in more positive terms ; it might, like the Treaty of 1798, between England and Spain, have engaged the party receiving the right of fishery, near the possessions of the other, to take measures to prevent this right being made a pretext for illicit traffic.

All trade by one nation with the colonies of another was then illicit ; and for this reason British subjects, in carrying on fisheries in the Pacific, were to keep ten marine leagues from the Spanish possessions.

When the Convention of 1818 was being negotiated, President Grant says, the American Commissioners opposed a proposal to render fishing vessels with goods on board liable to forfeiture, with their cargoes. Rush, one of the American negotiators, in his elaborate *Memoranda*, makes no such statement. And in any case, the Treaty must carry its own interpretation. It is plain from the language of the Convention, that a fishing vessel cannot engage in general trade ; and it would be a suspicious circumstance if she were found with goods on board not required for the purposes of the voyage she was ostensibly prosecuting. But she could be condemned only on proof that would satisfy the Admiralty Court that she was engaged in illegal trading. This question still possesses a living interest ; for, far from being settled, it is in no way affected by the Treaty of Washington. Complaints of American fishing vessels engaging in smuggling are older than the Convention of 1818 ; but when we are asked to believe that the fifteen hundred of them which were employed in the Labrador fishery, in 1812, were smugglers of tea and coffee, it is impossible not to be convinced of exaggeration, since we cannot conceive where they found their customers. Owing to the much greater price of nearly all articles of consumption in the United States, than in Canada, the business of smuggling by fishing vessels must now be very limited. Goods could be much easier carried the other way ; but as Canadian fishing vessels are not likely to avail themselves of the barren liberty of fishing in American waters, there is no danger of smuggling in that direction.

When President Grant asked Congress to arm him with power to suspend the Bonding Act of 1846, and to interdict Canadian

vessels from entering the ports of the Republic, as a means of retaliating assumed wrongs, in case they should be committed, we fear he did so for the purpose he attributed to the Dominion; to put pressure on this Government for political purposes. Whether that helped him or not, he has so far obtained his object as to have secured for the American fishermen, in a treaty requiring the indirect approval of the Parliament of the Dominion, the much coveted liberty of fishing along the Atlantic coasts of the whole of Canada, Prince Edward Island, and, if its Legislature assent, of Newfoundland. The extent of the compensation to be given to Canada for the cession of this liberty to the United States will not be known until the whole question is passed upon by a Commission of Arbitration. The British Commissioners asked, but failed to obtain, a renewal of the former Reciprocity Treaty; nor did the proposal, when modified so as to embrace the reciprocal throwing open of the coasting trade of each country to the inhabitants of the other, with the freedom of the navigation of the St. Lawrence to Americans, meet a better fate. A counter proposal from the American Commissioners contained an offer to purchase in perpetuity access to the shore fisheries; and a million of dollars was the price named. The British Commissioners refused to make any arrangement which did not include the admission, duty free, of the produce of the British fisheries into the markets of the United States; and they said a million of dollars was utterly inadequate as a compensation.

And now came a most remarkable phase in the negotiations. The American Commissioners, after repeating their previous decision on a reciprocal tariff and the coasting trade, proposed that there be a free reciprocity in three articles, at once: coal, salt and fish, and, subject to the approval of Congress, lumber, after the first of July, 1874. This proposal was referred by the

British Commissioners to their Government, and rejected as inadequate, with the suggestion that lumber should, as well as the three other products, be admitted free at once, and that these concessions should be supplemented by a money payment. The Americans then, instead of making an advance on their previous offer, withdrew it, saying that it was more than an adequate compensation for the fisheries, and that it had been made entirely in the interest of a peaceable settlement and with a view to removing a source of irritation and anxiety. They followed up this backward movement by repeating the proposal of a money payment for the fisheries; and adding that the amount, if the two Governments could not agree what it should be, should be determined by an impartial arbitration. The British Commissioners, besides adhering to their former proposal to secure a free market in the United States for the products of our fisheries, insisted that any arrangement come to should be limited to a term of years. This last proposal of the American Commissioners, with the limitation contended for by the British Commissioners, was agreed to. British subjects received, in addition, the nominal privilege of fishing—shell fish excepted in this as in the other case—on the eastern coasts of the United States, north of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude, along the adjacent islands, and the bays, harbours and creeks; with permission to land and dry their fish, subject to the rights of private property and without interfering with American fishermen. The terms of this agreement are reciprocal; Americans obtaining access to those of our shore fisheries from which they were previously excluded, on precisely the same conditions.

This is not the first time our fishermen were admitted to part of the American coast fisheries; but the only time at which this liberty would have been of any possible value, it was withheld. Critics, who commented adversely on the Treaty of 1783, by

which the Americans received from England, besides an acknowledgment of their independence, the privilege of fishing on the coasts of British America, objected to this absence of reciprocity in an instrument the preamble of which declared "reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience" to be the only permanent foundations of peace and friendship between States. But the better opinion, even then, was that the Colonies lost nothing of real value by this variance between the professions of the preamble and the stipulations of the articles. When the question was subsequently mooted, the proposed concession was treated as of no practical value. The Treaty of 1854 gave the liberty of fishing on the American coast down to the 36th degree of latitude; but a matter of three degrees is of no consequence when there is no probability that any part of these waters will be used by British fishermen. A liberty of fishing in waters exhausted of fish long ago can be of no value to a people at whose doors lie the rich fisheries which had long been an ardent object of desire to Americans. There is one possible objection which the obtaining of this unprofitable concession may overcome; the objection to fleets of foreign vessels entering the private waters of our coasts, and penetrating far beyond the headlands towards the heart of the country. If this be an objection, on one side, it is balanced by a like concession on the other.

The admission, duty free, of our fish and fish oil into the markets of the United States is a real advantage; though to measure its money value may be a difficult task for the Commissioners by whom it will have to be decided. It has always, except during the period of the Reciprocity Treaty, been a subject of complaint among Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fishermen that the products of their industry were burthened with high duties on their entrance into the United States. In 1845, the British Government

addressed a complaint to that of Washington, on this subject; and some reduction was for a time made, as if, though not by stipulation or avowedly, in return for the concession of the liberty to Americans to fish in the Bay of Fundy. But whatever the value of the freedom of the United States market, assuredly it is not an equivalent for the liberty obtained by their fishermen of enjoying our shore fisheries on the same terms as our own people engage in them. It remains to ascertain the balance to be paid in money. The difficulty will be to appraise the concessions, on the one side and the other, and to strike a balance. That very difficulty would have prevented the Joint High Commission from deciding the point, though it would have been more satisfactory if a summary solution had been possible. It is true the same machinery—an arbitration—is to be used to determine the amount of the Alabama claims. But the cases are not parallel. The moment England consented to pay these claims, some joint authority for examining and passing upon them became necessary. But the fisheries constituted a property possessed on the one side, and participation in which was desired on the other; and it would have been better, if it could have been managed, to determine definitely the terms on which the coveted concessions should be made. There is no objection to arbitration in itself: the objection is to selling for a price afterwards to be ascertained; introducing an element of uncertainty where certainty should prevail. But we have no right to conclude that the money balance will not be equitably determined. It is beyond doubt that, if Canada had had the right to initiate the arrangement, this way of dealing with the question would not have been taken; and the bargain that has been made will be accepted only in deference to Imperial wishes and in the interests of peace between two nations which could not go to war without making a battle-ground of the Dominion.

Situated as Canada is, it can have no political connections which would not involve some sacrifices, on one side and on the other. In the absence of this fishery arrangement, unsatisfactory as it may be, all the old disputes that have arisen under the Convention of 1818 would revive; and, as we have seen, there is a constant tendency to add to the number, and an increased acrimony, at least on one side, in their discussion. Nothing is easier than to find a new interpretation of an old instrument; and the moment this is done the objection is raised that, acting in reliance of a meaning never before questioned, we have no right to capture offending vessels, since the difference is one to be settled by diplomacy. We may be thankful that we have got rid of this difficulty, though not on terms that we should have preferred.

There is an apparent difference in the time for which the freedom of the navigation of the River St. Lawrence is granted to the Americans and that for which British subjects obtain a title to the navigation of Lake Michigan. The first is, in express terms, granted "forever;" the second for the period of ten years, during which the Treaty will be in force, and the additional two years, during which it would continue to exist after notice of its termination had been given. If no such notice were given, the time might be prolonged indefinitely; but this freedom of the navigation of Lake Michigan is liable to be terminated at the end of twelve years. Is this, then, so unequal a bargain as the difference between twelve years and forever? Can a Treaty, liable to be terminated, convey rights in perpetuity? The Treaty being the foundation of those rights, do they not fall with it? In case of the termination of this Treaty by war, would not the two parties to it be remitted to the positions they respectively held before the Treaty was made? There are cases of a precisely similar character, which seem to supply the answers to these ques-

tions. The Treaty of 1783 stipulated that the navigation of the Mississippi, from its sources to the ocean, should "forever remain open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States." After the war of 1812, the American diplomatists, at Ghent, refused to renew this article. When the Convention of 1818 was negotiated, this refusal was persisted in. The American negotiators argued that since it had been discovered that the source of the Mississippi was not in British territory, there was no reason why British subjects should have the freedom of this river. The use of the word "forever" in a Treaty of which all those parts not obviously of a permanent nature—as were those which recognized the independence of the Republic—had been abrogated by war, counted for nothing. The difficulty under which the American negotiators insisted on their point may be imagined, when it is remembered that, for other reasons, they were driven to the necessity of arguing that the war had not vacated the Treaty. And even while depriving of all value the word "forever," as used in the Convention of 1783, they, with bold inconsistency, refused to have any other word to mark the duration of certain fishery concessions they were then obtaining. But in spite of the use of this word, Rush admits that England would hold, in case of war, that the Treaty had been abrogated.

But if the difference between the effect of the words used in the cases of the navigation of the St. Lawrence and of Lake Michigan is only nominal, and if there be some possible conjunctures in which each party would revert to the position it respectively held before the treaty was concluded, we can conceive of no circumstances, in time of peace, which would render it desirable to attempt to exclude the Americans from the St. Lawrence. President Grant made it a subject of complaint that the Dominion claimed a right to deny to American citizens the freedom of this river. Something over

twenty years ago, the late Mr. Merritt did make a suggestion of this kind, in the Legislature, as regarded the artificial navigation, and the Inspector General—the Finance Minister of that day—gave it a momentary countenance. And in 1854, the United States Government discountenanced the idea of its citizens having a right to this navigation by making its acquisition a matter of treaty stipulation; and agreeing in an instrument, the major part of which could not be cancelled by notice for eleven years, that England should be at liberty at any time to recall the privilege. But our great object has always been to attract American commerce through this channel. This policy has grown into a tradition, and is in no possible danger of being reversed. Of the naturally navigable parts of this great highway, England has, through her Commissioners, recently disposed, without deeming the consent of Canada necessary.

Canada has nothing to gain by opposing the principle that a nation whose territory lies on the upper portion of a river, has a right to navigate that river in its entire length. The navigation of the St. Lawrence is of no value, without the use of the canals; and all that the Imperial Government has undertaken to do, in respect to them, is to urge upon the Dominion to allow American citizens to make use of them, as in fact they do, on the same terms as British subjects, an obligation of precisely the same import as that under which the Americans came, in 1854, in respect to canals which are the property of individual States. Whenever there has been discrimination against vessels which used only the Welland Canal, the object has been to draw the commerce of the Western States down our great water way to the ocean. We have only to look at the map of the northern part of British Columbia, hemmed in by a fringe of American territory, nowhere more than thirty miles wide, from latitude  $54^{\circ} 40''$  to above the parallel of  $60^{\circ}$ , a distance of over 440 English miles,

to be convinced that it is our interest to accept the claim of the Americans to a right to navigate the St. Lawrence, on the ground that, at some point, their territory borders upon its banks. On what other principle could British subjects have obtained a right to navigate the rivers which lead through the long strip of American territory, on the Pacific coast, to the British territory in the interior? The commercial value of this right will of course depend upon the nature of the country, climate included, to which the Yucan, the Porcupine, and the Stikine, one of them certainly, and all of them presumably, serve as highways. But if there be more navigable rivers in that distance, we ought to have been secured in the freedom of them also. The ground would have been completely covered by following the words of the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1825, which gave British subjects the right forever of navigating all streams which cross the boundary between the British possessions and Russian America. The three enumerated may be all the known rivers which fulfil these conditions; but the best known of them, the Stikine, was only discovered some forty years ago, and up to the time of the settlement of the Oregon dispute, Vancouver continued to be the principal authority for the geography of the Pacific coast. We can hardly be sure that only three navigable rivers cross this frontier strip of American territory. We have the authority of Sir George Simpson for the statement that most of the streams north of Frazer's river, possess the character of mountain torrents, fed in winter by the watery deluges of that climate, and in summer by the melting of snows; and he adds, incorrectly, no doubt, that the Barbine, the Nass, and the Stikine, are the only rivers that can be ascended to any distance. Their navigation is attended with considerable difficulty and danger. The conformation of the country would lead us to expect rivers not unlike those above described; for the mountain range has its summit, in



some places, nearer than thirty miles of the coast. The Stikine enters the ocean by two channels; one of which is navigable by steamers a distance of thirty miles, when the water is high; the other can be navigated only by canoes. Fort Stikine, built by the Russian American Company, was leased to the Hudson Bay Company about thirty years ago, with the right of hunting and trading as far northward, in the Company's territories, as Cross Sound, a range of about three degrees of latitude. Four or five thousand people were dependent on the fort for supplies; but the great mart for the Indians was an interior village one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, whither the Indians went four times a year, to trade at the Hudson Bay Company's establishment. This shows that the navigation of these rivers is not destitute of commercial value. If it had been withheld from British subjects, and the Americans had succeeded in 1846, in their claim to all the territory up to  $54^{\circ} 40''$ , the British possessions to the north of that line would have been almost utterly valueless from want of communication with the sea.

New Brunswick, when not restrained by treaty, has been in the habit of imposing an export duty on American saw logs, floated down the river St. John; logs which had taken the water where one of the upper branches spreads out into the State of Maine. This duty, whatever it might be called, was really a tax on the use of the river; and it could not be allowed to remain in a treaty which gave the freedom of the Yucan, the Porcupine, and the Stikine to British subjects. The treaty of 1854, like that of 1871, abolished this duty. This tax was a local perquisite; and the Provincial Government will probably be compensated for the loss out of the Imperial exchequer. It would have been better to adhere to the prohibition contained in former, and perhaps existing, royal instructions, to colonial governors—for it is difficult to say when they have been revised—to assent to no law that

imposed a duty of export, rather than, as was done in the British North American Act, to grant to one of the confederated Provinces the right of interfering with a navigation which has an international character, under the pretext of levying an export duty.

There is a certainty attached to the new navigation arrangements which the treaty of 1854 did not assure. Under that treaty, England could at any time have withdrawn from the citizens of the United States, the privilege of navigating the St. Lawrence, and this act could have been retaliated by the exclusion of British subjects from the freedom of Lake Michigan. Nothing short of war can cancel the new stipulations, for a period of twelve years. It is noteworthy that the previous treaty gave the British Government greater power over the navigation of the St. Lawrence than it gave that of the United States over Lake Michigan: while the former could at any time have closed the St. Lawrence to American vessels, the latter could only exclude British vessels from the American Lake after the British Government had provoked this retaliation by a specific act; and whenever it might have pleased England to remove the prohibition to navigate our great river, the corresponding privilege of navigating Lake Michigan would have revived.

The right of way overland, from Atlantic ports of the Republic to the territory of the Dominion becomes, for the first time, the subject of treaty stipulation. It is but a confirmation of the privilege of the United States Bonding Act, which has been in force a quarter of a century, and under which goods destined for Canada are entered at ports of the Republic, and sent forward without the payment of duty. The right of way overland, when it is essential to the country asking it, rests substantially on the same foundation as a right of way over water: convenience and necessity. To make it the subject of treaty arrangement, is

to admit that it does not exist as of right. By obtaining it for a period of twelve years, we are protected from a repetition of the menace that the privilege may be withdrawn at a moment's notice, in a period of profound peace. But if the treaty were abrogated, a liberty which did not previously depend on any treaty, would presumably lapse, though that could not happen without a repeal of the Bonding Act. It is difficult to say whether, in the long run, we shall gain or lose more by the inclusion of this subject in the new treaty. The Commissioners, acting for their respective Governments, went on a principle that finds a ready welcome with most negotiators : providing for the present and leaving the future to statesmen of the future.

In referring to arbitration the San Juan boundary question, the only possible means of settlement has been resorted to. There had long since ceased to be any hope in diplomacy. A reference to some third party was indispensable ; and there is no reason why the Emperor of Germany should not make a just award.

The treaty, though immeasurably valuable as wiping off the old scores which the two nations had run up against one another, is not without defects and omissions, more or less serious. The most conspicuous omission has already been noticed. The refusal to take cognizance of the Fenian raid claims of Canada was distinct on the part of the American Commissioners. The United States Government has not come under treaty obligations, though it had more than once done so before, to prevent its citizens from going to war with a Government with which it is at peace. Such a stipulation would necessarily have been reciprocal ; but its desirability arises from the frequent recurrence of raids by American citizens and persons living under the protection of the laws of the Re-

public, on the soil of Canada. That Government is bound by the law of nations, as well as by its municipal laws and its own early traditions, to which it has occasionally in later times been flagrantly recreant, to perform this duty. But it is not the less true that it is not always well or promptly performed ; and there was as much necessity to make it a subject of binding treaty obligation as to draw up rules to prevent future Alabamas playing havoc with the commerce of a belligerent. The question, raised by President Grant, of the right of American fishing vessels to engage in general trade, has been overlooked. The navigation of all the rivers that run through Alaska into British territory ought, in distinct terms, to have been secured to British subjects. It may be that the three mentioned are all ; but there ought to have been left no room for uncertainty. Better still would it have been if the principle that each country has a right to navigate, in their entire length, all rivers which touch at any point on its territory, had been declared of international obligation.

Of these omissions, the first is so serious as to impair, in some measure, the value of the general settlement, which cannot easily be overrated. There remain some matters for adjustment between two of the parties interested, England and Canada, whose interests are lumped together in the treaty. England stands charged with the Fenian raids claims, and, as the case was put before the Commission, not unjustly. The refusal of the United States Government to consider them was based on the fact that the question was not included by Sir Edward Thornton, in the preliminary correspondence, as among those with which the Joint High Commission would deal. Whatever the motive for the omission, the fact throws on the English Government the pecuniary, if not also the moral and political responsibility.

## MARCHING OUT.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS FROM QUEBEC.

AT evening the flag of the Brave was unfurled  
On the Citadel famous in story,  
And the war-drum whose note runs with day round the world,  
Beat its heart-stirring summons to glory.

But the flag in the sunset seemed sadly to wave,  
And the drum's martial tone spoke of sorrow ;  
And we mournfully breathed our farewell to the Brave,  
For we knew they must part on the morrow ;

Knew the dawn must behold the last gathering, the march  
That a bond of a century would sever,  
And hear the last echoes, as under the arch  
The column would tramp forth for ever.

Long we gazed on the bark as it flew from the shore,  
And fast on our hearts the thoughts crowded,  
Of the light of the Past that would guide us no more,  
Of the Future in darkness shrouded.

Are ye borne to the north, to the south, to the east,  
To realms where fresh laurels are growing,  
Where new medals are gleaming for victory's breast,  
Where empire's bright tide is yet flowing ?

Or seek ye in sadness, yet proudly, a land  
The sun of whose power is declining,  
Like Quebec's granite wall round her weakness to stand  
Against rivals their armies combining ?

In advance or retreat, be your lot what it may,  
Duty's wreath still be yours the world over ;  
May the spirit of Wolfe on the dread battle day  
O'er the ranks of his soldiers still hover !

Whom now shall the land ye have shielded so well  
From the near-lying foe find to guard her,  
When the red line no more is drawn out on the hill,  
When the gateway has lost its last warder ?

Perchance in your fortress the foeman may stand  
And traduce in his triumph your story ;  
But he never shall silence the rock and the strand  
And the river that speak of your glory.

YORK.

## ANNE HATHAWAY : A DIALOGUE.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

**HARDEN.**—You fancy Shakespeare to have been a very wise fellow.

**DELINA.**—I think of Shakespeare as the very wisest man that ever lived.

**HARDEN.**—Well, well, leave that aside for the present. We have, of course, his moralizing Jaques, his subjective Hamlet, his experienced Timon, his Falstaff, Richard, Iago, and all the rest ; and can gauge his wit and wisdom as a dramatist. I speak of the man.

**DELINA.**—Speaking of him then as a man, I picture him to myself in his Stratford mansion at New Place,—not unlike Sir Walter Scott in those bright young Abbotsford days, before ruin came on his romance of a life;—genial, kindly, hearty, one of the most sagacious, far-sighted men of his time ; respected by all for his shrewd common sense : and also, like Scott, asserting at times with quiet dignity his rightful place among the foremost of nature's noblemen.

**HARDEN.**—Your fancy is no photographer, but a court-painter after the fashion of the Elizabethan age, when royalty was pictured without shadows. You take your poet in sober middle age—when the wildest scapegrace gets some common sense,—after he has sown his wild oats ; repented him of his youthful escapades in Charlecote chace ; and is looking, no doubt, for his next cut of venison, above the salt, at Sir Thomas Lucy's own table. But surely you will not deny that we know enough of Shakespeare's early pranks to feel assured he must have been a graceless young varlet.

**DELINA.**—Pardon me, but our gentle Shakespeare stands, in my imaginings of him, so far above all common humanity that it grates on my ear to hear his name associated, even in banter, with such language as you now employ. It is irreverent ; I would almost say profane. But, taking you on your

own ground : you speak of sowing his wild oats : What are the facts ? Shakespeare goes to London a mere youth,—we know not precisely how young ; but he was only eighteen when he married Anne Hathaway—

**HARDEN.**—There you have it ! Where's all the wisdom, the far-sightedness, the common sense you credit him with in that dainty procedure ?

**DELINA.**—I shall discuss that point with you willingly. But let us consider first this sowing of his wild oats, of which you have spoken. He went, I say, a mere youth, fresh from his native village, right into the great London hive ; and cast in his lot with Kyd and Greene, Peele, Lilly, Marlowe, and all the rest of the actors, and playwrights of his day. They were all University bred men. Lilly, a scholar, pluming himself on his fine euphuisms and pedantries, was Shakespeare's senior by some ten years ; and doubtless looked down condescendingly enough on the Warwickshire lad. But, if Nash is to be credited, he was himself "as mad a lad as ever twanged ;" in fact, "the very bable of London." As to Peele, and Kyd, and Greene, and Marlowe, they led the lives of rakes and debauchees ; scrambled at the theatres for a living, and died in misery ; Greene, a repentant, ruined profligate, at thirty-two ; Marlowe, still younger, in a wretched tavern brawl. Shakespeare shared with them the same busy haunts of social life ; as in later days with Ben Jonson, Drayton, and other wit-combatants of the "Mermaid" in Friday Street ; and learned for himself what Eastcheap and its ways were.

**HARDEN.**—Well, and how did it end ? In a fever brought on by the roystering merry-meeting with that same Drayton and Jonson, which finished your wisest and most

prudent of poets and men, and left rare old Ben to enjoy life for another score of years.

DELINA.—A wretched piece of village gossip, unheard of till half a century after his death. Shakespeare's will is dated a month before that, which in itself justifies the inference that his death was far from sudden. I conceive of him there, surrounded by his weeping wife, his daughters and sons-in-law, calmly dictating that simple confession of faith of England's greatest poet: "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

HARDEN.—Poh! a mere lawyer's formula. Picture him rather—as Malone says,—with his weeping Anne at his bed side, cutting her off—not indeed with a shilling,—but an old bed! The simple truth is your wise poet made as foolish a marriage as ever ruined a man's prospects for life; repented of it when too late; and so forsook her, for London and the choice society of such clever rakes as you speak of.

DELINA.—The choice society, ere long, of the young Earl of Southampton, of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, as well as of Raleigh, Jonson, Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others of nature's peerage. The idea that Shakespeare—the calm, the wise, the gentle Shakespeare,—thrust into a formal testamentary document, set forth otherwise with such solemn earnestness, a poor insult to the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children, is too preposterous to be seriously entertained. Charles Knight has dealt with that scandal long ago. With all the gravity of Dr. Dryasdust himself, he gives you Coke upon Littleton to show that the best bed was an heirloom due by custom to the heir at law, and therefore not to be bequeathed; that Shakespeare's widow—an heiress in her own right,—had an ample dower from his land-

ed estate, and that the bequest, on which you would put so vile a construction, was really a substantial mark of respect according to the usage of that seventeenth century.

HARDEN.—You don't mean to pretend that you fancy Shakespeare ever looked otherwise than with irritation and disgust on the woman who took advantage of his youth and inexperience to beguile him into so preposterous a misalliance?

DELINA.—Shakespeare's marriage with Anne Hathaway was no misalliance. She was of gentle blood; and in her greater maturity suited the precocious genius of the young poet. I don't mean to deny that there is a certain amount of imprudence,—folly if you will,—in the marriage of a youth of eighteen to a young woman seven years his senior. But I have frequently noted the preference shown by thoughtful, gifted youths, to women considerably their seniors. If it were not for the prudence of the ladies, such alliances would be commoner than they are. Young Shakespeare probably found a wise counsellor, a sagacious critic, a discriminating admirer of "the first heirs of his invention," in Anne Hathaway, before either thought of anything but the pleasure of congenial society.

HARDEN.—Found in Anne Hathaway a wise counsellor! found in her a designing baggage, who took advantage of his youth to as well nigh ruin all his prospects for life as ever woman did since Adam's—

DELINA.—Come! come! You don't mean to make out her whom Milton styles "the fairest of her daughters,"—our good mother Eve,—the senior of her husband by seven years! But, to be serious; remember you, if there is one point more than all others, in which Shakespeare surpasses his contemporaries, it is in his delineation of woman.

HARDEN.—And, if I remember rightly, one of the earliest of these delineations is "the wondrous qualities and mild behaviour" of Kate the Shrew!

DELINA.—Well : Kate became a model wife.

HARDEN.—And so must we fancy did Anne Hathaway ; but I rather fancy both Petruchio and “our pleasant Willy,”—as Spenser calls him,—found themselves most comfortable when their charmers were a hundred miles off. Shakespeare at least put the road to London between them, and once there, it is not hard to find what he thought of young men marrying old wives.

DELINA.—Where, I pray you, does he ever allude to his marriage ? The very marvel of Shakespeare’s dramas is that, with perhaps the solitary exception of “the dozen white lutes” in Justice Shallow’s coat-armour, and the Welshman’s blundering travesty of it for the benefit of the “old coat” of the Lucys of Charlecote, there is not a personality noticeable in his whole writings.

HARDEN.—I said nothing about personalities. But what say you to the allusion in “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*” ? That is one of his earliest comedies, you must be aware ; and contains interesting traces of the goings on in his own Warwickshire neighbourhood when he was a boy.

DELINA.—What allusion ?

HARDEN.—No better known passage is to be found in all Shakespeare’s plays,—Ly-sander’s melancholy inventory of the course of true love :—

“Either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgrafted in respect of years.”

Do you fancy the poet was thinking very lovingly of his absent wife when he penned that line ?

DELINA.—I don’t believe he was thinking of her at all. In the original, *Hermia* has her running comment on one after another of the reputed impediments : regarding each but as—

“A customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor fancy’s followers ;”  
and to this special one she responds :—

“O spite ! Too old to be engaged to young !”

It seems to me that Shakespeare has the best of it even according to your interpretation of his allusion.

HARDEN.—What say you then to the Duke’s advice to *Viola* in “*Twelfth Night*” ? You can scarcely get over that, I think.

DELINA.—Repeat it.

HARDEN.—Let us have the book. Here it is :—

“Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband’s heart ;  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women’s are.”

There surely spoke the poet’s own personal experience. You don’t fancy he jumped to his knowledge of human character and motives by intuition, and with his eyes shut.

DELINA.—By intuition, I do verily believe ; though certainly not with his eyes shut.

HARDEN.—Well, but listen again. The Duke goes on thus :—

“Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display’d, doth fall that very hour.”

If you can get over that there is no use reasoning with you.

DELINA.—Nay ; let us hear *Viola*’s reply ; remembering that she is a youth, a “boy,” as the Duke calls her,—young Shakespeare, let us suppose.

“And so they are,” she says,

“Alas that they are so ;  
To die, even when they to perfection grow !”

I don’t think that chimes in very aptly with your theory of Shakespeare as the repentant *Benedict*, pillorying his own folly “for daws to peck at.”

HARDEN.—You will never persuade me that Shakespeare is not there putting his own experience to use, as one who had committed the very folly he warns against.

DELINA.—A most un-Shakesperianlike procedure. Pardon me, if I say that you must have given little study to the play as a whole. Viola, in her page's suit, looks a mere boy. The Duke, by right of his own matured manhood, constantly addresses her as such. There is a delicate humour involved in the page's comment on the account he gives of his imaginary sister's experience:

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek," &c.

Then he turns to the Duke,—a man, we may suppose, of some forty summers,—and asks:—

"Was not this love indeed?  
*We men* may say more, swear more, but indeed  
Our shows are more than well; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

Whereat the Duke, without any direct notice of the claim of manhood and its experiences, asks:—

"But died thy sister of her love, *my boy*?"

He has already, you will remember, selected the supposed page, as fittest by his very youth, to bear a message to Olivia; for, he says:—

"Dear lad,  
They shall yet belie thy happy years  
That say thou art a man."

There is no irony in this, be it remembered. The Duke is throughout addressing the supposed boy with kindly sympathy, though with a humorous sense of the incongruity of such a stripling having set his affections on a lady of the Duke's complexion, and about his years.

HARDEN.—She looks somewhat young, perhaps, to play the lover; but after all, not greatly more so than the Stratford youth of eighteen with his full blown cabbage-rose.

DELINA.—Not at all. Anne Hathaway at twenty-five would be in the bright bloom of womanhood; and, if with an intellect at all capable of responding to his genius, was well

calculated to captivate a youth of such rare precocity.

HARDEN.—*If* with an intellect!

DELINA.—I assume the woman of Shakespeare's choice to have had an intellect capable of estimating him in some degree at his worth. On no other theory can I account for her reciprocating his love. To her I believe he addressed the fine sonnet, which is meaningless otherwise:—

"I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
*Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue!*  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days."

HARDEN.—You fancy he sent that to his absent wife, from London?

DELINA.—It seems to me a legitimate inference from the sonnet itself. I doubt not his love for her was the grand armour of proof which bore him scatheless through the temptations that wrought the ruin of so many of his gifted contemporaries. Why, Greene was making the grand tour through Spain, Italy, and where not, while Shakespeare was at home, courting Anne Hathaway; and who had the best of it? For one man that an early marriage cripples, I'll engage to find you a hundred that it has been the making of.

HARDEN.—I wonder if that is the sort of crippling that he refers to in one of his sonnets:—

"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite!"

DELINA.—I should not wonder if it is. "Fortune's dearest spite" is a very Petrarchian fashion of speaking of just such a favour as a dear wife, and the welcome cares and duties it brings with it.

HARDEN.—Why, he ran away from her!

DELINA.—If he did, was it not to return and make her the sharer of a fortune worthy of her love, such as she in her turn might

call "Fortune's dearest spite?" Was there no place but Stratford where the prosperous poet could buy himself lands, and write himself gentleman? Had London and "The Mermaid," with Raleigh, and Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and all the rest of them, no attractions? As to the story of his flight from Stratford a disgraced man, there is not a tittle of evidence in its support; unless you think Walter Savage Landor, and his inimitable trial scene, good contemporary authority. Critics have been deceived with less excuse.

HARDEN.—Well! Well! I'll grant you, he never sneered at the Shallows, or made sport of "the dozen white louses" which so became the Knight of Charlecote's old coat! There are no Dogberrys in his plays! It is all a much-ado-about-nothing, this talk of youthful escapades. He loved a Justice, as Falstaff would have certified, better than "a Windsor stag, the fattest in the Forest."

DELINA.—Nay, but let us consider it seriously. Can you produce nothing more to the point than what you have yet advanced? If you are to credit Shakespeare with all the sentiments of his dramatic characters, you will indeed make him "not one, but all mankind's epitome." What say you to his Katherine, in Henry VIII.? If she and the bluff Tudor were "misgraffed in respect of years," the poet went out of his way—as a courtier at least,—when he made of her a model wife.

HARDEN.—You go wide afield, indeed, if Harry the Eighth is your model husband. But I still venture to think I have already advanced some pretty apt passages. Can you match them with one in support of your view—from Henry VIII., or that other pattern husband, Othello, or Crookback Richard, or Hamlet's uncle, or Benedict himself? Let us have it, no matter where you cull it from.

DELINA.—I grant you, the demand is a hard one. Gladly would we recover, if we

could, some clue to the personal history of this, the greatest of poets, and as I believe, the greatest of men. But his very dramatic power arises from the objective character of his mind. His was, moreover, too healthy and masculine a nature for morbid introversions of the Byronic type. But if anywhere an autobiographic glimpse is to be looked for, it is in his "sugared sonnets,"—as Meres calls them,—some of which were doubtless among the earliest productions of his muse.

HARDEN.—When you can make any sense out of that incomprehensible riddle with which some wiseacre introduced his sonnets to the world; and tell us who "*The onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H.*" is, to whom "*The well-wishing Adventurer in setting forth, T. T., wisheth that dervitie promised by our ever-living poet:*" it will be time enough to solve the remainder of the mystical puzzle. But what of the Sonnets? I thought the critics were pretty well agreed that the "*Laura*" of our Petrarchian sonneteer was one of the rougher sex. I have looked into them sufficiently carefully, myself, to know that Anne Hathaway's name is not to be found in the whole hundred and fifty-four.

DELINA.—Perhaps not. Yet Anne Hathaway may be. Wordsworth says of the Sonnet:—

"With this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

HARDEN.—And you still persuade yourself Anne had a place there?

DELINA.—I am more certain she had a place in Shakespeare's heart than in his Sonnets; for they resemble in their general character, other well-known collections of the time, by Daniel, Constable, Spenser and Drayton; and were, as Meres tells us, first circulated in manuscript among his private friends. Too much has been attempted to be made out of them. Some undoubtedly express the poet's own feelings. Others deal with fanciful loves and jealousies; or



dwell on the personal experiences of friends. But there, if anywhere, we have some insight into the inner life of the poet. You know the fine one where he chides Fortune :

“ That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means, which public manners breed.”

Petrarchian Sonnets, I am well aware, are sufficiently intangible things. I have tried to extract autobiographical material out of those of Wyatt and Surrey, as well as of Spenser : and know it to be something like getting sunbeams out of cucumbers ! Still some of the Sonnets of Shakespeare immediately succeeding that lament over his banishment from the favourite haunts of his boyhood's and lover's days, seem to me to acquire a fine significance as addressed to his absent wife :—

“ Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say, ‘ Now I love you best,’  
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?  
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?”

Fancy the young husband dwelling, in his absence, on the one disparity between them, of which officious friends would not fail to make the most, and so writing :—

“ Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.”

HARDEN.—You are ingenious, I own ; but you will admit that a score of other applications could be, and indeed have already been made to appear equally apt.

DELINA.—I am well aware of the perplexity the Sonnets have occasioned to critic and biographer ; and of the fashion in which some have dogmatized about them. Chalmers had no doubt they were addressed to the maiden Queen ! Dr. Gervinus, of Heidelberg, is not less certain that they are all, without exception addressed to Mr. W. H. This indeed he pronounces to be “quite indubitable” ; only he thinks Mr. W. H. was

not Mr. W. H., but a mystification for the Earl of Southampton—an idea of old date. Tyrwhitt, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, and others of the antiquarian type, only differ as to who the man was on whom Shakespeare expended all this amatory verse ; while Mr. Armitage Brown thinks they are not sonnets at all, but stanzas of some half dozen continuous poems to a friend and a mistress. Shakespeare had a nephew, William Hamlet, the son of his sister Joan. He had a patron, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom his literary executors dedicated his dramatic works, as one to whom their author owed much favour while living. There was a William Hughes in Shakespeare's time ; and one of the Dr. Dryasdusts—Tyrwhitt, I think,—made the grand discovery of his name in the twentieth sonnet, disguised under a pun bad enough to have been the death of old Sam. Johnson :

“ A man in hue all *Hews* in his controlling !”

Dr. Drake, another of the wiseacres, finds that Lord Southampton's name was Henry Wriothsley.—H. W., if not W. H.—and so thinks he has found the mystical initials of the dedication ; only reversed for the purpose of concealment ; and so we get back to the idea fathered so unhesitatingly by the Heidelberg Professor, and are no wiser than when we set out.

HARDEN.—Truly it is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon ; as Lovel said when called in as umpire in the famous Pictish controversy at Monkbarns.

DELINA.—Not a whit, not a whit, say I, with the redoubted Oldbuck ; men fight best in a narrow ring ; and any one may see as far as his neighbour through a millstone, —provided only it has a hole in the middle !

HARDEN.—Pray then what do you believe about these same Sonnets and their only begetter ? Steevens has pronounced them to be too bad for even the genius of their author to make tolerable ; beyond even the power of an Act of Parliament

to enforce their perusal! Wordsworth says of the very same Sonnets: that in no part of Shakespeare's writings is there to be found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

DELINA.—Between two such doctors the choice is not difficult, I should think; and as to their interpretation, why should the Sonnets be judged by a different rule from those of Petrarch and Surrey, of Spenser or Drayton. Meres, who knew of them while still in private circulation, before 1598, in his "Wits' Treasury" calls them "Shakespeare's sugared sonnets among his private friends." That is simple enough. To him with all his knowledge of the man and the period, they were just such detached sonnets, written from time to time under varying emotions and external influences, as those in Spenser's Amoretti, in Daniel's "Delia," or in the "Idea's Mirror" of Drayton. Many of them were written in those earlier years in which he penned his "Venus and Adonis," and other lyrical pieces, before he discovered where his true strength lay. But long afterwards I doubt not he found in many a thoughtful mood:—

"'Twas pastime to be bound  
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

until at length the whole were collected and printed by Thomas Thorpe,—the T. T. of the involved dedication,—so late as 1609.

HARDEN.—So far, I am very much of your mind. But who then was Mr. W. H.? Have you found in him the father of Anne Shakespeare, and so the only begetter of her and the sonnets too? A William Hathaway would be a match for any W. H. yet named.

DELINA.—I do not greatly concern myself about Mr. W. H. He certainly was not the poet's father-in-law; for his name was Richard. "Mr." in those days implied a University graduate: what if the said Mr. W. H.—to whom, be it remembered, the publisher, and not the author, makes his

quaint dedication,—was no more than some amateur collector, who had earned the gratitude of Thomas Thorpe, by augmenting Jaggard's meagre collection of "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke," printed ten years before? Printers and publishers in those old days troubled themselves as little about an author's right to property in his own brain-work, as any Harper or Harpy of the free and enlightened Republic of this nineteenth century. Initials are common on their title-pages. Mr. I. H. prints one edition of the "Venus and Adonis," Mr. R. F. another, Mr. W. B. a third, and Mr. T. P. a fourth. One edition of the "Lucrece" bears the initials I. H., another N.O., a third T. S., and a fourth J. B. Sometimes the mystery lies with the printer, at other times with the publisher. The sonnets of 1609 are "By G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley." Why should not the dedication have its share. Everybody who cared to know, could find out who I. H. the printer, or T. T. the publisher was; and probably Mr. W. H. was then no more important, and little less accessible.

HARDEN.—It may be so; and this Will o' the Wisp has led us a round, much akin to that of the old bibliomaniacs you refuse to follow:—

"Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through briar."

What of your promised glimpse of Anne Hathaway in these same sonnet-riddles?

DELINA.—Reading them with the idea of an absent husband responding to the regrets of one who deplores that time has her already at a disadvantage, I find a significance cast on many that were before as obscure, though not as barren, to me as they proved to the critical lawyer, George Steevens. Look for example, at the beautiful one beginning:

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled  
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;"  
and yet he comforts himself that his verse shall live to praise her worth, despite Time's

cruel hand. The same idea is repeated in many forms.

HARDEN.—And by many lovers—though they had not married their grandmothers!

DELINA.—If you can but jest, we had better drop the subject.

HARDEN.—I crave your pardon. I shall try to dismiss altogether from my mind the seven-years disparity between the boy-poet and his bride. Proceed if you please.

DELINA.—Not, if you are to dismiss from your mind that difference of age; though the sooner you rid your mind of the assumed domestic discord of which it has been made the sole basis, the better.

HARDEN.—I await your disclosures with unbiased impartiality.

DELINA.—Disclosures I have none. What can you make of scores of Wordsworth's sonnets, for example, but crystallizations of the poet's passing thoughts. So also is it with those Shakespearian gems. Sometimes they are his own thoughts, at other times he manifestly impersonated others. Let me direct you to one of the latter. I have repeatedly pleased myself with the fancy that Shakespeare penned the twenty-second sonnet as the expression of his absent Anne's feelings; cheering her thus, by putting her own thoughts in verse, when in some despondent hour she has recalled how time with her started unfairly in the race:—

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;  
How can I then be elder than thou art?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I not for myself, but for thee will;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again."

HARDEN.—You fancy this sonnet should be headed "*Anna Shakespeare loquitur!*"

DELINA.—It seems to me it might.

HARDEN.—And that the poet has himself in view in "all that beauty" he refers to!

DELINA.—I suppose him to be only versifying the thoughts of his wife; in fact, rendering one of her letters into a sonnet.

HARDEN.—An ingenious fancy, certainly; and not worse than some of the older hypotheses you reject. Better indeed than that of William Hart, the nephew, who was not born when some of the sonnets were written; or than William Hughes so ingeniously unearthed by Tyrwhitt out of a sorry pun! And you would find by a like process some definite meaning or other in each of those vague little abstractions.

DELINA.—Many of them are full of meaning and personal character. Look at the very one that follows:—

"As an imperfect actor on the stage.

Who with his fear is put beside his part."

The personality is obvious in the 134th sonnet, where he puns, and sports with his own name. It is no less so in the 111th, where the poet complains of the fortune that forced him into public life; and why not also, when, as in the 97th sonnet, he bewails an absence that made the "summer time" and "the teeming autumn" seem to him like the freezing of old December; or again in the 98th:—

"From you have I been absent in the Spring,  
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his train,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

HARDEN.—The story of Shakespeare's unhappy wedded life has been so long current, and so oft repeated, that I confess I have never before fully recognized how entirely it is an inference, or invention of later times. I shall turn a new leaf, and try to read the page on which you throw this novel light. But it will take some schooling before I can hope to reach your enviable state of faith; and without that I fear the sonnets must still remain a riddle. Perhaps I had better betake myself meanwhile to Niebuhr, and cultivate anew my school-boy faith in the loves of Numa Pompilius and the nymph Egeria.

## JANUARY.

BY SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

SNOWS wrap him like a mantle ; to his feet  
He binds the inland oceans ; around his waist  
He belts himself with rivers ; stinging sleet  
Goads his mad hurricanes to wilder haste.

The forests at his nod uncrown their heads ;  
The white fields shiver as they see him come ;  
His whisper rocks the valleys, and he treads  
Life out of all sweet sounds in snow graves dumb.

The grim north is his booming armoury,  
Wherein he forges tempests, which he hurls,  
From catapults of cloud, o'er every sea—  
Even to the wave that o'er earth's mid-line curls.

At night, from infinite depths of frost-filled sky,  
His stars look down with biting, sleet-cold gaze ;  
Charles'-wain wheels him through immensity,  
For him Orion's threatening splendours blaze.

For him Aurora shakes her ghostly spears,  
Over the day's grave, o'er the zenith's crown,  
Like phantom phalanx, marshalled by his fears  
Against the returning sun (in wrath gone down).

But, in Hope's sunshine, half his strength is shorn ;  
The spirits of the air whom he enslaves,  
Hope sees exorcised by sweet April's morn,  
By smile of flowers, and chorus-laugh of waves ;

By song of bird, by honey-hymn of bee,  
By the emblazoned rose in emerald set ;  
By fragrant buds, sun-sealed on every tree ;  
By the Dawn's pearl and Twilight's violet.

## MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

## CHAPTER I.

## IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

SOME years ago, a French painter of high celebrity stopped one day, in his hasty transit through the picture gallery of the Luxembourg, to look at the work of a young girl who was copying one of his own paintings ;—"Madame Roland before the Convention." At first sight there was nothing remarkable about this girl. She seemed about four and twenty, but she probably looked older than she really was from her sallow complexion, and the still and thoughtful expression of her face. Her features were irregular with no beauty of colouring to redeem their want of harmony, and her dress was as plain and unpretending as her person—a grey stuff gown and a black lace handkerchief tied over her black hair formed her costume. Yet, after a glance at her work, the great painter thought her worthy of some attention. He looked at her scrutinizingly for a minute or two; then he turned again to the picture on her easel.

"This copy is admirably done, Mademoiselle," he said at last.

The girl never once looked up. She seemed unmoved by his praise.

"It is very nearly, if not quite, equal to the original," continued the great painter. "I even think you have infused a nobler and more characteristic beauty into the heroine's face and figure than you found in your model; and given a simpler and more unconscious grandeur to her air and expression. And I should be something of a judge," he added, with a smile, "for the

picture you are now doing so much honour to was painted by me."

The young girl started, and dropped her brush. Instead of stooping for it, she looked up at the speaker, who quietly picked it up and handed it to her. Cold and indifferent as she had seemed before, there was neither coldness nor indifference in the look with which she regarded him, as she took it.

"It is true, Mademoiselle," he said, smiling at her eager questioning face, "I am Eugene Delacroix, and it is also true that I see in you all the elements of a great painter."

A handsome fair-haired young man, himself an art student who had before noticed this girl, and been struck by her peculiarly absorbed look and manner, and evident devotion to her work, was standing near, and saw that these words made her eyes gleam and her face glow. It was not flattered vanity that called forth the unwonted brightness, it was the noble delight of finding her genius recognized by one whom she knew to be a master in her art and whose authority she never dreamt of questioning; a pure and grateful joy such as the timid Neophyte feels when his offering is approved by the Hierophant of the shrine at which he kneels. Then for a moment, while every feature was illumed by the inward flame "brighter than any light on sea or shore," the young student thought her beautiful. Whether the great master did or not, he was evidently much interested. He made a few criticisms on her work which the girl received with grateful intelligence, and before he went away he asked her name and residence. She readily gave both, but the

young student, still watching her, could not catch her words.

"With your permission, Mademoiselle, we shall soon meet again," said the great winter, "till then I say to you: Courage; a great career is before you."

The girl watched his retreating figure for a moment; then she passed her hand across her brow as if to calm her emotions, and resumed again to her work. But her hand shook, a mist seemed before her eyes, and while she was still struggling for self-command, she felt a sharp tap on her shoulder, and saw the pale small face of a sprightly girl of fourteen bending over her.

"So soon, Clarie," she said with a sigh.

"So soon! so late you must mean. But you grow worse and worse. Here you sit painting day after day, week after week, month after month, I believe there is nothing else in the world that you care for. No wonder for Mère Monica to say you will make yourself ill. But how fast you are getting on, Marguerite," she exclaimed suddenly. "Thank goodness, it will soon be finished."

"Yes, but my work will not be finished with it, I hope. I have heard something to-day, Clarie, that will make me work harder than ever."

"What nonsense! you couldn't work harder than you do. But what have you heard?"

"I will tell you another time, perhaps. Now, I am ready to go home."

An elderly woman in a picturesque Norman cap and quaint black dress had accompanied Clarie, and now handed Marguerite her shawl. "Not that you need it to-day," she said in a brisk cheerful tone, "the air is so mild it is easy to see that summer is coming even in Paris, and the gardens are almost as sweet as the apple orchards in my old home. It will do you good to get into them out of this gloomy place."

"I don't know how she can bear to spend these bright spring mornings shut up

here," cried Clarie. "See how she looks back at that tiresome painting. Take fast hold of her, Mère Monica, and lead her away, or we shall never get her out of this dungeon." And, while she was speaking, she tripped on before, leading the way down the steep stone staircase, more quietly followed by her companions. They passed through the beautiful gardens where the trees were putting forth their first green leaves, and the earliest flowers beginning to open. Children and nurse-maids, soldiers in their uniforms, priests in their robes, students, grisettes, and representatives of nearly all the *bourgeois* classes of Paris, strolled up and down or sat on the benches. Clarie would have been glad to stay for a while and move among the gay groups that attracted her lively fancy, but Marguerite reminded her that their father would be lonely, and hurried on. Clarie reluctantly followed, and, looking back at some striking costume she had caught sight of as they were descending a flight of steps, her foot slipped, and she fell on the pavement with a sudden cry.

"Oh, Clarie, are you hurt?" exclaimed Marguerite, trying to raise her sister with a tenderness which showed there was at least one thing besides her art about which she cared.

"Yes, my arm," gasped Clarie. "Oh, don't touch me, Marguerite," she cried, in an accent of great pain; "let me lie here. Oh it pains me so much, it must be broken."

Marguerite turned white with terror, and Mère Monica wrung her hands in agony. Some passers-by stopped, but before any one else could offer assistance, the young student who had seen them in the Luxembourg, and who had followed them through the gardens, came forward.

"There is a surgeon living close by," he said to Marguerite, "let me carry Mademoiselle there. I will not hurt you," he said to the poor child, who was moaning piteously, "I will carry you very gently."

Raising the little one tenderly and dexterously in his arms he carried her to the surgeon's house, which was not a dozen yards away. Happily the arm was not broken, and the lotion which the surgeon applied soon relieved the pain. The young student, who gave his name as Maurice Valazé, then summoned a cabriolet in which Clarie was soon placed with her sister and Mère Monica.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, but you owe me no thanks," he said, "are we not both artists, and should there not be fellowship between us. May I not call to-morrow to see how Mademoiselle Clarie is?"

"Yes, certainly," said Marguerite, "if you will take the trouble. My father will be so glad to see you and thank you."

"Then I shall not fail to come," said Maurice, and so they parted.

## CHAPTER II.

### SOMETHING ABOUT MAURICE.

MAURICE VALAZE'S father possessed a small estate in Provence, but as it was entailed on the eldest son, and his family was large, Monsieur Valazé *père* was not able to do more for Maurice than give him the means of living respectably while studying the art he had chosen as his profession. This was, however, sufficient to exempt Maurice from many difficulties which those poor students who are compelled to make art the "milch cow of the field," as well as the "celestial goddess," are obliged to encounter. And he did not misuse the advantages his independence secured him. His nature was high and refined, and not to be tempted by low pleasure or dissipation; his talents, enthusiasm, and skill in his art, were such as seemed to insure him future

eminence and fame; and at the same time he was so generous, frank, and spirited, that even the wildest of his fellow students loved him.

He was now preparing for a journey to Rome, where he intended to spend some years, hoping to find there, in marble, on canvas, and in those ruins which charm all who behold them into love with decay and death, the realization of those phantoms of grace and beauty which from childhood had haunted his imagination; and to learn from them the secret of concentrating his powers into some deathless form, through which he and all the world might recognize his right to participate in the immortal life of the children of genius.

For the last few days he had been making a study of some antique limbs and torsos which had been lately brought to the Luxembourg, and there he had first seen the young copyist, whose still steadfast face and intent absorption in her work had so greatly interested him. His excitable imagination had quickly exalted the slight service he had rendered Marguerite and her sister into something of a romantic adventure. He woke the next morning pleasantly excited as if he had found a fresh interest in life, and it was with a very agreeable sense of satisfaction that he arranged his hair and his dress at his looking-glass before setting out to pay his new friends a visit, and contemplated the reflection of the handsome face which he found there. In fact it would not have been easy to find a handsomer one any where; his hazel eyes were at once soft and brilliant, and his smooth broad brow and rich brown curls, and the clear pale hue of his complexion harmonized well with the refined and somewhat Greek type of his head and features; his figure was tall and perfectly well made; and all these advantages were scarcely marred by the careless carriage, the studied negligence of dress and the thick untrained beard and moustache of the modern art student.

## CHAPTER III.

## A FETE IN PARIS NOT AT ALL PARISIAN.

THE street in which Marguerite lived had before the Revolution been inhabited by people of rank and fashion. Its houses were Gothic, built with a strength and solidity to defy centuries of time, and with an artistic beauty and richness of ornament which would have filled Mr. Ruskin or any of his disciples with rapture, but the taste of later days having condemned their architecture as barbarous, they had been abandoned to that numerous class of persons who endeavour to support what is called a respectable appearance on narrow and precarious means. It was a very quiet street and tolerably clean, and as Maurice entered it, the evening sun half lighted up the antique buildings with a golden glory, half left them in soft and beautiful shadow, producing a variety of picturesque effects which delighted the young painter.

"Truly, this is not an unfit abode for an artist," thought Maurice, as he looked up at Marguerite's dwelling with its stone porch, its deeply embayed windows, and their rich ornamental tracery and mouldings.

The door was opened by Mère Monica, whose quaint figure and antiquated costume were in perfect keeping with the Gothic porch Maurice had been admiring, and the grey stone hall from which she had emerged. Her small, sharp, clearly marked features, and eyes full of quickness and life, were surmounted by a high Norman cap of white muslin, and her square figure was clad in a black petticoat and jacket, with a huge white apron; a bunch of keys, a pair of scissors, a pin-cushion, and some sort of knitting apparatus hanging at her waist. She received Maurice very graciously, and in answer to his inquiries told him that Clarie was much better. "Both the Demoiselles were in the garden," she said. "So was Monsieur, their father. Would Monsieur Valazé walk in

while she went to let them know he was come?"

Maurice followed her into the hall, which contained a table and chairs of walnut curiously carved, with a buffet to match. There was a high Gothic window looking towards the street, the upper part richly stained, crimson, blue, and gold; the lower half wreathed with a screen of living ivy, after the German fashion. In the recess of the window stood a large arm-chair, and a table on which lay two or three books and a German pipe. From the hall Mère Monica conducted him into a little sitting room, and, requesting him to wait there till she found Mademoiselle Marguerite, she opened a glass door and passed into the garden. This little parlour had an air of cheerful life and comfort about it which Maurice scarcely expected to find in that gloomy old house. It was furnished in a very inexpensive and simple style, but he fancied he could discern the fine taste and graceful touch of the artist in its arrangements. There was a pretty green and white paper on the walls, the curtains were of striped white and green chintz, the couches, chairs, and tables, though of very common material, were of forms that pleased even the fastidious taste of Maurice. There were some water colour landscapes in pretty wood frames, which he never doubted to be the work of Marguerite, and their merit increased the high opinion he had already formed of her genius. Vases filled with China roses gave a fresh and delicate brightness to the room, and on a stand near the window was a basket, the centre one mass of sweet violets, the sides wreathed with living ivy. Between the windows stood a small bookcase, and Maurice saw with surprise that most of the books it contained were English and German. As it seemed to him that Marguerite's hand and taste were visible in every other part of the room, he could not help concluding that these books had been chosen by her; yet, according to his ideas, some of them were calculated more



to puzzle than to enlighten the feminine intellect.

"I hope she is not too much of a *femme savante*," thought Maurice; but this fear was instantly put to flight as the glass door again opened and Marguerite entered. Her hair was plainly folded back from her forehead, and coiled round her head, and her dress, a grey gingham gown, was plain enough for any learned lady; but then it was fresh and spotless, neatly made, and neatly put on, and she looked so gentle and unaffected, spoke to Maurice with so quiet, yet so sweet a voice, shook hands with him so frankly, and invited him to the garden, where her father and Clarie were, so pleasantly, that he at once exonerated her from any unwomanly acquaintance with science and philosophy, and even forgot for the moment how little of the beauty he deemed essential to woman, she possessed.

The garden was large, well-filled, and in good order; a great abundance of vegetables grew there, and fruit trees were trained against the walls. In the middle was a trellised arbour, covered with grape vines, and in front of the arbour was a grass plot, bordered with beds of flowers. Early as the season was, pansies, auriculas, hyacinths and tulips bloomed there in profusion, filling the air with their delicious fragrance. Monsieur Kneller was sitting on the grass plot in a wheeled chair, and at his feet sat Clarie, her straw hat, gay with pink ribands, lying beside her, and her bruised arm in a sling. She was reading a volume of Beranger's poems to her father, but as Maurice approached, she tossed it away, as if glad to be released from an irksome task.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," she exclaimed; "now I may stop reading."

"And I am glad that I may thank you for your kindness to this troublesome girl," said her father. "You will excuse me for not getting up to welcome you, when you know that I cannot rise without being helped."

Monsieur Kneller was at least sixty years

old, stoutly made, with a large head, much more German than French in its form, and something also of his German ancestry in his grave face and slow manner. He was instantly pleased with Maurice Valazé's pleasant looks and ways, as almost everyone was. Maurice had the gift of winning hearts, and ere long the little group in the garden were as good friends as if they had been known to each other for years. Monsieur Kneller was a passionate admirer of Beranger's lyrics, and he found that Maurice's knowledge and appreciation of that poet of the people was scarcely inferior to his own. Delighted with his young guest, he invited him to stay and take coffee, and suggested that as the evening was so summer-like, they should have a little fête in the garden; a proposal to which the girls eagerly assented, and which was warmly applauded by Maurice. Clarie ran into the house to coax Mère Monica to make some of her best cakes for the occasion, and when she returned her father sent her and Maurice to help Marguerite, who was gathering strawberries.

"You must make a basket for them, Marguerite," said Clarie, when they had gathered enough; "one like that you made on my birthday." And darting away, she returned in a minute with some vine leaves, which she threw into her sister's lap. With these the dexterous fingers of Marguerite soon wove a graceful and picturesque little basket, and when it was piled high with bunches of the rich coral fruit, Maurice declared it was worthy of being made immortal.

"By whom?" asked Clarie, saucily.

"By me," answered Maurice,—"I intend to become a great painter, just for the purpose of transmitting this *chef d'œuvre* to the admiration of future ages."

"I don't think you will ever become a great painter," said Clarie, demurely; "you look too gay. If you were to see Marguerite, how grave she looks when she is painting."

"I have seen her," said Maurice.

"Oh, have you? Where, then?" exclaimed Clarie. "But of course it was in the Luxembourg yesterday."

"Yes, and before yesterday."

"Well, did you not notice how grave she looked?"

"Grave, do you call it? I should say rapt, inspired, like the muse of painting herself."

"Oh, indeed! that is a grand compliment, but Marguerite does not care for compliments."

"I am not worthy to pay her compliments," said Maurice; "but if I were as great a painter as Eugene Delacroix——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marguerite, who had not seemed to hear them before, but now looked up with a vivid blush, and met Maurice's eager and sympathetic glance, "you heard him. I have sometimes felt since as if it was all a dream. But come," she added, hastily, "I must go and prepare the table, or Mère Monica will be here with her cakes and coffee before we are ready for them."

And when the table was spread with a snowy cloth, pretty pencilled china cups and plates, and bright spoons and forks, with delicious little French rolls, fresh butter and sweet cream, which Mère Monica always seemed able to provide as if by magic; when to these were added exquisite cakes and coffee, Marguerite's vine-leaf basket with its tempting store, and a bouquet of flowers in the centre; when these dainties were crowned by the good-natured hospitality of Monsieur Kneller, the girlish joyousness of Clarie,

the brilliant sallies of wit and fancy with which Maurice, who was in a humour to enjoy everything and make others enjoy it also, enlivened the repast, and the quiet delight of Marguerite, a feast was provided which every lover of simple and natural pleasures might have envied.

Pleased and animated, Marguerite looked so much better than Maurice had till now thought she could ever look, that he began to consider her, if not pretty, yet something better. He remembered what the lady said whom Carlyle quotes when speaking of Varnhagen Von Ense's famous wife, Rachel, "Are not all beautiful faces ugly to begin with?" He now remarked that the shape of her head was fine and noble, and her forehead and brows beautiful; that her dark eyes were deep and soft; her smile sweet and bright, and her black hair glossy, silken, and abundant. Clarie was very unlike her sister, and Maurice thought much plainer. Her features were delicate, but her complexion was pale and sallow. Her thinness made her blue eyes look too large and too light, and her fair hair was all tucked away under a green silk net, which made her look almost ghastly. But, pretty or plain, Maurice liked his new friends, and this evening reminded him of the pleasant home-life he had left behind him in sunny Provence. He gladly accepted Monsieur Kneller's invitation to come and see them again; and left them at sunset, determined to do so as speedily as possible.

(To be continued.)

## TWO CITIES.

BY J. C. H.

## PART I.

A CITY rose in pride,—  
Vast were its wealth and merchandize ;  
From far, o'er lake and river glide  
Full many a craft, that to its side  
Still came and went ; while wondering eyes,  
Regarding, saw the reign of arts and peace,  
Nor feared such happy reign could cease.

But hark ! what rends the air ?  
O'er dome and spire flame follows flame ;  
Strong men aghast, the young, the fair,  
Run here, run there, but find despair ;  
Thus fall great plans of far-seen aim,  
Rich marts, high palaces, and dwellings fair ;  
Come days of toil and nights of care.

But soon again shall rise,  
Renewed, as bird of legend old,  
This city, where now only sighs,  
From widows, orphans, poor, arise ;  
Its bells shall joyful ring, ten-fold  
More great the glory of its future days  
Than was its early far-sung praise.

## PART II.

A city higher still,  
And fairer far, and where my heart  
Can tell, most beauteous grew, each pinnacle,  
Bulwark, wall, tower, and citadel  
Of gold and gems in-wrought with wondrous art,  
A host of angels guarded from above ;  
Mystic their watchword—it was Love.

Wandering I stray, till dazed  
With varying scenes, then homeward turn,  
High on a hill I stood and gazed,—  
And gazed and stood, and cried amazed,—  
Has earthquake come, or fire to burn ?  
But lo ! the darkness breaks, the thick clouds rise,  
Dear home ! I cry and feast my eyes.

And then I heard a call,—  
My name, and words of cheer :—" Fond heart,  
" Behold and learn, tho' darkness all  
" Your dear hopes seemed to shroud ; the pall  
" Has proved but clouds ; they opening part,  
" And Love, the sun, with radiant hues now dyes  
" The clouds you dreaded, as they rise."

## MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

BY H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

THAT the earlier stages of man's history were passed under conditions little different from those of the brutes was an opinion held by many of the ancient writers. Horace expresses this view in a very definite form in the well-known and often-quoted lines :

*"Quem prorepserunt primis animalia terris,  
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter  
Unguibus et pugnīs, dein fustibus, atque ita porro  
Pugnabant armīs quæ post fabricaverat usus,  
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,  
Nominaque invenire; dehinc absistere bello,  
Oppida cæperant munire et povere leges."*

Even Rome, however, produced men who held a different opinion to the one expressed in this celebrated passage; and the nineteenth century, if it has not left the controversy just where it was in the time of Horace, has nevertheless failed as yet to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to man's place in nature. Now-a-days, every theory must be able to give scientific grounds for its existence, and vigorous attempts have been made recently to place the dictum of Horace upon a basis of scientific fact. It is the object of the present paper to examine how far these endeavours may be said to have succeeded; and in so doing it is not necessary to consider more than one of these attempts, Mr. Darwin's work on the "Descent of Man." It is to be borne in mind, however, that the limits of a Magazine article will only permit of allusion being made to some of the more

salient points of such a vast and intricate subject.

The difficulty which is generally felt as to man's place in nature, is well expressed by the different schemes of zoological classification adopted by different writers on natural history. Thus, some authorities place man in a distinct "sub-kingdom," or primary division of the animal kingdom; others give him the rank of a distinct class; others reduce his privileges to that of a separate order; whilst others, finally, consider that man's peculiarities are so few and so little marked that he may be considered as a subdivision of a common order with the monkeys. It is, therefore, worth our while to consider shortly what are the grounds upon which man's position in the zoological scale may justifiably be fixed, or, in other words, what points ought properly to be included in the zoological definition of man.

As to his mere anatomical structure, man differs from the man-like apes chiefly in his habitually erect posture; in having the hind limbs exclusively devoted to locomotion, whilst the fore-limbs are equally exclusively devoted to acts of grasping; in having a thumb capable of being brought in contact with the extremities of the other digits, whilst the great toe is *not* so "opposable;" in having no general covering of hair on the body; in having an even and uninterrupted series of teeth; and in having the largest, most highly developed, and most richly convoluted brain in the entire series of the quadrupeds. Many naturalists would consider, as we think with great reason, that these anatomical differences taken by themselves are amply sufficient to entitle man to claim at any rate the place of a distinct order in the

\* "When animals first crept forth from the newly-formed earth, a dumb and filthy herd, they fought for acorns and lurking places with their nails and fists, then with clubs, and at last with arms, which, taught by experience, they had forged. They then invented names for things, and words to express their thoughts, after which they began to desist from war, to fortify cities, and enact laws."

Mammalian series. They are to the full as numerous and as weighty differences as those which separate any two allied orders of quadrupeds, and are much more striking than those which separate some of the orders. Temporarily, however, and for the sake of argument, we may admit that these differences are not such as to entitle man to a position in the class of Mammals more select than that of a mere family of an order containing also the monkeys; and we may next ask if these characters do indeed constitute the zoological definition of man.

All naturalists are agreed that the value of any given classification depends upon the extent to which it is "natural." That is to say, the value of any given classification depends entirely upon the extent to which it is grounded upon and takes into account *all* the characters of the objects classified. It is very easy and often very convenient to classify objects by some one character alone; and the more superficial and conspicuous such a character may be, the better will it be fitted for such a purpose. Classifications founded upon such single characters, ignoring the totality of the objects classified, are, however, stigmatized as "artificial," and have been now universally and finally abandoned by every science which has cut its leading-strings, and has attained to the power of walking alone.

The question, then, inevitably arises: Does the above classification embrace *all* the characters of man? Or, does it ignore some of his most important peculiarities, and thus brand itself as "artificial"? We do not think that two answers ought to be possible to such a question, and we may take an imaginary illustration in support of this assertion. Suppose naturalists were to unearth in some remote corner of the globe an assemblage of beings possessing all the physical characters of man—large-brained, erect, bipedal, and hairless—but wholly destitute of his higher characters, speaking no articulate language, using no tools, building

no habitations, ignorant of fire, and showing no mental powers higher than those of the monkeys. It may be said that such an assemblage of animals is an impossible conception, and that an animal with a human brain would of necessity exhibit the psychical characters of man. This, however, is begging the question, and we are not bound to accept such an assumption in an imaginary case. Let us suppose, then, that naturalists suddenly stumble upon such a race as the above—how are they to be classified? Are they to be placed unreservedly and unequivocally in the same group as *Homo sapiens*, or are they to be regarded as merely a peculiar group of the Apes, or may we consider them as transitional between man and the monkeys? Assuredly, those who maintain that man's zoological position is to be wholly determined by his anatomical, or so-called "zoological" characters, would be logically compelled to group this race with the family of "articulately-speaking men," and that, too, without any line of demarcation. Many naturalists, however, would declare that such beings, in spite of their anatomical structure were not *men*, and we venture to think that this conclusion would be backed by the common sense and innate feeling of the world at large.

We think, then, that any naturalist is justified, as a scientific man, in maintaining that all classifications of man by his anatomical characters alone are *artificial*, and as such are indefensible. Such classifications do *not* embrace the totality of man's organization, and can not, therefore, be natural. If, as most people would readily admit, a race of beings possessing man's physical structure, but not endowed with his mental characters, is not truly to be regarded as human, then man's zoological definition must be made to include something more than his mere physical and anatomical structure. *That* something is man's mental and moral constitution; and we repeat our belief that any naturalist is justified, without disparagement to either

his knowledge or his ability, in maintaining that man's psychical peculiarities are as much an integral factor of his zoological definition as his physical structure, or perhaps more so. We will not allow that mental characters do not come under the head of "zoological" characters, and we should be perfectly willing to have this principle applied to the whole series of the Mammals. If mental characters are characters at all, surely they serve to distinguish the objects which exhibit them, quite as strongly as the grosser and more palpable characters to be derived from anatomical structure; and if so, they certainly must be taken into account in any classification which pretends to be "natural." We are far from saying that, even in man, due prominence should not be given to the details of the physical organization. Such characters are necessarily almost the only available ones in the Mammals generally, and are undoubtedly of the greatest importance even in man himself. Few, also, would be disposed to doubt that the mental organization of an animal must be most closely and intimately correlated with its physical structure. If we knew thoroughly the laws of such correlation, then it would be amply sufficient to classify all animals, including man, solely by anatomical characters; for then the statement of the physical structure would instantly furnish the instructed naturalist with the key to the mental *status* of any given animal. It is needless to say, however, that in place of possessing any such thorough knowledge, our ignorance of the laws of correlation may fairly be characterized as profound. Indeed, when we come to the brain, and the nervous system in general, we may be said to know literally nothing as to the correlation of structure and function. We do not even know enough to secure assent to the very probable supposition that here a very minute and apparently trivial difference in structure may be correlated with an almost immeasurable difference in mental power.

It seems, however, that no more completely retrograde step has been taken in the whole of this discussion than the importation into this subject of the question whether the mind be the product of the brain, or whether the brain be merely the organ of the mind. It is difficult to conceive of any discussion more hopelessly idle and futile than this; since it is clear that the premises at present at our command will allow of either conclusion being logically arrived at. We know the material structure which we call the brain, we recognize certain phenomena which we call mental, and we have every reason to be certain that there is the closest connection between the brain of any animal and its mental phenomena. We have not, however, any means of determining with absolute certainty what is the nature of this connection; and if it be one of effect and cause, we have no single *datum* to determine which is effect and which is cause. We know the sequence of phenomena; we do not know which phenomenon precedes the other in point of time. It is just as scientific, therefore, and just as logical, to believe that the brain exists as an effect of the mind, as it is to believe that "the brain secretes mind as the liver secretes bile." The one opinion has no scientific advantage over the other; and it is at present very difficult to see how we can arrive at any absolutely unassailable conclusion upon this point, any more than upon many other kindred questions. In the meanwhile, at any rate, either opinion is open to the impartial and unbiassed reasoner, and each individual will adopt one or other view, just as he may be guided by the general tendency of his mind and the general drift of his studies.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to point out here, that the discussion as to the nature of life and its connection with matter, rests upon a precisely similar basis. We recognize certain phenomena which we call "vital," as being exclusively manifested by living beings; and we recognise further that

these phenomena are never manifested except by certain forms of matter, or, it may be, by no more than a single form of matter. It is clear therefore, that there is the closest connection between vital phenomena and the "matter of life." It is a bold conclusion, however, from these premises to deduce that life is the result of living matter, or one of its inherent properties. We know the succession of phenomena, but we know no more; and it is just as logical to conclude that living matter is the result of vital forces. This may seem to be a digression as regards the matter in hand; but in truth the two questions are very intimately connected, and a final decision in one case would almost inevitably determine the other.

We have, then, arrived so far in our argument as the assertion that man's psychical characters ought to be taken into account in the determination of his zoological position; and that, indeed, they ought to have at least as much weight as his anatomical structure in deciding this question. We are aware that many eminent naturalists would deny this assertion *in toto*; but the question is at present certainly one of individual opinion, and no argument, as we shall see, can be carried out on such a subject without some such assertion on one side or the other.—Allowing, then, this assertion to pass, it becomes clear that the question of man's zoological position will turn ultimately upon the value which we attach to his mental characters; since man does not differ much in anatomical structure from the Anthropoid apes, but certainly does differ greatly from them as regards his psychical manifestations. Mr. Darwin, indeed, tacitly admits this; for he is obliged to base his argument wholly upon the assumption that the mental phenomena, moral and intellectual, exhibited by man differ from those of animals in *degree* only and not in *kind*. This assumption we may examine in detail, but it is well to bring forward one point prominently beforehand. If, as asserted by Mr. Darwin, man's psychi-

cal phenomena differ from those of monkeys or other Mammals in degree only, then by the logical necessity of Mr. Darwin's own hypothesis there is no mental difference, other than that of degree, between man and the lowest of the Vertebrate sub-kingdom, the degraded little fish known as the Lancelet. As Mr. Darwin has further explicitly declared his belief in a genetic connection between the Lancelet and those degraded Molluscs, the *Ascidians*, it follows that man's mental constitution does not differ *in kind* from that of a Sea-squirt. So far Mr. Darwin himself leads us, and we may rest contented here, but it would not be difficult to show that his theory leads us logically to the inevitable conclusion that man's intellectual and moral endowments do not differ in kind from those of a Sponge, or any still lower Invertebrate. It is quite true that it might be difficult to demonstrate any mental phenomena in a Sponge, at least we are not aware that any have hitherto been recorded. Still, all man's faculties must be present in the Sponge in an undeveloped condition; for Haeckel assures us that it is not difficult to show how the Polypes have descended from the Sponges, and the former have decided relationships to the lower Molluscs, whilst the last undoubtedly have connections amongst the fishes, and so, further, up to "the noblest work of God." No one, however, will be disposed to deny Mr. Darwin the possession of the "courage of his opinions," and it is possible he would not shrink from believing that all man's faculties are present, in germ, in plants, since the animal and vegetable kingdoms probably spring from a common progenitor.

Mr. Darwin prefaces his argument by the remark that "no classification of the mental powers has been universally accepted," without apparently recognizing how enormously such a state of things detracts from the value of any comparison of the mental constitution of man and the lower animals. Such a comparison is wholly within the domain

of Psychology, and Psychology has not yet agreed about her fundamentals! Psychology, in fact, as a science, if it can fairly be said to exist at all, is certainly as yet in extreme infancy. Surely this ought to induce caution in the acceptance of any solution of one of the profoundest problems to the consideration of which Psychology can at any time be called. Admitting that we are tolerably well acquainted with the constitution of the human mind, though assuredly we have yet much both to learn and unlearn even on this head, there still remains the fact that we are almost totally ignorant of the mental organization of animals. We have, of course, been able to observe and record a greater or less number of authentic mental phenomena, as exhibited by the lower animals. We know, however, absolutely nothing of the source and nature of these phenomena, and it is begging the whole question to assume that the mental phenomena of animals arise from a source of the same *kind* as those of man, merely because man himself thinks he can detect in their mental acts a certain similarity to his own. We should bear in mind, then, from the very outset, that the comparison between the mental powers of man and those of the lower animals is a comparison between one very partially known quantity, and another about which hardly anything is known and still less is universally agreed.—Taking the lower animals first, we meet with the very general belief, even at the present day, that the mental actions of animals are mainly, if not exclusively, to be ascribed to what is vaguely called “instinct.” Hardly any two writers have succeeded in agreeing as to what we are to understand by instinct; but we may here look at two definitions.—Mr. Darwin knows perfectly well what he means by instinct, for he understands by this term “inherited habit.” In spite, however, of the perfect clearness of this definition, Mr. Darwin speaks of the instincts of “self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the

mother for her new-born offspring,” and speaks of these as being instincts which man has in common with the lower animals.—Now, if an instinct be an inherited habit, it is clear that there must have been a time in the history of each instinct when the instinct was not; for the term “habit” implies a previous absence of habit. But, we cannot suppose it possible that there was ever a time in the history of man, or of any other species of animal in which sexual love did not exist; nor could we properly speak of the “habit” of self-preservation. Mr. Darwin, again, seems to us to have by no means happily evaded the difficulty of the peculiar instincts of sexless animals, such as worker-bees, and ants, which have no offspring, and which, therefore, cannot transmit acquired or inherited habits. The instincts, for example, of a worker-ant are wholly different from those of the queen, and yet the worker is the offspring of the latter. The instincts, again, of a soldier-ant differ both from those of the worker and from those of the queen, and yet the soldier is both neuter and the immediate offspring of the queen. We have, therefore, the queen, with one set of instincts, giving origin to other queens with the same instincts, and to workers and soldiers, each with peculiar instincts, and each incapable of transmitting these instincts by heredity.—To say that these instincts appear to arise “through the natural selection of variations of simpler instinctive actions” hardly seems to render matters much more perspicuous, and certainly deprives Mr. Darwin's definition of instinct of almost its entire value.

At the very best, however, the proposition that instinct is “inherited habit” is an assumption, and is one in support of which no evidence of weight has been brought forward. That habits may become instinctive is certain, and it is equally certain that these habits may be transmitted in the way of inheritance. It by no means follows from this that *all* instincts were originally habits, nor does there seem any probability in such



a view. The late Professor Goodsir, on the other hand, one of the most profound anatomists that Britain has ever produced, defines instinct as "a collective term applied to those laws in virtue of which the psychical endowments of the animal are so adjusted in reference to its organism with its functions, and to all the necessary and contingent circumstances in its existence, as to enable them to work together harmoniously in the adaptation of means to ends, without self-consciousness." In other words, instinct is a collective term applied to those laws in virtue of which each species of animal acts in a definite and unvarying manner under given circumstances, its actions being performed "with unerring accuracy and without previous training."

Whatever definition of instinct be ultimately adopted, few of those who have studied the subject will be disposed to deny that animals, in some cases, exhibit phenomena which cannot rightly be called instinctive. Mr. Darwin concludes that animals exhibit emotions essentially similar to those of man: maternal affection, jealousy, love of praise, shame, wonder, curiosity, imitation, attention, memory, imagination, and reason; and the evidence, as regards most of these, will no doubt bear him out in his assertion. We may remark, however, *en passant* that it is an assumption that dreaming is an act of the imagination, and no other proof is adduced that animals possess this faculty beyond the fact that they certainly dream. As regards the faculty of reason, few unprejudiced observers will probably deny its possession to the brutes, though there are doubtless some to whom such an allowance would be distasteful. In reality, however, no stronger assistance could be given to the Darwinian theory of the descent of man than by an obstinate adherence to the untenable doctrine that animals possess nothing higher than mere blind and mechanical instincts.

The late Prof. Goodsir, indeed, whilst denying to the brutes the possession of a

reason comparable to that of man, nevertheless believed that it could not well be denied "that there is in the constitution of the brute an essence which is not material." He believed that this immaterial principle is the essential element of the animal, "failing which, the body of the animal would have had no existence," and that it is in this immaterial principle that "the instinctive consciousness of the animal subsists." He believed, however, that the immaterial principle of the brute is destitute of self-consciousness and, therefore, necessarily incapable of "intellectual movement;" so that "its so-called intellectual processes resolve themselves into mere suggestive acts. Its so-called thoughts, or trains of thought, are merely individual acts of objective consciousness connected by the determining law of its instinct. These acts of objective consciousness may be immediate—that is, induced by the actual presence of the object; or they may be mediate—that is reproductions of acts of objective consciousness, through the memory or imagination."

It is not necessary that we should accept all the views of this profound observer upon this subject; but the belief that animals possess a much higher mental organization than that usually allotted to them is one which is constantly gaining ground, and which certainly in no way interferes with the belief that man's mental powers are *sui generis* and wholly distinct in kind from those of animals. The admission of this cuts away from the Darwinian theory one of its strongest supports, for it deprives the evidence to be obtained from domesticated animals of almost all its weight. If animals possess a mental organization peculiar to each species, then there is no reason whatever why such an organization should not be influenced and improved by man. We know that we can influence and improve the physical organization of a horse or a dog, without thinking that we could convert either into an elephant or a monkey. We may believe

also, with equal reason, that we can influence and improve the mental powers of these animals, without thinking that we could ever teach them to do Euclid, or to write poetry. Because the psychical or mental organization of an animal is within certain limits plastic and capable of improvement or degradation, it by no means follows that its power of change is illimitable, however long a time be allowed for such a process.

On this theory, therefore, the truly marvellous mental phenomena manifested by the dog, and to a less extent by other domestic animals, lose almost their entire weight as bearing on the unity of man's mental organization with that of the lower animals. If such a unity is ever to be proved it must be by observations made upon wild animals in a state of nature. The mental phenomena exhibited by the domestic animals are the result of the action of man's personality upon their partially plastic organization; and no proof has yet been advanced to show that this plasticity extends beyond certain very definite limits.

Up to this point, then, in our enquiry we may admit that man and the lower animals show differences of degree only and not of kind; both alike exhibiting certain fundamental emotions and instincts, along with the power of reasoning and the faculty of memory. Before going on to consider if there is any proof of the same community between man and brutes as regards the higher faculties, we may pause to consider a point which seems highly adverse to Mr. Darwin's theory. Upon this theory, we ought beyond all doubt to find the highest mental development in those animals which are themselves highest in the zoological scale, and nearest to man in physical structure. It may very fairly be doubted, however, if this holds good, even within the narrow limits of the Mammals. It may fairly be doubted, for instance, if the highest of the Anthropoid Apes can be compared as regards his mental development with the dog

or the horse, or even the elephant. Much stress need not, however, be laid on this, for it may be said that this depends on the different opportunities of mental improvement enjoyed by each. A very much greater difficulty is presented to us when we consider the case of some of the lower animals which unquestionably owe none of their peculiarities to man's influence or man's interference. If we take the case of some of the ants, and more especially the various species which are known to make and keep slaves, we are in the first place dealing with Invertebrate animals, whose nervous system is of a very low type, only doubtfully presenting anything which can be compared with the brain of the Vertebrates. And yet, they present mental phenomena of the most striking nature, and which certainly can not be set down to mere instinct, at any rate not according to Mr. Darwin's definition.—The Russet Ant (*Formica rufescens*), for example, habitually keeps slaves which are captured when young. These slaves belong to a wholly different species, yet so entirely do they forget their instincts or "inherited habits," that they actually devote their lives to their masters, feed them, build their nests, bring up their young, and defend them with the utmost bravery. They show no recollection of their own species, and manifest no desire to return to their own people. Being of no developed sex, they cannot, of course, transmit these qualities to any descendants; and, for the same reason, the masters can only keep up their stock by constantly making fresh captures. The masters, on the other hand, accept the services of the slaves in every particular, except that they go alone on their slave-making expeditions. That this system was one which was not born with the species is shown by the fact that long holding of slaves has completely demoralized the masters, who can no longer even feed themselves without assistance. Were it not for the slaves, therefore, the species would die out. If we admit that the system of

slave-making is an inherited habit—as indeed it almost certainly is in part—there must have been a time when the species dispensed with such artificial aid, but we fail to see any adequate explanation of the change. The change must certainly have been in opposition to previously contracted habits and instincts, and could hardly have arisen without some exercise of reasoning. That the behaviour of the slaves cannot be ascribed to instinct—if instinct be but “inherited habit”—is quite certain; since their conduct is by no means in accordance with any habits they could have derived from their parents. That the conduct of the masters is not wholly instinctive seems also almost certain, the delicate touch of nature, betrayed by their not allowing their willing slaves to accompany them on slave-making expeditions, being almost human.

To those who, like the present writer, believe that animals have certain mental endowments, each according to his kind, and apart from what is ordinarily called instinct, the romantic history of the slave-making Ants offers no difficulties. It appears, however, to present an almost insuperable bar to the theory of the evolution of man's mental faculties out of those of the lower animals. If, as before said, the germs of man's faculties are present in the lower animals, then most certainly we ought to find the nearest approach to man's mental phenomena in the animals nearest him in anatomical structure. Upon this theory we should hardly expect to find any psychical phenomena comparable to those of man, except in the highest Vertebrates; and the advocates of this view might have fairly explained the absence of high mental powers in all lower than the Mammals, by saying that these alone possessed a brain in any way comparable to that of man. Here, however, we have an *Invertebrate* animal, further removed in anatomical structure from the lowest Vertebrate than man himself is, exhibiting a sequence of mental phenomena

which—whatever their true nature may be—are of at least as high a character as those exhibited by any quadruped whatsoever in an undomesticated condition. It may be doubted, indeed, if any domesticated Mammal has ever exhibited phenomena so strictly human; for no cases seem to be on record in which one species of Mammal has succeeded in making another species work for it.\* It will not do to say that the one set of actions are instinctive and another set of the same, or of a higher, order are actuated by reason. Whatever theory we adopt, we must apply the same reasoning to all cases, and from this point of view it seems impossible to concede the possession of reason to the Apes, and to deny at least an equal amount of it to the Ants. Nor is it a sufficient explanation to say that these are “social instincts” arising from the fact that Ants live in communities; since this leaves untouched the fact that no social Birds or Mammals have exhibited anything higher in point of mental development. From whatever point of view we look at it, it would seem that either the Ants, as Invertebrate animals, are much more clever than their type of nervous system should permit, or the Apes and other Mammals are far less clever. The same conclusion may be reached by a consideration of many other phenomena in the marvellous history of Ants, to say nothing of White Ants or Bees, but the case here chosen will be sufficient for its purpose.

Let us pass on now to consider very briefly some of the points in which man is asserted to be superior to the lower animals, so superior that he differs from them in kind and not in degree only. According to Darwin, these points are “that man alone is capable of progressive improvement; that he alone makes use of tools or fire, domesticates other

\* The Jackal has sometimes been spoken of as the “Lion's provider”; but there is no reason to believe that jackals have any connection with lions other than that caused by their anxiety to secure the leavings of the stronger beast.

animals, possesses property, or employs language; that no other animal is self-conscious, comprehends itself, has the power of abstraction, or possesses general ideas; that man alone has a sense of beauty, is liable to caprice, has the feeling of gratitude, mystery, etc; believes in God, or is endowed with a conscience." Many of these alleged peculiarities are so palpably dependent and consequent on others of the same list, or are intrinsically of such secondary importance, that it will be sufficient to confine our attention here to two of them, namely man's self-consciousness, and his moral sense. The possession of language will not be touched upon here, partly because, at best, language is merely an outward and visible sign of something far deeper, and partly because there are phenomena in certain diseases, more especially in *aphasia*, which appear to have been overlooked by Mr. Darwin, and to be utterly fatal to his beliefs as to the origin, nature and development of language.

As regards the presence of self-consciousness, as distinguishing man from any and all animals, we can not do better than shortly consider the views advocated by Goodsir, in his admirable lectures on the "Dignity of the Human Body," without entering into any discussion as to the extent to which these views may be defended. According to this eminent observer, man consists essentially of three elements—a corporeal, a psychical and a spiritual. The psychical element of man agrees in its nature with the immaterial principle of animals, and is the seat of his instinctive consciousness. To this psychical element is due the form and structure of the human body; and in it "are based all those instincts, emotions, appetites and passions which, stronger, keener and more numerous than in the animal, were conferred on man for his higher purpose and greater enjoyment, so long as subject to his higher principle; but which have, under his freedom of choice, become the sources

of misery and death." The human organism properly so-called is the combination of this psychical element with the corporeal mechanism. It is "the animal in man" and is the only point in which man resembles the animal. In addition, however, to his corporeal and psychical elements, in which he resembles the animal, man possesses a spiritual principle or rational consciousness, in virtue of which he becomes *self-conscious*.—Self-consciousness, in turn, implies the exercise of thought; since it "involves a comparison and judgment regarding two things, neither of which we can think down or out of existence—namely, the self which thinks, and the self which is thought of." In virtue of this self-conscious spiritual principle, man alone of all the organized beings on the earth, is capable of disobeying the laws of his psychical principle or organism; man alone is capable of thought and speech, "the phonetic expression of thought"; man alone "is impressed with the belief of moral truth and divine agency," and alone possesses a will properly so termed. "At this point we reach the solution of the question as to the essence of humanity. With an animal body and instincts, man possesses also a consciousness involving Divine truth in its regulative principles. But along with this highly endowed consciousness, the human being has been left free to act either according to the impulses of his animal or of his higher principle. The actual history of humanity, of its errors, its sufferings and its progress, is the record of the struggle between man's animal and Divine principle, and of the means vouchsafed by his Creator for his relief." This possession by man of a form of conscious principle higher than and distinct from that of any animal "leaves no place for man in any conceivable arrangement of the animal kingdom."

Such, stated in the briefest and baldest manner, are the views entertained by one of the greatest anatomists which this century has produced, as to the constitution of man

and his proper place in the world which he inhabits. It were doubtless easy to point out that many of these views are more or less of the nature of unprovable assumptions. It were easy, however, to point out a similar defect in many of the views entertained by his opponents. We prefer, therefore, to abstain from all comment, merely remarking that it is a noteworthy fact, that views acceptable to all advocates of a Spiritual Philosophy should have been arrived at, by a wholly independent line of thought, by one whose life was devoted to the study of man's physical structure.

It remains only very cursorily to consider how far man's possession of a "moral sense" can be said to distinguish him from animals. By the term "moral sense" is understood the conception of *right*, or, in the words of Darwin, the comprehension of all that "is summed up in that short but imperious word *ought*, so full of high significance." The presence of a moral sense, or of a conception of right, has long been advanced as one of the most striking characters by which man is distinguished from the brutes; since animals certainly have no comprehension of the meaning of the word "ought." Animals, however, appear to have some idea of what is *useful* to them, as they possess the power of experiencing both painful and pleasurable sensations. Animals can, therefore, be taught in many instances either to perform certain acts, or to abstain from the performance of others. Those who regard man's faculties as differing from those of animals in degree only, have sought to break down the barriers which distinguish the moral sense, and have endeavoured to show that the conception of *right* is at bottom but an expanded and developed comprehension of what is *useful*. This is absolutely essential to the view that man, in his totality, has been evolved out of the lower animals. How a perception of expediency becomes converted into a sense of right might at first sight appear a somewhat puzzling problem. We will,

however, give the views of those who hold that this conversion has actually taken place, in the terse and vigorous language of St. George Mivart:—

"They say that 'natural selection' has evolved moral conceptions from perceptions of what was useful, *i. e.*, pleasurable, by having through long ages preserved a predominating number of those individuals who have had a natural and spontaneous liking for practices and habits of mind useful to the race, and that the same power has destroyed a predominating number of those individuals who possessed a marked tendency to contrary practices. The descendants of individuals so preserved have, they say, come to inherit such a liking and such useful habits of mind, and that at last, (finding this inherited tendency thus existing in themselves, distinct from their tendency to self-gratification) they have become apt to regard it as fundamentally distinct, *innate*, and independent of all experience. In fact, according to this school, the idea of 'right' is only the result of the gradual accretion of useful predilections which, from time to time, arose in a series of ancestors naturally selected. In this way, 'morality' is, as it were, the congealed past experience of the race, and 'virtue' becomes no more than a sort of 'retrieving,' which the thus improved human animal practises by a perfected and inherited habit, regardless of self-gratification, just as the brute animal has acquired the habit of seeking prey and bringing it to his master, instead of devouring it himself."

It appears to us that this debasing and degrading view of man's morality is one, the refutation of which might safely be left to the innate feelings of the great bulk of mankind. That virtue is but a sort of *retrieving* is an opinion which is hopelessly at variance with the knowledge which, we should hope, most men intuitively possess as to their moral constitution. The theory, however, is one which must be met upon scientific grounds, and it is satisfactory to believe that the

balance of even strictly scientific evidence is decidedly opposed to it. We have not space here to enter into a discussion of the arguments which may be brought forward to prove man's possession of a moral sense, different *in kind* from anything possessed by any brute. It will suffice here to give in a summary form some of the leading objections urged against the Darwinian view of this question by Mr. St. George Mivart. This able writer rejects the view that man's moral sense is merely a developed form of a perception of what is useful, upon the following grounds :—

1. The utmost degree of morality which could be produced upon the strictest Darwinian principles by "natural selection," extends only to what is useful to the species or individual. The first perceptions, however, as to the propriety of many acts admittedly right would either have been useless to the species, or at any rate so slightly useful that they could never have been preserved and perpetuated by natural selection. In other words, "natural selection might possibly give rise to beneficial habits," but could never generate any genuine sense of right.

2. There is no possibility of accounting for the *beginnings* of perceptions which might ultimately be evolved into a moral sense.

3. Many actions admittedly right are certainly not useful to the community, at any rate in a savage condition (*e.g.*, the preservation of the aged and the infirm).

4. The present sense of right actually

and explicitly excludes the notion of expediency or of personal benefit.

5. The actions of brutes, even when good as regards their effect on the community, are "unaccompanied by mental acts of conscious will directed towards the fulfilment of duty;" and are, therefore, only *materially* moral, but not *formally* so.

6. It is wholly unnecessary to assume that man is endowed with any innate perception of *what particular acts are right*. It is quite enough to believe that he has an innate perception of there being a "higher" and a "lower."

We may, in conclusion, add that man's possession of a moral sense carries with it the melancholy pre-eminence that to man alone is it given to do wrong. Man alone of all created beings can offend against the laws of his organism, and on him alone of all animals is thrown the responsibility of choosing whether he will live according to the "higher" or the "lower" impulses of his nature. Other animals may offend against laws which *we* have laid down; but their offences are committed in obedience to the laws of their own organism. Other animals fulfil the laws of their being completely and "instinctively," having no power of departing from these laws. Man alone is enabled to determine when he ought not to act in obedience to the impulses of his appetites and passions. Man alone has free will, and man alone is conscious of its possession and of the duties which thereby devolve upon him.

## THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY CHAS. SANGSTER.

THE mocking-bird sits in the old apple-tree,  
    Jovially, jauntily singing ;  
Who trills a daintier song than he ?  
With a wilder gush, or a deeper glee,  
    Fresh from his glad heart springing ?  
Up steps my passionate oriole,  
And sings till you'd think the bird had a soul,  
So mellow, and deep, and rich the strain—  
Song-mist and sweet showers of music rain.

The mocking-bird hears, in the old apple-tree,  
    The oriole's dainty singing,  
When all at once, like a master, he,  
My plain-dressed herald of minstrelsy,  
    High up the maple springing,  
Pours forth a song just as full of soul  
As that of my passionate oriole :  
Wild and mellow, and deep and strong,  
He has every note of my dear bird's song.

He has a rare touch of grave humour, too :  
    Up in the maple perching,  
Hiding, and singing a score of songs,  
Until the birds appear in throngs,  
    Each for its own mate searching.  
Now like an absolute bird of prey,  
Scaring the terrified flock away ;  
Sudden the flutter, the flight absurd—  
Is he not laughing, the jovial bird ?

My robin peers out from his cage in the hall,  
    Strutting, and fluting loudly ;  
Rapid and clear is his morning call,  
Graceful and cheering his madrigal,  
    Bird never sung more proudly.  
Back to the apple-tree flies my thrush,  
Strikes a fine chord through the calm and hush,  
That follows my robin's melodious strain,  
And gives him his strophes all back again.

Bobolink whistles his treble note,  
    Rossignol sings a minute ;  
Delicate airs up the ether float,  
Melody pours from each vocal throat,  
    Tanager, jay and linnet.  
Let them all flutter in plumage bright,  
Warble and sing from morn till night,  
Still, my plain mocking-bird there in the tree  
Proves himself master of minstrelsy.

THE CAVALRY CHARGES AT SEDAN.—THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.—  
THE MORAL THEY CONVEY.

BY LT.-COL. G. T. DENISON, JUNR.

THE years succeeding great wars have always been marked by an increased impetus given to military science and literature. The success of the victors and the causes which produced it, as well as the lessons taught by the failure of the vanquished, point out with equal force to those nations, which have occupied the position of bystanders, the faults to avoid and the reforms to adopt.

The victories of Frederick the Great caused his army to become the model for Europe, and revolutionized the tactical and to a certain extent the strategical science of war. His plummet line and pace-stick are still retained in modern armies, although, at the present day, we do not attain the precision of drill which gave to Frederick's army a power of tactical manœuvring which no other has ever acquired; although the system which arose out of it, and which required it, is a thing of the past. Napoleon also imprinted upon the warfare of his times the impetuous and dashing spirit of his military genius; while, in the Autumn Manœuvres just completed in England, we see the effect of the late war between France and Germany.

The English Government are taking a lesson from Prussia, and are imitating the field manœuvres by which the Prussians obtained that skill in the real practical work of campaigning which contributed so much to their success. The system hitherto adopted in our army has been simply ridiculous. Officers and men were taught with great care the routine of interior economy, elementary drill, field movements, &c., on rules laid down with mathematical precision. The

time devoted to duty was occupied in learning and continually repeating and practising complicated manœuvres conducted upon the most rigid rules. This was all right as far as it went, but instruction should not have ceased there, as it practically did. The system was bad in its results. The faculty of thought was never exercised, the power of reasoning never brought into play. On the contrary, they were distinctly and positively ignored and their use forbidden. Stolid obedience to orders, and a rigid adherence to routine and red tape were considered the highest type of military discipline and the best evidence of efficiency. The phrase "a soldier has no right to think" became a maxim the importance of which, it was supposed, could not be overrated.

The effect of this upon the intellect has never been properly appreciated. Officers living all their lives in an atmosphere where the repetition of apparently unmeaning duties forms the every-day occupation, where rule and line have laid down in advance the manner of performing every minute detail, cannot acquire that decisive, vigorous promptitude of judgment and fertility of resource so necessary in the ever-changing conditions of active operations. The greatest natural talents must certainly feel the depressing and rusting effect of want of exercise.

It is a common remark that old army officers or men rarely succeed in business undertakings in civil life; and it is as frequently said that life in the army, in time of peace, unfits men for ordinary employments outside of mere routine. How can it be otherwise with men carefully trained never to think?



Nothing could be more ill-judged than the present system. One might as well teach a child his alphabet, teach him every letter and its pronunciation, make him go over it day after day and year after year, and then on examination expect him to read without ever having taught him to spell, as to make officers repeat manœuvres year after year and expect them by inspiration to know how to apply them practically, in the ever-varying contingencies and trying straits of actual war. Sir Henry Lawrence well says, "No ; it is not elementary knowledge such as barrack life or regimental parades that can give that which is most essential to a commander—it is *good sense, energy, thoughtfulness and familiarity with independent action.* \* \* \* \* \*

"It is not by three times a day seeing soldiers eat their rations, or by marching round barrack squares, that officers learn to be soldiers, much less generals."

One of the general officers in the late autumn campaign, speaking of the advantage of it to a correspondent of the "Times," said, "It teaches us to think,"—a remark almost pathetic in its honest simplicity.

The Prussians found out the secret of this weakness, and seem to have been the only nation to have seriously set themselves to remedy the evil. They invented a method of exercising their armies as near as possible approaching the real operations of war, by opposing two forces against each other, and by employing a staff of umpires to decide disputed points and to settle which side was entitled to the credit of the victory. There was a continual struggle of wits between the officers and men of the opposing forces, and consequently they were obliged to think, and to decide promptly and clearly their course of action in difficult and continually changing circumstances and conditions. Their practice-campaigns were in fact grand dress rehearsals of the part they afterwards played in earnest, and with such marvellous

success upon the plains of Bohemia and France.

We regret to find that almost all the English papers make the same complaint, that the manœuvres in Hampshire were not free enough—that even generals commanding were tied down to a great extent to certain fixed conditions. There seems to have been too much constraint—too little freedom and dash. It is nevertheless a matter of congratulation that a step has been taken in the right direction.

The lesson conveyed to England on this point, applies with equal force to us in Canada. We have a well drilled volunteer force, thoroughly equipped and armed and composed of active and intelligent young men ; but our staff officers are almost all imported from the regular service, and the whole English system, with its rules, regulations, manœuvres, uniforms and pipe-clay, has been adopted by us as closely as it can be imitated.

In the Camp at Niagara last June, there were assembled nearly 5,000 men, consisting of one regiment of cavalry, 3 field batteries and 11 battalions of infantry. The force was in excellent condition, and the regimental and company officers deserve the greatest credit for the strength, efficiency and general good appearance of their corps. The management of the camp, however, and the method of drilling adopted, formed a brilliant illustration of the old-fashioned principles of routine and red tape. The whole sixteen days were occupied in continually repeating parade and field movements. It was professed that everything was done "as if it were in actual war," yet there was no chain of outposts covering the camp as would be absolutely necessary before an enemy ; there were no videttes posted, no patrols sent out, no reconnoitring or scouting duty explained or taught. There seemed to be no attempt made to instruct the force in those duties of covering a camp, a bivouac or a line of march, on the proper

performance of which their safety would depend during nineteen days out of every twenty of active hostilities.

Our authorities should take advantage of the experience of the late war in this particular, and give our volunteers an opportunity of learning, by field campaigning with umpires, those practical duties, the knowledge of which is so necessary to the safety of an army in the field.

The war seems also to have settled conclusively the hitherto vexed question as to the inutility of cavalry of the line in modern warfare. Heavy cavalry has been continually decreasing in value in the same ratio as the weapons for the projection of missiles have been improved. Before the invention of gunpowder, the cavalry then (under the feudal system) composed of knights and men-at-arms, formed the main portion of armies, and infantry were practically powerless to oppose them.

The invention of gunpowder gave the infantry a projectile weapon of far greater range and power. About the middle of the 16th century, the Spanish musquet was invented. It was a large unwieldy weapon, fired from a rest with a cushion or pad to relieve the force of the recoil. Its bullets pierced the best coats of mail. The Duke of Alba introduced it into the war in Flanders about the year 1550, and, soon afterwards, opinion so completely changed that defensive armour was for a time looked upon with contempt. Cavalry were consequently much lightened in their equipment, in order to increase their mobility and enable them to diminish the effect of the bullets as much as possible, by shortening by increased speed the interval between their arriving within range of fire and the moment of contact in the charge.

Cuirasses were afterwards re-introduced, and have been often used since that date. It is stated that Gustavus Adolphus, at the battle of Leipsig, could not conceal his uneasiness when he compared the accoutre-

ments of Pappenheim's cavalry, who were completely cased in armour, with his own, who were for the most part destitute of such protection. The result proved that these iron-clad warriors were more formidable in appearance than in reality.

Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, gave cuirasses to his cavalry, but it was as a protection against the Spanish lancers. We find also that the cavalry of Frederick the Great comprised 13 regiments of cuirassiers, 12 of dragoons and 10 of hussars. But Seidlitz, his great cavalry general, does not appear to have had much confidence in his cuirassiers. General Warnery, his bosom friend and compeer, in his "*Remarques sur la Cavalerie*," published in 1781, says, "Seidlitz, whose regiment ought for the useful (*pour le solide*) to serve as a model to all the cavalry of the universe, Seidlitz, I say, admitted that, in a march of moderate length, he could not with his regiment resist 600 good hussars."

The Emperor Napoleon revived the heavy cuirassier at the commencement of the Empire, by giving cuirasses to several of his cavalry regiments, and by decree of the 24th December, 1809, he also gave them to the regiments of carabineers.

Great as is Napoleon's authority on all military questions, his opinion on this point is now entirely out of date. From the first use of gunpowder, for some three hundred years, the infantry musket had not attained any great perfection of precision, rapidity or range. The flint-lock muskets of Napoleon's era, were much the same as they had been since their invention, which took place so far back as 1630, and were not much more deadly than the matchlock which preceded them. It is only of late years that rifles have been brought into use, which seem to have arrived at perfection of aim, range and rapidity of fire. These rifles render it almost impossible for cavalry to charge over the space which intervenes between a line of infantry and the extreme

range of their weapons, without being destroyed in the attempt.

Cavalry officers have lately theorized to a great extent upon the question of the effect of the breech-loading rifle upon the future employment of heavy cavalry. Some of them admit that, under most circumstances, charges of cavalry against the long-range rifle could not be made, but hold the view that contingencies must occur and chances arise where the impetuous charge would be followed with great results. We have shut our eyes too long to the fact that while the speed of the horse and weight of the man have remained stationary, the precision of aim, length of range, and rapidity of fire of the new rifle have increased to such an extent, as to destroy the conditions which formerly made cavalry charges so important an element in winning battles.

An article in the "Saturday Review" of the 7th October last, on "the tactical lessons of the Autumn Campaign," is a good illustration of the theories held on this question of cavalry charges. It says:—

"We have learnt that cavalry of every description is as necessary a component of an army as it ever was, but that it must be handled and organized in a new fashion. At present our cavalry leaders are but mere apprentices, and the glorious arm at their disposal was in the recent campaign rather an incumbrance to the army than otherwise. In the intervals between the battles, the light cavalry very imperfectly performed their duty as purveyors of intelligence, and on the day of battle, the chief object of every one appeared to be to get our squadrons out of the way, both of harm and of the other branches of the service. It is very evident that masses of cavalry will for the future be only used exceptionally, and that they must be kept in reserve until the decisive moment. \* \*

"By a sudden swoop on the flank, however, or even a direct attack, where from the nature of the ground, the enemy's fire

"cannot take effect until within 200 yards' distance, great things are still to be effected. In the concluding battle of our sham campaign, we had a proof of this. A body of cavalry suddenly appeared on the brow of a hill and dashed at the skirmishers of the 42nd Highlanders, who, startled at the apparition, hastily proceeded to form rallying squares. The dragoons were, however, upon them before they could complete the movement, and had the contest been a real one, would have sabred them to a man. The Highlanders have been blamed for forming squares. They ought, it is said, to have remained steady, and have trusted to the effect of their fire. Setting aside, however, the moral effect of the sudden appearance of a body of horsemen charging down at full speed, the Highlanders could not at the outside have fired more than twice, and that hurriedly, and under any circumstances, they would have been annihilated."

The above is the most common theory on this subject. We will now quote an account of the French cavalry charges at Sedan, from a letter received by the writer of this article from a distinguished officer who was with the Prussian army during the earlier battles of the war. This officer, who has himself seen much service, says:

"The question of cavalry charging infantry with breech-loaders is, I think, settled conclusively by this campaign. Wherever it has been tried—by the 8th and 9th French cuirassiers at Woerth, by the 7th Prussian cuirassiers at Vionville, on the 16th of August, or by the two French Light Cavalry brigades on their extreme left at Sedan—the result has been the same—a fearful loss of life with no result whatever.

"General Sheridan was an attentive eye-witness of the four charges made by the French Light Cavalry, at Sedan, and gave me a most minute account of them. I examined the ground most carefully only

"thirty hours after, while the dead men and  
 "horses all lay there, so that I formed as  
 "correct an idea of it as if I had seen it.—  
 "The first charge delivered by the 1st  
 "French Huzzars, was made under the most  
 "favourable circumstances possible. They  
 "were very well handled. As the Prussian  
 "infantry skirmishers, in advance of the main  
 "body, came over the hill behind which they  
 "had been waiting, they were led round  
 "under cover of the brow till they got com-  
 "pletely *in rear* of, and on the right flank of  
 "the skirmishers. They thus got within one  
 "hundred yards of them before they were  
 "seen, and then charged most gallantly, sweep-  
 "ing down the whole line. But, even under  
 "these advantageous circumstances, the  
 "charge had no result worth speaking of.—  
 "The Germans ran into knots and opened  
 "fire; a very few who ran to the rear, say  
 "twenty-five or thirty, were cut down. On  
 "the other hand, the fire of these clumps  
 "and rallying squares completely destroyed  
 "the huzzars. The two rear squadrons  
 "wisely swerved off and regained the shelter  
 "of the hill. Those who went down the  
 "line were all killed, wounded, or driven  
 "down on the Prussian side of the slope  
 "into a village and there captured. It did  
 "not delay the advance of the Prussian in-  
 "fantry five minutes. The succeeding  
 "charges made by the 1st, 3rd, and 4th  
 "Regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the  
 "6th Chasseurs came to nothing, though  
 "they were most gallantly and perseveringly  
 "made. The Prussians simply waited for  
 "them in line till they got to one hun-  
 "dred and fifty yards, and then just mowed  
 "them down with volleys. They were shot  
 "down before they could get within 50 yards.  
 "It was a useless, purposeless slaughter. It  
 "had, practically, no result whatever. The  
 "hill side was literally covered with their  
 "dead, and the bodies of their little grey Arab  
 "horses. These two brigades of five regiments  
 "must have lost quite 350 killed, besides  
 "their wounded and prisoners. There can

"be no greater calumny than to say they  
 "did not charge home. General Sheridan as-  
 "sured me they behaved most nobly, coming  
 "up again and again at the signal to charge.

"They were sheltered from fire till the  
 "last moment, were carefully handled, and  
 "skilfully and bravely led. The ground  
 "they charged over was not more than four  
 "hundred yards, yet the result was virtually  
 "their destruction as a military body, with-  
 "out any effect whatever.

"I took great pains to ascertain the facts.  
 "A friend of mine, whom I had known in  
 "Africa ten years before, was a major com-  
 "manding two squadrons of one of these  
 "regiments. He showed me the roll of  
 "his two squadrons, with each man's name  
 "marked off. The result was fifty-eight men  
 "of all ranks left effective, out of two hun-  
 "dred and sixteen that went into action.—  
 "The whole time they were under musketry  
 "fire must have been under a quarter of an  
 "hour. So much for charging against breech-  
 "loaders."

A comparison between the circumstances  
 of the charge on the skirmishers of the 42nd  
 Highlanders and this charge on the Prussian  
 skirmishers will show the parallel in the two  
 cases to have been almost complete. They  
 form a good illustration of the difference be-  
 tween theory and practice.

The fact is our Cavalry force must be re-  
 organized. The Life Guards, splendid men  
 and well horsed as they undoubtedly are,  
 are nevertheless mere relics of the feudal  
 age in their equipments. Imposing in their  
 appearance upon peaceful parades, and as  
 escorts in State ceremonials they may be;  
 but they are useless in modern warfare,  
 loaded down as they are by armour designed  
 as a protection against missiles long since  
 disused. One of the old German Emperors  
 is said to have remarked that "armour pro-  
 tects the wearer and prevents him from in-  
 juring others." The first part of this saying  
 no longer holds good, but the latter is almost  
 as appropriate as ever.

There is another element in modern warfare not always considered that will materially affect this question. In the time of Frederick the Great, when Cavalry reached the highest point, and exercised the greatest influence on the result of actions, armies fought on open fields, pioneers levelled the ground, made roads for the columns, and removed obstructions; and one could overlook a whole battle-field. In the future, the deadly effect of the Infantry weapons will necessitate a careful attention on the part of officers to avoid level plains and to obtain cover for their men. Armies will rather choose broken and intersected country for their operations, than where no protection or cover can be obtained. The spade will be more used than ever, and breastworks will often be employed, and in such situations Cavalry cannot make effective charges.

Sooner or later, heavy Cavalry will have to be done away with, but the late civil war in America, fought over a country much like our own, has shown that there is looming up in the future a species of light cavalry—the Mounted Riflemen—which is destined to play a great part in the wars of the future. A force of this nature properly equipped, and armed and drilled so as to give them the greatest possible advantage from the improvements in fire-arms, will be a most useful auxiliary to armies, not only in lines of battle where they might in case of need be used dismounted, as they were continually during the war in the Southern States, but more particularly in partizan warfare, reconnoitring, outpost duty, and all that which the French include under the term "*Les opérations secondaires de la guerre.*"

It has been often said that Canada is so much cut up with fences and woods that Cavalry could never operate in it. This is doubtless true with reference to heavy Cavalry, but the same statement does not apply to Mounted Rifles. It is in intersected, broken and partially wooded country that the mounted riflemen can operate to the greatest

advantage where their movements can be concealed, their horses kept under cover, and their sharp-shooters obtain protection.

Canada is peculiarly suited to this style of fighting, and it is a gratifying reflection that this arm of the service is especially adapted to defensive warfare, which is the only kind of hostilities that we are ever likely to be engaged in. Although there is no service which requires so much individual intelligence, we have as good material from which to organize a force of Mounted Rifles as can be found in any part of the world. In the young farmers of this country we find a class owning their farms, accustomed to out-door life, and possessing, in addition to physique and intelligence, two great qualifications for a dragoon, namely, a good seat on a horse, and a general knowledge of the use of the rifle. A small amount of drill and a little practical training in outpost and reconnoitring duty, would make these young men a most valuable force for defensive war.

The value of such a force swarming around an invading army cannot be overestimated. We can hardly over-rate the assistance given by the Uhlans to the Prussian invading columns, nevertheless they would have been infinitely more useful had they been trained and armed as mounted riflemen. As soon as the French *franc-tireurs* were organized this was clearly shown, for the Uhlans were afterwards always accompanied by bodies of Infantry, who were required to dislodge those partizans from villages and woods where the Cavalry could not reach them mounted. On the other hand, Bazaine was shut up in Metz on account of the inefficiency of his light Cavalry, who failed to warn him of his right flank being turned and his communication being threatened, until it was too late for him to retreat.

Applying these examples to ourselves, it is evidently important that we should have a strong body of Light Cavalry in

Canada. Our present force is entirely too weak in proportion to the other branches of the Service. Jomini says Cavalry should constitute one-sixth of an army. Gen. Mac-Dougall, in his "Theory of War," says one-fourth. We have positively less than one-thirtieth, and that in a country where a large number of our Infantry volunteers actually ride their horses to drill, and leave them tied to fences and under driving sheds while they are being taught Infantry manoeuvres in the drill rooms.

The late war, as well as the wars in the Crimea, in Italy, Denmark, and Austria have taught us another lesson. They have shown that the millennium has not yet arrived.— They have shown that the security of States depends mainly on their own inherent strength and determination, and upon their warlike skill and preparation for defence. We have a great future before us, if we can but preserve our independence as a people.

The northern portion of this continent is destined to be the home of a great and powerful nationality. It is our duty therefore, now, in the youth of our Dominion, while it is gathering strength under the protection of the Mother-country to lay the foundations of military power. As long as our people are defensively warlike, we have the best safeguard for peace. It is our duty to let other nations see that while we desire to live on friendly terms with our neighbours and with the whole world, nevertheless if any attempt be made to deprive us of our independence and our national existence, it will be met by the whole energies of a determined and united people, organized, armed and led so as to give the utmost possible effect to our small population. A thorough organization, and a confident, self-reliant spirit is all that is required to secure the peace which we all desire.

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## THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

FROM THE OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS.

'TIS sweet, when tempests lash the tossing main,  
 Another's peril from the shore to see ;  
 Not that we draw delight from other's pain,  
 But in their ills feel our security :  
 'Tis sweet to view ranged on the battle plain  
 The warring hosts, ourselves from danger free :  
 But sweeter still to stand upon the tower  
 Reared in serenest air by wisdom's power ;  
 Thence to look down upon the wandering ways  
 Of men that blindly seek to live aright,  
 See them waste sleepless nights and weary days,  
 Sweat in Ambition's press, that to the height  
 Of power and glory they themselves may raise.  
 O minds misguided and devoid of light,  
 In what a coil, how darkling do ye spend  
 This lease of being that so soon must end !

Fools ! What doth nature crave ? A painless frame,  
Therewith a spirit void of care or fear.  
Calm Ease and true Delight are but the same.  
What, if for thee no golden statues rear  
The torch to light the midnight feast, nor flame  
The long-drawn palace courts with glittering gear,  
Nor roofs of fretted gold with music ring,  
Yet hast thou all things that true pleasure bring—

Pleasure like theirs that 'neath the spreading tree  
Beside the brook, on the soft greensward lie,  
In kindly circle feasting cheerfully  
On simple dainties, while the sunny sky  
Smiles on their sport and flowrets deck the lea,  
Boon summer over all. Will fevers fly  
The limbs that toss on purple and brocade  
Sooner than those on poor men's pallets laid ?

And as to chase the body's ills away  
Wealth, birth and kingly majesty are vain,  
So is it with the mind's disease : array  
Thy mail-clad legions on the swarming plain,  
Bid them deploy, wheel, charge in mimic fray,  
As though one soul moved all the mighty train,  
With war's full pomp and circumstance : will all  
Set free the mind to dreadful thoughts a thrall ?

Crowd ocean with thy fleets, a thousand sail ;  
Will thy armada banish from the breast  
The fear of death ? If then of no avail  
Are all these baubles, if the soul's unrest  
Yields not to bristling spear or clashing mail,  
If haunting Care climbs an unbidden guest  
To Power's most awful seat, and mocks his gown  
Of gorgeous purple and his radiant crown—

Delay no longer Reason's aid to try,  
Since Reason's aid alone can mend our plight  
That walk in darkness, and, like babes that cry  
With silly terror in the lonesome night  
At their own fancy's bugbears, oftentimes fly,  
Mere grown-up babes, from bugbears of the light.  
These shadows not the glittering shafts of day,  
Must chase, but Science with more sovran ray.

G. S.

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## CURIOSITIES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

WASHINGTON AND JUMONVILLE.

BY W. J. ANDERSON, LL. D., QUEBEC.

IN his second series of *Maple Leaves*, published in 1864, M. Lemoine gives a very interesting paper under this heading, taken from the New York *Historical Magazine*, which may be looked upon as a review of de Gaspé's account of the same affair, as given in his *Les Anciens Canadiens*. M. Lemoine also has given under the title, "Defeat of Washington at Fort Necessity," Bell's translation of Garneau's account of that affair, preceding it by his view of the Jumonville *rencontre* also.

As M. de Gaspé has concluded his statement by asking the reader to judge, whether he has not succeeded in rescuing his grandfather's memory from the accusation of being a spy, we shall, by and by, return to his interesting and generous attempt.

We shall then be in a better position to decide "whether there is a discrepancy, easily explained," between the tradition of his family "and the truth of history." In the meantime, to be in a position really to understand the question at issue, which is *not*, was Jumonville a spy, but was Washington guilty of *guet à pens*, a cold blooded murder, we will state the actual position of affairs, before this first act in what has been called the *Seven Years' War*.

In 1753 the Ohio Company opened a road from Virginia into the Ohio Valley, and established a plantation at Shurtie's Creek. France and England were then at peace. There was no friendly feeling between the colonists of the two nations, but a jealousy of each other's encroachments, particularly on the Ohio, which was claimed by both. Duquesne, then Governor General of *New France*, was aware of the

objects of the Ohio Company and resolved to defeat them. Early in the spring, he sent a strong body of troops and Indians from Montreal, to reinforce the western posts and establish forts in the Valley of the Ohio. These were met at Niagara by an envoy from the Six Nations, who warned them not to proceed. On the other hand, the aid of Sir Wm. Johnston was solicited to assist in repelling the French encroachment. The French commander disregarded the warning, and established fortified posts at Erie, Waterford, and Uenango. On this, Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, selected George Washington, then just of age, to proceed to Uenango, and demand the reasons for the invasion of the British territories in a time of peace. Washington was accompanied by Christopher Gist, agent of the Ohio Company, an interpreter and four attendants, making a company of seven. On his way he attended a council of Delawares and Shawnees, when it was resolved that a deputation should accompany Washington, and again require the French to quit the territory. On arriving at Uenango the message was delivered, and the French made no secret of their intention to take possession of the whole valley. Washington from thence proceeded to Waterford, and St. Pierre, the commander, at once replied to his summons, "I am here by orders to which I shall strictly conform. I am ordered to seize every Englishman in the valley of the Ohio; and I shall certainly do it." Washington turned his face homewards, and leaving all but Gist at Uenango, steered by aid of his compass across the country. They suffered much hardship, and Washington made a



narrow escape for his life, having been fired at by a lurking Indian at only fifteen paces. Luckily the Indian missed and was captured by Washington, who, strange to say, notwithstanding the protestation of Gist, spared and released him. They arrived safely at Shurtie's Creek, and the Ohio Company at once commenced the building of a Fort at the *Fork*, and Washington proceeded to Alexandria to recruit. He received from Dinwiddie a Lieut.-Colonelcy of a regiment of one hundred and fifty men "self-willed and ungovernable," and was instructed to join him at the Fork, and "*to make prisoners, kill or destroy all who interrupted the English settlements.*" Washington proceeded with due despatch, but before he could reach Mill's Creek, the French, under Contrecoeur, had compelled the English at the Fork, thirty-three in number, to capitulate and withdraw. Contrecoeur occupied and fortified the post, which he called *Fort Duquesne* in honour of the Governor-General.

An Indian Chief, known as *Half King*, sent word to Washington to hasten to his assistance, with this warning, "Be on your guard, the French intend to strike the first English whom they shall see." The next day Washington was informed that the French were only eighteen miles distant, at the crossing of the Youghiogeny. He hastened to the Big Meadows, where he hurriedly threw up an intrenchment, forming what he called "a charming field for an encounter." He then sent out scouts, and on the morning of the 28th of May, Gist brought in information that he had seen the trail of the French within five miles of the post. About 9 a.m. of the same day, *Half King* also sent a messenger to say that the French were lurking in the neighbourhood. Bancroft, the American historian, says, "*that by the rules of wilderness warfare, a party skulking or riding, is an enemy.*" Washington, who, though young, well understood this warfare, marched in the darkness

of night and in rain, single file, through the woods and joined *Half King*, when it was decided to go together and at once attack the invaders. Two Indians discovered their lodgment away from the path, and concealed among the rocks. This was at 7 a.m., and arrangements were immediately made with the Indian chiefs to fall upon them by surprise. Seeing the English approach, the French flew to arms, when Washington gave the word "Fire"; at the same time discharging his own musket. An action of about a quarter of an hour ensued: ten of the French with Jumonville were killed, and twenty-one were made prisoners. This is the substance of the story of this tragedy as related by Bancroft and McMullen. According to the horrid practice then prevalent in American warfare, the dead were all scalped by the Indians, and a scalp sent to each of the tribes urging them to rise.

Here is the account given by Garneau:—"M. de Contrecoeur received intelligence that a large corps of British were advancing against them, led by Col. Washington. He forthwith charged M. Jumonville to meet the latter, and admonish him to retire from what was French territory. Jumonville set out with an escort of thirty men; his orders were to be on his guard against a surprise, the country being in a state of commotion, and the aborigines looking forward for war; accordingly his night campaigns were attended by great precaution. On May 17th, at evening tide, he had retired into a deep and obscure valley, when some savages, prowling about, discovered his little troop, and informed Washington of its being near to his line of route. The latter marched all night in order to come unawares upon the French. At daybreak he attacked them suddenly; Jumonville was killed along with nine of his men. French reporters of what passed on the occasion declared that a trumpeter made a sign to the British that he bore a letter addressed to them by his

commandant ; *that the firing ceased*, and it was only *after he began to read* the message which he bore, that the *firing recommenced*.

"Washington affirmed on the contrary that he was at the head of his column ; that at the sight of him the French ran to take up arms, and that it was *false to say* Jumonville announced himself to be a messenger. It is probable there may be truth in both versions of the story ; for the collision being precipitate, great confusion ensued. Washington resumed his march, but tremblingly, from a besetting fear of falling into an ambushade. The death of Jumonville did *not cause* the war which ensued, but only hastened it."

We do not always agree with Garneau, but we willingly accept this as a reasonable and strictly impartial statement of the case ; but we must also hear what de Gaspé has to say. He tells us that many years after the conquest, and when Col. Malcolm Fraser had become an intimate friend of his family, his grandfather was discussing with him the question of the devastations in which he had borne a part, and that he had excused himself by saying, "*à la guerre comme à la guerre*. How could we help it, my dear friend, war is war." When his grandmother, who was present, spoke, saying "War is war, but was it fair to kill my brother Jumonville, as Washington your countryman did at Fort Necessity?" "Ah, Madam," replied Fraser, "for mercy's sake, do not for the honour of the English, ever again mention *that atrocious murder*." De Gaspé goes on to say, "I once slightly reproached our celebrated historian M. Garneau, with passing lightly over that horrible assassination. He replied that it was a delicate subject, and that the great shade of Washington hovered over the writer, or something of that kind." This might be, but that he felt it incumbent on him to clear the memory of his great uncle Jumonville, because the tradition in his family was, "Jumonville presented himself as the bearer of a sum-

mons requiring Major Washington, commandant of Fort Necessity," to evacuate that post erected on French territory, that he raised a flag of truce, showed his despatches, and that nevertheless the English commander ordered his men to fire on him and his small escort, and that Jumonville fell dead with a part of those who accompanied him."

After admitting and endeavouring to explain the discrepancy of introducing Fort Necessity, which did not exist, till *de post facto*, he asserts that it had no bearing on the question of the assassination, and adds, "No one is more disposed than myself to render justice to the great qualities of the American hero," and that, in discussing it with his family, he had been in the habit of excusing Washington on account of youth, and expatiating on his virtues and humanity, and was only compelled to draw the deplorable event from oblivion, when Washington made it necessary, by seeking to clear himself, by publishing several years after the catastrophe a memoir, in which he blackened Jumonville's reputation, by asserting that he had been prowling for several days around their post, and that he had to consider him as a *spy*. On reading carefully M. de Gaspé's statement and reflecting that the unhappy event occurred in 1754, that Garneau first wrote in 1845, and that M. de Gaspé himself did not publish his account till nearly a century after the event, when he himself was in extreme old age, we cannot but think that his formerly clear intellect and honourable mind had begun to be clouded. We shall for the present leave M. de Gaspé, but it will be necessary to quote one more passage, because we shall have to refer to it by and by: "Washington should never have signed a capitulation where the words assassin and assassination are thrown in his face."

We could not understand the meaning of this sentence till we read the capitulation itself, which will be found in Dussieux' "*Le*

*Canada sous la Domination Française*," published in Paris, 1862. We will refer to it in due course, but wish, in the first place, to give a summary of the affair as related by Dussieux, who tells us that the authority for his statements will be found in unpublished documents in the Archives of the Marine and War Departments in Paris. His relation of the state of things in Europe and America, at the commencement of 1754, accords with the statement at the commencement of this paper. We will commence, however, at the point where Contrecoeur commissioned Jumonville to carry the summons to the English to withdraw from the Ohio. He commences by assigning as the reason, why he, the simple bearer of a flag, was attended with an escort of thirty-four men, that he had to traverse, though in French territory, forests which were frequented by hostile Indians. He then states that Jumonville was surprised about 7 a. m., of the 28th, "by Washington's command; he was killed with nine others, and the rest were either taken prisoners or escaped. That this was probably the result of a system pursued by the English colonists, and that the murder of Jumonville was caused by an error or failure in taking proper precautions to ascertain the character of the party, as alleged by English writers." He admits that Governor Dinwiddie asserted "that Washington had done no more than his duty in protecting the territories of His Majesty; that Jumonville had entirely departed from the ordinary practice of the bearer of a flag of truce, and, that if Washington had committed any fault in attacking him, it could only be charged as an imprudence."

He then quotes Bancroft, but as his quotation accords with our own, we need not repeat it. He concludes the English side by citing Washington's letters, wherein he says "that he considered the English territories invaded by the French, and that active war existed, as they had attacked and taken Ensign Ward prisoner; that he was ordered

to advance and repel the invaders, who on seeing his party, rushed to their arms; that, on his giving the order to fire, a combat of a quarter of an hour ensued, in which the French had ten men killed or wounded, and twenty-one taken prisoners; that he had one man killed and three wounded; that it was utterly false that Jumonville made any attempt to make it known that he was the bearer of a flag; and that there was no murder, but that it was a surprise and skirmish, common in fair warfare."

Dussieux, having thus made known the sentiments of "the enemy," then refers to French documents, especially to Contrecoeur's letter to the Governor General, to the effect that, "at seven in the morning, they were surrounded, and after two discharges of musketry by the English, Jumonville, through an interpreter, intimated that he had something to say. The firing ceased; and the Indians who were present say, that while he was reading the summons, he was shot in the head, and that unless they had rushed forward to prevent it, the English would have cut the whole party to pieces."

It is to be borne in mind that Contrecoeur is writing of Indians in Washington's party; Jumonville's escort consisting solely of Canadians.

Then we have the testimony of L'Abbé de L'isle de Dieu, who wrote to the Minister of Marine that he had heard, "that, when it was known that the English were on the march, an officer, with thirty-four men, was sent to summon them to retire, and that, while he was reading the summons, he was fired upon, and himself and seven others killed and the rest made prisoners; and that it was very evident that it was a cold-blooded murder." Duquesne, writing to the Minister, says, "I have assumed a great responsibility in not sending forth fire and sword, after the unjustifiable attack on Jumonville's party." Dussieux likewise says that Berger and Parent, two of Jumonville's party who had been taken prisoners,

and were returned to France in 1755, confirmed all the circumstances of the assassination, and he sums up by giving Vaudreuil's letter to the Minister, from which we extract the four following paragraphs :

" 1st. That nine men with M. de Jumonville were assassinated by Colonel *Wemcheston*, and his troop of Indians and New Englanders.

" 2nd. That M. Drouillon, officer, two cadets and eleven Canadians were sent to London.

" 3rd. That Sieur Laforce, an excellent and brave Canadian, was detained a prisoner in Virginia.

" 4th. That six other Canadians were sent to Martinique ; two of whom, on their return, had informed him of the cruelties which had been practised on them by the English."

Further, Dussieux mentions that the affair produced a profound sensation in France and Europe, and that, four years after, Thomas published a poem in four Cantos, entitled *Jumonville*, in which were given all the traditions, which he was now making known, and that even Voltaire could not restrain himself, but wrote to the Marquis de Courtivron :—"As to the English, I have heard nothing more since they *assassinated* our officers in America, and have become pirates at sea."

Before we make any comments we prefer to give some account of what immediately followed, and which must be looked upon as a natural sequence. After his *rencontre* with Jumonville, Washington, while waiting for reinforcements which he immediately sent for, employed himself in making a road. The expected aid did not arrive, but he was at length joined by an independent company from South Carolina. McKay, the Captain of this, as he held his commission direct from the King, refused to recognize the authority of the Virginian commander, and declined to serve under him. In the meantime Contrecoeur, determined on vengeance, collected a force of six hundred

Canadians and one hundred Indians, whom he placed under the command of Coulon de Villiers, brother of Jumonville, and according to Dussieux, gave him orders to proceed at once to attack the English and to destroy them altogether if he could, or in part, in order to avenge the *assassination* which had been committed, in violation of the most sacred laws of civilized nations. That should the English have retired, he was to follow them as far as, in his judgment, the honour of the King's arms required, and in case he found them intrenched and saw that he was not able to attack them, then he was to ravage the country; but notwithstanding the unheard-of crime of Washington, he on his part was recommended to be guilty of no cruelty, but that if he should be able to meet and defeat them, and take any prisoners, he was to send one of them to announce to the English commander, that, if he would retire from the territory and surrender the prisoners he had taken, the French troops would be ordered not to regard them for the future as enemies. This order is dated Fort Duquesne, 28th June, just one month after the first *rencontre*.

Washington, not having received the reinforcements he had applied for, was unable to advance on Fort Duquesne as originally intended, but fell back on the stockade at the Great Meadows, which had been named Fort Necessity. Little judgment had been shown by him in the selection of this spot, for though the ground round the stockade had been cleared for the space of sixty yards, it was completely commanded by two eminences clothed with wood. All authorities, French and English, agree on this. These eminences were taken possession of by the enemy on the morning of the 3rd July, and every soldier found there shelter, from which he could in perfect safety, fire on the occupants of the Fort beneath. The assault was at once made and, according to Bancroft, was maintained for nine hours in the midst of heavy rain. Thirty of the Eng-

lish had fallen, and only three of the French, when Jumonville, fearing that his ammunition would give out, proposed a parley.—Bancroft continues, "The terms of capitulation which were offered were interpreted to Washington who did not understand French, and, as interpreted, were accepted, and on the 4th of July the English garrison, retaining all its effects, withdrew from the basin of the Ohio."

We now let Dussieux speak again; "M. Villiers conducted matters with great energy. Fort Necessity was defended by five hundred English and nine pieces of cannon, and after ten hours' combat in heavy rain, our musketry forced the English cannon to cease fire. The English had ninety either killed or mortally wounded, and a great many slightly, and they resolved to capitulate.

"We have come, said M. de Villiers to Washington, to avenge an assassination, not to imitate it."

We have before us the text of the capitulation, and, under all the circumstances, we cannot suppose, that there will be anywhere found such another document.

De Gaspé tells us that when Jumonville's affair became known, "a cry of horror and indignation resounded through all Canada, and even Europe," and Contrecoeur at once despatched de Villiers to avenge his brother's assassination. How was it done? De Villiers had a superior force; his enemies, including the chief culprit, were overcome and completely in his power, if we are to credit one of the accounts. Did he avail himself of his position and hang Washington as he ought, if he believed him to be the cold-blooded villain which it is asserted he was? No! says the magnanimous brother, "*I have come to avenge an assassination, not to imitate it.*"

Here is how he avenged it, according to the text of the capitulation, which is signed as follows: James McKay, George Washington, Coulon Villiers.

"As it is our intention not to disturb the

peace and good understanding at present existing between two friendly princes, but only to *avenge an assassination* of an officer, the bearer of a message and his escort, and also to prevent any establishment on the territories of my master the King.

"From these considerations I am willing to accord grace to the English in the Fort on the following conditions:—

"Art. 1st.—The English Commander will be permitted to withdraw, with the whole garrison, and to return in peace to his own country, and we undertake to prevent any insult from the French, and, so far as we can, from the Indians who are with us.

"Art. 2nd.—We permit them to depart, carrying with them everything that belongs to them, with the exception of Artillery which we reserve.

"Art. 3rd.—We accord them the honours of war; they shall march out with colours flying and one small piece of artillery, as we wish to prove that we desire to treat them as friends.

"Art. 4th.—When both parties shall have signed the capitulation, the English flag shall be lowered.

"Art. 5th.—To-morrow at sunrise a French detachment shall take possession of the Fort."

The sixth Article recites, that, as the English had but few horses and oxen, they were free to put their effects *en cache*, leaving as guards any number that they chose, till such time as they could collect sufficient animals for transport, giving their parole not to erect any work, during one year counting from that date.

"Art. 7th.—As the English have in their power, an officer, two cadets, and other prisoners made at the time of the *assassination* of Jumonville, they promise to return these with a safeguard to Fort Duquesne on the Ohio, and, in surety for the performance of this Article, as well as of the treaty generally, MM. Jacob Van Braam and Robert Stobo, both captains, will remain as

hostages, till the return of the aforementioned French and Canadians. We oblige ourselves on the other part, to send back, in safety, the two officers left with us, in two months and a half, etc., etc."

This was signed in duplicate.

It has been remarked that Captain McKay's signature preceded that of Washington, by which it would appear that he had asserted his right of precedence, as a Royal officer.

M. de Gaspé says that Washington should never have signed such a capitulation. His friends assert that he never did. Or, if he did, that a fraud had been practised on him, as he did not know a word of French till many years after. But the capitulation is inconsistent with itself. It permitted a man charged with an atrocious, cold-blooded murder, to march out with all the honours of war, "as they wished to prove their desire to treat them as friends." This capitulation, too, is granted by the brother of the murdered man, who was specially sent in command, that he might avenge his brother's blood which was crying from the ground.—The history of the world does not afford such another instance of Christian conduct. Is any reliance to be placed on the testimony of Indians, who had most probably been active participators in the slaughter? We have read many instances of the whites being unable to restrain their Indian allies, but this is the first case in which we are told that, unless the Indians had rushed forward to prevent it, the whole of Jumonville's party would have been cut to pieces. Dussieux is evidently incorrect as to the numbers under McKay and Washington. He says there were 500; another French Canadian historian, Garneau, says 400. We have no means at present of ascertaining the exact amount. All we know is that Washington had under him one hundred and fifty men. The number of Captain McKay's Independent Company is not stated; Lord Mahon says the whole force was 400. It is

curious to note how completely Garneau differs from Bancroft, Dussieux and others in his narration. He says, "Contrecoeur, on learning the tragic end of Jumonville, resolved to avenge his death at once. He put six hundred Canadians and one hundred savages, under the orders of the victim's brother, M. de Villiers, who started directly. Villiers found on his arrival at the scene of the late skirmish, the corpses of several Frenchmen; and near by, in a plain, the British drawn up in battle order, and ready to receive the shock. At Villiers' first movement to attack them, they fell back on some intrenchments which they had formed and armed with nine pieces of artillery. Villiers had to combat forces under shelter while his own were uncovered. The issue of the battle was doubtful for some time; but the Canadians fought with so much ardour, that they silenced the British cannon with their musketry, and, after a struggle of ten hours' duration, obliged the enemy to capitulate so as to be spared an assault. The discomfited British engaged to return the way they came; but they did not return in like order, for their retrograde march was so precipitate, that they abandoned all, even their flag." Whom are we to credit?\*

In closing this paper we wish to say, that as neither of the parties had power to declare war or peace, the articles of capitulation, even had they contained nothing which could be objected to, were of no effect, and according to the interpretation of public law were in no respect binding. On the contrary, in such cases, the government of the country of either party objecting, required and commanded its subjects to pay no respect to it, but to act as if they had never been parties to it. We mention this here as it may have something to do in forming our estimate of the conduct of Robert Stobo, whose case we next propose to bring under review.

\* Garneau also says that the British loss was 58 and the French 73.

## PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Nessun maggior dolore  
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,  
 Nella miseria • • •

*Dante: L'Inferno, V. 41.*

BY JOHN READE.

*Author of "The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems."*

I NESTLED in the quick, warm breast of Hope  
 And saw, as in a mirror-telescope,  
 A wide and happy prospect—star on star  
 Of golden promise, glittering afar,  
 Till night was gemmed with glory.

Then there came  
 From the abyss of heaven a meteor flame  
 Of dazzling beauty, brighter than the day ;  
 And, as it came, shed showers of golden spray  
 O'er all the earth, which died not as it fell,  
 But, with the murmur of a vesper bell,  
 Rose drawing shapes of beauty from the earth,  
 Such as, of old, in Eden had their birth.  
 And then Hope rose and took me by the hand  
 And, smiling, led me through my Fairy land  
 To where my princess was—a happy way,  
 All bright and sweet with flowers.

The princess lay  
 Sleeping—so fair the beauty of the place  
 Seemed centred in the wonder of her face.

Entranced I stood and speechless in my love,  
 Fearing the rustling of a leaf would prove  
 My bliss a mockery.

Softly as a flower  
 Opens its eyes, awaked by April shower,  
 She opened hers. Francesca, they were thine,  
 Ruthlessly beautiful as deadly wine  
 Which smiles and kills ! I drank that wine and fell—  
 And Hope fell too and darkness as of hell  
 Clouded and blotted out the blessed light,  
 And all was dreary, hopeless, starless night.

Yet Love, which hath slain me, Death cannot kill,  
And, love, though thou art slain, thou lovest still.  
So Love hath conquered all and we by love  
Are to each other all here as above.

Thou sayest it is grievous to recall  
The happy past in this our cruel fall—  
I think not so, Francesca ; unto me,  
Who have no hope, dear is the memory  
Of that sweet time when first thy lips to mine  
Were pressed in ecstasy of bliss divine.

Thou still art mine, Francesca ; I am thine ;  
With all my soul thy soul I thus entwine—  
As rest together in one grave our frames,  
As live together in the world our names.  
Is it not better to have loved and died,  
Than, never loving, all unloved, have sighed  
In vain for love,—as he, the cruel one,  
Who for our love has made us here atone ?

Oh ! for one ray of that supernal light  
That I might gaze upon the beauty bright  
Which was my life, *my death* ! Nay, I forgive.  
Without thee, darling, think not I would live !

Forgive me thou, Francesca. I to thee  
Have been the cause of all this misery.  
Oh ! weep not, darling ! Yet it is in vain  
To bid thee weep not in such bitter pain.

Mayhap we may not alway suffer thus.  
Christ in His mercy yet may pity us  
And send at least a respite to our woe.  
O God ! the winds again begin to blow  
Francesca ——— !



— CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

A.

the bonds which the Government were bound to retain, until its advance was repaid, were handed over by the Receiver-General to the Treasurer of the City of Montreal. In December, 1859, the Hon. Mr. Galt, being in England, wrote to one of the officers of his department, stating that the financial agents of the Province had acceded to his desire to charge the Province with the sum of \$100,000. After this time, the sum was not mentioned in the communications of the financial agents. Further, no action was taken by Hon. Mr. Galt, up to the time when the Ministry with which he was connected, resigned their seats, May, 1862, to put this matter right. But in the December of 1862, Mr. Galt's successor, Hon. Mr. Howland, the present Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, finding that the accounts of the Provincial agents did not agree with those in the Receiver-General's office, called the attention of the financial agents to the fact. They answered, stating that they knew nothing of the transaction. In his evidence before the Financial Commission, Hon. Mr. Galt stated that he had made the arrangement, previously referred to, when in England, and that Mr. Baring—one of the financial agents—and Mr. Blackwell, Managing Director of the Grand Trunk, were present. The Hon. Mr. Holton, who was Finance Minister, at the time the Financial Commission was in session, transmitted to Baring and Glyn, a copy of the evidence given by the Hon. Mr. Galt. They replied that no member of their firm had any recollection of authorizing the payment in question. They further added that as Hon. Mr. Galt was very methodical in conducting all business matters with them, they had no doubt that had there been any such agreement as was alleged, it would have been reduced to writing. Mr. Dorion stated, in conclusion, that the question was whether the Province should lose the money; and it had also to be decided whether liability rested, and what

steps should be taken in order to recover the money. He laid particular stress on the fact that the money had been given away without the authority of Parliament, and finished by moving an amendment to the effect that the Speaker should not leave the chair.

This amendment was seconded by Hon. Wm. McDougall. The seconder sat, of course, on the Opposition benches. He was regarded by the House as a good debater, and as an aspirant for political fame, there were few of his compeers who seemed destined for much higher success. The Reform party regarded him as a man who, in the future, might win his way to one of the grades of leadership. And the Government side feared his facility of declamation and rapidity of attack—even though one of the members of the Administration, Hon. T. D. McGee, not very long before, had styled him, in the course of a caustic speech, "one of the most overrated men in the house." On this occasion, Hon. Mr. McDougall did not make a speech; but merely contented himself with seconding the motion.

The Government, though taken by surprise, at once saw the full scope of the amendment; and accepted it as a resolution of want of confidence. And so the debate began, and continued all that sultry afternoon. The discussion was dry by nature. There was no opportunity for brilliant speech-making; for Demosthenes himself could not wax eloquent over the multiplication table. Very few of the best speeches are ever heard in Parliament during the prosy interval that comes between three and six o'clock. Sunshine and eloquence seem, in our age, to be antagonistic to each other. One might as well try to make Hamlet and his fortunes appear to advantage on a stage without gaslight, as to evoke eloquence out of Parliamentary speakers before the evening lamps are burning. Hamlet must have the footlights blazing, and the back-ground in shadow, before he can "sport his suit of sables."

Though well acquainted with the modes of Canadian Parliamentary warfare, and having had his full share of experience in receiving and delivering assaults, the Hon. Mr. Galt addressed the House with more than ordinary manifestation of feeling. In the first portion of his remarks, he boldly took up the gauntlet that had been flung at his feet. He said that, from the manner in which the motion had been brought, it might be judged that the intention was anything but friendly; and he would meet the intention in a like spirit. The mover of the motion had spoken as if a discrepancy between the accounts of the Financial Agents and the accounts of the Province, had been first discovered by Hon. Mr. Howland in September, 1862. But this was not correct; as he (Mr. Galt) had stated in his evidence before the Financial Commission. The information as to this discrepancy had reached him a few days before he left office. On learning it, he requested the Auditor-General, Mr. Langton, to draw the attention of his (Mr. Galt's) successor to the matter, as it was a thing that required immediate action. He regretted deeply that any misunderstanding should have arisen with reference to what took place in London between the Financial Agents and himself. If the motion were carried, how would it affect the Government? He asked the House if it supposed that an attack on one member of the Government would affect them all? If he were the objectionable individual in the Government, he would call upon his opponents to take the manly ground and declare that his presence made the Ministry undesirable to the House and to the country.

Hon. Mr. Holton then took the floor. His long Parliamentary practice enabled him to perceive that what had at first appeared to promise nothing but a skirmish, was about to develop into a pitched battle; and he knew well how to accelerate that result. He began his remarks by denying that the motion of his friend, Mr. Dorion, was in the

nature of a personal attack. But he (Mr. Holton) would ask the House, nevertheless, to pronounce its condemnation on the Ministerial act of Mr. Galt, when that gentleman was formerly in office. Mr. Galt, in order to defend himself, had made a charge of dilatoriness against his successor, Mr. Howland. This charge implied laxity with regard to this whole transaction; and afforded ample justification for the motion. In respect to Mr. Galt's complaint, that the act of a former Government should be converted into an attack upon the present Government, he (Mr. Holton) held that the present one was, in every respect, merely a resuscitation of the old Cartier-Macdonald Coalition. Mr. Holton proceeded to say that this was the first time, since the facts were ascertained, that the matter could be brought before the House. The transaction did not appear in the Public Accounts of '59, '60 and '61; its true character lay concealed until the Financial Commission had commenced their labours.

Hon. Mr. Howland next addressed the House. He could always, on such occasions, plead with full justification the excuse of Marc Antony—as to his being no orator. He was barely audible in the back benches: in the public galleries, his utterances were only heard in broken whispers. Still it was necessary that he should meet the charge of negligence implied in the speech of the ex-Finance Minister. Mr. Howland assured the House that Mr. Galt's charge, that he (Mr. Howland) had not acted with sufficient promptness in ascertaining all about the \$100,000, was unfounded. He then proceeded to show that, as soon as the matter came under his notice, he prosecuted inquiries with the utmost diligence. He asserted that the charge of dilatoriness came with a bad grace from Mr. Galt; who, from the year 1859 to 1862, when he left office, was not aware of the discrepancy between the books of the Province and those of the Provincial Agents, with reference to an item

so large as \$100,000. It was unfair in Mr. Galt to assail his successor for not having collected the money, when he (Mr. Galt) had left no evidence against the parties who were liable to pay it. He remarked that the City of Montreal, for which the payment was made, was well able to reimburse; yet the Government had released that city from its obligations. The only other party liable was the Grand Trunk, and he did not think the late Government—(that of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Dorion)—would be much blamed for not obtaining money from that source. On the other hand, Mr. Galt was much to blame for putting the country in such a position that the Grand Trunk was the only source to which to look for the \$100,000.

The lull in the discussion came at six o'clock in the evening, when the House rose for recess. In no city in Canada did the people evince more interest in politics than in the Ancient Capital. In that city, where society has had longer time to become settled than anywhere else in Canada, the taste for politics has descended from father to son, and become intensified in the transmission. A change has come since Confederation. The Parliament House is still there; but it is like Cape Diamond, stripped of its armament—it is a memory and nothing more.

The House had scarcely risen for recess when it was known over the city that a motion of want of confidence in the Government was under consideration. Half-past seven has arrived, and the public galleries are filled to overflowing. The members are in their places. Most of them wear an air of seriousness; the banter and jocularity, which usually prevail before the Speaker enters the House, are not apparent to-night. There seems to be a general presentiment that the vote will lead either to a "deadlock" or a dissolution of Parliament.

While the Speaker is yet absent, let us see who are the principal personages in the

House. Sitting behind the first desk, on the front row at the right hand of the Speaker's chair, is the Hon. John A. Macdonald, the leader of the House. His face, always mobile, is, if taken as a mirror of what he experiences to-night, an index of something more serious than usual. His action is partly nervous and partly constrained. He is not engaged, as is his wont, in chatting with his colleague, the Hon. G. E. Cartier. There is no member in the House more capable of concealing behind a careless exterior the responsibilities of government than is the Hon. John A. Macdonald; but to-night he looks grave; his face is pale, and its expression anxious. He keeps darting rapid glances over the House; and, at intervals of seconds, looks nervously towards the door through which the Speaker will enter.

To the right of the Hon. John A. Macdonald sits the Hon. George E. Cartier. As regards the number of his followers, he is the strongest man in the House. On other occasions he seems to know it; but to-night he is not in his usual merry and conversational mood. He has a face indicative of power, and any one looking at it, even in its repose, can see that it is expressive of purpose and strength of will. There is little about it to connect it with the faces of Southern France; it has neither their fullness nor their weakness. It is a Breton, square-framed physiognomy, an excellent type of that hard-headed Northern French sea-faring race which first colonized Canada—a race akin to our own, not only through origin, but also through love of adventure and stubborn tenacity of purpose. The Hon. Mr. Cartier does not seem at ease. The resoluteness of look which always marks him is changed to anxiety. His manner, however, is not so nervous as that of his colleague. Instead of turning himself in his chair to see how his supporters muster in the back benches, he rests with his arms on his desk, and remains gazing fixedly across

the House at the seats occupied by the leaders of the Opposition.

The Hon. A. T. Galt sits to the right of the Hon. Mr. Cartier. In the Legislative Assembly there is no face to be compared with his for wearing a perpetual smile ; but, to-night, it is evident that he considers himself deeply aggrieved personally by the motion now under discussion, and his looks are clouded. He has numerous sympathizers amongst his friends on the Government benches. He appears to be aware that the political fate of his colleagues depends upon his own. He evidently intends to deal his heaviest blows before the vote is taken. He is a fluent speaker, and in gift of language the equal of most debaters.

Beside Hon. Mr. Galt sits Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His strongly marked features are lit up with the excitement of coming battle. He leans back in his chair, gazing up at the ceiling, and seems unconscious of the crowded galleries, and inattentive to the conversation going on around him. He is expected to speak to-night ; for he is the oratorical bulwark of his party. In quickness of reply, in impromptu discussion, in dexterity in the lesser combats of Parliament, his own leader, Hon. John A. Macdonald, is his superior ; so also is the Hon. A. T. Galt. The same may be said if he is put in comparison with the Hon. Geo. Brown or the Hon. Mr. Holton, both of whom are masters of all the tactics by which an Opposition is allowed, by rules of Parliament, to defend itself against the power of a majority. But the Hon. Mr. McGee, in a set speech, where he is not obliged to enter into details, or to weigh down the wings of his imagination with the burden of statistics, need fear no man in Parliament, or out of it. He is master of four of the weapons in the armoury of an orator—memory, fancy, humour, sarcasm. He is always pleasant to hear ; his voice is well managed, and ever under his control. In a debate suited to the range of his powers,

which are better displayed in generalizing than in analyzing, the subject fairly absorbs the orator, and possesses him as the god was wont to possess the Pythoness.

On the first seat, in the front row to the left of the Speaker, sits the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald. He is the oldest member of the Legislative Assembly. Every visitor is familiar with his face and manner. He sits bolt upright in his chair, talking with apparent unconcern to those around him ; but it is evident the unconcern is only assumed. Little in the House escapes the glance of that watchful Highland eye. His face is relaxed almost to a smile ; but there is an amount of firmness about the mouth which indicates that he is prepared to utter that monosyllable,—the salvation of a tempted politician as well as of a tempted woman—the word “No.”

To the left of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, sits his former colleague in the Government—Hon. A. A. Dorion, the mover of the amendment. He is an object of a great deal of attention to-night, but he appears not to notice it. His smooth, well-shaped face is expressive of confidence. He seems prepared to break a lance with the Hon. A. T. Galt whenever the latter shall choose to challenge him. He has this advantage over the Finance Minister, that he is master of both languages ; for he uses the English tongue with a precision and fluency to which no other French Canadian member of the House can lay claim.

Beside the Hon. Mr. Dorion sits the Hon. L. H. Holton, Finance Minister during the latter part of the Administration of Hon. John S. Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Dorion. Hon. Mr. Holton is calm as usual. His face, massive and intellectual, wears a look of profound repose. His style is brief and practical—every sentence well poised, straight as an arrow in its directness, rounded and resonant, compact and logical.

Near the Hon. Mr. Holton sits the Hon. George Brown. In the House, or in the

whole country, there is not a man better versed in the intricacies of the political puzzle of the times—the Canadian finances. He has a talent for figures, and an eye not to be cheated even in the smallest and best concealed expenditures. He is expected to make a speech to-night, and, if so, the Finance Minister will meet his match, for the chieftain of the Upper Canada Liberals is a speaker of uncommon power.

In close proximity to the Hon. George Brown, sits Mr. Alexander Mackenzie. He has given proofs of ability, is characterized by great industry and has that faculty, as valuable in politics as Napoleon the First found it to be in war—the faculty of taking into account the most minute matters of detail. He speaks frequently, and what he says is trenchant and well-argued.

The clock indicates that it is a quarter to eight, and in a few moments more the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing the mace, enters, followed by the Speaker. The debate is resumed, and waxes warm. Hon. Mr. Cartier rises and addresses the House in the French language. He speaks vigourously. He charges his opponents with personal motives in moving and seconding the motion; and argues that the Finance Minister is not to be held accountable for any result arising from the granting of the \$100,000.

Mr. Denis follows the last speaker, and also uses the French language. He is heard with impatience, for he merely re-echoes the arguments of his leader.

After the last speaker sat down, Mr. Christopher Dunkin rose. His status in the House is peculiar. He is known to be a man of considerable logical ability, ingenious in argument and not easily to be talked down; but his influence is not commensurate with his experience in public life. He is a rapid and untiring talker; but he seems to feel that the motion may lead to a crisis, and that he owes it to his position, as an Independent member, to speak briefly and to the point. He began by expressing re-

gret that the motion should have been brought forward. Then he proceeded to state that the facts had shown a very lax administration of the Finance Department; when, for so long a period the Finance Minister had allowed the liability of the Province for \$100,000 to remain without a scrap of paper to bind the parties, while the accounts of these parties showed that they did not admit the debt. He also commented on the circumstance that Parliament had been kept in the dark about this matter. He finished by saying that when unmistakable facts like these were brought under the notice of Parliament, he could not refuse to say that such an advance of money, and such a concealment of the facts, were not in accordance with our system of responsible Government. This speech, though not remarkable for any political boldness, was one of the events of the night. As has been already stated, the two parties were almost equally balanced. During the time that had elapsed since the motion of the Hon. Mr. Dorion was made, there had been opportunity for ascertaining with almost certainty how the vote of each member of the House would go. It was whispered about the corridors and committee rooms, that the defeat or success of the motion would depend on the vote of Mr. Dunkin. Up to the moment he began to speak, it was not known on which side his vote would be given. The speech settled the matter. He would vote against the Government. In view of the anticipation that Government would be defeated, the interest in the debate grew deeper.

Mr. Isaac Buchanan, a well-known member of the House, rose to oppose the motion. Mr. Buchanan was always heard with attention. He admitted that the Government had redeemed the bonds of the City of Montreal; but that city, in return, had paid its indebtedness to the Municipal Loan Fund, which was not done in any other instance.

Hon. Mr. McGee followed Mr. Buchanan. But the occasion was not one of those on which he could best display his gifts of oratory; for in such a debate as the one now engaging the attention of the Assembly, there was no room for imagination, or figures of rhetoric. He began by saying that the motion was hostile to Montreal, and that the accusers of that city were those whom it had rejected. He failed to see that, in the transaction before the House, there was any ground for condemnation. He thought it was unmanly to make an attack on one member of the Government on account of a matter that took place five years ago, during the existence of another Government. He informed the House, that although the assault was specially directed against one member yet all the members of the Government would feel bound to stand by him; and, throughout this controversy, make the case their own. Whatever the decision of the House might be, he had no doubt that the verdict of the intelligent public opinion of the country would be that the present motion was both frivolous and vexatious.

The debate went on, and the wave of speech swelled, and now and then threatened to break into the bitter spray of personality. The hour was now growing late, but the debate showed no signs of coming to a speedy conclusion. Mr. Cameron, a friend of the Government, sought to neutralise, by an amendment, the motion of Hon. Mr. Dorion.

The Hon. George Brown, here raised a question of order. It was to the effect that an amendment to an amendment to go into committee of supply, could not be received. The Speaker decided in favour of the objection raised by the Hon. George Brown. The motion of Mr. Dorion was opposed by the Hon. John Rose, a speaker who always won upon the House by his suavity and good temper. Mr. Rose—now Sir John Rose—was a Conservative in politics, and

as such had held office. But he was not now in the Ministry. He was a fluent speaker, and his good temper often served him in cases where argument would have been demanded of other men. He rose to oppose the motion of Mr. Dorion. He styled it unfair and unnecessary, and argued that it was wrong to endeavour to fix responsibility on Mr. Galt.

After some remarks from Messrs. Rankin and Street, the Hon. John A. Macdonald rose. He is a master in the art of swaying the feelings of his followers. His speech had in it more of the pathetic than the defiant or recriminative. He accepted Mr. Dorion's motion as amounting to one of want of confidence; then raising his voice and looking first toward his own back benches, and then glancing across the House at the Opposition, he said:—"We are a band of brothers and will stand or fall together."

Mr. Cartwright announced his determination to oppose the motion of Mr. Dorion. He was followed by the Hon. Mr. Galt. There was nothing of the apologetic or the timid in his speech. He declared warmly that, though the object of the motion was to drive him from public life, it would not accomplish that intention. Mr. Thomas Ferguson, one of their most staunch friends, came to the defence of the Government and was followed by Mr. Scatcherd. The hour was now half-past eleven, and as soon as Mr. Scatcherd resumed his seat, there arose cries all over the House "divide, divide,"—"call in the members, call in the members." The Speaker, after waiting for a few moments to see if any gentleman wished to address the House, gave directions to call in the members. At this moment the excitement on the floor of the House was so great as to reach the utmost verge of Parliamentary decorum. In the public galleries, so absorbing was the interest, that not a sound could be heard from the hundreds who occupied them.

The members are in their places, and the

Clerk of the House begins to take the vote. First, he calls out the names of those on the Government benches ; then the names of the members on the opposite side. He then sits down to add up the numbers. For the few moments during which the Clerk is engaged over his list, there is profound silence in every part of the building. The hush of expectation is almost painful in its depth and intensity. A few seconds pass, and then the Clerk rises to his feet and announces the result : "Yeas, 60 ; nays, 58." These words were the doom of the old Constitution.

The Hon. John A. Macdonald rose, and said : " I move that the House do now adjourn." The motion met with no opposition ; all were silent, and at a quarter of an hour before midnight the Speaker left the chair. The sequel to this vote is briefly told. On the afternoon of the next day, as soon as the House had assembled, Attorney-General Macdonald stated on behalf of himself and his colleagues that, after the vote of last

night, they considered their position was so seriously affected, that they had felt it their duty to communicate with His Excellency on the subject. He then moved an adjournment of the House until next day. Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald pressed for further information as to the course the Government intended to pursue. But Hon. George Brown pleaded that, in view of the difficulties with which the Government had to contend, the House should allow them ample time for deliberation. The motion for adjournment was carried.

The result of the matter was that a correspondence began between the Government and the leader of the Upper Canadian Opposition. Thence came a Coalition, entered into solely for the purpose of extricating the Province out of the constitutional embarrassment arising from the equal political strength of parties. Then followed the Quebec Conference ; then Confederation.

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## LOVE IN DEATH.

*From the Poem of Catullus—"Ad Catvum de Quintilia."*

If aught we do can touch the silent bier,  
 If death can feel and prize affection's tear,  
 Thy wife, my friend, cut off in beauty's bloom,  
 Joys in thy love, more than she mourns her doom.



## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

## THE END OF "BOHEMIA."

*An Essay on the part played by Literature and Journalism in the recent Events in France. By E. CARO. Translated and abridged from the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for the "Canadian Monthly."*

WE have just escaped a new species of barbarism—a lettered barbarism, for, let it be well known, this last assault upon civilization was nothing else. Its sinister army was headed by writers, some of whom were men of talent, wits even who had enjoyed a certain renown, and could still hope for one more hour's celebrity on the Boulevards. This is one of the peculiar features of the recent events. Till then the insurrectionary battalions had generally been recruited amidst the working population, under the command of ordinary barricade generals such as Barbès, or of veteran conspirators like Blanqui. This time, we see appear at the head of this mock-government, a list of names belonging originally to the civilized world, to literature, science, and the schools. The statistics of the liberal professions which have furnished their quota to the Commune of Paris show that the profession of medicine, the public schools, the fine arts, go hand in hand with an abundance of unavowable professions. The men of letters however prevail; we find them everywhere in the Commune and its surroundings. The troupe, that for two months gave such lugubrious performances at the Hotel de Ville, was chiefly composed of journalists, pamphleteers, and even novelists. It was indeed a gypsy literature that thus invaded the government. The "Bohème" was officially born in May, 1850, in a preface by Henry Murger; and it was again in May, 1871, that we saw it fall on the bloody pavement where it had played its part in an ignominious tyranny. And yet, it had entered the world in a most inoffensive manner: it began with a burst of laughter in a garret. After twenty-one years of a life which soon ceased to be innocent, and wherein idleness and vanity vied for

the upper hand, it found its end behind a barricade, and breathed its last in a cry of despair and rage, leaving to the world an abhorred name and a moral enigma, which we will here endeavour to solve.

This Bohemian life did not originate with Henry Murger; he only discovered it, and revealed to us its little mysteries. He presented it so full of innocent gaiety, so charmingly careless, so delightfully indiscreet, that one would have been ill-natured indeed to cross such fine spirits, ever ready to fly off in songs at the first sunbeam, or at the first breath of spring. The critics and the public agreed in bidding the writer and his work welcome, and "Bohemia" was accepted as a sprightly revelation.

Around the Luxembourg and under its lilac trees gathered, years ago, a group of writers without reputation, painters without commissions, and poor musicians, who, united by the bonds which a wandering companionship generally forms, dreamed together in the small circles where they met, of fortune and brilliant destinies. Along with these chimeras they indulged also in the very positive satisfaction of demolishing any already established renown, growing reputation, or consecrated talent with which they happened to meet. These men, closely examined, were in reality very pitiable objects. They considered themselves the martyrs of art, and their historian, to conceal the rather distressing side of their existence, throws into it mirth, spirit, sentiment, above all, that supremely irresistible grace which covers all deficiencies—youth. Thus far "Bohemia" was comparatively an innocent institution: its gypsy heroes were only rebels against art whose austere worship they desecrated by their follies,

and whose high conditions — seriousness of thought, continuous effort, dignity of life—they ignored. After them came the rebels against society, the so-called “réfractaires,” and the comparative innocence came soon to an end. How was the transformation brought about? Simply thus: a needy literature became, by a fatal transition, a literature of envy. Already in the first stages of “Bohemia” we see the germs of evil passions; inability aggravated by idleness, exasperated by absurd pretensions, sharpened into a kind of a perpetual irony against every thing that labours and rises; lastly, a fixed determination to consider no one more in earnest than themselves, and horror of common sense pushed to a systematic infatuation. Transport now these instincts of the literary “Bohemia” into the midst of the political world, into the heated atmosphere of passions and the hatred they engender; add to it the fixed idea of reaching by all possible means the summit of power and fortune, the deplorable emulation which the spectacle of triumphant ambition and scandalous riches excite in certain minds: throw all these seeds into bilious temperaments, into restless and scoffing minds, into consciences long since hardened against scruples of any kind, and you will see what deadly harvests will spring up.

In the midst of these threatening symptoms appeared a curious manifestation which simple minds might well have hailed as remedial. A sudden change is felt in the light literature which heretofore had usually provided the public with small scandals, and hand to hand news. A purifying breath of generous wrath seemed to have come over the souls of fashionable authors, and there was a momentary hope that the press was going to become a school of morals. Certain ardent novelists who till then had amused the public, turned all at once moralists, pamphleteers, satirists, and well nigh converted the people. To be sure there was cause enough for using the whip against the “French of the Decadence.” It would have been useless to deny that this epoch apparently so brilliant, with so dazzling a society, was undermined by a strange evil various in its forms, irresistibly contagious, and that in listening one could hear as it were the vague sound of an approaching ruin. Those insane joys and frivolities, that feverish pleasure-seeking, that mania for immediate fortune seemed

so like a challenge to fate,—fate which suffers no immoderate prosperities, and always chastises them through their own excesses—that there was cause enough for patriotic anxiety. The Paris of M. Hausmann, the Bois de Boulogne seen on horse-race days, the insolent ostentation of the wealth of France spread before the eyes of jealous Europe in the Palais de l’Exposition; in short, the excess of luxury and of expenditure lavished by the hands of improvident power in evident complicity with a large portion of the nation, called indeed for rebuke; and it is not to be wondered at that austere indignation should have aroused the country to a sense of its danger. But that the very men who had most contributed to the decay of the people’s morals and reason by the amiable recklessness of their works and ideas should come out as its reformers, was rather startling. Was their wrath genuine? Were they indeed inspired by a feeling of morality superior to the one they condemned? We have a right to inquire. Satire is of real worth, and produces the desired effect only when it springs from the higher regions of the soul, and from a love of justice. The Juvenal who is not a stoic is hardly much more than a declaimer. No, these redressors of wrongs were, as time as proved since, nowise animated with the desire of making virtue reign in the land. There was first the passion for the easy popularity which polemics, and especially abusive polemics, procure in a country like France; and as success increased, these self-styled philanthropists took advantage of it. How convenient and agreeable to overthrow one order of things and build up another, where one would have a chance of becoming master and tyrant! Little did these men care for liberty or the assertion of popular rights; all they aimed at was the despotism of the crowd in the place of the power overthrown; they hoped to rule through and with the people. The real name of this Nemesis was not justice but envy.

We have mentioned the two first phases of the French “Bohemia,” a suffering and a militant stage: in the third stage it comes out triumphant. This triumph dates from the elections of 1869. The nomination of Rochefort to the Legislature marks in fact a new era in the destinies of “Bohemia.” It is from this moment that feverish clubs are founded, and disturbing

newspapers are spread over the country. These clubs were nothing else than revolt in a state of permanence, or rather revolt on exhibition every evening; and their newspapers, a perpetual call to arms in every section of Paris. This loud voice of the political "Bohemia" reached much further, and stirred the masses much more profoundly than the official rhetoric and restrained wrath of the parliamentary Opposition. The most famous ringleaders of the crowd were Bohemians who had been trained for political life in the so-called literary cafés; why so called, it were hard to tell. In the history of recent events we have not taken sufficient account of that education in eccentric babble, and extravagance of speech around tables where the most pretentious vanities of the Parisian "Bohemia" were wont to meet; and yet it seems a fact beyond doubt that many of the episodes of the last sad times can be traced to these gatherings. To give an example of this table talk, we will quote what one of these "Bohemians," well acquainted with Bohemian morals, from having steadily practised them, says in reference to the regular visitors of these cafés:—

"After having tramped all day in the mud, they come and plunge up to the neck in discussions. Liquor is called for, and the paradoxes flare up. They want to show that they too, the ill shod and ill clad, are as good as any one else. Conquered in the morning, they become in their turn conquerors at night. Vanity is satisfied; they become accustomed to these small triumphs and lofty babblings, to these endless dissertations and little dashes of heroism. The tavern table becomes a rostrum. They talk there under the gas light the books they should have written by candle light; the evenings pass away, the days pass away; they have talked thirty chapters and have not written fifteen pages."

We have not sufficiently heeded this political generation that had passed its apprenticeship in the cafés of the Cité, and on the Boulevards, and which, on a certain day, spread over all France with its strange morals, its bold tropes, its small stock of learning, its unlimited conceit, its unhealthy flow of spirits borrowed from the glass of absinthe. This perfidious liquor has had no small share in the disorganization of the Parisian brain. The Faculty of Medicine was already alarmed about it when the political events

of the last years justified its fears. The physical and moral hygiene of a nation are much more closely related than we suppose: we but indicate here one of the most dangerous maladies of our civilization. The absinthe produces in Paris orators and politicians, as the opium in China makes ecstatic dreamers: both amount to about the same thing, with this difference, that the mute ecstasy induced by the Eastern narcotic is only a slow suicide, and its victims do not inflict upon their country the scourge of despotic nonsense and impious madness; their dream, whatever it is, remains untold; they do not endeavour to realize it over ruins and bloodshed.

It was in the clubs that these tavern orators first sprang up. Those who watched their meetings with some attention, observers who did not go there as to a show, but as to a clinical lecture, could see that the most applauded orators were of two kinds: intelligent workmen, who had read much, but at hap-hazard, without guidance, overloading their memories with all sorts of indigestible stuff and anti-social declamations, and students, old Bohemians, who had long since abandoned all study and connection with the School of Law or Medicine, to devote themselves to transcendental politics and humanitarian regeneration. Add to this already very respectable group, a few physicians without practice, lawyers without cases, professors without pupils, editors of short-lived newspapers, all the pariahs of the liberal careers, "who carry their M.A. diplomas in their threadbare coat-pockets," and you have what constitutes the staff of the clubs which, for the last two years, have amused sceptical Paris and horrified all reasonable people, and who, by disturbing the mind of the nation, prepared the 18th of March. The literary element of these meetings, fully rivalled in radicalism of ideas (if such a name can be given to such things), the oratorical contingent furnished by the working classes.

There was, however, a capital difference between the two. The orator-workmen were men who studied little, and treated these social questions at random; but they were sincere—they acted from a sense of conviction—they brought into the cause what might be called the probity of unreasonableness. The others, the Paris "irréguliers," had not even that excuse. Their folly was a wilful folly; the most insane propositions were to them means of duping the people and

arriving at success. They aimed solely at that sordid popularity which might be called the prize of extravagance. They intoxicated each other by speech-making and ready applause. They commenced by being merely artists in eccentricity, and ended by becoming desperadoes.

At the same time flourished the press of the revolutionary "Bohemia." It had commenced with the "Marseillaise" and ended with the "Mot d'Ordre," and the "Cri du Peuple." What this press was, may be easily conjectured. The money question played a far more important part in it than the idea question. The traffic in lies and scandals became a lucrative business, and we know of infamous newspaper articles that secured as many as four extra editions a day.

In what such principles finally end, we have seen, and the world still shudders at it. One might trace the gradual descent of some of these journals. They proved schools of public demoralization before they became the secret laboratories and offices of public robberies. The first stage in this fatal descent is marked by an absolute want of seriousness—by a complete disrespect for everything time-honoured—by a most fanciful cynicism. The second opens a period of perpetual agitation, and an attempt to revive the reign of terror by abuse pushed to hyperbole, by the most violent polemics substituted for a dignified discussion of ideas. In the third stage, the journal becomes the most active instrument of this new reign of terror, which it has so loudly invoked, and for which it has so industriously laboured. We may well ask what influences have brought "Bohemia" to such a degree of moral and intellectual depravity? What has driven to madness and crime these vanities, at first so inoffensive? It may be accounted for in many ways; one of the chief causes, however, is the literary influence of the times; it is that which transformed the literary adventurer into the political adventurer, ready to dare anything in order to acquire wealth or power. Yes, the modern novel may claim a large and heavy share of responsibility in the recent events. The examples it gave of elegant scoundrelism and intellectual depravity, have dazzled and fascinated a number of feeble minds whom the uncertain morality of the society and time in which we live but ill-protected against their own evil propensities. Many of

the unfortunates who had received no other moral education than the one they found in these books, conducted themselves through real life, as if they lived actually in that world of coarse and corrupting fictions which the sensational novel had created for them. They determined to get along in the world at all hazards, and remove the obstacles they could not overcome. Another influence of which account ought to be taken in the moral history of the last times, is that of the singular philosophies which have invaded and ruled literary Bohemia. To designate them by their true name, and without much ceremony, we shall simply call them Atheism. Heaven forbid I should carry the weighty questions which have divided philosophers into the domain of politics, nor would I insult the doctrine of Rationalism by supposing it destined to become the official philosophy of the Commune! But we cannot deny that its various disciples, the men who prepared the 18th of March, had for many years adopted some of its theories, and these had been boisterously published in their sheets and in their books. A flood of small periodicals, styled literary, appeared and disappeared at different periods, concealing under different names the same monotonous phraseology—the same doctrine repeated over and over again, and paved thereby the way for the slowly advancing Encyclopædia of the New School. Around the chief of the latter, the capitalist of the sect, gathered the larger brains of the school, the thinkers, all those that had advanced far enough in their studies to handle with impunity dangerous formulas. United with the partisans of Positivism, vagrant disciples of experimental science, they formed a large battalion, well prepared for intellectual struggles, until the hour for political struggles should strike. Among the writers that played in this new Encyclopædia the parts of those who wrote in the former one, endeavouring, as that did, to bring about a social renovation by a renovation of ideas, we can easily recognize the magistrates, the ædiles, the great office-holders of the Commune, and even those of the socialistic Republic ensconced since the 4th of September in some of the municipalities in Paris.

The teaching of this school was not purely theoretical, confined to special sheets which no one read, or to that monumental Encyclopædia which but few consulted; it descended briskly

into the political papers of the party, and even into the popular clubs. But there, in order to appear with advantage, it had to undergo a certain transformation ; it had to put aside the pedantries of the physiologist, the dissertations about first and final causes of the professor of Atheism ; the learned reasonings of doctors on the physiological conditions of the phenomenon called soul ; the clever demonstrations of the chemist, who explains the mystery of life without needing to have recourse to that old hypothesis called God ; the assertions of the critic in regard to the quantity of bile or blood it takes to write a poem, a drama, or a sermon. All these heavy doctrines, passing through the crucible of the Parisian mind, evaporated into light clouds that fell back upon the press in a shower of fine ironies and sharp sarcasms against old beliefs, old superstitions, the old fogies of philosophy and superannuated gods. Down it came like a thick and piercing hailstorm, upsetting the old order of things and making room for a new one. It was a great treat for the idlers ; never before had grave subjects and long-honoured people been handled so cavalierly. All this did not as yet present any great danger ; but look a few rounds down the ladder, and you will see what the tendency of all this impious babble and flippant raillery will be. I have followed with a sad curiosity the degradation of an idea, from the literature of elegant circles down to that of hovels, where it died in some mob newspaper, and was finally thrown into the rag-picker's basket ; I have followed it in its sad wanderings through journals of the most varied origin, tone and size, down to the "*Père Duchêne*." The distance between refined scepticism and gross abuse is shorter than one would think. Never before had such treacherous and varied means been employed to demoralize the people and destroy in them all faith and ideal, creating a vacuum in their minds without providing the wherewithal to fill it again, except by unlawful pleasures and unwholesome appetites.

This sketch, hastily drawn, is evidently incomplete, but on the whole it is exact. We should have to go far back, in the history of our national education, to find the origin of the revolutionary sentiments blended in our minds with the first intellectual impressions we have received. We know only two sorts of history, and those but indifferently : that of classic an-

tiquity and that of the French Revolution. All the rest has gradually been wiped out ; but these two groups of events move and live in our imagination ; they stand out in bold relief on a vague ground of extinct notions and languid memories. We mix the heroes of ancient republics with those of our present history ; it becomes a sort of illustrious company that haunts our minds with graceful attitudes, with sublime speeches on republican virtues, on liberty, on the country. All is on a large scale, larger than nature ; it assumes superhuman proportions through our feverish sentiments, our indomitable pride, our language where the man is lost in the hero ; all this is lit up by too glaring a light, and placed in a perspective of immortality. It is a world slightly overdone, somewhat declamatory, which resembles nothing that has really existed, and which is the result of our classical education, combined with the fictions for which the French Revolution furnishes inexhaustible themes. This is the basis of our political education, such as most Bohemians acquire in the colleges and schools, amidst the rough struggles of life, and the great dangers of modern society, in the conflict of their poverty with the wealth displayed on all sides, and its accompanying power, the lustre of which dazzles their eyes and attracts their wild dreams. All serious study concerning the conditions of social existence, the progress of nations and the price at which this progress is bought ; all deep meditation on the true laws of history, on the feebleness of certain big words, on the vanity of certain formulas, on crimes disguised under pompous names, all this was unknown to them. The judicial, truthful history of the Revolution was not to their mind ; they cared very little for the teaching of the masters that had brought it back to a true perspective by reducing its men to just proportions. They wanted something more fanciful. It was not the drama of ideas that pleased their frivolous and feeble minds—it was the tumult of facts, the agitation on the public squares, the scenes of the Convention, the horrors of the *Conciergerie* ; nay, they delighted in the mere theatrical paraphernalia of the Revolution, its stage effects, its scarfs, its feathers, its trumpery ; they relished particularly its pompous harangues and violent language, its sudden vicissitudes of fortune, splendours and ruins, passing before them as in a dazzling and sinister dream brought out in their eyes the

grand idea, illumined by the blue-lights of poetry and rhetoric, and perceived from afar as in an apotheosis.

Our generation has been fed too much on these spectacles, this phantasmagoria, in which the French Revolution becomes a drama of scene shiftings and high-sounding phrases. Who was it that thus flattered these frivolous imaginations by presenting to them false ideals in regard to the events and men of that time, when the plainer duty was to bring them to a proper conception of human morality? Who was it fostered, in violent and feeble minds, so morbid an enthusiasm for an epoch where such great and noble aspirations were so foolishly compromised, so sadly sullied; for an epoch one must beware of commending; for fear of becoming an accomplice in the unatoneable crimes of the past, or in baleful imitations for the future? The answer may be found on all lips. We know some of these poets and rhetoricians who have wilfully transformed history, in order that they might glorify it with their endless dithyrambics, or their unreserved amnesties. These are the real culprits.

Thus sprang up among us the religion, or rather the idolatry, of the so-called infallible, impeccable, immaculate, Revolution; a worship supported by the imagination even more than by passion. The Revolution has its theologians, its mystics, and fanatics, its hypocrites even, without whom a religion is not complete. Everything concerning it is holy and sacred; the right by which it is most honoured, is to imitate it on all points. Its pompous rhetoric, the bluntness of its language, its big phrases, the attitudes and gestures of its personages are all reproduced with a labourious exactitude. Most happy are they who, by dint of study and observation, have succeeded in seizing upon some of the features of these consecrated types! Each endeavours to cut himself out a part in this history, and take out from the great picture some figure under which he may introduce himself to the public. We have had Camille Desmoulins again, his very devil-may-care gait, and cruel impertinence, minus his better parts, his fits of true sensibility, and the chivalrous promptings of his soul. You have shuddered at recognizing Danton's loud voice; the same sonorousness and power; but its lightning effects were wanting. Marat, too, was seen crossing again the bloody stage

of public events, but the real Marat would have shuddered at the puppet trying to impersonate him: the new one only succeeded in defaming his prototype, persecuting and denouncing his victims instead of executing them. Barrère was seen no later than yesterday, the same as ever, a honey-tongued revolutionist, ready at any time to tune his flexible soul to the key of almost any event. All this resembles a bloody masquerade, a lugubrious and atrocious jest. It is but a miserable parody! '93, minus its ardent convictions, an artificial '93; and since it has been asserted that the reign of terror was a religion, let us say that this new reign of terror through which we have just passed is far more monstrous and criminal than the first, for it is a religion without faith. It is through such ideas and examples, taken from high quarters, through this revolutionary eloquence so applauded in books, in the theatres, and on the rostrum, that this "Bohemia," already undermined by its own vices, was brought to ruin. But, however severely we may judge it in its downfall, we must not forget that a large share of the responsibility rests with the illustrious personages who were linked with it, who courted its journals for their own selfish ends, lavishing upon it their most approving smiles, their most delicate flatteries, carrying on with the poor fools a commerce of adulation and coquetry that captivated them completely. Proud of the appreciation of those they considered their betters, the poor wretches trumpeted all round the civic virtues of their patrons, and opened to them a way to easy triumphs. It was an active propaganda and a fatal contagion. We repent of it now; may it not be too late!

The men of '93 had this advantage over the feeble comedians that have tried to imitate them, that their hearts burned with patriotism. Where do you find any trace of the same sacred flame among the modern Jacobins? The country, they said (and clubs and cafés applauded the witticism),—the country is but a post guarded by a custom-house officer. Is it to be wondered that some of our soldiers should later have remembered such speeches and behaved accordingly?

All this makes up our present history.

Add to these diverse influences the complicity of a petulant middle class applauding, without foreseeing the end, the work of social demolition; add the profound indifference of a society absorbed in business, money and

pleasures, without thought for anything else; and, below this surface already undermined, the ardent passions of fanatics digging the abyss wherein we well-nigh perished, in sympathy with the over-excited appetites of the multitude and the conspiracy of the "Internationale," and you will no longer wonder at the depth of our fall, and at the number of ruins that cover now the soil of France.

The events themselves illustrate the moral of this essay. One of the most essential conditions upon which the regeneration of France depends now, more essential even than the form of the institutions which are to govern us, is a reconstruction of the literature and the press, a reconstruction based on seriousness of thought, on hard work, on dignity of life, on mutual respect

between the writers themselves, and above all, on an absolute respect for ideas. But for this it is evidently necessary that there be no longer a confusion possible between the healthy liberal ideas which represent civilization through liberty and justice, and the false anti-social ideas which represent a return to barbarism by arbitrary acts, violence and crime. To effect this, it will be very necessary in future to guard against idealizing under the charming names of fancy, of independent life and freedom, the unwholesome passions and the disorders in the morals and brains which have thrown out of their orbits, and hopelessly destroyed, talents intended by nature to be devoted to the making of "Vaudevilles" or to landscape painting, and not to the getting up of revolutions.

### THE LAST TOURNAMENT.\*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

(From "*The Contemporary Review*" for December.)

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his  
moods  
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,  
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.  
And toward him from the Hall with harp in  
hand,  
And from the crown thereof a carcanet  
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize  
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,  
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir  
Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once  
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock  
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,  
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes  
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid-air  
Bearing an eagle's nest : and thro' the tree  
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind  
Pierced ever a child's cry : and crag and tree  
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,  
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,  
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought

A maiden babe ; which Arthur pitying took,  
Then gave it to his Queen to rear : the Queen  
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms  
Received, and after loved it tenderly,  
And named it Nestling ; so forgot herself  
A moment, and her cares ; till that young life  
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold  
Past from her ; and in time the carcanet  
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child :  
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,  
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,  
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne  
Dead nestling, and this honour after death,  
Following thy will ! but, O my Queen, I muse  
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone,  
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,  
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,  
"Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,  
A bitterness to me !—ye look amazed,  
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—"

\* This poem forms one of the "Idylls of the King." Its place is between "Pelleas" and "Guinevere."

Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out  
Above the river—that unhappy child  
Past in her barge : but rosier luck will go  
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came  
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,  
But the sweet body of a maiden babe.  
Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy  
knights  
May win them for the purest of my maids.”

She ended, and the cry of a great joust  
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways  
From Camelot in among the faded fields  
To furthest towers ; and everywhere the knights  
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn  
Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd  
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose  
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,  
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,  
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,  
“ My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil  
beast  
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face ? or  
fiend ?  
Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee  
thus ? ”

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd  
teeth,  
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt  
stump  
Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd  
churl,  
“ He took them and he drave them to his tower—  
Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—  
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—  
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight  
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower ;  
And when I call'd upon thy name as one  
That doest right by gentle and by churl,  
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright  
have slain,  
Save that he sware me to a message, saying—  
‘ Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I  
Have founded my Round Table in the North,  
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn  
My knights have sworn the counter to it—and  
say  
My tower is full of harlots, like his court,  
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess  
To be none other than themselves—and say

My knights are all adulterers like his own,  
But mine are truer, seeing they profess  
To be none other ; and say his hour is come,  
The heathen are upon him, his long lance  
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.’ ”

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,  
“ Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously  
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.  
The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,  
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,  
Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,  
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom  
The wholesome realm is purged of elsewhere,—  
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—  
now

Make their last head like Satan in the North.  
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your  
flower

Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,  
Move with me toward their quelling, which  
achieved,  
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.  
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place  
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field ;  
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle  
with it,  
Only to yield my Queen her own again ?  
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent : is it well ? ”

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, “ It is well :  
Yet better if the King abide, and leave  
The leading of his younger knights to me.  
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well.”

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,  
And while they stood without the doors, the  
King  
Turn'd to him saying, “ Is it then so well ?  
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he  
Of whom was written, ‘ a sound is in his ears’—  
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance  
That only seems half-loyal to command,—  
A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—  
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights  
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower ?  
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,  
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,  
From flat confusion and brute violences,  
Reel back into the beast, and be no more ? ”

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,  
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd



North by the gate. In her high bower the  
Queen,  
Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,  
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she  
sigh'd.  
Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme  
Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he  
goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,  
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd  
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,  
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,  
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of  
prey,  
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,  
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure  
White samite, and by fountains running wine,  
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,  
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad  
steps  
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,  
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their  
Queen  
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,  
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank  
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.  
He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream  
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll  
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began :  
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf  
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn  
plume

Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one  
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,  
When all the goodlier guests are past away,  
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.  
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament  
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast  
down

Before his throne of arbitration cursed  
The dead babe and the follies of the King;  
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,  
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,  
Modred, a narrow face : anon he heard  
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar  
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,  
But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,

And armour'd all in forest green, whereon  
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,  
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,  
With ever-scattering berries, and on shield  
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late  
From overseas in Brittany return'd,  
And marriage with a princess of that realm,  
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—  
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with  
pain

His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake  
The burthen off his heart in one full shock  
With Tristram ev'n to death : his strong hands  
gript

And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,  
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many of those.  
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,  
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,  
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries  
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests ! O  
shame !

What faith have these in whom they sware to  
love ?

The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the  
gems,  
Not speaking other word than "Hast thou  
won ?

Art thou the purest, brother ? See, the hand  
Wherewith thou takest this is red !" to whom  
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous  
mood,

Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this  
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound ?  
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of  
heart

And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,  
Are winners in this pastime of our King,  
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon  
it—

No blood of mine, I trow ; but O chief knight,  
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,  
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world ;  
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his  
horse

Caracole ; then bow'd his homage, bluntly say-  
ing,

"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each  
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold  
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."

Then most of these were mute, some anger'd,  
one

Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,  
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle  
clung,

And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day  
Went glooming down in wet and weariness :  
But under her black brows a swarthy dame  
Lught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient  
saints,

Our one white day of Innocence hath past,  
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.  
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year,  
Would make the world as blank as wintertide.  
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our  
Queen's

And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity  
With all the kindlier colours of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast  
Variously gay : for he that tells the tale  
Likend them, saying "as when an hour of  
cold

Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,  
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers  
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns  
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again :"  
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,  
And glowing in all colours, the live grass,  
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced  
About the revels, and with mirth so loud  
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,  
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,  
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower  
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,  
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,  
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.  
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir  
Fool?"

Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet re-  
plied,

"Belike for lack of wiser company ;  
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit  
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip  
To know myself the wisest knight of all."  
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry  
To dance without a catch, a roundelay  
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,  
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,

Quiet as any water-sodden log  
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook ;  
But when the twangling ended, skipt again ;  
Then being asked, "Why skipt ye not, Sir  
Fool?"

Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years  
Skip to the broken music of my brains  
Than any broken music ye can make."

Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,  
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"  
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the  
King's ;

For when thou playest that air with Queen  
Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy bride,  
Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—  
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."

"Save for that broken music in thy brains,  
Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy  
head.

Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,  
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—  
I am but a fool to reason with a fool,  
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour : but lean me  
down,

Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,  
And hearken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but while we  
may :

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more :  
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away :  
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er :  
New life, new love to suit the newer day :  
New loves are sweet as those that went before :  
Free love—free field—we love but while we  
may."

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my  
tune,

Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,  
And found it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his  
hand,

"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday  
Made to run wine?—but this had run itself  
All out like a long life to a sour end—  
And them that round it sat with golden cups  
To hand the wine to whomsoever came—  
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,  
In honour of poor Innocence the babe,  
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen

Lent to the King, and Innocence the King  
Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips  
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,  
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,  
Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was  
mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy  
gibes?  
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—  
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee,  
fool—

'Fear God: honor the king—his one true  
knight—

Sole follower of the vows,—for here be they  
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,  
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the  
King

Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up  
It frightened all free fool from out thy heart;  
Which left thee less than fool, and less than  
swine,

A naked naught—yet swine I hold thee still,  
For I have flung thee pearls, and find thee  
swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet,  
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my  
neck

In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch  
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.  
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the  
world

Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.  
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind  
Hath foul'd me—an I wallowed, then I wash'd—  
I have had my day and my philosophies—  
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.  
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and  
geese

Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who  
thrumm'd

On such a wire as musically as thou  
Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses,  
geese,

The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard  
Had such a master of his mystery  
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,  
"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and  
thyself

Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,  
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the  
star  
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our  
King

Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,  
Glorying in each new glory, set his name  
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the  
land

Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself  
To babble about him, all to show your wit—  
And whether he were king by courtesy,  
Or king by right—and so went harping down  
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew  
So witty, that ye play'd at ducks and drakes  
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.  
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."  
And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.  
It makes a silent music up in heaven,  
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,  
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye  
talk

Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"  
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,  
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!  
Conceits himself as God that he can make  
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk  
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,  
And men from beasts.—Long live the king of  
fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.  
But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues  
And solitary passes of the wood  
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.  
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt  
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore  
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood  
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye  
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.  
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,  
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape  
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;  
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,  
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn  
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At  
length

A lodge of intertisted beechen-boughs  
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which  
himself

Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt  
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove  
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where  
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:  
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,  
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,  
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse  
than shame

Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,  
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt  
So sweet, that, halting, in he past, and sank  
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;  
But could not rest for musing how to smooth  
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.  
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all  
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.  
But then what folly had sent him overseas  
After she left him lonely here? a name?  
Was it the name of one in Brittany,  
Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt  
Of the white hands" they called her: the sweet  
name

Allured him first, and then the maid herself,  
Who served him well with those white hands of  
hers,  
And loved him well, until himself had thought  
He loved her also, wedded easily,  
But left her all as easily, and return'd.  
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes  
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he  
laid  
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seemed to pace the strand of Brittany  
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,  
And show'd them both the ruby chain, and both  
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen  
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.  
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!  
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,  
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot  
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,  
Is all as cool and white as any flower."  
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then  
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,  
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred  
spears

Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,  
And many a glancing splash and sallowy isle,  
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh  
Glared on a huge machicolated tower  
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd  
A roar of riot, as from men secure  
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease  
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.  
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,  
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,  
A goodly brother of The Table Round  
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield  
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,  
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights  
At that dishonour done the gilded spur,  
Till each would clash the shield and blow the  
horn.

But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.  
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,  
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft  
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud  
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard,  
and all,

Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,  
In blood-red armour sallying, howl'd to the King,  
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee  
flat!—

Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King  
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the  
world—

The woman worshipper? Yea, God's curse,  
and I!

Slain was the brother of my paramour  
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her  
whine

And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,  
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,  
And stings itself to everlasting death,  
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought  
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy  
life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face  
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name  
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his  
mind.

And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,  
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse  
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,  
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp  
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave  
Heard in dead night along that table-shore  
Drops flat, and after the great waters break

Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves

Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,  
From less and less to nothing ; thus he fell  
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd  
him, roar'd

And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n ;  
There trampled out his face from being known,  
And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves ;

Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang

Thro' open doors, and swording right and left  
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd  
The tables over and the wines, and slew  
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,  
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre :  
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,  
Which half that autumn night, like the live  
North,

Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,  
Made all above it, and a hundred meres  
About it, as the water Moab saw  
Come round by the East, and out beyond them  
flush'd

The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,  
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream  
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,  
Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.  
He whistled his good warhorse left to graze  
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,  
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,  
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,  
Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she said,  
"my man

Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—  
"What an she hate me now? I would not this.  
What an she love me still? I would not that.  
I know not what I would"—but said to her,—  
"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,  
He find thy favour changed and love thee not"—  
Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse  
Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard  
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds  
Yelp at his heart, but, turning, past and gain'd  
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,  
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,

A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair  
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.  
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind  
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,  
Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there  
Belted his body with her white embrace,  
Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul !  
The footstep flutter'd me at first : not he :  
Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark.  
But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls  
Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.  
My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark  
Quickened within me, and knew that thou wert  
nigh."

To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.  
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,  
"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,  
But save for dread of thee had beaten me,  
Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—  
Mark?

What rights are his that dare not strike for them?  
Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus !  
But hearken, have ye met him ? hence he went  
To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—  
And so returns belike within an hour.  
Mark's way, my soul !—but eat not thou with  
him,

Because he hates thee even more than fears ;  
Nor drink : and when thou passest any wood  
Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush  
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.  
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark  
Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,  
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake  
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,  
"O hunter, and O blower of the horn,  
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,  
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,  
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride  
Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,  
If prize she were—(what marvel—she could  
see)—

Thine, friend ; and ever since my craven seeks  
To wreck thee villainously ; but, O Sir Knight,  
What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last ?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,  
Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,  
And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first

Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,  
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,  
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen  
My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said,  
"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,  
And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—  
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips  
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,  
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow  
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen  
Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,  
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou  
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,  
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me  
That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,  
And I—misynok'd with such a want of man—  
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!  
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,  
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,  
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin  
That made us happy: but how ye greet me—  
fear  
And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—  
Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories  
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,  
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy  
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,  
Here in the never-ended afternoon,  
O sweeter than all memories of thee,  
Deeper than any yearnings after thee  
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,  
Watched from this tower. Isolt of Britain  
dash'd  
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,  
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wed-  
ded her?  
Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?  
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,  
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd  
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—  
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong  
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left  
To pine and waste in those sweet memories?  
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men  
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, re-  
plied,  
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me  
well.

Did I love her? the name at least I loved.  
Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!  
The night was dark; the true star set. Isolt!  
The name was ruler of the dark—Isolt?  
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,  
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answered, "Yea, and why not I?  
Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,  
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.  
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat  
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,  
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,  
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.  
Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,  
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—  
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—  
For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he  
said,

Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers  
So shook to such a roar of all the sky,  
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,  
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,  
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—  
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,  
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and  
gray,  
And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.  
"May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art  
old,  
And sweet no more to me! I need Him now.  
For when had Lancelot utter'd aught so gross  
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?  
The greater man, the greater courtesy.  
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—  
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance  
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thy-  
self.

How darest thou, if lover, push me even  
In fancy from thy side, and set me far  
In the gray distance, half a life away,  
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unsweat!  
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,  
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,  
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck  
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.  
Will ye not lie? not swear? as there ye kneel,

And solemnly as when ye swear to him,  
The man of men, our King—My God, the power  
Was once in vows when men believed the King!  
They lied not then, who swore, and thro' their  
vows

The King prevailing made his realm :—I say,  
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,  
Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,  
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark  
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but  
learnt,

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—  
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being  
snapt—

We run more counter to the soul thereof  
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.  
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.  
For once—ev'n to the height—I honour'd him.  
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first  
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld  
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—  
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow  
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue  
eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips with  
light—

Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,  
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end,  
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool  
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,  
But Michael trampling Satan; so I swore,  
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!  
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—  
They served their use, their time; for every  
knight

Believed himself a greater than himself,  
And every follower eyed him as a God;  
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,  
Did mightier deeds than elsewhere he had done,  
And so the realm was made; but then their  
vows—

First mainly thro' that sullyng of our Queen—  
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence  
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?  
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out  
the deep?

They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and  
blood

Of our old Kings; whence then? a doubtful  
lord

To bind them by inviolable vows,

Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:  
For feel this arm of mine—the tide within  
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,  
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure  
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue  
From uttering freely what I freely hear?  
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.  
And worldling of the world am I, and know  
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour  
Woos his own end; we are not angels here  
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the  
woods,  
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale  
Mock them: my soul, we love but while we  
may;  
And therefore is my love so large for thee,  
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she  
said,

"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee  
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—  
For courtesy wins women all as well  
As valour may—but he that closes both  
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,  
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved  
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee  
back

Thine own small saw 'We love but while we  
may,'

Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,  
Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,  
The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch  
The warm white apple of her throat, replied,  
"Press this a little closer, sweet, until—  
Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd—meat,  
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,  
And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full  
accord,

She rose, and sat before him all he will'd;  
And after these had comforted the blood  
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts,  
Now talking of their woodland paradise,  
The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the  
lawns;

Now mocking at the much ungainliness,  
And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—  
Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and  
sang:

"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!

A star in heaven, a star within the mere !  
 Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,  
 And one was far apart, and one was near ;  
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass !  
 And one was water and one star was fire,  
 And one will ever shine and one will pass.  
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram  
 show'd

And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,  
 "The collar of some order, which our King  
 Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,  
 For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."  
 "Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red  
 fruit

Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,  
 And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,  
 And hither brought by Tristram for his last  
 Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her  
 neck,  
 Claspt it ; but while he bow'd himself to lay  
 Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,  
 Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,  
 Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—  
 "Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro'  
 the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he  
 climb'd,  
 All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,  
 The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw  
 The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his  
 feet

A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,  
 "What art thou?" and the voice about his feet  
 Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,  
 And I shall never make thee smile again."

## BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICANISMS ; THE ENGLISH OF THE NEW  
 WORLD. By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., Pro-  
 fessor of Modern Languages in the University of  
 Virginia, author of "Studies in English," etc. New  
 York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

It seems that both Mr. Marcy, the United States  
 Secretary of State, and the Czar of Russia, when in  
 a towering rage against England, ordained that the  
 "English" language should be superseded in docu-  
 ments by the "American" language ; a proof, per-  
 haps, that demagogic despots are as liable to out-  
 breaks of silly and undignified passion as despots of  
 the ordinary kind. The term "American," as ap-  
 plied to themselves by the people of the United  
 States, is, moreover, a usurpation against which all  
 the other inhabitants of the Continent have a right  
 to protest. If a language distinct from that of Eng-  
 land has been formed in the States, let it be called  
 Yankee : or if that name is wanting in dignity, by  
 some other name which correctly denotes the fact.

Large additions have undoubtedly been made to  
 the English language in the United States. Of these  
 additions Dr. de Vere gives a very full and interest-

ing account, classifying them under twelve heads,  
 which are the titles of his chapters :—"The  
 Indian," "Immigrants from Abroad," "The Great  
 West," "The Church," "Politics," "Trade of all  
 kinds," "Afloat," "On the Rail," "Natural His-  
 tory," "Old Friends (old English words) with New  
 Faces," "Cant and Slang," "New Words and  
 Nicknames."

The Indians, like other exterminated races, have  
 left melancholy monuments of themselves in the  
 names of the great landmarks. But they may also  
 be said to have given a few words to the language.  
*Yankee* itself is now allowed to be *Yengee*, the Indian  
 mispronunciation of *English*. The headquarters of  
 the Democratic party in New York are their *wigwam*,  
 and Tweed is their *Sachem* as well as their "Boss."  
*Tammany* was the seat of an ancient Indian chief,  
 who, it seems, was party to a sale of the territory  
 which is now Rhode Island, on terms very like the  
 Tammany contracts of modern times. *Pow-wow* has  
 also pretty well effected a lodgment in the lan-  
 guage.

Of the immigrants, the Dutchman has given be-



sides plenty of local names (including *Bowery*, now the Alsatia of New York, but "once the pleasant *Bouvery* or garden-bower of Dutch governors"), some general words; e. g., *overslaugh* (from *over slaan* to skip) for preferring an outsider over the heads of those entitled by seniority. A more familiar instance is *boss* from the Dutch *baas*, an overseer. "I suppose the Queen is your boss now," said a Yankee stage-driver to Lord Carlisle. "I did not *boss* the job, it was sister," cried a Yankee child five years old, when he wanted to charge his sister with being the aggressor in a quarrel. The French words are not many; but *prairie* and *sault* (now pronounced *saw*) are from that source. Some French local names appear in strange masquerade: *Bois Brûlé* is *Bob Ruly*, *Chemin Couvert* is *Smack Cover*, *Rivière du Purgatoire* is *Picketwire*. With plenty of French fashions, some French phrases have also found their way. A Confederate soldier who was picked out of a ditch, where he lay apparently dead, at Gettysburgh, told General Lee that he was not hurt or scared, but "terribly demoralized." The Spaniard has contributed *negro*, *mulatto*, *quadroon*, and its bastard derivative *octoon*. He seems also to have contributed *filibuster*, the verb of which has now the political sense of manœuvring to delay a final vote. More Spanish words, such as *ranche*, a farm, and *stampede* (*estampida*) are coming from California and New Mexico. The German, though he has added so vast an element to the population, has not added, according to Dr. De Vere, a dozen important words to the language, so rapidly has he been absorbed into Yankeeedom. One well-known German word is *lager*: while *loafer* (*läufer*) expresses the dislike of an industrious people for those who lead an irregular and unsettled life. From the negro come *Buckra*, and indirectly *marooning*, which originally denoted the life of a runaway negro in the wilds, but is now used for picnicking. The Negro English, however, is a dialect of itself, and has acquired through the negro minstrelsy a place in literature. Dr. de Vere goes so far as to say that "America owes the negro no small gratitude for the only national poetry which it possesses, as distinct from all imitation of old English verses and all competition with the English writers of our day." The Chinaman is bringing in a little Canton jargon, such as *first-chop* for *first-rate*; and *kootoo*, or *kowtow*, low bowing, is a Chinese word. But the introduction of Chinese words and of the Chinaman himself will be difficult while the feeling of the people in the West against him remains what it is now. Dr. de Vere cites a set of resolutions which he says were actually moved, though not carried, in the Legislature of Oregon in 1870. "Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon.—Section 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed

to die in this State, until he has paid \$10 for a new pair of boots with which to kick the bucket. Section 2. Any Chinaman dying under this Act shall be buried six feet under ground. Section 3. Any Chinaman who attempts to dig up another Chinaman's bones, shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay \$4. Section 4. Any dead Chinaman who attempts to dig up his own bones, without giving due notice to the Secretary of State, shall be fined \$100."

"The Great West," says Dr. de Vere, "has impressed the stamp of its own life even more forcibly (than New England) in the speech of its sons. Everything is on such a gigantic scale there that the vast proportions with which the mind becomes familiar, beget unconsciously a love of hyperbole, which in its turn irresistibly invites to humour. Life is an unceasing activity there, and hence speech also is racy with life and vigour. All is new there to those who come from older countries or crowded cities, and hence new words are continually coined, and old ones receive new meanings; nature is fresh and young there, and hence the poetic feeling is excited, and speech assumes unconsciously the rhythm and the elevation of poetry." From the chapter which follows, and from our own experience of Western talk, we should say that humorous hyperbole, rather than elevated poetry, was the characteristic of the West. Land settling has produced some terms, humorous but not poetic. "Any man who has married a lively blonde, and sees himself reflected in two blue eyes, has thereby made himself sure of heaven, having *preempted* two quarter-sections of it and settled on the same." *Locate* has been the unhappy parent of a line of similar barbarisms, such as *orate* and *donate*, culminating, or rather reaching the lowest abyss, in *vocate* and *missionate*. The terms derived from pioneer life are legion: *Stump oratory* is among them, and so, we presume, is *axe-grinding*. To *save*, i. e., to make safe by shooting dead, is, it seems, a term of frontier hunting and warfare. "I calculate, Mr. Hossifer (officer) that *war* the most decisivest and the most sanguinariest fight you ever seen in all your born days. We boys, we up and pitched in thar and we give the yaller bellies the most particular Hail Columby. We chawed 'em all up; we laid 'em out colder nor a wedge; we *sawed* every mother's son of 'um—we did that 'ar little thing, boss." *Honey-fugling*, used for *kissing* by the classic lips of Susan B. Anthony, is a term, it seems, of Western bee-hunting. A question having been propounded by a philological enquirer in *Harper's Monthly* as to the meaning of the phrase, the answer was, "It is cutting it too fat over the left."

The language of the New England Church, as well as the temper of the New Englander, bears traces of

the fact that with the Puritans "antagonism was the normal condition of life." The great object was to differ in phraseology, as well as in customs, from the old country. The peculiar extravagances of religious enthusiasm in the new world, have also produced some new terms, such as *jerks* for religious convulsions. The terms *Hard Shell* Baptists, and *Soft Shell* Baptists, grotesquely denote one instance of the universal disintegration, which, under the action of liberalizing influences, is taking place in all the Churches of the United States from the Episcopalian to the Quaker. Mormonism and Spiritualism are the latest sources of religious additions, if religious additions they can be called, to the English of the New World.

From politics have come a host of terms, all of them vulgar, and almost all of them denoting something tricky and roguish. The political vocabulary of our neighbours is pretty well known here. Our readers may, however, be glad to be informed that the term *gerrymandering*, denoting the fraudulent division of a State into districts, so as to give the party which has the minority in number a majority of the votes, is derived from the name of its inventor, Mr. Elbridge Gerry, a prominent politician of the State now adorned by General Butler. *Buncombe*, *log-rolling*, *lobbying*, *land-grabbing*, *ballot-box stuffing*, *repeating*, *ring*, are too well known. *Pipelaying* is less familiar; it was derived from a scheme for importing voters from Philadelphia into New York, which was concealed under the form of a contract for laying water-pipes from the Croton aqueduct. The etymology of the *caucus*, which under the system of party government, has practically superseded the constitutional legislature, is lost in philological night. The term has been wildly derived from *scaphus*, a divining cup! A *pincher* is "a bill which promises to secure a pecuniary reward to those who are interested in its defeat." A *rooster* (our cousins are too delicate to say *cock*) is "a bill which will benefit the legislators, and no one else." The vocabulary is of course rich in new terms for illicit gains, *chicken-pie* being one of the latest. We knew what *wire-pulling* was, but we did not know that peculiar skill in it was called *sculduggery*. To *crawfish* is equivalent to *ratting* in English. *Sound on the goose* seems to baffle etymology; but it means sound on the main question. *Highfalutin* is equally puzzling to the philologist, who desperately struggles to find a derivation for it in *high-flying*, *high-floating*, and even in the Dutch *verlooten*—to flay by whipping. *Spread-Eaglesism*, on the contrary, calls for no philological research. As a practical illustration of its meaning Dr. de Vere gives an extract from the Report of Legislative Proceedings in Indiana—"The American people—and we are proud to call ourselves that—are

rocked in the bosom of two mighty oceans, whose granite-bound shores are whitened by the floating canvass of the commercial world; reaching from the ice-fettered lakes of the north to the febrile waves of Australian seas, comprising the vast interim of five billions of acres, whose alluvial plains, romantic mountains and mystic rivers rival the wildest Utopian dreams that ever gathered round the inspired bard, as he walked the Amaranthine promenades of Hesperian gardens, is proud Columbia, the land of the free and the home of the brave." *Free soil*, *free labour* and *free love* are terms of which the first two are pregnant with evil memories of the past, while the last is full of evil omen for the future. *Skedaddle*, a word of the civil war, has been pretty well incorporated into the slang portion of the English language. Its etymology seems to be satisfactorily traced to the Scotch or Scandinavian language, in both of which the word means to spill water or milk from a pail.

"Trade of all kinds" has, of course, contributed its quota. Dr. de Vere has the candour to admit that "if the English are a nation of shop-keepers, the Americans are *not unmindful* of the same source of wealth." He, however, charges to the account of England the phrase *Almighty Dollar*, begging Englishmen to recall the first lines of Ben Jonson's epistle to the Countess of Holland:—

"Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,  
And almost every vice, *almightie gold*."

But the omnipotence of gold, though not of greenbacks, has been the complaint of all lands and ages. "Money itself," says Dr. de Vere, has in the United States, as in England, more designations than any other object, liquor alone excepted." He admits, however that the English Slang Dictionary does not comprise *John Davis*, *Ready John*, *spendulics*, *dooteromus* or *doot*, *tow*, *wad*, *hardstuff* or *hard*, *dirt*, *shinplasters*, *wherewith*, *shad scales*, or *scales*, *dye-stuffs*, *charms*, *stamps*. *Bogus* is rather unexpectedly derived from the noble Italian name *Borghese*, borne by an itinerant drawer of fictitious notes, checks and bills of exchange, whose genius merited a monument in our language since he succeeded in swindling Yankee smartness out of large sums. *Skinning* is resorted to whenever the merchant is *short*; and *short* is a word of large significance and great practical utility. "A common practice is to withhold a little of a poor sewing-girl's pay from week to week, on the plea of being *short*, and when a handsome aggregate has been reached, to boldly deny the debt." As to the vocabulary of liquors and liquoring, we really must disclaim for the backward and torpid old country anything like rivalry with the foremost of nations.

"Afloat" is said to have contributed *schooner*,

*scoot* in New England being used to express the skipping of stones thrown so as to skim over the surface of the water. It has certainly contributed *flummadiddle*, a nautical mess, at the mention of which New England fishermen lick their chops, and among the main ingredients of which are pork-fat and molasses. *Aboard* used with reference to a land conveyance is also an innovation. To go *ahead* is English enough; but when a New York journal remarked that "in this complication of European difficulties a favourable opportunity was offered to American *go-aheaditiveness*," it enriched the maternal tongue at the same time that it painted American character. We should have thought that to the list of "Afloat" might have been added *bust up* and *gone up*, which sound like word-pictures of steam-boat travelling in the States:—

*Coroner*—"Witness, when did you last see deceased?"

*Witness*—"The last time ever I saw deceased, as I was *goin' up* I met 'im and the smoke-chimney a comin' down."

On "The Rail," democracy, afraid of saying first and second class, has been obliged to draw on its magnificent imagination for such splendid aliases as *Palace Cars* and *Silver Palace Cars*; and at last we suppose it will come to *Gold* and *Diamond*. The *Cowcatcher* depicts the unfenced state of an American railroad, and *baggage-smasher* too well describes the American porter. The verb *telescope* is a railroad word of still more unpleasant import. "The frequency," observes Dr. de Vere, with scientific calmness, "with which trains collide on American railways has led to the use of the word for the purpose of designating the manner in which, on such occasions, one train is apt to run right into the other, as the smaller parts of the telescope glide into the larger."

"Natural History," of course, supplies a number of special terms. But *big bug*, for a person of consequence, is an addition to the general language; and so is *rooster* "an American ladyism," which has so far supplanted the less lady-like term that an English traveller professes to have heard of "a *rooster* and *ax* story." The unapproachable qualities of the *skunk* have also given him, as was his due, a place in the language beyond the mere pale of natural history.

"Of "Old Friends with New Faces," there is a very long list. What was good English when the Pilgrim Fathers left England has, in many instances, since become obsolete or provincial. When an American lady tells you that she "dotes on *bugs*," meaning that she is fond of entomology, her language is perfectly classical, though archaic. A number of peculiar modes of spelling also, such as *becase* and *bile* (for *boil*), are not vulgarisms, but archaisms. Of all the perplexing words to a native of the old country in America, the most perplexing is *clever*. "This troublesome word," says Dr. de Vere, "a favourite with our race wherever they are, can neither be traced back to an undoubted derivation, nor defined in its meaning beyond cavil: used in England generally for good-looking (?) or handy and dexterous, it means in Norfolk, rather, honest and respectable, and sounds there like *claver*. In some districts of Southern Wales it indicates a state of good health; in a few southern counties perfect clearness and completeness, and in other parts, as with us, courtesy and affability. The American pet word *smart* has however largely superseded it in our speech, and

only in Virginia and some parts of the South *clever* is still much used in its old English meaning of skilful at work and talented in mind." *Transpire* for *occur* is not an old friend with a new face, but an old friend with face horribly distorted. John Randolph was quite right when he called out to a speaker in Congress who had used it repeatedly, "If you say *transpire* once more, I shall *expire*. Gentleman and lady, as might have been expected, "have no longer in America any distinctive meaning." The Duke of Saxe Weimar was asked, "Are you the *man* that wants to go to Selma?" and upon assenting, he was told: "Then I'm the *gentleman* that is going to drive you." Nothing sounds more intensely vulgar to an English ear than the universal substitution in the United States of *lady* for *woman*. "Wanted, two competent sales-ladies." Dr. de Vere cites a distinguished writer as authority for the statement that an orator said in a public meeting where bonnets predominated, "The *ladies* were the last at the Cross and the first at the Tomb."

The heading "Cant and Slang," also presents an *embarras de richesses*. We like *flambustious* (showy), *slantendicular* and *sockdolager*—the last said to be a corruption of *doxology*. But our favourite on the whole is *catawampous*. A political character in the Legislature of Missouri, attacked by a host of hostile orators, was said to have been "*catawampously* chewed up." Then again, the great West, with "the matchless features of nature on the largest scale ever beheld by man, &c.," plays a great part; but "the low-toned newspaper written for the masses," in the opinion of Dr. de Vere, plays a still greater part. The degradation of a national language in point of fact generally keeps pace with the degradation of national character, of which it becomes in turn no important source.

The last heading is "New Forms and Nicknames." New nicknames of course must be invented for new persons and places. But we protest against such "new forms" as to *erupt*, to *excurt*, to *resurrectionize*, to *ilemize*, to *custodize*, to *resolute*, as barbarism in the very deepest sense of the word. The terms *clergywoman* and *chairwoman* (President of a Woman's Rights Meeting) are still more repulsive, though not on philological grounds.

We are much indebted to Dr. de Vere for his work, and beg leave to commend it to all British tourists in the United States, as the means of acquiring a familiarity with the idiom which cannot fail to render them acceptable to the natives. We trust that it will also find its way into the hands of the Archduke Alexis, who may then win all hearts by promising that between the bear and the eagle the British lion shall be *catawampously* chewed up.

THE FIRST ENGLISH CONQUEST OF CANADA: with some account of the earliest settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, by Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., Oxon. London: Bemrose & Sons.

We have here from Mr. Henry Kirke, author of *Thurstan Meverell*, the first detailed history, by an English writer, of the First English Conquest of Canada, in 1629. There are numerous French accounts of that event, in which the hero, Captain David Kirke, whose name is so transformed as to be barely recognizable, and whose career is ranked among the buccaneers of America, is painted in no

enviable colours. The namesake of that conquering Captain does full, if tardy, justice to his merits. Captain David Kirke, with two brothers, Lewis and Thomas, sailed up the St. Lawrence, with half a dozen vessels, the largest of which was only 300 tons, and made an easy conquest of the starving garrison of Quebec. Kirke, who had acted under letters of marque, was greatly disgusted, when despoiled of the fruits of his conquest by the restoration of Canada to France. That Government agreed to pay him an indemnity of £20,000, of which he never received a farthing. The £60,000 which the backers of Kirke had advanced to set the expedition afloat was all lost. Kirke got an empty title and a grant of Newfoundland, which he lived to see revoked. In telling the story of Kirke, the author has drawn much of his materials from State papers in the Record Office. The history of Canada can be written only by one who has access to these papers; and let us here urge the necessity of copies of them being obtained for the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. With the Paris documents already there, they would complete the materials out of which our national history can be written. When off the track of the main story, Mr. Kirke is content with very secondary materials; relying on the authority of Macgregor and Haliburton, authors of our time, when he might have consulted the voyage of Cartier and the History of Lescarbot. He writes for Pontgravé, Pontgravé; Gaspé, Gaspé; and Saguenay, Saghanny; he fails to identify the island of St. John with that of Prince Edward, and Bacailos with any place. He supposes Bacailos to be the Indian name of codfish. If he had consulted Lescarbot (ed. 1618) he would have read: "*Quant au nom de Bacailos il est de l'imposition de nos Basques, lesquels appellent une morue Bacailos, à leur imitation nos peuples (Indians) ont appris à nommer aussi la morue Bacailos.*" It is certain that the word came from Spain or Portugal; whether it were first applied by Biscayan fishermen, or by Corte Real, the Portuguese navigator. But in spite of this, and other omissions and minor errors, Mr. Kirke has given us the best and most authentic account of the deeds of his namesake. The policy of restoring Canada to its original owners in 1632, he strongly condemns; but surely he does not sufficiently reflect that if it had been retained then, it would almost certainly have followed the fortunes of the other English Colonies in 1776.

WOMEN; OR CHRONICLES OF THE LATE WAR.  
By Mary Tucker Magill. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers.

The thread of the story in this book is slight; but it serves to connect a series of very vivid pictures of life in the South during the war for Southern independence. It is another proof that, though the extension of slavery may have been the motive of the leaders of Secession, the conflict, once commenced, became on the part of the Southern people a real struggle for national existence, carried on with fervent patriotism and unbounded self-devotion. It is evident, too, from this among other manifestations of Southern feeling, that, though crushed under the heel of the conqueror, Southern patriotism still lives and glows; lives and glows perhaps even with sufficient intensity to carry in itself the earnest of ultimate

independence. It was always said that the women exceeded the men in enthusiasm, and this book confirms that impression: indeed, the display of female patriotism seems to have been carried to such a length as partly to justify the Federal Commanders in sometimes thinking less of the privileges of beauty than of the necessities of war. We get portraits from the life of several notable men, and descriptions of several notable scenes. There is Stonewall Jackson, of course, idol of every Southern heart and eye, "with his tall, gaunt figure, ungainly in its proportions, awkward in its movements, sitting erect with military stiffness upon his saddle, with his sharply defined and resolute features, and eye of mild hue but gleaming with fire. There is Ashby, whose portrait might almost be taken for one of Graham of Claverhouse. On the Federal side there passes before us, among other forms, that of General Cluseret, late General of the Parisian Commune, then, according to his own account, representing European Republicanism in the Federal camp. He appears at Winchester, issuing a requisition upon the depleted larders of the town for five thousand pounds of bacon, and threatening that if the bacon were not forthcoming by the time specified, the town should be given up to the soldiers. 'Citizens, conduct the Republic, one and indivisible, to the suspected citizens' strong-box.' But perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume is the description of Richmond after the entrance of the Federal conquerors, of the suspense respecting the fate of General Lee's army, and of the reception of the news of his surrender.

"Very little allusion was made from the pulpits to the condition of affairs: indeed it had been forbidden so far as prayers for the Confederacy were concerned; but no order could govern the nation's heart, and many an anguished supplication ascended to heaven from those altars for the little band of fugitives whose cause was even then beyond the reach of prayer.

"One old Baptist minister prayed:

"O Lord, thou who seest our hearts, knowest what we so earnestly desire, but dare not specify in words, Grant it, O Lord, grant it!"

"About eight o'clock at night, the tense nerves of the people vibrated painfully at the sound of a gun, and before its echoes died away another followed, and another and another, until sixty were counted. It was a salute to celebrate some triumph. What could it be? They dared not think. At last the suspense grew too horrible to be borne; even certainty could be no worse.

"Ellen Randolph, opening her window and seeing a Federal soldier passing by, called out:

"Can you tell me the meaning of those guns?"

"What say?" said the man, approaching the window.

"Can you tell me the meaning of those guns?" repeated the young lady, tremulously.

"Yes, ma'am: them guns is fired to celebrate the surrender of General Lee's army."

"He heard something like a gurgling, choking sound as the figure disappeared from the window. It was the dying gasp of hope in the young heart.

"After some days the disbanded soldiers of the dead cause began to flock back to the city, with bowed heads and bleeding hearts. They told with eloquence which alone is the offspring of true feeling, of the last hour of the life of the Army of Northern Virginia; of the hard ships of the march, when the expected rations failed to reach them, and how the soldiers were obliged to

scatter in order to get food to save them from starvation. How they lived for days on raw corn and even roots, but still the thought of surrender was far from them; and how when the hour for meeting the enemy arrived, and they were rushing on to the conflict, suddenly the field seemed to be alive with white flags, and their old warrior General riding into their midst, the tears streaming down his cheeks, said:

"I have done what I could for you; I can do no more."

"Then hardly soldiers fell down in his pathway, and were not ashamed of their tears; and the officers seeing the terrible suffering of the Commander-in-chief, who must take the responsibility of action, showed their love for him by striving to share it, and many a strong man bowed his head over the hand of the noble old soldier in deeper reverence and love than in the days of his greatest triumphs.

"In a few days General Lee returned to the city, and his friends flocked around him to testify their love and sympathy; and truly he was grander in the moment of defeat than he had ever been at the head of his conquering armies; and never had he been so entirely the leader of the Southern people, whom he swayed by his moderation and wisdom into like action.

"In the delirium of the moment thousands would have sought foreign homes, talked wildly of Brazil and Mexico. But he ever advised all to remain and accept the situation which was inevitable, and do their duty as became good, honorable men, hoping for better times in the future. For himself he nobly refused wealth and honors, preferring to set the people who so loved him the example of a life made noble by misfortune, and of a greatness which could know no fall.

"Choosing for his profession in life the simple duties of an instructor of youth, he led young men into the battle of life, and showed himself the great General in instructing them how to overcome its difficulties and perils by a dependence upon the Captain of their salvation. And here in his home among the hoary hills of his native State, beside the grave of his former comrades, he found the happiness he sought in the paths of duty; and when at last he laid his honored head down to rest, the people whom he had served so faithfully mourned him as a father, and wept again as for the second loss of the cause of the South."

We repeat that the story is slight; the interest of the book lies in the descriptions. But the descriptions are not only interesting, but historically valuable as giving us the woman's view of the war.

CUES FROM ALL QUARTERS, or Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This extremely entertaining work is evidently the fruit of many years' plodding in the field of literature. The author has not only read extensively but thoughtfully also, and with a purpose beyond the amusement of a leisure hour. The result is a book that may be opened any where and read at any time with pleasure and profit. Each chapter is a little treasury of choice thoughts from the best writers, judiciously selected and skilfully fitted together to illustrate the subject immediately in hand. The plan cannot, in

strictness, be called original; books of a somewhat similar character have appeared before, but in none of them do we remember to have seen combined with a felicitous choice of topics, evidence of reading so extensive or a moral purpose so clearly kept in view. We heartily recommend "Cues from all Quarters" to the notice of our readers as a delightful and instructive book. We can only refer here to one subject treated of in this work. In a chapter entitled—"The Brute World, a Mystery" there are some reflections which will be favourably received by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Mrs. Jameson avows her impression that in nothing do men sin so blindly as in their appreciation and treatment of the whole lower orders of creatures. To the affirmation that love and mercy towards animals are not inculcated by any direct precept of Christianity, she answers that surely they are included in the spirit; though it has been remarked that cruelty towards animals is far more common in Western Christendom than in the East. With the Mahometan and Brahminical races, she adds, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves. Bacon does not think it beneath his philosophy to point out as a part of human morals, and a condition of human improvement, justice and mercy to the lower animals—the extension of a noble and excellent principle of compassion to the creatures subject to man." "The Turks," he says, 'though a cruel and sanguinary nation both in descent and discipline, give alms to brutes and suffer them not to be tortured.' To Mrs. Jameson, then, who was apt both to think freely, and to speak frankly, it appeared as if the primitive Christians by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid the foundation for this utter disregard of animals as being our fellow creatures."

Those who are fond of curious speculations and are at a loss to account for the acts, motives and feelings of the lower animals will do well to carefully read this chapter—"Paradoxical or not, preposterous or not, the hypothesis of an after-life of the brute creation has been sometimes mooted, sometimes favoured, sometimes actually taken up, by accredited apologists for the Christian religion. Leland, in his strictures on Lord Bolingbroke, admits the supposition of brutes having 'immaterial, sensitive souls, which are not annihilated by death.' Bishop Butler, the author of the Analogy, pronounces an objection to one of his arguments, as implying by inference, 'the natural immortality of brutes to be no difficulty; since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with.' John Foster, the great John Foster, the Essayist, thus apostrophises in his journal a wee warbler of the woodlands:—'Bird! 'tis a pity such a delicious note should be silenced by winter, death, and, above all, by annihilation. I do not and I cannot believe that all these little spirits of melody are but the snuff of the grand taper of life, and mere vapour of existence to vanish for ever.' He would or could have criticised with sympathy Le Maire's *Amant Verd*—the hero of which has been mistaken by half-awake commentators for a man, whereas 'twas an Ethiopian bird, Marguerite of Austria's pet parouquet, which died of regret, Miss Costello says, during its mis-

tre's absence, and which the poet represents as received into 'an imaginary Paradise of animals, where many readers who have lost and mourned similar favourites would be sorry to fancy they were transported.' Samuel Rogers, the poet, could 'hardly persuade' himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life—for instance, said he, 'when I see a horse in the streets unmercifully flogged by its brutal driver.'

"By the light of philosophy, we know nothing about the matter either way; the brute world is a mystery, yet it is a beautiful school of philosophy (though it has few disciples) which teaches man to say of most things: 'It may be so, and it may be otherwise; it is a point on which I only know that I do not know,'

Behold we know not anything  
We can but trust——

or fear, as the case and our own disposition may chance. 'I hope there is a heaven for them,' said the late Mr. Æsop Smith of his horses."

Southey in his verses on the death of a favourite old spaniel says:—

"But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;  
And He who gave thee being did not frame  
The mystery of life to be the sport  
Of merciless man. There is another world  
For all that live and move \* \* \* a better one!  
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine  
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds  
Of their own charity, may envy thee."

In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the Shepherd says:—  
"I have never been able to persuade my heart and my understanding that dowsy haena immortal sows." And then, pointing to Bronte, "his sowl *mann* be immortal." "I am sure, James," rejoins Tickler, "that if it be, I shall be extremely glad to meet Bronte in any future society." "The minister wad ca' that no orthodox," resumes the Shepherd. "But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin in-secks that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin and shuttin their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity, The universe is aiblins wide aneuch."

## LITERARY NOTES

Canadians review, with justifiable pride, the material progress of the land in which they live. In spite of the ignorance displayed by many of our countrymen at home, and the misrepresentations of our neighbours across the line, Canada has, at length, secured the favourable attention of the world. In the natural order of events, this result was inevitable. The energy of men in conflict with the forces of nature, interesting while in progress, is never doubtful in its issue. Within the memory of some not yet past their prime, the face of the country has undergone a marvellous transformation. The area of cultivated soil, at first a mere fringe upon the skirts of the wilderness, has gradually extended many miles from the frontier. The rude farming of the early settler has given place to a thrifty and intelligent agriculture, by which the resources of the land are more fully developed and less wastefully employed. Similar evidence of progress is manifest in the improvement of stock and in the general use of labour-saving machinery. The vast frame-work of railways, whose giant limbs will soon stretch from ocean to ocean—the important and growing interests of manufacturer and merchant—the commercial marine, now third or fourth only in the shipping-list of the world—are all, for the most part, the work of the last five and twenty years.

The literary life of Canada, properly so called, is of more recent date. In point of time, the material progress of every country necessarily precedes the intellectual; indeed, they stand to one another somewhat in the relation of cause and effect. Whether the settler values or despises mental culture, let him

only be industrious and provident, and he will be an unconscious instrument in its advancement. Every acre of wild land cleared by the axe of the woodman, every bushel of grain taken to the rude mill on the creek, every little hoard saved from the fruits of toil, will contribute to the intellectual progress of the generations to come. Fortunately ample provision has long since been made in Canada for the education of the whole people. The struggle in England—begun in Parliament, thence transferred to the school-boards, and now, it appears, to be relegated to Mr. Forster and the House of Commons—seems strange to us who have for years enjoyed a national system established upon a firm and equitable basis. We hold in just esteem the energy of those who first hewed out a pathway for civilization in the forest; ought we not to remember with gratitude the men who laid broad and deep the foundations of our Common and Grammar Schools systems, or dedicated to superior education the universities and colleges of the Dominion? The inestimable value of these institutions is fully admitted, so far as it can be easily traced in the growing intelligence of the people, the general respect for law and the order and propriety of our social and domestic life. These advantages lie upon the surface; but, important as they are, they do not adequately measure the results of general culture. To trace its subtle influence moulding individual minds and, through them, developing silently and almost imperceptibly the intellectual life of the nation, would be an impracticable task. Still a fair estimate of general results may be drawn from a comparison of the literary condition of Canada at the

present time with that of any period, not too remote, in the past. To enter at length into such a comparison would carry us beyond our present purpose; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with a brief reference to a few points of contrast. The first and most obvious, is the immense improvement in the typographical execution of our books and periodicals. Whatever literary merit may have been possessed by the essays and lectures of twenty years ago, the manner in which they were embalmed for posterity, was sufficient of itself, to repel all but the most curious readers. How folks managed to wade through those dreary pages of rugged typography, imprinted on smoky-brown paper, passes understanding. Up to a still more recent date, our Canadian schools were dependent upon the American publishers for many of their elementary school-books. The geographies, such as Morse's and Olney's, had been written apparently with the special purpose of glorifying the great Republic; and even the reprints of European histories were sent forth with a sting for us Britishers, in the shape of a one-sided narrative of the wars of the United States. Thus our youth left school entirely uninstructed in the geography of their country, and quite unconscious that it had a history with which Canadians ought to be familiar. By the enterprise of publishers in Montreal and Toronto this reproach has at length been taken away. Of the great advance made by the newspaper press we have not space to enlarge on the present occasion; but to the rapid growth of the book-selling and publishing trades, we must devote a few words. It is to be regretted that we have no record of the works which have issued from the press during the last thirty or forty years. A catalogue, or much better, a collection of them, would afford valuable material for our literary history. In the absence of either, we may safely assert that until within the last decade, the Canadian publishing trade had no existence worthy of the name. The pamphlets and treatises of former days fell still-born from the press. The reading public was too limited to warrant the risking of capital in so precarious a venture. With the exception of a few standard works of a religious character, our books, generally professional, with a dash of popular poetry, were invariably American reprints. Meanwhile, as wealth accumulated, opportunities for culture presented themselves to a larger number of those who, by taste or ability, were inclined to literary pursuits. Thence arose the intellectual life amongst us. The readers of to-day are not as those of past times. They are no longer contented with the dole which satisfied their predecessors half a generation ago. The range of study has grown wider, and taste is becoming critical, if not fastidious. There is an evident desire to keep up with the knowledge of the time, and although the *helluo librorum* has not yet made his appearance in Canada, there is a general demand for the latest and noblest fruits of contemporary intellect.

In this department of the Magazine, we propose to give a carefully prepared summary of current literature in so far as it is readily accessible to Canadian readers and likely to command their attention. Those works which appear to require more extended notice or to deserve a more formal introduction to the public, will find a place in our Book Reviews. These, together with the shorter references here, will afford a tolerably complete guide to the literature of the month. As we especially desire to stimulate and en-

courage active talent and enterprise, we intend to give prominence to works issuing from the Canadian press, and we shall feel obliged, if publishers will assist us in making our Canadian section as full and comprehensive as possible. The CANADIAN MONTHLY will be distinctively native in its tone and character, and therefore, we hope to receive the hearty co-operation of the friends of literature all over the Dominion.

In attempting to take a general view of contemporary literature, we naturally give precedence to works bearing upon the subject of Religion. To make a judicious selection from the voluminous mass of publications in this department is, by no means, an easy task. The prevalence of the critical spirit in theology, as in other branches of science, has caused the production of a class of books reflecting the varied phases of individual or partizan opinion. Within a brief period, no less than eight treatises have appeared on the life and mission of our Saviour. Of these, the works of Dr. Pressensé and Mr. Beecher are worthy of note; although they cannot be called critical. The work of Dr. Lange is far more satisfactory in this respect, and will doubtless be accepted as the evangelical authority on this subject. In company with these, we may place the *Conferences of Père Lacordaire on God and on Jesus Christ*. In the former, the learned Dominican discusses the work of creation, and also the rational and moral nature of man; in the latter, three chapters are devoted to a refutation of rationalism. As, however, the father views religious questions from the rigid stand-point of his Church, and in the spirit of a mystic, his reasonings will scarcely convince any not already persuaded. "Human Power in the Divine Life," by the Rev. N. Bishop, is an attempt to reconcile philosophy and religion. The author's object, to use his own words, is to "aid those who, like myself, have been, for years, perplexed by expressions in theology which have no corresponding expressions in the philosophy of the human mind." Of works which have so far secured popular approval, as to attain the honour of a second edition, we may note—Dean Howson's "Companions to St. Paul;" Mr. Stanford's "Symbols of Christ;" and Mr. Dale's "Lectures on the Ten Commandments." M. Guizot has published a work entitled "Christianity in reference to Society and opinion;" but, as it has not yet reached us, we have no means of pronouncing upon its merits. Miss Charlotte Yonge's "Scripture Readings" are well adapted to family use. The series before us extends to the death of Moses, and includes some portions also of the book of Job. Critical difficulties are not discussed at length; but they are honestly stated, and solutions of them suggested. "Musings on the Christian Year," also, by Miss Yonge, with Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Life of Keble," will be interesting to students of the most popular sacred poet of our time. Mr. Field's "Stones of the Temple, or Lessons from the Fabric and Furniture of the Church," is a contribution to art from the High Church party. The work, which is profusely illustrated, contains much that is valuable to those interested in sacred architecture. Passing to religious biography, we may simply mention Rev. Mr. Stephen's "Life of St. Chrysostom," with portrait, published by Mr. Murray. Tyerman's "Life of John Wesley," now in course of republication by Harper Brothers, is the first biography of the founder of the Methodist society, written by one whose entire sympathies are

with his subject, and who possesses literary abilities adequate to the task. The author is a Wesleyan minister, who having had the opportunity of consulting materials hitherto inaccessible, has used them with skill and discretion. In this connection we may notice a little work which has reached a fourth edition, entitled, "John Wesley in Company with High Churchmen." Its object is to show that Mr. Wesley held the highest views regarding the sacraments, prayers for the dead, apostolic succession, &c. This is done by reprinting passages from his works. A Wesleyan journal in England appears to admit the correctness of this writer's inferences, but refuses to acknowledge Wesley as a pope. "If Methodists," says the *Watchman*, "believed in the personal infallibility of John Wesley, the argument of this book would be conclusive." Two Presbyterian biographies have appeared during the month, both of considerable interest. The one records the "Life and Ministry of the Rev. Dr. Chas. Mackintosh, of Tain and Dunoon," and is especially valuable for a preliminary sketch of the evangelization of the Northern Highlands. The other is the "Life of the Rev. Dr. Cooke," a name familiar in the annals of the Irish Presbyterian Church. There has been a tendency of late years—stimulated by the recent movement in Germany—to examine critically the doctrines and polity of the early Church. Of the works on this subject, two recently published are worthy of note—Dr. Killen's "Old Catholic Church, down to the establishment of the temporal power of the Pope;" and the "History of the Christian Councils to the close of the Council of Nicea," from the original documents, by Dr. Hefele, Bishop of Rottenburg. Dr. Dorner's "History of Protestant Theology," is a valuable contribution to church history. It is not a chronicle of events; but a critical examination of the literature of Protestantism, with a view of proving that, with many external differences, it possesses a substantial unity. The writer is evidently familiar with the philosophy and theology, not only of Germany, but also of England and Scotland, and has carefully investigated their latest phases in our most recent literature. Mr. Hunt's "History of Religious Thought in England, down to the close of the Eighteenth century," in many respects resembles Dr. Dorner's. It is liberal and judicial in tone, and affords evidence of extensive learning and research. The first volume, which has just appeared, concludes with Hobbes and Baxter. Mr. Hunt does not affect to write without bias, but he claims that he has avoided inferences, wishing rather to state facts honestly; believing that, in every case, the inferences he would wish to draw will be made inevitably by all impartial minds. "Sects and Heresies," by the Rev. Mr. Blunt, editor of the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," promises to be a useful book of reference. Dr. Döllinger's "Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages," is a *réchauffé* of a previous work; nevertheless, it will attract general attention at this present juncture. "The Boston Lectures for 1871" somewhat resemble the series issued by the Christian Evidences Society in their aim and method. The "Bampton Lectures" (1871), by the Rev. G. H. Curteis, have for their subject, Dissent in its relation to the Church of England. Bishop Colenso, it would seem, has not succumbed beneath the blows of his legion of opponents. He has again appeared in the field with an additional part (vi) of his celebrated work. Not content with this, however, he has unmasked a new battery, in

the shape of a critical examination of the "Speaker's Commentary." We observe that Mr. T. L. Strange, formerly a judge at Madras, has also published a review of the same work.

It is possible the Bishop may be lost sight of, by reason of the Darwinian controversy, which is still raging fiercely. A second edition of Mr. Mivart's "Genesis of Species" has made its appearance; and in addition, a little *brochure*, entitled "Homo vs. Darwin," has been published. A favourable critic claims that it completely demolishes Mr. Darwin; as it is now being reprinted by arrangement in Philadelphia, our readers will soon have the opportunity of judging it for themselves. On the other hand, Prof. Huxley, with characteristic impetuosity, has assailed Mr. Darwin's critics in the *Contemporary Review*. In physical science the learned Professor is unassailable, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that he should expose his weak side in discussions on theology, psychology, or ethics. A man is seldom successful as a disputant in any department of study investigated only for destructive purposes. To Prof. Huxley, perhaps, more than to any other living physicist, we may apply Mr. Mill's words—"Physiologists have had, in full measure, the failing common to specialists of all classes; they have been bent upon finding the entire theory of the phenomena they investigate within their own speciality, and have often turned a deaf ear to any explanation of them drawn from other sources."

"The Desert of the Exodus, or Journeys on foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years Wanderings," by the Rev. E. H. Palmer, is the fruit of Ordnance Survey and the Palestine Exploration Fund. "Jerusalem, the city of Herod and Saladin," an interesting work on a cognate subject, is also from the pen of Mr. Palmer, assisted by Mr. Besant. "Rome and the Campagna," by Mr. Burn, Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives the most complete and satisfactory description of the antiquities of Rome yet given to the world. Like the two works just mentioned, it is splendidly illustrated, and contains, in addition, twenty-five maps and plans. "Japan," is the title of the first issue of Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "Illustrated Library of Travel, edited by Bayard Taylor." It is an interesting work, presented in an attractive form, with upwards of thirty full-page engravings. Of popular works on science we may cite Tyndall's "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," which has passed through several editions; the "Manchester Science Lectures for the People;" Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours;" and Prof. Helmholtz' "Popular Lectures for the People." "The Earth," by Elisée Reclus (reprinted by the Harpers), is an illustrated work on physical science written in an extremely attractive style. A competent English critic declares that, if he were condemned to a sick-room for six months with the choice of half-a-dozen books, he would be well content with this as one of them. The text-books of "Zoology" and "Geology," by Prof. Nicholson, of University College, Toronto, have been handsomely reproduced by Messrs. Appleton. They are to be followed, we understand, by a third, on the subject of "Biology." In mental science, the first place should unquestionably be conceded to the works of Bishop Berkeley, edited by Prof. Fraser, of Edinburgh University, and printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. John Stuart Mill contributes an appre-



ciative article on Berkeley's philosophy. As an introduction to the study of his works, Mr. Mill's paper will be found exceedingly useful. Speaking of the Bishop's merit as an original thinker, he claims "that of all who have employed their minds to metaphysical inquiry, he is the one of greatest philosophical genius." "Ueberweg's History of Philosophy" (vol. i.) is the first issue of Scribner's "Theological and Philosophical Library." It is translated by Prof. Morris, of Michigan University, and edited by President Porter of Yale College and the Rev. Dr. Schaff. It is a work of great learning, and, like all the valuable philosophical works we owe to Germany, gives abundant proof of great critical power and indefatigable research. This volume reaches to the close of the fifteenth century. Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, recently delivered four lectures on "Ethics," at the Royal Institution. These have been published in a collected form, as "The Four Phases of Morals"—"Socrates," "Aristotle," "Christianity," and "Utilitarianism." The Professor is an intuitionist, and, therefore, falls foul of John Locke, as a matter of course. His book will be read with interest; although it sometimes lacks dignity of tone and accuracy of thought, or, at any rate, of expression.

Of recent contributions to the department of History, Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Historical Essays" and his "Norman Conquest," are especially to be noticed. In the latter work, now in course of publication, we have, as nearly as possible, a model of the spirit in which history ought to be written. The author is sound in point of learning, reliable and discriminating in judgment, and a thorough enthusiast in his department. Moreover, his style is natural and vigorous; hence he has succeeded in bringing out the figures of "Harold" and "Godwin" in relief before his readers with a distinctness which leaves nothing to be desired. "Edward I.," by the author of the "Greatest of the Plantagenets," should be mentioned. It is founded upon the former work of the same author, and was doubtless written to fortify his position against the hostile attacks of the critics. "The Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," edited by Messrs. Hardan and Stubbs; and "The Charters and other illustrations of English Constitutional History, down to the reign of Edward I.," edited by Prof. Stubbs, are extremely valuable collections of historic materials, arranged with a running commentary, showing their value and bearing upon the events to which they refer. Of the recent war in Europe, two important narratives are in course of publication—"The Franco-Prussian War," by Captain Hosier, of which Division four is announced; and

"The War for the Rhine Frontier," by Colonel Rustow, formerly of the Prussian army, but now a resident of Switzerland. Rustow's first volume concludes with the last effort of Marshal Bazaine to break through the beleaguering Germans at Vionville, and his final retreat within the works at Metz.

In Biography there is as usual an abundant supply of greater or less merit. Four able articles published in the "Catholic Monthly," by J. F. Meline, form the basis of an interesting book on a subject which would seem to be inexhaustible. "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest Historians," is the title of the work. Its tone will be understood from the following remarks of Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant's paper in the *N. Y. Evening Post*:—"A strong case is made out, against Mr. Froude, of the perversion and even falsification of documents;" and the reader "cannot follow the arguments of Mr. Meline, without the conviction that truth has rarely been more recklessly disregarded than in the brilliant chapters of Mr. Froude's history, which refer to Mary's reign and execution." "The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," one of the ablest and most sagacious of our Indian viceroys, has been written by the late Sir Herbert Edwards and Mr. Herman Merivale. "The Life of Charles Dickens," vol. I. (1812-42) is the work of Mr. John Forster, the biographer of "Goldsmith," and the "Statesman of the Commonwealth." The task could not have been committed into more competent hands. Mr. Landseer's "Life of William Bewick," the artist,—who is not to be confounded with Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver on wood—is chiefly valuable for the anecdotes and gossip concerning the authors and artists with whom Bewick came in contact. The same may be said of the Rev. W. Harness's "Literary Life," and to a less extent, of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Lives of the Kembles." The subjects of the latter are, of course, interesting in themselves, apart from the world in which they moved. "A Shadow of Dante: being an Essay towards the Study of Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage," is an able and interesting introduction to the works of the great Florentine. Miss Rossetti, its author, belongs to a family distinguished both in art and literature. The subject of Dante they have made peculiarly their own, and the present volume is an additional evidence of their enthusiastic devotion to it. We can only refer our readers to Mr. Arthur Helps' "Life of Cortez," Mr. J. Morley's "Voltaire," and Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Montalembert." It may also be worthy of note that the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," suppressed during the Napoleonic régime, are at length to be given to the world.

NOTE:—We have been compelled, from lack of space, to present the Literary Notes in an incomplete and unfinished state. For the same reason, our Record of Current Events and the Science and Art Summary, are entirely omitted, and several Book Reviews of interest reserved for the present. These deficiencies we hope to remedy in our next number.

# THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

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## THE CANADIAN CENSUS OF 1871.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, F.S.S.

THE census of 1861 gave to Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, about three million souls, and if these Provinces had continued to increase until 1871, as fast as they were said to have done for the ten preceding years, they would now have numbered four millions and a quarter, instead of under three millions and a half.\* The difference between the anticipated figures and the actual statement is grave and the public are as steadily denying the accuracy of the recent census, as the officials are upholding it. It does not follow from the fact that the general expectation has been disappointed, that the officials are mistaken.

The previous census, both of 1851 and 1861, or either of them, may have been wrong, and the difference thus be easily accounted for. Still, the system of enumeration adopted in 1871 is more likely to have brought about an under than an over statement of numbers, and critical examination should, in the first place, be pointed in this direction.

The census of 1861 was taken in one day; and the *de facto* population, that is, the population actually there, was assigned to each house, village, county, city. The census of 1871 was intended to assign to each Province its *de jure* population, or the population that should of right have been there,

\* The last two census compilations shew the following results :—

	1861.	1871.	Increase.	In. pr. cent.
Ontario .....	1,396,091	1,620,842	224,751	16.10
Quebec .....	1,111,566	1,190,505	78,939	7.11
New Brunswick .....	252,047	285,777	33,730	13.38
Nova Scotia .....	330,857	387,800	56,943	17.21
	3,090,561	3,484,924	394,363	12.76

Entered according to Act the of Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

and the necessity for taking it in one day no longer existed, though all enquiries had reference to the same hour. The *de facto* principle gives to each locality the transient residents who may be in it on the census day. The *de jure* principle gives to each the persons who make it their permanent domicile, contribute to its taxation, pay customs and excise duties in it, take back the fruits of their wanderings to it, vote in it. The *de facto* principle obtains in the census systems of northern Europe; the *de jure* principle among the Latin peoples of the Mediterranean basin. Where the Teuton, with his Common Law ideas rules, and whatever is most practical is best, the census *de facto* is in favour. Where the descendants of the Roman, and inheritors of the Roman Law are dominant, and whatever is logical and theoretically right is sought to be carried out, the census *de jure* is thought preferable. In Canada, the Minister who is responsible for the recent census is a lawyer of the Province of Quebec, learned in the Roman jurisprudence, which there mystifies the unwary litigant. The Deputy-Head of his Department, who aided him, is a French Canadian, *pur sang*. It is not unlikely that the disappointment felt in Ontario and New Brunswick at the results arrived at, may lead to a greater dislike to the system than it deserves. But there is no reason why the enumeration should not be taken both of the *de facto* and the *de jure* populations, at the same time, and the one would be a useful check upon the other.

One of the evils of the length of time which is now allowed to elapse between the census-taking and the publication of results, is the difficulty of testing their accuracy when impugned. Some of the most active of our cities, towns and villages, surprised at the smallness of the figures given them, are repudiating them with indignation. If they had been announced a month after the census, as they might have been, at least approximately, by a simple change of method, steps

to prove or disprove them could have been at once taken. But now, a year has well-nigh lapsed, and the value of the comparison given by partial checks is lessened. Most of the checks, however, which have been applied have shewn the census figures to be an under statement, as indeed from the nature of the *de jure* principle applied by untrained men, they are pretty sure to be. To what extent, it is hard to say. As the system is foreign to the genius of the people of Ontario, while it is cognate to that of the people of Quebec, as moreover the care with which Ontario enumerators do their work is always less than that bestowed by those of the sister Province, it is probable that Ontario suffers most: possibly to the extent of 7 or 8 per cent. Quebec, however, must also suffer. But it seems scarcely possible that any greater proportion than six or seven per cent. of the grand total can have been left uncounted, and it is certainly untrue that designed injustice has been done to any Province, the moral character of the officials concerned is too high; so that, if there has been any sectional inequality in the application of the *de jure* principle, it follows from casual circumstances, rather than from intention. We will instance one: Nova Scotia has had a registration system in operation for some years, more or less efficiently, and the gentleman who has had charge of it has been attached to the census staff. Hence, that Province has in all likelihood the most complete enumeration, and consequently gains. The other Provinces have not had this great advantage. It is, however, the smallness of the total rather than the relative proportion of the parts which is disappointing to the true patriot, and if five per cent. of the population of Quebec has been omitted, and eight of that of New Brunswick and Ontario, the additional three hundred thousand, which it is thought a correct enumeration would allot to us, would make this total more respectable.

Correct or incorrect, however, the census figures give some useful indications of social

movements to which we should be awake. First, we may observe that the population is fast crowding into cities and towns, and, while the establishment of railways is one great cause of this, it is also the mark of a transition period, during which manufacturing industries are becoming of importance. The cities of Ontario have increased from 103,884 to 132,586.\* Those of Quebec from 151,185 to 179,084†. Those of the Lower Provinces from 57,995 to 77,096‡. The towns show even a more remarkable increase—Brockville, in Ontario, and Levis, in Quebec, have risen to the rank of cities (placing at 10,000 the population which should confer this rank)—while Brantford, St. Catharines, Belleville, and several others are fast following suit. The city and town population may be set down at half a million, to which it has increased from four hundred thousand in 1861, an increase of 25 per cent. The rest of the population has only increased 11 per cent. In this connection we should consider that if the *de jure* system works injustice anywhere it is in the towns and cities. The travellers staying at hotels, the young lads at schools and boarding houses, the servants in families—all these are referred to their homes, which are chiefly in the country, while foreigners passing through the Dominion who are not enumerated at all, are almost altogether in cities and towns.

	1861	1871
*Toronto.....	44,821 ..	56,092
Hamilton .....	19,096 ..	26,716
Ottawa.....	14,669 ..	21,545
London.....	11,555 ..	15,826
Kingston.....	13,743 ..	12,407
	1861	1871
†Montreal.....	90,323 ..	107,225
Quebec.....	51,109 ..	59,699
Three Rivers.....	6,058 ..	8,414
St. Hyacinthe.....	3,695 ..	3,746
	1861.	1871.
‡St. Johns, N.B. (and Portland).....	27,317 ..	41,508
Halifax.....	25,026 ..	29,582
Fredericton.....	5,652 ..	6,006

The next thing to be remarked is that the old settled counties are the most stationary. This was to be expected, but if the census figures in 1861 and 1871 are both correct, many of them are actually retrograding. We may with instructive results subdivide Ontario into the following heads:—Front, or old settled counties on the rivers and lower lakes; Central counties, or those early settled, though not on the great water-ways; and New counties, which group themselves into two parts, the counties on the upper lakes, and the back counties, or those in rear of the old settled districts, almost all northward from them. Following out this view, we have:—

## 1. Front counties:—

	1861.	1871.
Glengarry.....	21,187 ..	20,524
Stormont.....	18,129 ..	18,987
Dundas.....	18,777 ..	18,777
Leeds and Grenville....	59,941 ..	57,918
Frontenac, Lennox, and Addington.....	55,349 ..	54,018
Hastings.....	44,970 ..	48,364
Prince Edward.....	20,869 ..	20,336
Northumberland.....	40,592 ..	39,085
Durham.....	39,115 ..	37,381
Ontario.....	41,604 ..	45,890
York.....	59,674 ..	59,882
Peel and Cardwell.....	33,608 ..	32,869
Halton.....	22,794 ..	22,606
Wentworth.....	31,832 ..	30,883
Haldimand, Welland, Monck and Lincoln... ..	76,321 ..	80,159
Norfolk.....	28,590 ..	30,763
Elgin.....	32,050 ..	33,666
	645,402	652,108

## 2. Central or interior counties, midway between old and new ones:—

	1861.	1871.
Oxford.....	46,226 ..	48,237
Perth.....	38,083 ..	46,522
Waterloo.....	38,750 ..	40,251
Wellington.....	49,200 ..	63,290
Brant.....	30,338 ..	32,259
Lanark.....	31,639 ..	33,020
Prescott.....	15,499 ..	17,647
	249,735	281,226

## 3. New counties :—

## A. Counties on the Upper Lakes :—

	1861.	1871.
Essex .....	25,211 ..	32,697
Kent, Bothwell, and Lamb- ton .....	56,099 ..	79,531
Middlesex* .....	48,736 ..	66,709
Huron .....	51,954 ..	66,165
Bruce .....	27,499 ..	48,515
Grey .....	37,750 ..	59,395
	<u>247,249</u>	<u>353,072</u>

## B. Back Counties :—

	1861.	1871.
Simcoe .....	38,352 ..	57,390
Victoria .....	23,039 ..	30,200
Peterboro' .....	24,651 ..	30,475
Russell and Carleton.....	36,444 ..	40,083
Renfrew .....	20,325 ..	27,974
Nipissing and sundries...	7,010 ..	15,728
	<u>149,821</u>	<u>201,850</u>

The increase in these four sub-divisions is respectively *one, thirteen, forty-three, thirty-five* per cent. There seems to be a point at which population in the old counties stops, and it is probably reached when there are as many people farming the land as can profitably do so by their own labour, and without employing capital in under-draining, subsoil ploughing, or artificial manures. In the present state of the continent, with new lands still within easy reach, it possibly pays the farmer better to send his sons away to seek them than to strive to increase his crops by applying science and capital to the old farm. That it does so has evidently become the prevailing belief. Nothing could be more useful to the country than to reason out this point, for if it is better to apply capital and labour to old farms than to new ones, the great surplus of Ontario had better be employed, at a low rate of interest, to help the proprietors to underdrain their land, in the way that government funds are employed in Britain. If, on the contrary, it is better to open out the new

lands to the north and north-west, the actual policy of helping to build railroads into the interior is correct.

The same features obtain in Quebec. The list is long, but the point is so important that, at the risk of being tedious, we here also subdivide the counties as follows :—1. The group of counties on the South Shore between Quebec and Montreal and the old-settled counties around the latter city. 2. The counties on the north shore of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, all of which have back ranges. 3. The new English counties of the townships. 4. The counties on the south shore, east of Quebec, all of which have new lands in the back concessions.

1. Old settled counties on the south shore, between Quebec and Montreal, and around Montreal :—

	1861.	1871.
Levis* .....	12,383 ..	11,810
Lotbinière .....	20,018 ..	20,606
Nicolet .....	21,563 ..	23,262
Yamaska .....	16,045 ..	16,317
Richelieu .....	19,070 ..	20,048
St. Hyacinthe .....	18,877 ..	18,310
Bagot .....	18,841 ..	19,491
Rouville .....	18,227 ..	17,634
Iberville .....	16,891 ..	15,413
Verchères .....	15,485 ..	12,717
St. John's .....	14,853 ..	12,122
Chambly .....	13,132 ..	10,408
Laprairie .....	14,475 ..	11,861
Missisquoi .....	18,608 ..	16,922
Napierville .....	14,513 ..	11,688
Beauharnois .....	15,742 ..	14,757
Chateauguay .....	17,837 ..	16,166
Huntingdon .....	17,491 ..	16,304
Jacques Cartier .....	11,218 ..	11,179
Laval .....	10,507 ..	9,472
Soulanges .....	12,221 ..	10,808
Vaudreuil .....	12,282 ..	11,003
Two Mountains .....	18,408 ..	15,615
Terrebonne .....	19,460 ..	19,591
Argenteuil .....	12,897 ..	12,806
L'Assomption .....	17,355 ..	15,473
Montcalm .....	14,758 ..	12,742
	<u>*433,157</u>	<u>404,615</u>

\*Levis, town, is deducted from the county and Hochelaga is omitted because its increase from 16,474 to 25,640 is due to the overflow from Montreal.

\* Middlesex, though not actually on the lakes, belongs naturally to this group.

## 2. North Shore counties, having "back ranges" of new lands:—

	1861.	1871.
Pontiac .....	14,125	15,791
Ottawa .....	27,757	38,597
Joliette .....	21,198	23,075
Berthier .....	19,608	19,804
Maskinongé .....	14,790	15,079
St. Maurice .....	11,100	11,124
Champlain .....	20,008	22,052
Portneuf .....	21,291	22,569
Quebec* .....	27,893	19,607
Montmorenci .....	11,136	12,085
Charlevoix .....	15,223	15,611
Chicoutimi .....	10,478	17,493
Saguenay and Labrador† ..	6,101	5,487
	220,708	238,374

## 3. Counties in the Townships, comparatively new and chiefly peopled by English speaking folk:—

	1861.	1871.
Brome .....	12,732	13,757
Stanstead .....	12,258	13,138
Richmond .....	8,884	11,214
Wolfe .....	6,548	8,823
Shefford .....	17,779	19,077
Drummond .....	12,356	14,281
Compton .....	10,210	13,665
Arthabaska‡ .....	13,473	17,611
Megantic .....	17,889	18,879
	112,129	130,445

## 4. Counties on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, East of Quebec, peopled chiefly by French speaking inhabitants, all having "back ranges":—

	1861.	1871.
Beauce .....	20,416	27,253
Dorchester .....	16,195	16,779
Bellechasse .....	16,062	17,637
Montmagny .....	13,386	13,555
L'Islet .....	12,300	13,517
Kamouraska .....	21,058	21,254
Temiscouata .....	18,561	22,491
Rimouski .....	20,854	27,418

\* The writer cannot understand this; there is possibly a new subdivision, of which he is not aware.

† Suffer from the *de jure* comparison.

‡ Arthabaska, though a French county, seems to belong to this group. So also does Drummond which is also in great part French.

	1861.	1871.
Gaspé .....	14,077	18,729
Bonaventure .....	13,092	15,923
	166,001	194,556

The old counties thus appear to have suffered a decrease of nearly seven per cent.; the other groups have increased respectively eight, sixteen and seventeen per cent.

This result is far more surprising than the stationary condition of the old settled districts of Ontario. Among these French counties are some which were cultivated generations before Ontario was, and have been steadily increasing census after census, without the aid of immigration and simply by natural increase, at the rate of about two *per cent.* per annum, besides sending off swarms of young men to take up farms elsewhere. Why should they now first exhibit a decline? Why is the decline so uniform? We have heard that during the war, the French Canadians sent a numerous contingent to the armies of the North, but even if they furnished 40,000 men, as has been asserted—a number which must be grossly exaggerated—40,000 could be all killed off and the loss be hardly felt from a population of such fecundity as that of Quebec, where every village, almost every house, looks like a rabbit warren, for young. A similar remark might be made about the French Canadian factory hands employed in the New England States. Have the farming lands been too much subdivided?—and is a clearing out process commencing naturally, like that which was carried out forcibly in the Scottish Highlands, where in order to get the best returns, the landlords made the cotters leave their small farms and seek new ones in another country? If it has—and if the limit of population has been reached, that can by the system of farming in vogue in Quebec and Ontario be well supported, it is quite clear whither the surplus population of both Provinces must flow. It will go northward only by degrees, though

when it does pass the Laurentian ridges, and get established on the clay soils north of them, it may fill up another tier of counties yet. It will not go southward. It will keep, if not on the same parallel of latitude, as near to it as possible; emigration movements always do. It will keep on the zone of similar vegetation. It may, for aught we know, have already largely swelled the population of Minnesota, Wisconsin and part of Michigan. Some of it may have been seduced to Illinois and Iowa, but the Canadian seldom stays there long. It will, if facilities are provided, rather remain under the old institutions, and we shall find that when a railway is constructed it will seek the North Western Territories—and probably get as far westward as it can on the Assiniboine and the south Saskatchewan to escape the extreme cold of the Red River country. Another consideration, if possible, more vital than the above, also forces itself upon the mind. Although much disputed, the weight of testimony leads to the belief that in the United States the purely American families tend steadily towards extinction. Numerous are the childless homes across the border, and numerous the families in which but one or two children are born or survive. It has been the hope of the writer that this infertility or this curious cropping up of the Malthusian laws under circumstances in which it was not foreseen they would apply, which was first observed in the Southern States, and is not so clearly traced into the Central and Northern, would not occur on this side of the St. Lawrence. The example of the French in Quebec, multiplying throughout a couple of centuries, seemed to encourage such a hope. But must it be given up for the Anglo-Canadian? Must it be given up even as regards the population of the whole Dominion? Is our progress to be fundamentally dependent upon immigration? Without a steady influx from Europe or Asia, are we like the old temple and mound builders, our pre-

decessors on this continent, doomed to ultimate extinction?

If the percentage omitted be greater than that estimated at the commencement of this article this census is an imposture; if less it is a revelation. If it be true that the population has only increased twelve per cent. during the past decade, or only one per cent. a year, many an aspiration for political independence must be checked, many a hopeful anticipation as to our national progress moderated. For, at this rate, instead of becoming in a few years a respectable rival to the United States, aided by our friendly rivalry the cause of true freedom on this continent, we must remain a mere pigmy beside a giant, and it will be fifty instead of a dozen years before we can safely go out of leading strings. If it be true that we have but three and a half millions now, instead of over four, as we expected, and have become a comparatively stationary instead of a rapidly progressive country, the principal hope for the Dominion must be in the wild lands and new territories of the North West; and, until they become able to contribute to the cost of government, many a financial budget must be carefully pruned, and we must anxiously consider whether we have not been incurring debts and rushing into engagements at too rapid a rate for safety. So important is this, that it would appear desirable, if the 51st section\* of the Union Act will admit of it, to

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\* The Union Act, sec. 51, reads as follows:—

“On the completion of the census in the year 1871. and of each subsequent decennial census, the representation of the four Provinces shall be re-adjusted by such authority, in such manner, and from such time, as the Parliament of Canada from time to time prescribes, subject and according to the following rules:—

“(1.) Quebec shall have the fixed number of 65 members.

“2. There shall be assigned to each of the other Provinces such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population (ascertained at such census) as the number 65 bear

declare the census incomplete until a general check has been applied, and to take this check census of the numbers only by a schedule combining the *de facto* and the *de jure* plans, under the charge of special commissioners for each Province. If Mr. Wood, the late Treasurer of Ontario, Dr. Taché, the present Deputy Head of the Census Bureau, Mr. Costley for Nova Scotia, and some good man for New Brunswick could be appointed to give joint supervision to this check, the work would be done expeditiously and cheaply, and the country would be satisfied; whereas, without it there will be political agitations, commercial and financial uncertainty, and a tendency to relapse from the healthy national bearing we have been hopefully assuming into the old, dead, inglorious, Colonial listlessness.

Unless such a course be taken Canada will not believe that the census figures accurately state the population. The officials set their belief against the general opinion of the country, and no doubt honestly; but what can the officials know? They depend,

to the number of the population of Quebec, so ascertained.

"3. In the computation of the number of members for a Province, a fractional part not exceeding one half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded; but a fractional part exceeding one half of that number shall be equivalent to the whole number.

"4. On any such re-adjustment the number of members for a Province shall not be reduced unless the proportion which the number of the population of the Province bore to the number of the aggregate population of Canada at the then last preceding re-adjustment of the number of members for the Province, is ascertained at the then latest census to be diminished by one-twentieth part or upwards.

"5. Such re-adjustment shall not take effect until the termination of the then existing Parliament."

Thus, each lot of 18,315 souls entitles Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia to a member. Ontario will have 88 instead of 82, and 9,122 to spare. Thirty-five more would have given her an extra representative. New Brunswick will have 16 instead of 15; Nova Scotia 21 instead of 19.

of course, upon subordinates, and what subordinate will confess to being guilty of sins of omission or commission? An enumerator may, when too late, remember having left out this family, that manufacturing establishment, but he will not tell of it. On the other hand, almost every one of us knows of some persons omitted from the census; some boarding-house, hotel, public office, or factory passed by, and thus a sort of public consciousness that the total is unfairly low has grown up among the people. We have heard but little of it yet, but we predict that when the subject comes to be discussed in the Legislature, there will be found a most singular unanimity in mistrusting the statements made, and a deep-seated feeling which will lead to acrimonious debates.

A radical fault underlies the whole system of census taking in America: those in charge of it attempt too much. We indulge in the expensive luxury of enumeration but once in every ten years, and from the very nature of things the people who conduct the operations are new to it, each recurring decade. For, by nothing short of a miracle, can the same official be in charge of two successive census; most of the subordinate officers, clerks, commissioners, enumerators, must have changed positions, if not died, in such an interval; and duties, which of all others require most training and most special study, are thus of necessity placed [in the hands of unskilled, untried and hastily appointed persons. At the other end, the like difficulties occur. It does not fall to many of us to fill up census papers at all similarly. The boy of to-day may, in this social atmosphere, be the father of a family in 1881; the clerk will certainly be a merchant; the artisan, perhaps, an independent manufacturer. If any of us then remember, ten years hence, how we have supplied the information lately asked of us, that recollection will probably be useless; we shall again make mistakes and commit errors of omission. Nor is the decennial system at all calcu-



lated to remove the prejudices which men of all stations feel against revealing their private affairs. An annual assault upon them might be successful in the end, but a slight stirring of the mud every ten years only, invariably shows them as inveterate as ever. The usual rule in statistical enquiries is to obtain details, because details can be grouped into general heads, whereas general heads cannot be expanded, but in the taking of the census this excellent maxim is stretched too far; special circumstances mark at a given place the limits of the practicable. By attempting too much detail the whole work is rendered costly where it might be cheap, difficult where it might be easy, cumbrous where it should be simple, tardy where it should be rapid, and above all unreliable where it ought to be accurate.

We need not go far to establish the truth of the above. Mr. Hutton, in his report on the Canadian census of 1851, speaks feelingly of the "gross negligence" of the enumerators. The census of 1861 has long been known to be a "monument of incapacity." Even a statistical chain cannot be much stronger than its weakest links. And a singular example of the futility of endeavouring to get by a census, anywhere, accurate particulars of anything beyond the number of the population, is given in the foolish attempt made in the United States to ascertain the months in which most deaths occurred. While the exact and accurate State registrations show September to be the most deadly, the United States enumerators made it May; and the reason is that the census was taken on the first of June, that people best remembered the deaths of the preceding month, but forgot them more and more as the months receded. Grouping the year into quarters, the census made the deaths most numerous in the quarter when they

really were least frequent, and fewest when they really were most numerous.\* Again, though nothing is steadier than the annual rate of mortality, the census of 1850 only made 16 per cent of the deaths of a year occur under one year of age; while that of 1860 increased the proportion to 20 per cent. So well indeed is the inaccuracy of the subsidiary results of the census known to the initiated, that no actuary thinks of consulting American census tables to obtain vital statistics, no statesman bases revenue calculations on the information respecting manufactures the census pretends to give. To conclude, when we abandon the attempt to do by means of a census what should be done by means of an effective system of registration, and give over asking about births, deaths, ages and perhaps religions, we shall be more likely to have a reliable statement of the numbers and occupations of our people, and, if wanted, of their national descent. Not until we delegate to commissioners, or specially qualified officials, periodical investigations into the state of our mining, manufacturing or agricultural industries, shall we have reliable accounts of these. The union of the whole into one decennial enquiry, miscalled a census, periodically fires the ambition of a Minister, and then destroys his reputation—and gives to our Bureau a labour which we regret to believe as futile as we know it to be arduous.

\* The numbers stated in the census, 1860, were 40,741 for May, and only 27,546 for the preceding June! The percentage in each quarter, compared with the State registry, is as follows—

	Census.	State Registry.
June, July, August.....	23.65	.. 25.81
September, October, November .....	22.65	.. 27.66
December, January, February.....	24.29	.. 23.29
March. April, May.....	29.70	.. 23.24

MARCHING IN.

ON THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITADEL BY THE FIRST CANADIAN GARRISON.

OLD England's music timed the march,  
 Old England's banner flew  
 Above our ranks, as towards the Fort  
 Of England's power we drew,

And the portal never crossed by foe  
 Flew wide to welcome in  
 Old England's younger self, and bid  
 A nation's life begin.

There stood a figure by the gate,  
 Stalwart and stern of mien,  
 Such as the soldier's form should be—  
 Such as has oft been seen

Against the sunset on the hill,  
 When the day went down in blood,  
 And the shattered hosts of the baffled foe  
 Rolled back their ebbing flood.

As still and passionless it seemed  
 As the fort's granite wall,  
 Yet could it wake to fiery life  
 At England's trumpet-call.

Medals it wore, the noble meed  
 Of many a field of fame,  
 From yonder Heights to Egypt's strand  
 And India's skies of flame ;

But nobler was the heart beneath  
 Still ruled by Duty's power,  
 Alike in triumph's time of pride  
 And dark disaster's hour.

The heart that fought for Honour's sake,  
 When fortune's prize was lost,  
 Like the flag that bears the red cross still  
 Shot-torn and tempest-tost.

As past that form we marched, we seemed  
To hear in the music's swell :  
"Old England well hath kept the post,  
Keep ye the post as well.

" Rich is the store she leaves her heir  
In mine, in farm, in fold,  
But she leaves a treasure richer far  
Than corn, or mine, or gold.

" Proud will she be to see you grow  
In wealth by land and main,  
But prouder when misfortune's power  
Is met and leaves no stain.

" This Fort that yesterday was ours,  
That is your trust to-day,  
Stands where, while 'Victory' rent the sky,  
Wolfe's spirit left its clay.

" Swear that if e'er by fortune's spite  
To yonder foe it fall,  
He shall enter not through the trait'rous gate  
But over the ruined wall.

" That flag ye bear and we have borne,  
On the unconquered rock  
Gleamed through the gathering mists of death  
Upon the eyes of Brock.

" Swear, if again the invader come  
Vaunting, as then he came,  
Defeat perchance that flag may know,  
But never shall know shame."

The halt is called, the guard relieved,  
Old England's work is done :  
As the new warder took his post,  
A nation's life begun.

YORK.

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## MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MARGUERITE AND HER FATHER.

CHRISTIAN Kneller was of German parentage, but he had lived nearly all his life in Paris and, for many years, was well known there as a rich and enterprising print-seller and publisher. One day a pale delicate looking Englishman entered his shop and offered some very clever sketches for sale at a price much below their value. On enquiry Christian Kneller found that the stranger was an artist of great, though peculiar and fantastic, genius who had come to Paris in the hope that his works might meet more appreciation there than they had received in London. Proud, sensitive, shy, he was altogether unfitted to contend with the difficulties which always lie in the way of those who have to create the taste to which their works appeal. One disappointment after another crushed his hopes and energies and weakened his health. In despair he gave up the struggle, and was now dying of consumption brought on by anxiety and privation: compelled at last to sell the sketches and designs on which he had built his hopes of fame for whatever scanty sum the picture-dealers and print-sellers chose to give for them, or to see his wife and child perish with hunger. Christian Kneller's interest was excited by this sad story, and still more by the dying painter's faithfulness to his ideal of art in spite of the *ignis fatuus* it had proved to him. He bought the sketches at the price they really deserved, not that which the artist's necessities had set upon them, and made every effort in his power to serve him. He found purchasers for the works lying neglected in

the wretched lodging to which the poor artist had been driven, and would have got him fresh commissions had he been able to execute them. But nothing could now restore Edward Hervey's failing strength; he sank rapidly, and died in a few weeks, comforted by the thought that his wife's last days—for she, too, was dying,—would be cared for as his had been, and his child adopted as a daughter by their kind and generous benefactor.

Before many days Christian Kneller laid Madame Hervey beside her husband. He had now to provide a home for the little one thrown on his protection, and her nurse Monica, a simple, affectionate Norman woman, who had taken care of the child from her birth, and would have endured any hardship rather than be separated from her darling.

"Oh, be kind to Monica," said Madame Hervey, the last time she saw Christian Kneller, "be kind to her, and never part her and the child. She has been a good angel to me and mine, and though God will reward her whether man does or not, you to whom He has given so many gifts and, above all, the will to use them nobly, must let Monica also feel your goodness."

"*Ah, le bon Dieu!* I want nothing," exclaimed Monica, "except to be always near the little one. I would have worked my fingers to the bone, before she should have known want, but she has found a better friend than I could ever be, and all I ask now is leave to stay with her."

"Do you think I could be so cruel as to deprive her of her second mother?" said Christian Kneller. "Certainly, you shall stay with her and, as far as it rests with me, you shall never be separated."

So after Madame Hervey's death Christian Kneller sent Monica and her young charge to board at a convent where, for ten years, they lived a peaceful and happy life, only varied by visits from their kind benefactor. The lovely child of six had then grown into a beautiful young woman, and the Lady-Superior of the convent had already dropped many hints as to the future destiny of Mademoiselle Hervey; at last seriously assuring Monsieur Kneller that it was time to provide her with a suitable *fiancé*, if he was determined not to allow her to adopt a religious life, for which the piety and sweetness of her disposition so well fitted her. This last suggestion thoroughly roused and frightened Christian Kneller. Though a Catholic, he was a cool and philosophical one, and he would as soon have permitted this young girl to be shut up in a prison as in a convent. To take her from thence before a husband was provided for her would, in the Superior's eyes, have been a heinous offence against the *convenances* of society; and where was a husband to whom he could fearlessly trust her fate to be found? Resolutely putting aside, as he believed, every consideration but the true welfare of his *protégée*, and the way in which that could be best secured, after days of anxious thought, he at last—with a degree of hesitation and uncertainty of manner so different from his usual straight-forward self-possession as almost terrified Mademoiselle Hervey out of her wits—asked her to be his wife. Under the circumstances, he scarcely expected to meet with a refusal, but his surprise was almost as great as his joy when he found that to her loving and grateful heart all the happiness of earth seemed combined in the position he had offered her. Taught by the good Monica to reverence him as the noblest and best of men, full of gratitude for his kindness to her parents, and the great debt she herself owed him, the affectionate and enthusiastic girl loved him with a depth and sincerity which could hardly have been greater. Her simple, sin-

cere nature understood and appreciated all his good and admirable qualities, and scarcely could a young knight of romance have been better loved by his fair lady than this homely tradesman, nearly fifty years old, by this beautiful girl of sixteen.

This pure spontaneous love, so freely and artlessly given to him, brightened and beautified Christian Kneller's whole life which till now had been, though a prosperous, a somewhat joyless one. All the tenderness of his nature which, from want of a fitting object to draw it forth, had hitherto lain latent, was now called out. Now he had found some one whom he could make happy, and whose sweet and gentle disposition at once twined itself round his, insensibly softening and charming away all that was harsh and rugged in his character, till their lives were inseparably blended in a union of perfect and unbroken harmony. Proud that his young wife was an Englishwoman, and anxious to surround her with the comforts of an English home, he bought the house and garden where Maurice Valazé had visited him, and furnished it as much as possible in the English fashion. To this house he brought her, as fair and as happy a bride as ever entered a good man's dwelling; here she lived for fifteen years a happy wife and mother; here she died after a short and almost painless illness, and with her died all the sunshine of Christian Kneller's life. Grief for her loss weakened his mental and bodily energies; he neglected his business, lost his customers and gradually suffered his affairs to fall into hopeless confusion. A paralytic stroke, which, for a time, affected his intellect brought matters to a crisis. His creditors becoming urgent, two or three of his friends undertook to arrange his affairs, and when all claims on his property had been satisfied, placed the small remainder in the funds, thus securing him a small yearly income for life.

Contrary to all expectations, he grew better, and when he was sufficiently recovered to bear the intelligence, his daughter Mar-

guerite, as gently and considerately as possible told him of his altered circumstances. The shock was not as great to him as she had feared it would be ; for long before his illness he had known his impending fate. Looking sadly and steadfastly at Marguerite, he put out his left hand, for his right was powerless, and drew her towards him.

"Three years ago," he said, "I had health and strength, and my life was full of joy in the present, and hope for the future ; then the one great blessing that brightened all the rest was taken from me : your mother died, and all the zest and flavour of life for me died with her. I wasted my days in selfish grief and idleness ; I forgot I had children ; and it is only fit that I should pay the penalty. Now I am lying here helpless and poor, to see my children beggared, and to be a burden to them instead of their support and protector."

"Oh, no, dear father," cried Marguerite, clinging to him, "there can be no burden where there is so much love. If you will not grieve we shall be perfectly happy now you are restored to us again. Claire is too young to care about being poor, and as for me, I am almost glad that we are no longer rich, for you know you have often told me I was born to be a painter, and now perhaps I shall fulfil my destiny."

"You are a good child, Marguerite, and a clever girl," said her father, "but you do not know what poverty is."

"Oh, yes, father, I do," said Marguerite earnestly. "Mamma has often told me how her father and mother suffered before they knew you, and she has often taken me to see poor people. She said I ought to know about such things that I might learn to pity and help those that were in want. Now you shall see her lessons have not been thrown away upon me."

"May God bless thee, my child," said her father, tenderly kissing her, "I know not whose head thou hast got, but I know thou hast thy mother's heart."

At first Christian Kneller proposed that they should sell their house and garden and take a cheap lodging, but to this Marguerite would not consent. She knew how great a sacrifice it would be to her father to leave the home which her mother had so much loved, and where every object was tenderly associated with her memory ; and besides, in his state of health, the garden where he might daily enjoy the open air, seemed absolutely necessary to his existence. She thought that by letting the upper apartments and selling fruit and vegetables from the garden, with his small yearly income to insure her father such comforts as he required, their little household could be provided with all that was necessary in the quiet and simple mode of life she had planned. Her father was easily induced to consent that a trial should be made, and henceforth this young girl of seventeen took upon her all the cares and responsibilities of the family. She had an invaluable assistant in the faithful Monica (whom they always called *Mère Monica*) and, besides teaching Claire and waiting on her father, she found time to earn money by copying pictures for a picture-dealer, who was an old friend of her father's, and who, though he had not sufficient taste and judgment to appreciate Marguerite's genius, had the highest admiration for her industry, good sense and affectionate devotion to her father.

Thus four years passed. Christian Kneller's right side was still helpless, but his mind had recovered its strength, and he was always cheerful and contented. Thanks to Marguerite's good management, their means were sufficient for all their simple wants and nothing disturbed the peaceful tenor of their existence. But Marguerite never forgot her resolve to be a great painter and by patient study, by earnest thought and constant labour, she strove to draw nearer day by day to that haunting ideal which, in her waking and sleeping dreams, seemed ever beckoning her towards its shining goal.

## CHAPTER V.

## PROMETHEUS.

MAURICE Valazé was so much pleased with his visit to Marguerite and her father that, from that evening, he seldom let a day pass without spending part of it with his new friends ; and very soon they learnt to expect these daily visits, and to welcome him as if he had been all his life one of the family. Though his nature was somewhat restless and changeable, with an intense love of pleasure and excitement, and his feelings easily swayed by every impulse, there was so much that was good, gentle and affectionate in his disposition, that he found a sweet and tranquillizing charm in the simple domestic life into which he had been so frankly admitted. The homely good sense and benevolence of Christian Kneller, the lively chatter of Claire, even the harmless gossip of Mère Monica, were a relief to him after the hackneyed cant and factitious enthusiasm of amateurs full of silly pretension, and artists who had no higher aims than wealth and praise ; or the reckless mirth and revelry which filled up his fellow-students' hours of relaxation ; and of such the only society to which he had access in Paris was composed. But the chief charm which drew him to the house of Christian Kneller lay in Marguerite. He had recognized genius in her work even before it had been stamped with the approval of the great master, from whose judgment few in Paris would have been daring enough to dissent ; but on being admitted to her *atelier*, and seeing her drawings, sketches and designs, all of the highest merit, his enthusiasm of admiration was unbounded. Her utter freedom from vanity and pretension, joined to so much genius and artistic power, puzzled and excited his curiosity and interest ; and still more, her calm, gentle, undemonstrative manner, contrasted with the depths of thought and feeling that seemed to lie behind her noble

forehead and radiant eyes. Then her simple frankness had a wonderful and never ceasing charm. It was new to him to see a woman without coquetry or affectation, and he felt a pleasant sense of rest and tranquillity in watching her serene and candid countenance, and the quiet simplicity of her demeanour, and in comparing them with the restless glances and petty affectations which, in the women he was accustomed to meet, betrayed the effort after admiration and applause. Her opinions and taste very nearly coincided with his own. They had similar ideas about the grandeur and glory of art and the noble aims to which genius ought to be devoted. Though Maurice had had many good friends and faithful comrades, he had never before found any one who could thoroughly sympathize with those highest and deepest thoughts and emotions which it is impossible to reveal except to one who can truly understand and respond to them. It was a delight greater than he had ever felt before to pour forth all his hopes and dreams to a listener from whom no supercilious coldness, no vapid commonplaces, or flippant mockery ever checked his enthusiasm, whose answering sympathy was always ready, and from whom no shadow of jealousy or possible rivalry was to be apprehended. And he found it almost as pleasant to read the hidden leaves in the fair volume of Marguerite's mind which had never been opened to mortal till they were unclosed for him. He showed her his sketches and described to her the pictures he intended to paint, and the studies he meant to pursue in Italy, while she listened with eager and delighted attention, entered into all his projects, shared all his hopes, and strengthened his high resolves with eloquent words flowing from a heart rich in impassioned feeling, and an imagination filled with visions of the beautiful and good. Every day Maurice's affection for this young girl grew stronger, till at last he ceased to remember or regret that one so richly gifted in every other way,

was not endowed with the crowning charm of beauty.

One evening, coming to the house at his usual hour, Maurice found Christian Kneller sitting in his favourite seat by the ivy-wreathed window, and looking at a sketch in one of Marguerite's portfolios.

"Come here, Maurice," he said, on seeing the young man, "here is the last thing Marguerite has done." And he showed him a design from the Prometheus which Maurice had not seen before. It represented the hero vainly exhorted by Hermes to make peace with Zeus, while the Oceanides were mournfully grouped around and the vulture hovered behind, as if waiting to resume his horrid feast when the mission of Hermes should be ended. The drear and barren rocks of Mount Caucasus, without any living tree or plant to soften their austerity, were forcibly drawn; the figure of Prometheus, though half prostrate and manacled, was full of grandeur and majesty; his brow had all the power and might of a god, and Hermes appeared to shrink abashed from the lightning flash of his large, indignant eyes, and the withering scorn of his lip, which seemed uttering the sublime words the poet has given him: "Wherefore let the doubly pointed wrath of his fire be hurled at me, and Ether be torn piecemeal by thunder and spasm of savage blasts, and let the wind rock earth from her base, roots and all and, with stormy surge, mingle in rough tide the billows of the deep and the paths of the stars, and fling my body into black Tartarus, with a whirl in the stern eddies of necessity, —yet by no possible means shall he visit me with Death."

At the feet of Prometheus reclined the Oceanides, three beautiful nymphs, and in their forms, attitudes and faces, the young artist had shown as much tenderness and grace as she had displayed strength and power in Prometheus. One nymph, her hand supporting her head, was weeping quietly and softly; another was shrinking back from

Hermes and towards Prometheus, but that her fear was for Prometheus and not for herself, was marked by the way her form was thrown as if to shield the object of her devotion; the third nymph, kneeling close beside the tortured Titan, was gazing on him with a passionate intensity of love and admiration which seemed to absorb her whole being in his.

"That is not much like woman's work, is it?" asked Christian Kneller, watching Maurice's looks.

"It is admirable, wonderful!" exclaimed Maurice warmly.

"Yes, in the design, but there are plenty of faults in the execution." And Christian Kneller, who was an excellent critic, pointed out some of them.

"All these can be remedied," said Maurice. "The sublime power and majesty of Prometheus, the cowering meanness of Hermes, the grace and beauty of the nymphs are perfect. I know nothing superior to them."

"Softly, softly," my good friend," said Christian Kneller, "rein in those swift steeds which are always so ready to run away with your imagination. Marguerite is not quite equal to Michael Angelo in power yet, or to Raphael in grace! Yet she is a wonderful girl. My friends tell me it is time for me to get her well married, but I doubt if there is any man in Paris she would accept as a husband. Pierre Lacoste, the picture-dealer, wished to have her for a daughter-in-law, and his son is neither ugly nor stupid, I can tell you, but she would not hear of such a thing. She says she will never leave me, and when I asked her what she will do when I am gone, she says her art will be her best friend then, and she will not want any other."

"Is she like her mother?" asked Maurice, trying to make the old man talk more of Marguerite.

"No,—her mother was an angel of goodness, but Marguerite has a stronger and



more heroic mind. She is like one of Schiller's heroines, or the noble women of Shakespeare. Perhaps it was from her mother's father she inherited her genius, but she has courage, and strength which he never possessed, and depths of thought and feeling which lie beyond common reach ; yet at the same time, she is simple, unselfish and free from vanity or display as a saint. No ; she is not like her mother. Her mother was beautiful, and Marguerite is far from that."

"Yes, sometimes she is beautiful," said Maurice ; "when some noble or tender emotion stirs the hidden power of the soul within and makes it flash forth in all its brightness : then she is more than beautiful—she is divine."

"Well, well—I will not quarrel with thee for praising my Marguerite, but if thou hadst seen her mother. See here ; this is what she was like." And taking a miniature from his breast, Christian Kneller handed it to Maurice.

It was the portrait of a most lovely girl. The face was a pure oval in shape, every feature exquisitely formed, the skin of a snowy fairness, a faint, delicate bloom warming it into life, tinting the cheeks with the softest hue of the rose and deepening into a richer red on the tender sensitive mouth ; the eyes were of the deepest and purest blue, half-veiled by long dark lashes ; the hair of a rich golden brown, hanging in curls on her neck and shoulders ; the whole face expressive of the most enchanting sweetness, purity and ideal grace.

"It is beautiful indeed," exclaimed Maurice, with all an artist's delight in loveliness.

"Hadst thou seen her living thou mightest well have said so. That picture is only the poorest shadow of what she was."

Taking it from Maurice, Christian Kneller gazed at it steadfastly for a minute or two. "Claire looks like her sometimes," he said. "When she was an infant she was

her mother's image, and I think she is beginning to grow like her again."

Claire—the pale, ugly Claire—like that vision of grace and perfect loveliness ! Such an idea seemed ridiculous to Maurice, and as the door opened the next instant and she entered the room, she had never seemed so plain in his eyes.

"Oh, is that mamma ?" cried Claire, running up to her father and kissing the miniature he held in his hand.

"Dear beautiful mamma ! I wish I were half as pretty."

"Or half as good either, little one ; that would be a better wish. But you never will, so don't hope it."

Claire tossed her head, with a glance of coquettish defiance at Maurice.

"I shall never be as good, that is certain," she said, "but I am not so sure about never being as pretty. You know, papa, you sometimes tell me I am like her."

"So I do, little vanity," and pulling her towards him, her father took off the green net which confined her hair, and let the long silky masses fall on her shoulders. "Now there is a little likeness," he said.

For the first time, Maurice noticed what a quantity of hair she had, and how beautiful its texture was. He thought she looked all the better for the loss of her net, but he could not see the likeness her father discovered, and he said so.

"Maurice thinks me so ugly," said Claire, putting up her lip with an air of disdain. "but it is just because my hair is fair. He likes black hair better." And she shot another saucy glance at Maurice.

"You are quite right, Mademoiselle Claire," said Maurice, laughing.

"That depends," said Christian Kneller, "black to-day, brown to-morrow, golden the day after—is it not so, Maurice, my friend ? Now, Claire, I will go into the garden. Call Marguerite."

Claire called her sister, and then coming back, and looking at Maurice, while she

gathered her rich tresses into the net from which they had seemed so ready to escape, she said, "There's one thing I know, and that is that I shall be handsome by the time Maurice comes back from Italy. Mère Monica says I am at the ugly age now, and that I shall be sure to improve, and I mean to grow handsome if it were only to astonish Monsieur Maurice. Do you hear me, Marguerite?" she asked as her sister entered.

"What is it, Claire?"

"I am determined that Maurice shall find me beautiful when he returns from Italy."

"Nothing will seem beautiful to Maurice after he comes from the Land of Beauty," said Marguerite, with rather a forced smile.

"On the contrary," said Maurice, "I know I shall find nothing there as worthy of admiration as I have found here."

He spoke with some agitation and looked at Marguerite, but she was helping her father to put on his cloak, and he was not sure that she had heard him. He hoped she had not taken his words as one of those commonplace gallantries, which he had soon learned to feel were unworthy of her; but her quiet manner gave no indication, and her face was hidden.

"There, Marguerite," said her father, "that cloak will do admirably. You are as careful in arranging the folds as if you were going to pose me for a *tableau*. Now, Maurice, I am ready; come and wheel me along. Children, you ought to make much of Maurice while you have him, for I don't know what we shall all do when he is gone.

"But I mean to come back again," said Maurice.

"Like a prince in a fairy tale," said Claire. "But sometimes the princes do not come back, you know. They make new friends, and forget the old ones; and I dare say that's what you will do. I said so to Marguerite last night."

"And what did she say?"

"Oh, she said she thought it was very likely."

"Marguerite, how could you?" he exclaimed, quickly turning towards her.

But Marguerite's candid eyes answered him even before she could reply in words that Claire was only in jest, and he ought to have known it; while Claire's mocking laugh rang gaily through the garden.

## CHAPTER VI.

### UNDER THE RED AND WHITE ROSES.

A LITTLE later the same evening, when Christian Knellersat smoking his pipe in front of the summer-house, and Claire, seated on the grass at his feet, was stringing beads for a neck-chain, Maurice stood watching Marguerite somewhat impatiently, as she tied up some flowers which a rain shower that morning had broken down.

"Marguerite," he said, when she had finished her task, "let us go down the long walk and sit in the alcove. I want to talk to you."

This long walk was bounded on one side by the garden wall, and on the other by a hedge of clipped laurels, and at the end was an alcove, with an antique, carved stone bench, over which the most luxuriant white and red roses hung their blossoms.

The sun was near his setting when Maurice and Marguerite seated themselves on the old stone bench; the garden was flooded with rosy light, the shadows of the peach-trees trained against the wall lay on the gravel walk, and two or three soft wavy crimson cloudlets floated so high above the western horizon, that they could see them from where they sat.

"I wonder if the sky of Italy can have a richer or softer light than that we are looking at now," said Maurice. "I am sure her

roses cannot be sweeter than these." And shaking the graceful canopy above their heads, the white and crimson rose leaves came showering down about them.

"Perhaps some time I shall see an Italian sunset on your canvass," said Marguerite; "Sunset on the Val d'Arno, or in the Campagna, or on the Bay of Naples will be something very different from sunset in this little garden."

The words, "It will be a sunset without the sun if you are not there," rose to Maurice's lips, but the gentle quietude of Marguerite's manner checked him, and gathering up the rose leaves he crushed them between his fingers.

"Perhaps I shall not go to Italy," he said, after a pause. "At least not just yet—I hope not."

"Not go to Italy!" exclaimed Marguerite. "You hope not? Why, Maurice, I thought it was the most cherished hope you had in the world."

"Once it was. It used to be my thought by day and my dream by night. But I think of something else now;—now I have other dreams, other hopes."

"What hope, what dream can be as dear to a painter as Italy? Maurice, tell me what you mean."

She looked anxiously up at him as she spoke. He was looking as anxiously down at her, and, bright as his eyes always were, she had never seen them flash as bright a light as shone in them now.

"Marguerite, has it never occurred to you that if I go to Italy I must leave *you*? Is it nothing to you that we shall be parted for years, perhaps never see each other again?"

She did not immediately answer, but bent her head among the roses, so that he could not see her face.

"Is it nothing to you, Marguerite?" he repeated.

"Oh, yes, Maurice," she said, with an effort, "I shall be very sorry, we shall all be very sorry to lose you, but I will hope, in

spite of Claire's nonsense," she added, smiling a little wistfully, "that you will not forget us while you are away, and that when you come back, a great painter, you will not disdain your old friends."

"How quietly you say it, Marguerite; how calm and indifferent you are. But I am not so indifferent; I am not so calm. It is agony, it is death to me to think of leaving you—because I love you." He bent eagerly towards her, but she was silent, and her head drooped lower than before.

"Marguerite, Marguerite," he repeated passionately, "don't you know that I love you? Speak to me, look at me, my Marguerite!"

She was still silent and trembling from surprise and agitation, but she raised her face to meet his eager glance. It was enough, and drawing her towards him, Maurice said, softly, "Marguerite loves me, too, a little; does she not?"

And though Marguerite could only murmur one or two words, Maurice knew that her heart was all his own.

At that moment Claire came running towards them. "Marguerite, Marguerite," she called out, "I want you to get me a clasp for my necklace."

"Go away, Claire," said Maurice; "Marguerite cannot go with you now."

"I suppose she may come if she chooses without asking your permission, Monsieur Maurice," cried Claire. "Come along, Marguerite. Why can't you come? What are you doing?"

"Talking about Italy," said Maurice.

"You are always talking about Italy, or something just as stupid," said Claire. "I wonder you are not tired of each other; but I daresay you often are, if the truth were known." And with a vague consciousness that she had suddenly intruded on an atmosphere filled with some emotion, intense, but to her incomprehensible—half-frightened, too, like one who had stepped unwittingly within some charmed circle, she ran back to her father.

"And now can you still be cruel enough to wish me to go to Rome?" asked Maurice, some little time after Claire had disappeared.

"Oh, Maurice, indeed you must go. Think of all the glorious visions the very name of Rome can conjure up—Rome, where the statues seem to bring the gods themselves to dwell with us, and the paintings lift us in spirit to heaven! How often have you told me that you felt your soul grow larger, and all your powers expand at the mere thought of beholding her treasures; and what would the reality be? Oh, yes, Maurice, you must go to Rome."

"And leave you?"

"My heart will be with you, Maurice, and you will know that it shares in all your labours and all your triumphs."

"Marguerite," said Maurice, "listen to me. If you would consent to marry me at once, and we were both to work hard and save money, in a year we might go to Rome together! Would not that be delightful? Does not your heart beat with joy at the very thought? Oh, Marguerite, say yes—say that it shall be so!"

To visit Italy, that fairy land of the earth, to feast her eyes and her soul on its treasures of art, and to visit it with Maurice—to share his thoughts, to lighten his labours by her love, to work by his side; to live that life of bliss. "rounded, complete, full-orbed," which the perfect union of two hearts and minds can give, and to live it beneath Italian skies—was indeed a tempting vision. Her soul seemed to spring toward that sunny clime as a bird soars to its native land, and in fancy she stood already in the Vatican with Maurice beside her, gazing on the marvellous works of the greatest of all those

"Who charged cloth-threads with fire of souls electrical—"

till their beauties sank into her satisfied soul, "a joy for ever!" But the next minute, she awoke to reality, and giving a sigh to

the memory of her vanished vision, she looked up at Maurice and said, "It is a beautiful dream, but an impossible one."

"Impossible—why impossible?"

"Because you must carry out the plan of study and travel you have laid down, untrammelled by any ties that could interfere with it. You must have no responsibilities or duties that could prevent you from wholly devoting yourself to your art, and becoming a great painter."

"And would not that be easier to me if you were always with me, my Marguerite? Your nature is nobler than mine, your ambition far loftier and purer—"

"Maurice!" exclaimed Marguerite, looking at him with her earnest eyes, "no one but you would say so, and you must never say it again."

"But why not, my Marguerite—you are my muse, my inspiration; with your smile to encourage me, your praise to reward me, no difficulty could daunt me, no failure make me despair, no triumphs seem too mighty for me to achieve."

"Maurice, all my thoughts, all my hopes, will be with you; my love will be always yours, my spirit always beside you; and when you come back, I will crown you with my praise, and fancy that I am indeed the muse you have called me. But Fame will have crowned you long before."

"Your praise must always be the sweetest, my Marguerite, and think, if I go to Rome, how long it will be till I can read it in your eyes! How can you bear to have me away from you all those long years?"

"I shall have your letters to live on; and you know what Thekla says:—

"The game of life

Looks cheerful when we carry in our hearts

The inalienable treasure—"

You gave me that treasure when you gave me your love."

"Oh, my Marguerite, it is *your* love that is the priceless treasure. But I want *you* as

well as your love. I am not patient, and four years is a long time to wait."

And again he pleaded, as only lovers plead, that she would consent to marry him at once.

"Dear Maurice," said Marguerite, "do not tempt me any more. If there were nothing else to prevent it, I could never leave my father."

"I wish I had never determined to go to Italy," said Maurice, gloomily.

But after a while he brightened at the picture Marguerite drew of his successful career abroad, and his triumphant return, and grew sanguine and happy as before; while Marguerite stifled her own regrets, and thought only of cheering and encouraging her lover.

"And you are not a bit afraid that I shall forget you among the beautiful Italian signorinas?" asked Maurice, gaily.

"Not a bit, Maurice," and Marguerite smiled brightly. "I am yours now, and you are mine, and I know we shall always belong to each other; though I must wonder all my life how your fastidious taste could pardon your poor Marguerite her want of beauty!"

Maurice knew nothing of Emerson's "Hermione," or he might have remembered the opening lines of that exquisite little poem,—

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,  
Beauty's not beautiful to me—"

but he told her passionately that she was to him the ideal of all that was good and lovely on earth; and now as he gazed on her face, always so sweet, yet so noble in its expression, he beheld it radiant with the glow of happy love, and the light of that genius which in all moments of intense feeling shone through her features: it was little wonder that she seemed fair in his eyes. Others besides a lover might have thought her so.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHAT CHRISTIAN KNELLER SAID.

NOTHING could exceed Christian Kneller's surprise when he learned that Marguerite had promised to be Maurice Valazé's wife as soon as he returned from Rome. Never very observant, his perceptions in this case were blunted by his belief that Marguerite was unchangeably wedded to art and would never give any other bridegroom a claim on her devotion, and his silent conviction that the world did not contain any one worthy of her—if such a one might be found, Maurice Valazé was certainly not the man.

"My poor little Marguerite," he said, after the first surprise was over, "after all, thy heart is as soft as that of any other girl, and thou hast fallen in love with Maurice's handsome face and sweet words. But art thou sure thou dost really love him? He does not deserve it."

"Father, I thought you liked Maurice," exclaimed Marguerite.

"And so I do. He is a good fellow, a pleasant companion, full of fine fancies, and with a rare gift of words; but the firm will, the large intellect, the great soul, without which I used to think no attractions could win my Marguerite's proud heart, he possesses not. I'll tell thee what, he has the true soul of a troubadour, and he ought to have been a singer of songs, instead of a painter of pictures. Like the old Provençal troubadours, he is brave, gay, generous, ready of hand and word, frank, courteous, and gentle; but like them, too, he is light, weak, fickle—"

"Father, father," cried Marguerite, starting up as if an arrow had pierced her heart, "how can you say such cruel things?—how can you believe them? You do not know Maurice. He has the finest mind, the loftiest genius, the noblest aims in life that man could have. But you do not mean what you have said; you cannot have so misunderstood his glorious and beautiful nature."

"Enough, child, enough," said Christian Kneller, with a heavy sigh; "I see thou dost indeed love him. If he does not change his mind in Italy, let him be thy husband in God's name; and if he loves and prizes thee only half as much as thy old father, thou mayest not be unhappy after all."

"Oh, he does love me," exclaimed Marguerite, coming back to her father again and sitting down beside him; "he will love me and prize me even as much as you could wish, dear father." And persuading herself that it was his dread of losing her that had made the good old man for once in his life unjust, she

told him with her loving heart beaming in her happy eyes, that she would never leave him, and that Maurice had promised they should all live together in the dear old house, from which, and all its associations, she well knew her father could never have borne to be separated.

Christian Kneller said little in reply; but he smoked his pipe quietly, and let Marguerite weave her bright fancies of future bliss unchecked, and Marguerite was perfectly happy.

*To be continued.*

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#### ON A HUMMING BIRD.

NOW poised to sip the happy flower  
That hides its sweets for thee,  
Now darting swift from bower to bower  
A flash of radiant glee—

Soul of the soul of summer-tide,  
Winged phantom of delight,  
By thine own inward rapture dyed  
With outward hues of light!

How deem thee made of earthly mould?  
How think that primal clay,  
Womb of these grosser things, could hold  
The germ of life so gay?

Methinks when, in serenest mood,  
The Maker smiled to see  
That all creation's works were good,  
His smile gave birth to thee.

What if no nightingale is here—  
Who, having thee, would pine?  
Hers is the music of the ear;  
That of the eye is thine.

Nay, even if her note we miss,  
Our craving does thee wrong :  
Thy brooding hum of perfect bliss  
Is sweet as sweetest song.

Yon tiny nest that gems the spray,  
The mansion of thy love,  
Might well on Beauty's natal day  
Have hung in Eden's grove.

We, serfs fast-fettered to the soil,  
Rejoice when thou dost bring  
Thy sunshine to our home of toil,  
Mourn when thou takest wing.

But thou, unbound by care or fear  
Of want, dost lightly roam  
To North or South as roams the year :  
The Summer is thy home.

Could mortal sorrow look on thee  
Without a pulse of joy ?  
Could mortal mirth thy joyaunce see  
Nor feel its own alloy ?

What art thou on this tear-stained earth,  
Far from thy native sphere,  
'Midst things of dark and doleful birth ?  
What is thine errand here ?

Dost thou through clouds of doubt and woe,  
That o'er our being lower,  
The ever-brooding presence show  
Of some benigner power—

Some power that suffers darkness now  
To make a dawn divine  
Of rapture, like thy bosom's glow—  
Of beauty, such as thine ?

G. NEOT.

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## EARLY CHRISTIAN ART AND SYMBOLISM.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE conditions, under which Christian art was cultivated in the early centuries, were eminently unfavourable to its highest development. It was not, like pagan art, the æsthetic exponent of a dominant religion; enjoying the patronage of the great and wealthy; adorning the numerous temples of the gods and the palaces and banquet chambers of emperors and senators; commemorating the virtues of patriots and heroes, and bodying forth the conceptions of poets and seers. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god, Apollo, or the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove, which are still the unapproached *chefs d'œuvre* of the sculptor's skill. The beautiful myths of Homer and Hesiod were regarded with abhorrence; and the Christian converts from paganism shrank, as from sacrilege, from any representation of the supreme object of their worship.

Nevertheless the testimony of the catacombs gives evidence that art was not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely abjured by the primitive believers on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. They rather adopted and purified it for Christian purposes, just as they did the diverse elements of ancient civilization. It was not till the increasing power and growing opulence of the Church, led to the more lavish employment of art, that it called forth the condemnation of the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries.

The art of any age is an outgrowth and efflorescence of an internal living principle; and as is the tree so is its fruit. The iconography of the early centuries of Christianity is, therefore, a pictorial history of its devel-

opment and of the changes it has undergone. The corruptions of doctrine, the rise of dogmas, the strifes of heresiarchs and schismatics are all reflected therein. The frescoes of the catacombs are illustrations, inestimable in value, of the pure and lofty character of that primitive Christianity of which they were the offspring. The very intensity of that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperious necessity for religious symbolism, as an expression of its deepest feelings, and as a common sign of the faith. Early Christian art, therefore, was not realistic and sensuous, but ideal and spiritual. Of the unknown artists of the catacombs, no less than those of the *Renaissance*, may it be said:

"They never moved their hand

Till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

The decoration of these subterranean crypts is the first employment of art by the early Christians of which we have any remains. A universal instinct leads us to beautify the sepulchres of our departed. This is seen alike in the rude funereal totem of the American savage, in the massive mausolea of the Appian Way, and in the magnificent Moorish tombs of the Alhambra. It is not, therefore, remarkable that the primitive Christians adorned with religious paintings, expressive of their faith and hope, the graves of the dead, or in times of persecution traced upon the martyr's tomb the crown and palm, the emblems of victory, or the dove and olive branch, the beautiful symbol of peace.

It must not, however, be supposed that the first beginnings of Christian art were rude and formless essays, such as we see among barbarous tribes. The primitive be-



lievers had not so much to create the principles of art as to adapt an art already fully developed to the expression of Christian thought. Like the neophyte converts from heathenism, pagan art had to be baptized into the service of Christianity. "The germs of a new life," says Dr. Lübke, "were in embryo in the dying antique world. Ancient art was the garment in which the young and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were compelled to veil themselves."\* Hence the earlier paintings are superior in execution, and manifest a richness, a vigour, and a freedom like those of the best specimens of the classic period. Their design is more correct, their ornamentation more chaste and elegant, and the accessories more graceful than in the later examples. These shared the gradual decline which characterized the art of the decaying empire, becoming more impoverished in conception, stiff in manner, and conventional and hieratic in type, till they sink into the barbarism of the Byzantine age.

The art of the catacombs thus sprang out of that which was pre-existing, selecting and adapting what was congenial in spirit, and rigorously rejecting whatever savoured of idolatry or of the sensual character of ancient heathen life. As Christianity was diametrically opposed to paganism in spirit, so its art was singularly free from pagan error. There were no wanton dances of nude figures like those upon the walls of that exhumed Roman Sodom, Pompeii, but chaste pictures with figures clothed from head to foot; or where historical accuracy required the representation of the undraped form, as in pictures of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, or of the story of Jonah, they were instinct with modesty and innocence. Pagan art, a genius with drooping wing and torch reversed, stood at the door of death but cast no light upon the world beyond. Christian

art, inspired with lofty faith, pierced through the veil of sense—beyond the shadows of time—and saw the pure spirit rising from the grave, "as essence from an alembic, in which all the grosser qualities of matter have remained." Hence only images of hope and tender joy are employed. There is no symptom of the despair of paganism, scarce even of natural sorrow.

Independent statues were, in the first ages, rarely if ever used. There seemed to be greater danger of falling into error by the imitation of these—the forms in which were most of the representations of the heathen deities—than in the employment of plastic art. The fabrication of these, therefore, was especially avoided; and in nothing is the contrast between ancient Christianity and the Roman Catholicism of later days more striking than in the profusion of "graven imagery" in the latter compared with its entire absence in the former. Indeed sculpture never became truly Christian, and even in the hands of an Angelo or a Thorwaldsen failed to produce triumphs of skill like those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Christian plastic art, however, in its noblest development, far surpassed even the grandest achievements, of which we have any account, of the school of Apelles and Zeuxis. Christianity is the glorification of the gentler graces, paganism of the sterner virtues. The former finds its best expression in painting, the latter in sculpture.

Primitive Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the East and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal Oriental language, it adopted types and emblems as its natural mode of expression.\* They formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, pre-figuring the great truths of the Gospel. The Old Testament sparkles with

\* History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, vol. i., p. 275. This admirable book is one of the most recent and authoritative works on this subject.

\* Raoul Rochette. *Mémoire sur les Antiquités Chrétiennes des Catacombes.* (*Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscr.* XIII.)

mysterious imagery. In the sublime visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Daniel move strange fantastic creatures of monstrous form and prophetic significance. In the New Testament, the Divine Teacher conveys the loftiest lessons in parables of inimitable beauty. In the Apocalyptic visions of St. John, the language of imagery is exhausted to represent the overthrow of Satan, the triumph of Christ, and the glories of the New Jerusalem.

The primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for the purposes of religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution, in times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. That such a disguise was not superfluous is shown by the recent discovery of a pagan caricature of the Crucifixion, on a wall beneath the Palatine, and the recorded desecration of the Eucharistic vessels by the apostate Julian.\* To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphs," as Raoul Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered as well as the learned could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Although occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In its perpetual canticle of love, it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds, beyond the shadows of time, the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is entirely super-

sensual in its character; and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiated. It was, perhaps, also influenced, as Kügler remarks, in the avoidance of realistic representation, by the fear which pervaded the primitive church, of any approach to idolatry.

Some of the Christian symbols, indeed, were common also to pagan art, as the palm, the crown, the ship, and others; but they acquired, under Christian treatment, a profounder and nobler meaning than they ever possessed before. Moreover there are other and more striking examples of the adoption, when appropriate to Christian themes, of subjects from pagan art. Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre is a frequently recurring figure in the catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ in subduing the evil dispositions of the heart, and drawing all men unto him by the sweet persuasive power of his divine word. The victory of Our Lord over death and hell, and probably an ancient interpretation of his preaching to the spirits in prison\*, may have found a sort of parallel in the beautiful legend of the faithful lover seeking in the under-world the lost Eurydice, bitten by a deadly serpent; while at the sound of his wondrous harp, gloomy Dis was soothed, Ixion's wheel stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the stone of Sisyphus hung poised in air.† The Orphic verses were also said by the Fathers to have

\* I Peter, iii., 19.

† The Mediæval conception of Christ's "Harrowing of Hell," and delivery of our first parents, ruined through the guile of the serpent, is a striking analogue of this myth. Compare, also, Bacon's rather fantastic interpretations of this legend, by the principles of natural and moral philosophy. See his "Wisdom of the Ancients," chap. xi.

\* When persecution ceased, this veil of mystery was thrown off and a less esoteric art employed; but even when Christianity came forth victorious from the catacombs, symbolical paintings celebrated its triumph upon the walls of the basilicas and baptisteries which rose in the great centres of population.

contained many true prophecies concerning Our Lord. These, however, like the testimony of the Sybils, were pious forgeries of post-Christian date.

Another fable of the pagan mythology reproduced in early Christian art is that of Ulysses and the Sirens. A sarcophagus from the catacombs represents the "much-planning" wanderer of Ithaca, bound to the mast, deaf to the blandishments of the rather harpy-like daughters of the sea, and so sailing safely by. Maximus of Turin, in the fifth century, explained the ship of Ulysses to be "a type of the Church, the mast being the cross by which the faithful are to be kept from the seductions of the senses." "Thus," he says, "shall we be neither held back by the pernicious hearing of the world's voice, nor swerve from our course to the better life and fall upon the rocks of voluptuousness."\*

But Christian art did not servilely follow pagan types. It introduced new forms to express new ideas. It created a symbolical cycle of especially Christian significance. Great care must be observed, however, in the interpretation of this religious symbolism, not to strain it beyond its capacity or intention. An allegorizing mind, especially if it has any theological dogma to prove, will discover symbolical evidence in its support where it can be detected by no one else. This is strikingly manifested in the groundless interpretation by ecclesiastical writers of the imaginary signs of martyrdom, as well as of the so-called "Liturgical Painting," in which they find distinct allusion to most, if not all, of the "seven sacraments."

The range of this art is so extensive and varied that we have only space to indicate a few of its more important subjects. Most of these are derived from Holy Scripture, and indicate the remarkable familiarity of the Christians of pagan Rome with the sacred books, in painful contrast with the prevalent

ignorance of the Word of God of the inhabitants of the Rome of to-day. Not one of the subjects is derived from the apocryphal gospels which, with the later legends of the saints, have furnished the motives of so much of modern Roman Catholic art.

The rudely drawn figure of an anchor, in allusion to St. Paul's beautiful reference to the Christian's hope as an anchor of the soul,\* is one of the most frequently recurring symbols of the catacombs. This allusion is made more apparent when it is observed how often it is found on the tombstones of those who bear the name of Hope in its Greek or Latin form, as Elpis, Elpidius, Spes, etc. There was a beautiful significance in this symbol to the tried and tempted Christian of the early ages. It assured him that his life-bark should outride the fiercest storm and wildest waves of persecution, and at last glide safely into the haven of everlasting rest.

Associated with this, in thought, is the symbol of a ship, alluded to by Clement of Alexandria,† and applied sometimes to an individual, and sometimes to the Church as a whole. The execution is often extremely rude, the design being evidently taken from the clumsy barges that navigated the Tiber.

The palm branch and the crown are figures that frequently occur. Although common also to Jewish and Pagan art, they have been clothed, in Christian symbolism, with a new and loftier significance. They call to mind the great multitude whom no man can number, whom John saw in apocalyptic vision, with whom Faith beholds the dear departed walk in white, bearing palms in their hands. They are the tokens of victory over the last enemy, the assurance that

"The struggle and grief are all past,  
The glory and worth live on."

The crown is not the wreath of ivy or of laurel, of parsley or of bay, the coveted re-

\* *Hom. I., De Cruce Domini.*

\* Heb. vi., 19.

† *Ναὺς οὐρανοδρομοῦσα—Padagogus lib. iii.*

ward of the ancient games; nor the chaplet of earthly revelry, which, when placed upon the heated brow soon fell in withered garlands to the feet; but the crown, starry and unwithering, which shall never fade away, the immortal wreath of glory which the Saints shall wear for ever at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

One of the most frequent and beautiful symbols of the catacombs is a dove generally with the olive branch in its mouth, the perpetual "herald of the peace of God." Sometimes doves are represented sipping at a vase or plucking grapes in order, as Di Rossi remarks, with considerable show of interesting evidence for which we have here no room, to indicate the soul released from its earthly cares, and entered into joy and peace.

Another exceedingly common symbol is that of the believers as sheep or lambs and Christ as the good Shepherd. Calling up the thought of that sweet Hebrew Idyl,\* of which the world will never grow tired; which, lisp'd by the pallid lips of the dying throughout the ages, has strengthened their hearts as they entered the dark valley; and to which the Saviour lent a deeper pathos by his parable of the lost sheep: small wonder that this figure was a favorite type of the unwearying lover† that sought the erring and brought them to his fold again. With reiterated and varied treatment, to which we can here only allude, the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with sweet pastoral scenes, and hallowed with sacred associations.

One of the most ancient and important symbols of this primitive cycle was the Fish. It was exceedingly common in the second and third centuries, but in the fourth gradually fell into disuse, and had almost, if not altogether, disappeared by the beginning of the fifth. The abandonment of this remark-

able symbol may be explained by its mystical and anagrammatic character. When the age of persecution passed away there was no longer need to use a *tessera* whose meaning was known only to the initiate, to express those religious truths which were openly proclaimed on every hand. This emblem derives its peculiar significance from the fact that the initial letters of the name and title of our Lord—Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour, make up the Greek word ἸΧΘΥΣ, fish. The same words also occur in certain Sibylline verses quoted by Eusebius and Augustine, which have been thought to be of Christian origin, and as such were chanted at Christmas in the Church of France. This symbol is first mentioned by Clement of Alexandria,\* and probably had its origin in the allegorizing school of Christianity that there sprang up. It also contained an allusion to the ordinance of baptism. "The fish," says Tertullian, "seems a fit emblem of Him, whose spiritual children are, like the offspring of fishes, born in the waters of baptism."† This sacred fish is sometimes represented as bearing a basket of bread on its back, and sometimes a loaf in its mouth, which is probably a symbol of the bread of life which Christ breaks to his children, or possibly of the holy Eucharist.

But our space forbids the attempt to describe the whole range of sacred symbols, which for the most part point to the person and work of the Redeemer. Besides these there are others illustrating the character and duty of Christians; as the stag drinking at the water brook, the emblem of the soul panting after the living God; the hunted hare, the emblem of the persecutions of the saints; and the cock, suggesting the duty of unsleeping vigilance. The olive tree indicates the fruitfulness in good works of the Christian character; and the vine, the intimate union of the believer and Christ.

\* Ps. xxiii.

† Compare the exquisite line of the *Dies Ira*,  
Quærens me sedisti lassus.

\* *Pædag.*, lib. iii., c. xi.

† *De Baptism.* c. i.

Another class refers to the hopes of future blessedness: as the peacock, the emblem of immortality, and the phoenix of the resurrection.

The cycle of Biblical paintings in the catacombs, comprising representations of the principal events in Scripture history, both in the Old Testament and the New, though of exceeding interest, is too vast a field to be here entered upon. It has been treated in detail by the present writer and copiously illustrated elsewhere.\* We can only enumerate here some of its more striking characteristics. It is remarkable for the absence of those gross anthropomorphic representations of the Deity into which later art degenerated. All who are familiar with the subject will recall many painful examples of this offence against purity and good taste, to which not even the majestic genius of Michael Angelo can reconcile us. The writer remembers one picture in which the Almighty, in ecclesiastical garb, with a triple crown upon his head and a lantern in his hand, is extracting a rib from the sleeping form of Adam. In Germany, according to Didron,† the Supreme Being was generally represented as Emperor; in England and France as King, and in Italy as Pope. The daring artists of the middle ages even attempted to represent the incomprehensible mystery of the Trinity by a grotesque head with three faces joined together, somewhat after the manner of the three-headed image of Brahma in the Hindoo mythology. According to M. Emeric David, the French artists of the ninth century claim the "happy boldness" (*heureuse hardiesse*) of first representing the Almighty under human form. We find nothing of this in the catacombs.‡

\* In a volume now in course of preparation by Messrs. Carlton & Lanahan, New York, entitled "The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity."

† *Iconographie Chrétienne*, pp. 216-227.

‡ A single apparent exception is examined in *Witrow's Catacombs*, Book ii., chap. v.

The nearest approach thereto is a single hand stretched out to arrest the knife of Abraham about to offer up Isaac; and a hand encircled with clouds, as if more strongly to signify its symbolic character, giving the tables of the law.

The entire absence of the slightest approach to anything indicative of the *cultus* of the Virgin is a striking characteristic of this early art. The Virgin Mary nowhere appears other than as an accessory to the Divine Infant, generally in paintings of the adoration of the Magi.\*

Another of the most striking circumstances which impresses the observer in traversing these silent chambers of the dead, is the complete avoidance of all those images of suffering and sorrow, or of tragic awfulness, such as abound in sacred art above ground. There are no representations of the seven-fold sorrows of the *Mater Dolorosa*, or cadaverous Magdalens accompanied by eyeless skulls—a perpetual *memento mori*. There are no pictures of Christ's agony and bloody sweat, of his cross and passion, his death and burial, nor of the flagellations, tortures and fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as those that harrow the soul in many of the churches and galleries of Rome. Only images of joy and peace abound on every side. These gloomy crypts are a school of Christian love, of gentle charity, of ennobling thoughts, and elevating impulses. "To look at the catacombs alone," says Raoul Rochette, † "it might be supposed that persecution had no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering." There are no sinister symbols, no appeals to the morbid sympathies of the soul, nothing that could cause vindictive feelings even towards the persecutors of the church, only sweet pastoral scenes, fruits, flowers, lambs and doves; nothing but what suggests feelings of innocence and joy.

\* The development of the *cultus* of Mary is traced in the book last cited. Book ii., chap. 3.

† *Tableau des Catacombes*, 194.

With the age of persecution, this child-like and touching simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the many coloured splendour of the magnificent frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical, and less abstract and doctrinal. The technical manipulation became less understood, and the artistic conception of form more and more feeble, till it gradually stiffened into the formal and immobile types which characterize Byzantine art. It is of importance, however, as enabling us to trace the development of religious ideas, and the introduction of additions to primitive belief, and as showing the slow progress toward the veneration of images. It demonstrates the non-apostolicity of certain doctrines, the beginnings of which can be here detected. It utters its voiceless protest against certain others which are sought for in vain in the place where, according to mediæval theory, they should certainly be found. It is to this period that most of the condemnations of art, or rather of its abuse, in the writings of the primitive Fathers, must be referred. Towards the close of the fourth century, Augustine inveighs against the superstitious reverence for pic-

tures, as well as the growing devotion to the sepulchres, which he says the church condemned and endeavored to correct.\* In the beginning of the century the Council of Elvira, as if with prescience of the evil consequences that would follow their toleration, prohibited the use of pictures in the churches, "lest that which is worshipped and adored should be painted on the walls."†

Where still employed in the catacombs, art shared the corruption and degradation above described, which became all the deeper with the progressive debasement of the later empire. Amid the gathering shadows of the dark ages, it became more sombre and austere, filling the mind of the spectator with gloom and terror. Thus art, which is the daughter of Paganism, relapsing into the service of superstition, has corrupted and often paganized Christianity, as Solomon's heathen wives turned his heart from the worship of the true God to the practice of idolatry. Lecky attributes this degradation of art to the latent Manicheanism of the dark ages, to the monkish fear of beauty as a deadly temptation, and, later, to the terrible pictures of Dante, which opened up such an abyss of horror to their imagination.

\* *Aug. de Morib. Cathol.*, lib. i., c. 34.

† *Concil. Eliv.* c. 36.

## FEBRUARY.

“AND lastly came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,  
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slyde  
And swim away; yet had he by his side  
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.”—

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So runs sweet Spenser's ancient rhyme,  
So limns he February cold;  
Not so in this young Western clime  
Would we the merry month behold.

It brings blythe sounds of winter-time:  
The cheery whirl of skater's steel,  
The tiny bells in hoof-struck chime,  
The ice-boat's rush and sudden wheel.

All-housed are husbandry's bright tools,—  
Save such as furnish forth the flames,  
Eve-flickering o'er the close-drawn stools  
Of children, reddening at their games.

The long nights full of mirth it brings,  
While crisp earth crackles to the tread  
'Neath sky-hung change of Northern rings  
And keen stars brightening, overhead.

Thou largely-loving old and young,—  
From vanished years, good Valentine,  
Inspire with true love heart and tongue,—  
Love's martyr, all the month is thine!

B.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,  
TORONTO.

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## MODERN DRESS.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.

IT has often been said that the style is the man; we might also venture to add that the dress is the woman and, in many lamentable instances, that the woman is the dress and nothing more. Without entering upon any intricate discussion about the expediencies, proprieties or improprieties of fashion, or prophesying that better future, when every one shall be a fashion to himself, we would venture a few remarks on the prevailing mode of dressing, and its moral effects on the rising generation.

It were hard to determine what is absolutely beautiful and absolutely ugly; the significance of these terms being altogether relative; but it were well to study when a thing is ugly and when it is beautiful, and apply the rule to our style of dress.

Accidents in nature are very often beauties. A deformed weather-beaten tree in an otherwise pleasing landscape may prove a necessary discord in its harmony, and hence pass for a beauty; but discords and concords have their established laws, their *raison d'être*, and as the world is supposed to travel towards an æsthetic as well as moral excellence, we would fain maintain that dress, considered in the light of art, becomes a vital question the moment it affects the education of taste.

Our own moral rectitude and innate sense of the beautiful, in a great measure, regulate our taste; yet in new countries where art is still in its infancy, and the public mind still unschooled in that direction, the eye takes in all forms and shapes with but little discrimination; and the extravagance of dress, the Bohemian taste of a certain class of women whose very irregularities of life have often dictated a fashion, are thus intro-

duced into otherwise pure-minded communities; and, like the sensation novel, prove as subtle a poison in corrupting their sense of the beautiful, as the former their minds and hearts.

Our fashions, with a few exceptions, come from France. Every country has its speciality. The natural good taste of the French, their tact, their quick sense of appropriateness have given their styles the grace, the fitness and the usefulness society admires in them. Germany, with all its profundity, and with all its solidity and honesty of character, could not turn out a graceful hat—such a moral, philosophical, scientific, literary hat for example, as used to be found at the Paris Emporium of "*Vital, successeur de Finot, fabricant de chapeaux.*" This illustrious hatter, by giving certain inflections to certain lines, formed from the same model an infinity of variations, which became, as occasion required, physicians', grocers', dandies', artists', fat men's, lean men's hats. He once followed up a man's political career in the modifications he made in his hat, and when the former had reached the desired position, he presented him with a hat, in every way expressive of the *juste-milieu* of his sentiments.

The Berlin costume "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," is "dead perfection, nothing more"; it lacks the life, the (to use a very pedantic word, and seemingly out of place here) spontaneousness which characterizes all French workmanship from the simplest to the most elaborate. Berlin may claim the goddess—the Venus perfection of every limb—but France is in possession of the girdle, and it is by the *puissance* of this girdle that she rules the will



of the civilized world, in respect to dress. Long may she ! For, despite the extravagance of her fashion-plates, and the absurdity of the model hats she sends to the American milliners, common sense and reason, have ever been the basis of her own home-fashions. She provides graciously for all conditions of life, and so practical are the laws she lays down for her light-headed children, so adapted her patterns to their various wants, that all instinctively submit to that higher wisdom, glad to be saved the trouble of studying colour and form, and fully convinced that they could never invent a more suitable garment than the one she has always in readiness for every demand and every occasion.

The main point lies in the proper discipline of all these shapes and folds, their right employment. We need hyperbole even in dress, witness the accusation brought against the renowned actress, Mademoiselle Favart, whose correct taste prevents her from finding the key-note to her stage attire—her costume, *simplex munditiis*, lacks character. The thing needed then adaptation. A most difficult thing, however, it will prove, to show how to adapt to a reasonable head that semblance of a hat, that meaningless little nut-shell outrageously decked with bunches of ribbons, flowers, feathers, which gives at present to our wives and daughters so alarming a look of insanity. What are its claims?—lightness, airiness? A great mass of hair is required to give it a basis, and the load of it on the head lies anything but lightly. The times have changed since fair Belinda's two precious locks were clipped; men are not so susceptible to capillary attraction as they once were, and it takes more than "a single hair" now-a-days, to ensnare "man's imperial race." An obvious purpose of a hat or bonnet is a protection to the head; and, in addition to this strictly physical purpose, a moral purpose is superadded—that seemingly covering enjoined upon women by the Apostle Paul.

It would lead us quite astray from our present purpose, to trace the mazy labyrinths of influences (if indeed that were possible) that resulted in the negation of hats and bonnets which characterizes the present mode. In looking back a number of years, we see it come in, hand in hand, as it were, with the grand idea of the emancipation of women, and it is certainly a matter to be regretted that so noble an idea should present itself so ridiculously symbolized. In searching, however, with a little good will, we might even here find a redeeming feature in the case, namely, that all through history, great purposes have often borrowed the fool's cap and bells, to conceal their mighty interests. Brutus, planning the Tarquins overthrow, plays the fool; Hamlet, to probe the soul of his murderous uncle-father, puts on the garb of insanity; the whole French nation, breaking the shell of tyranny, hides its conceptions of freedom under a red cap! What woman may have in store for us in the way of reasonableness, gentle forbearance, true companionship, wise home-management, under the curious little hat that so deceives us now, who knows!

But let us endeavour to find an application for the existing styles. We shall always have among us the "lilies of the field," that neither spin nor toil, and yet are arrayed in more glory than Solomon; those fair ones, merely "born to bloom and drop;" let us kindly assign them the place the odorless, but bright, dahlia and the showy tulip hold in our gardens. We need, indeed, offsets to that fearful activity that whirls us along we know not whither; and who would dare to say which is the wiser, the lily's "maiden meditation fancy free," or the distracting steam engine?

Thus may we find use for the elaborate costumes the *Moniteur de la Mode* sends us fresh from Paris; and very pretty indeed are some of them for our belles to stand in, or sit in, or dream in! For example, one tasty toilet, intended for a home costume, is

given as composed of a rich violet silk underskirt, scalloped at the bottom. A gray poplin upperskirt, flounced with the same violet silk as the underskirt, is brought apron-like around the sides which are held up by two heavy bows of violet silk; the rest, like the "hideous tail" of Spenser's Error is allowed to trail, "stretched forth at length without entrails." The sleeves, pagoda shape, are trimmed with violet silk, and flounced underneath with lace, to form an undersleeve, the waist, trimmed like the sleeves with violet silk, encircled by a violet velvet belt, forming heavy loops behind; a single square collar, and a neat little lace cap complete this *home costume*. Another, intended for the opera, is most ingeniously complicated, and we congratulate the seamstress and mantua-maker if they get paid for their work. An underskirt of black-satin is trimmed with trellis-work of gold-brown velvet folds, (the colour and material of the upperskirt) through which run a multitude of large and small grape-leaves, evidently meant to illustrate a *grape*. The upper dress of rich gold-brown velvet is in its turn adorned in the same manner as the underdress, viz., with a trellis and grape-leaf work of black satin; the front forms two large points heavily fringed, and is caught up at the sides to form heavy puffs behind—the rest trails on the floor. If the fair one thus attired were to go to hear an opera of Offenbach, music and toilet would be well matched. We cannot help noticing also, the very simple travelling costume the *Moniteur* presents us with—a dress of maroon cashmere, trimmed at the bottom with two wide flounces; these headed by a wide plaited trimming, edged on both sides by ruffings, the whole so designed as to form a labyrinth of conchs where the ruffings seem to chase each other in and out. The upperskirt is trimmed in the same way: short in front, and forming heavy puffs behind. The waist cut waist-coat shape has a postillion in the rear. A white cloth sack richly braided and

trimmed with black velvet, ending in a black and white broom fringe, completes the suit. We hope these ruffled conchs will escape the almost inevitable catches of trunks and carpet-bags, and that the cinders and the soot from the locomotive will spare the white cloth sack, and that that long broom fringe may not get entangled at some unfortunate moment in the buttons of coats and overcoats, during the very close relations into which they are bought in travelling.

We do not mean to be cynical, we only appeal to the common sense of the public in general, as to the reliance that can be placed on fashion plates. We have ourselves had occasion to compare the reality of things with these—we can hardly call them idealities without insulting the ideal—with these caricatures, and rejoiced at the generally prevailing good sense of the Parisian dress-public. In the ball-room we see the vapoury gauze, tarlatan, tulle, fashioned for dancing purposes; at the opera gorgeous materials worked into elegant simplicity; at the dinner party, velvets and silks, majestically draped, and made to show their capabilities in sweeping the drawing-room, and reclining on the sofas; in the street, the neat unpretending walking costume escaping all notice by its modest cut and sober colours; at home, the easy morning dress, and quiet evening toilet; in the school-room a quaker plainness: no signs of the existing follies, all is simple and suited to the occasion. The seamstress going to her daily work would not dream, passing by the shop windows, and gazing at its allurements, of imitating the costumes on exhibition; the chambermaid has her own neat attire, suitable for her service, and would no more crave an India shawl, than she would the rainbow; the cook would scorn encumbering herself with puffs and bustles and hoops amidst her pots and kettles; the toilet of the French *bonne* has almost become proverbial for its modest simplicity. But, across the

seas, and out of the pale of this direct and sensible influence, the fashion-plate becomes the oracle, and painful, both to the eye and heart, are the sights its votaries make of themselves.

Extravagance in fashions has existed in all times, and it is left to the wise to make a wise selection; but whether the wise have decreased in number in proportion as folly increased, or that the appreciation of form and symmetry and proportion and harmony has degenerated, it is certain that society—male and female—has fallen very generally a victim to the prevailing passion for dress. That the young and thoughtless, the light-headed and light-hearted should devote a portion of their existence to these irresistible exigencies might be expected, but that the sober-minded women, good wives and good mothers, should spend their better thoughts and precious time upon such elegant nonsense as we have mentioned, and that in their infatuation they should, for the mere gratification of maternal vanity, sow in their children's minds the seeds of frivolity, is truly lamentable. This evil is not confined to metropolitan towns—the larger cities can oppose culture to the invading enemy—but in the villages, among country people, this increasing love of dress saps their best energies, and the good old virtues of our mothers, industry, modesty, simplicity, are superseded by what is commonly termed progress—frivolity and idleness cloaked under education—if an arm-full of big books, and a saucy face challenging public opinion from under its independent little hat, can be dignified with such a name.

A well balanced mind will never fail to modify in its own case any objectionable style of dress. But how are we to get well-balanced minds—among women especially—if from their earliest years they become familiarized with all sorts of violations of

taste and common sense, and are taught to consider dress the all in all of life?

Between the quaker no-style, and the last fashion's too-much-style, there is surely a golden mean which a discriminating eye can not fail to detect; far from advocating absolute indifference in regard to becoming dressing, we should on the contrary wish to direct the young in the course of study that would open their minds to an appreciation of what is truly beautiful. So long as we must be clothed in some way or other, let us accord to dress all the importance it deserves. Why should it not through simplicity be made to approach somewhat the dignity of a fine art? Let the press take the matter in hand, let a few sturdy pens challenge the exaggerations of the too-fashionable, and convince mothers that their little ones look best and sweetest in plain attire; that their daughters' taste may, by a wholesome dress-regimen, be so directed as to acquire a vigorous health, which will make them scorn all these gingerbread, sugarplum means of producing effects, and resort to a more robust mode of enhancing their charms, by giving them their true character through an artistic correctness of forms, materials and colours.

We boast of constant advance, why should not the modes of dressing be susceptible of progress, instead of ever revolving, as they do, within a circle of rampant monstrosities?

A higher education for the eye is wanted. it does not see clearly enough the "wedding garment" of nature; not until it is more exercised in that direction will it strike the key to the composition of a reasonable toilet. May some good genius remove the film "which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight, hath bred," and "purge, with euphrasy and rue, the visual nerve," and thus enable us to discern the beauty which nature offers as a pattern for our vestures.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. MUCHALL.

O THE bachelor's wife is a jewel most rare,  
A seraph, a being of heavenly birth ;  
For surely a creature more sinless and fair  
Was never mere woman, the daughter of earth.

But lest you should deem me but speaking at random,  
Not sketching my portrait exactly from life—  
E'en down from a bachelor's lips I shall have them,  
The essentials that make up a bachelor's wife.

Her form must be faultless, and ditto complexion ;  
Her eyes must be cloudless as heaven's own blue ;  
Her air must be graceful, her manners perfection,  
Her lips like red blossoms just tipped with the dew.

Her mind must be pure as the fresh crystal fountain  
Never stained by one drop from the waters of strife,  
And pure as the snow on the crest of the mountain  
Each word and each thought of the bachelor's wife.

She must waste not a thought, not a look on another  
Than on him the companion and lord of her life ;  
Not even look kindly on cousin or brother,  
So constant and true is the bachelor's wife.

She must pine in his absence all widowed and lonely,  
Must watch for his coming till bright eyes grow dim ;  
She must be his devoted, his fondly, his only,  
And think the world nothing to her without him.

She must smile with him still in his moments of sadness ;  
She must cheer him when sorrows have darkened his sky,  
But hide in her bosom her own thoughts of sadness,  
Lest trifles so trifling his temper should try.

She must stir not a step without his sage direction,  
She must cheer him when storm clouds and trials are rife :  
So sinless, so stainless, the pink of perfection—  
There's nothing on earth like a bachelor's wife.

## A NORTH AMERICAN ZOLLVEREIN.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

A GAME of hostile tariffs has often proved to be the indication of a state of incipient belligerency ; and every honest attempt on the part of two nations, situated towards one another as are Canada and the United States, to remove all injurious barriers to a free commercial intercourse, is deserving of commendation. The commercial convention recently held at St. Louis, though it may not entirely fulfil this condition, has not been without its uses ; and we hope, at some future day, to see the invitation under which the Canadian delegates went to St. Louis reciprocated, and the representatives of United States' commerce discussing amongst us the mutual commercial interests of the two countries. By this means, some prevalent illusions may be dispelled, and a better understanding be come to. Perhaps on our side, certainly on the other, this convention showed the existence of grave misconceptions, which only a frank explanation can remove. There was imported into the discussion a political element, so frankly self-deceiving as to express itself in something more than an occasional aside and a half-suppressed under-tone. If we are to enter into any candid discussion of the international commercial position, with the hope of succeeding, this objectionable element must be entirely eliminated. Had the question of the trade relations between the two countries been entered on in a way that would not involve political entanglements, we might have felt it our duty to carry their discussion to a greater length than will, under the actual circumstances, be necessary or desirable. There are propositions which, on the one side, it would be an affront to offer, and on the other pusillanim-

ity to discuss. A people resolved to maintain its autonomy may well be excused if it declares that proposals which involve its absorption in another and more powerful state wound its just pride and rouse the resentment of its national susceptibilities. When that fact has been impressed on the American mind, we may hope for a better issue of negotiations looking to the formation of commercial treaties.

The National Board of Trade, which met at St. Louis in the early part of December, is composed of the active members of local Boards of Trade throughout the Union. Further than that, it has no official character ; and has no other power than that which is derived from the influence of the interests it represents and the force of opinion to which it gives expression. The Canadian delegates, who were present, occupy a like position in their own country. Montreal sent Hon. John Young, Mr. John McLennan, Mr. Rimmer, and Mr. Patterson ; Toronto—Mr. Wm. Howland ; Kingston—Mr. Carruthers ; Hamilton—Mr. Watson ; and St. John, N.B.—Mr. Fairweather. It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Young, whose age and experience pointed him out as President of the Canadian delegation, can in no way be regarded as a representative of the views of the people among whom he lives when he appears, as he did at St. Louis, in the character of an advocate of a Zollverein to embrace Canada and the United States. The four resolutions offered by the executive committee of the Board had his unqualified support ; and it has been said that they were probably introduced at his suggestion. They are in these terms :—

“ 1. The introduction of all the manufactures and

products of the United States into the Dominion of Canada free of import duty, and the like concession by the United States to the manufactures and products of the Dominion.

"2. Uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports, and for internal taxation; the sums collected from these sources to be placed in a common treasury, and to be divided between the two governments by a *per capita* or some other equally fair ratio.

"3. The admission of Dominion built ships and vessels to American registry, enrolment and license, and to all privileges of the coasting and foreign trade.

"4. The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to aid in the building of any great lines of international railroad, and to place the citizens of the United States in the same position as to the use of such works, as enjoyed by the citizens of the Dominion; the United States and the several States giving the citizens of the Dominion the same rights and privileges over works of the same character in the United States."

At a previous conference, in Boston, these propositions had been verbally submitted by the Council to the Dominion delegates, and were reported at St. Louis, "for the information of the Board." But the idea they embody did not originate there. Of that we trace the paternity to Mr. Larned, whom Congress, by a joint resolution, appointed in June, 1870, "to enquire into the extent and state of the trade between the United States and the several dependencies of Great Britain in North America." Mr. Larned presents a Zollverein as the alternative of annexation; and professes to regard it as equivalent to Canadian Independence. In what sense a nation could be said to preserve its independence, while surrendering its freedom and convictions to an antagonistic commercial policy, we cannot understand. He admits and defends the unwillingness of the United States to make liberal commercial arrangements with this country so long as the tie to England remains unsevered; and he bids us choose between that alliance and a "commercial and industrial association in interest with the United States."

Mr. Larned's utterances have in some sort an official character; since he is acting under authority of Congress, and his report was prepared for the information of the Secretary of the Treasury. The executive committee of the National Board take up the threads of the Zollverein proposal where Mr. Larned laid them down. When they have woven them into the texture of formal resolutions, Mr. Fraley, President of the National Board of Trade, expresses the hope that the resulting discussion will lead ultimately to the political union of the two countries. There was much reason to believe that the object of the resolutions was more political than commercial.

From the first, Mr. Young, as we have stated, was in favour of the proposed Zollverein; and if it be true that it was brought forward in consequence of the countenance given to it by him, the executive committee of the National Board of Trade can at least plead that they had some warrant for what they did. But as only one other of the Canadian delegates showed the least leaning towards it, they must have become convinced that Mr. Young did not, in this matter, truly represent the national sentiment of the Dominion. It is true the resolutions were at last unanimously adopted, but not without the accompaniment of qualifying expressions which rendered them harmless. The executive committee was directed to memorialize Congress "to provide by law for the appointment of a Commission to meet commissioners from the Dominion of Canada (should the Government of the Dominion appoint a like Commission,) to negotiate a basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, for commercial relations between the Dominion of Canada, on the principles of the proposed Zollverein or some other broad and comprehensive principles." The latitude given by these words practically authorizes the conclusion of a treaty on comprehensive principles, without any restriction to a scheme of Customs union. It

has been stated that Mr. Fraley was not brought to assent to this modification without some difficulty.

After the adoption of the modified proposition, Mr. Young contented himself with thanking the National Board for what it had done, and expressing an opinion that its action would prove entirely satisfactory. He could not speak for the delegation over which he presided, in favour of a Zollverein ; for that would have been to misrepresent their views. But if nothing had been added to his statement, it might have been assumed that such sanction had been given. In this emergency, Mr. Wm. Howland felt it his duty to put the matter in a light which would prevent any misapprehension. And here we cannot do better than quote from the *Montreal Gazette*, the statements made by the observing editor whose presence at the convention enabled him the better to appreciate the situation :—

" Mr. Howland is a representative man of a party of young men who are growing up in this country, particularly in Ontario, with patriotic impulses, with an earnest love of Canada, their home, and with a watchword, 'Canada for the Canadians,' or as one of them more aptly expressed it in a lecture recently delivered, 'Canada first,' which is certain to have its influence upon the public mind. Some of them are tinged with independence notions ; but the great majority of them are wise enough to see that neither the people nor the country are ready for any such movement. But they all recognize the importance of a national—a Canadian feeling, in the Dominion, and are working zealously for its cultivation. It is from such men as these, men from whom some Americans are so unfortunate as to expect comfort and assistance in the work of maturing the political union of the North American Continent, that the sentiments uttered by Mr. Howland come with especial force. 'You Americans are proud of your name, and would not lightly change it or sink it 'in another,' said Mr. Howland ; 'give us Canadians credit for equal pride, and for an equal desire to maintain our distinctive name and our independent nationality.' "

This short reply, courteous and going directly to the point, contains the gist of the whole matter ; and is a fair expression of

the national sentiment of Canada. The average American thinks himself and his nation politically blessed beyond other men and other nations ; and he is very apt to think he compliments you when he asks you to haul down your flag and take shelter under his. On this ground, we acquit the National Board of Trade of all intention to give offence ; and we only ask that they will not forget the admonition of Mr. Howland on the occasion of any future meeting.

After this explanation, we might almost abstain from any discussion of the four points of the proposed international charter. The proposal of point number one is nothing less than that Canada shall form a customs union with the United States and against all the rest of the world. It is easy to see that this common tariff would have to be framed on a scale that would be adapted to the necessities of the United States. Mr. Larned states the average existing tariff of the United States to be forty per cent., and that of Canada twenty-three or twenty-four ; but he is candid enough not to be positive that the divergence is not greater, as we believe it could be shown to be. But if we take the figures, as he gives them, without questioning their correctness, it is plain that one or both countries must, in case of a Zollverein, accept a very different tariff. And there need be no doubt as to where the principal change would be. The United States are obliged to submit to a tariff that would be intolerable to us ; and there are powerful manufacturing rings, omnipotent with the lobby, who, apart from the fiscal necessities, will that this should be so. The imposition of the United States tariff upon Canada as against all other nations—for that is what it would come to practically—would create an artificial state of things wholly opposed to our interests and convictions. Practically shut out from all other markets than the United States, for a large number of things which we now obtain elsewhere, we should find

ourselves often obliged to buy inferior articles, at nearly double the prices they are fairly worth, in the markets of the world. This would inflict a great loss on our population, and one for which they would obtain no sort of equivalent. The treaty or compact establishing a Zollverein would necessarily have some definite limit, in point of time, or be liable to be terminated by notice after a stated number of years. In the meantime, Canada would have accommodated itself to the artificial state of things that would have been brought about; and she would lie helpless at the mercy of the more powerful contracting party: in no position to make such terms as her interests would dictate.

But why should Canada agree to a tariff so unjustly discriminating? Why should we specially direct such discrimination against a country to which, ties of affection apart, we owe far more than to any other? If Canada, in the fulness of time, should accept a complete independence, we feel sure it will not find a declaration in a hostile tariff. We are obliged to touch on this question, because this is what the Zollverein proposal asks us to do. There may be individuals, like Mr. Young, ready to accept these conditions at all hazards; but they count as nothing in the general run of national feelings and national opinion. This is admitted, in the report of the executive council of the Dominion Board of Trade, submitted to the Board at Ottawa, on January 17, in which they, referring to the resolutions passed at St. Louis, say: "your delegates, however desirous of seeing the old Reciprocity Treaty in force, were not willing to admit the possibility of carrying out a free trade policy between the United States and the Dominion, in manufactures, under the present high tariff of the former."

Whatever there is of commercial belligerency, as Mr. Larned expresses it, between the countries, owes its origin to political feeling; and the belligerency is all on one

side. Congress charges our wheat twenty cents, our barley fifteen cents, and our oats ten cents a bushel duty. We admit these articles free. One Session, a nominal duty was put on the small grains and coal of the United States—not discriminatingly—by our Ottawa legislators; but so strong was the feeling of the country against the impolicy of the Act, that the House of Commons insisted on its removal, at the very moment when the Joint High Commissioners were engaged in negotiating the Treaty of Washington. Congress is far from being opposed to the general principle of admitting raw products free of duty. At this moment, the free list of the American tariff embraces over two hundred and thirty articles. From this list, the raw products of Canada are, with one or two exceptions, rigidly excluded. Such legislation is liable to the suspicion of being studiously discriminating against a particular country. But the weight of the restriction falls as much on their own people as on ours.

"We exchange with them," (Canadians) says Mr. Larned, "almost equal quantities of the cereals, and almost equal quantities, on an average, of flour. Except so far as concerns the barley that we buy from them, and the Indian corn that we sell to them, this trade originates on neither side in any necessity, but is chiefly a matter of simple convenience, of economy in carriage, or of diversification in the qualities of grain. Similarly, and for the like reason, we exchange with them almost equal quantities of coal."

Such being the state of this trade, it is a wonder that it does not occur to Congress that the United States carries on the trade at a great disadvantage; that American citizens enter on the race with the unequal weight of burthensome duties. The remedy is a very simple one: it is to be found in the example of Canada, which makes this trade free, on her side. The extent to which the discrimination of the American tariff is carried



in favour of raw produce, when it is not such as Canada produces, may be illustrated by a single article, though it is one which has undergone a certain process of manufacture, but which occasionally enters into other manufactures. Carbolic acid, when used for chemical and manufacturing purposes, is admitted free of duty; when it is used as a medicine to combat disease, it is subject to a duty of ten per cent.; and when it is used as a disinfectant to stay the approach of disease, it pays a duty of twenty per cent. This is the sliding scale of discrimination in favour of manufactures, and against one of the best guarantees of human existence. We are not enquiring whether it be more important that a nation should manufacture certain articles than preserve the lives of its people from the ravages of disease, but whether Congress does not contravene its own general policy in the heavy duties it levies on the raw products of Canada.

We find in that general policy a sufficient answer to the assumption that Canada ought to admit American manufactures duty free, on condition that Congress will restore our raw products to the free list, on which they found a place during the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty. In making this proposal, Americans ask us to do precisely the contrary of what they do themselves. That alone would not be any sufficient reason against compliance; but amid all their economical errors, the practice of the United States is, on this point, and where Canada is not interested, mainly correct. It is our

own policy: one to which we have adhered for twenty years, and from which we now have no reason to depart. We levy duties for revenue, and for no other purpose: while the high and sometimes prohibitive tariff of the United States has not alone that object in view.

Canada desires to establish a closer commercial connection with the United States; but desirable as is that object, she cannot pursue it at the expense of all other countries. A demand for a commercial and financial connection, in the shape of a Zollverein, involves more than can be surrendered to any prospect of trading advantages. In spite of appearances which seem to negative any immediate hope of putting the commerce of the two countries on a better footing, there are no sufficient reasons for despairing that the time is not far distant when something may be done in this direction. Since the Treaty of Washington was concluded, evidences of a better feeling have been apparent. The recent Conference at St. Louis contrasted, in this respect, favourably with the Detroit Convention, held during the American civil war. When it comes to be thoroughly understood, by all parties in the Republic, that politics and commerce must be kept entirely distinct, there will be a better prospect of improved commercial relations than at present exists. Against the proposed International Commission there is nothing to be said: it may result in good, and can do no possible harm.

## ONE WOMAN'S VALENTINE.

BY L. M.

I WOULD not have you love me, because you think me fair—  
The fairest one in all the world, I cannot hope to be ;  
A fairer maid some day you'll meet, and then how could I bear  
To see her brighter beauty claim the love once vowed to me ?

Say not you love, because I'm good, or I must dread your changing,  
For one of greater worth may come and drive me from your breast ;  
If 'tis goodness wins your heart, you may find excuse for ranging ;  
Loving good till better comes, and still seeking for the best.

And love me not because I'm wise, or witty, grave, or gay,  
Or for any other gift or grace that is not *me*, though mine ;  
For if the charm should vanish, as it might, perchance, some day,  
Your love would follow, seeking it where'er it seemed to shine.

But love me for myself, spite of faults and contradictions,  
The good and ill, and dark and bright, around my nature twined ;  
To justify your truth, seek for no poetic fictions,  
And let your heart, not fancy, a cause for loving find.

Never call my face the fairest, only let it be the dearest,  
Never praise me more than others, but love me best of all ;  
Not the first in worth or beauty, but to your heart the nearest,  
Placed on no fantastic height, from whence to dread a sudden fall.

Say, "I know she is no goddess, and no angel, but a woman,  
In whom blemishes and beauties are inextricably blended ;  
For, in this complicated web of life, which we call human,  
They're so closely interwoven, naught can part them till all's ended.

"She is nothing more than mortal, but still she's all my own,  
The proudest name on earth could not steal her heart from me,  
And no fair nymph, that ever was to poet's vision shown,  
Could unlock the subtle wards of mine—she only has the key.

"One day she stole within and softly took possession,  
Every fibre folded round her, and held her close and fast,  
That love taught her how to enter methinks needs no confession,  
And love and truth, her only spells, shall keep it to the last."

Give me love like this, my lover, and then it will not alter,  
Through clouds, and winds, and waves, its constant light will shine,  
And I need not fear that heart will ever fail or falter,  
Which its own strong truth makes steadfast, more than any worth of mine.

Love may vary every day, if it seeks a better reason  
For lasting than the faith noble hearts keep true and pure,  
But the majesty of love guards from any stain of treason  
Him who in the words "I love," gives a pledge that must endure !

## A NIGHT OF TERROR IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA:

A TRUE STORY: BY MRS. M. E. MUGHALL.

I AM growing old, my readers, and my hair once so dark and glossy is thickly lined with silver threads. My eyes, once bright and sparkling, are growing somewhat dim; and my children and grandchildren often tell me that my memory is failing fast. It may be so, but, although I cannot always recall trifling events from one day to another, I can remember as perfectly as if it had only occurred yesterday—a night of terror that I once spent in the backwoods of Canada. It was in the year that we settled in our little log house, in the township of D—. Ours was the only clearing for over a mile on either side, and the road to my brother's was merely a blazed path through a thick pine forest. Soon after we came, my husband let the clearing of a fallow to a family—Burke by name. The family consisted of seven brothers; a wild, fierce looking set of men they were, with the exception of the two youngest—Mike and John. Ulick, who was the oldest of the lot, was a remarkable looking man, with just the sort of face I have seen in pictures of Italian brigands. His features, strictly speaking, were handsome, but his expression was villanous. He was an awful tyrant to his brothers, that is, to all but the one next in age to himself. On Pat he lavished all the fierce love of his nature, and a word from him would have the effect of calming down Ulick's wildest gusts of passion which, on the slightest provocation, broke out and vented themselves on anything or anybody that came in his way.

Often when he came over of an evening to sit with Isabella, my servant, with whom he was no favourite, would he question her about our affairs; whether we kept much ready money in the house, and where we

stored the silver plate, which he one day caught sight of when she was cleaning it. It was her opinion that he was a desperate character, and that he was an escaped convict. For my own part I always felt an instinctive dread of the bold stare he never failed to bestow on me, if by any chance I entered the kitchen while he was in it, which I did as seldom as possible if I knew he was there.

Once he sent a message to the effect that he was ill and would like me to go over and read to him. Feeling sorry for his suffering I immediately made a little custard for his dinner, and was just crossing the garden on my way to the shanty, which stood at the foot of it, when I met Isabella, who had been out carrying a lunch to my husband. I mentioned to her my errand. No sooner did she hear it than she said—

“Wait till the master comes in, Mem, or let me take the custard over myself.”

“But, Isabella, the poor man wishes me to read to him. He sent word by Mike that he was all alone; the men are busy in the fallow.”

“All the more reason for you to stay at home, Mem. I know that man better than you do; the chances are that he is not sick at all; 'tis only an excuse to get you over there just to frighten you, for he knows right well that you dislike him; and I can see by the way he looks at you that he hates you for it, and would like dearly to play some trick on you.”

Of course I gave up all idea of going after hearing this, and from that hour my dread of Ulick Burke increased greatly. I looked forward anxiously to the time when our fallow would be chopped, and the shanty rid of its rough inmates.

It was in the early part of the month of February that business of importance obliged my husband to take a journey to C—a town, some miles from home, and in those days it was a journey which involved both fatigue and delay. In the house we had no man-servant, not even a boy, so that Isabella was my only protection in my lonely dwelling in the wilderness. My brother's house, as I before mentioned, was over a mile away, and John's departure was so sudden that we had no time to let him know about it.

All day long after I parted with my dear husband I felt oppressed with a vague sense of coming danger, which rather increased than diminished as night closed in. Often through the day I cast a longing look at the dark pine woods which belted us in like a great black wall, and felt sorry that I had not ventured through them to my brother's, as I knew how gladly he would have welcomed me. Never had the wind sounded so mournfully in my ears as it did on that February evening, as it moaned and sighed through the tall pine trees, or blew in fitful and angry gusts across our clearing. Ulick and some of the other brothers had that day gone down to P—to purchase supplies of pork, whiskey and tobacco. It was about nine o'clock when the harsh voices of the men shouting to their tired oxen broke upon my ear, and as they drove into the yard loud words and horrid oaths showed only too plainly that they were by no means sober. After a time, however, I heard nothing more, and hoping that they had gone quietly to bed for the night I was just rising to tell Isabella that I wanted her to sleep in the little room next to my own, when raising my eyes towards the window I caught sight of a face pressed close against it, which, even in my terror, I recognized as Ulick Burke's. Fortunately I had sufficient command over myself not to scream, though my knees knocked together with fright. I rose up at once and staggered rather than walked into

the kitchen. Isabella was sitting with her back towards me, and before she caught sight of my ghastly face the door opened, and in walked Ulick. He closed the door carefully behind him, and stepping up directly in front of me fixed his dark gleaming eyes upon my face with a leering expression of triumph that sent every drop of blood up to my heart. I could not articulate a single word; a deadly fear crept over me more than once. I tried to speak but the words died away on my lips.

"What brings you here so late, Ulick? The fire is out in the shanty, I reckon, and you are wanting a coal to kindle it," said Isabella, coolly.

"The fire is not out," he replied, slowly, without removing his eyes from my face, but I knew the master went away this morning, so I just stepped in to sit a while with your mistress and you. 'Tis a lonesome thing for two helpless women to be by themselves in the bush, let me tell you." As he ceased speaking he drew a chair to the fire and sat down.

Isabella sat behind him so that I could see her face, while he could not. She answered my imploring look by making signs to me, not to show so plainly how terrified I really was. Then turning round she said—

"The mistress and myself are obliged to you, Ulick, but did not you know we expect the master every minute? I thought it was himself when you opened the door."

He laughed a low, scornful, mocking laugh and again fixed his eyes on me as he said—

"You may spare your looks then, for he started about noon for C—. It'll be some time before you see him again; perhaps never."

"Sure," she answered, quickly "did he not leave them papers that he was going about behind him, and the Missis told me herself that he could do nothing without them, so we would see him back this very night for them. It

is for him that I built on this big fire, and don't you see the tea pot waiting to give him a hot cup of tea after his ugly walk."

"May be I can keep you from the trouble of sitting up any longer," he said, with a leer of ill-disguised triumph on his dark face. "I saw him about eleven o'clock this morning, and he was just then leaving for C——; he gave me this scrap of writing for her."

And he pointed over to where I stood. All hope of rescue now died completely out of my heart, and I vainly tried to decipher the note which he had placed in my hand.

Had he only believed Isabella's story I knew he would not have ventured to remain; but I saw no hope now. I shook and trembled all over; I could scarcely stand up.

"Ulick, have you been fighting over at the shanty?" suddenly exclaimed Isabella.

"Yes, that we have," he replied, fiercely, and I tell you there will be blood spilt yet. Kelly and Pat have had a fight. The boys got at the whiskey, and have not left one drop in the jar. Knives were drawn more than once this evening. Pat is lying half dead in the shanty; it will be the worse for the next one that lays a finger on him, and I told them so before I left the house."

Then walking up to me he seized my hand in a vice-like grasp, saying as he did so—

"I have a long score to settle with you. I kept quiet till the master left; he told me weeks ago he would be going away for a few days this month. I hardly cared to wait so long, but there's an old saying, and a true one: 'Wrath keeps warm with nursing.' You are in my power at last, and I'll try and pay you off, my fine lady, for the shy looks you bestowed on me whenever I came about the place."

Suddenly Isabella passed me and flew towards the glass door, which opened out of the parlour into the garden. The shanty stood at the foot of the garden. Thinking

that her courage had at last given way, I gave vent to one low wail of terror and despair as I felt myself alone with a murderer. and I closed my eyes to shut out Ulick Burke's face from my sight, while I lifted my heart and soul in prayer, not for deliverance from that terrible man but, for pardon and forgiveness for all the sins I had committed against my Maker and my Judge.

"Ulick! Ulick! for the love of heaven run; they are murdering Pat. Don't you hear his awful screams? I heard them from the kitchen, and ran out to listen."

Entirely deceived by the excited manner of the girl, as she stood crying and wringing her hands imploring him to make haste, Ulick released his iron grip from my hands, and without uttering one word, hurried out of the house in the direction of the shanty. Quick as thought Isabella dragged a heavy chest across the door, which she next fastened by slipping the prong of fork above the latch, nailing down the windows also. All this was accomplished in a shorter time than I can write it down. I could render her no assistance; all I did was to cover my face with my hands and sob convulsively. My whole frame seemed powerless from terror.

"Oh, Isabella," I whispered at last, "what will those frail fastenings avail against that terrible man, should he return enraged at the trick you have played upon him."

Without answering my question, she pointed in the direction of the glass door.

"I know it cannot be secured," was the remark I made.

"I would not fasten that door if I could. Mem, for, as yourself says, it would take strong bolts and bars to keep yon creature out of the house; but listen to me, and I will tell you what to do if he comes back, and I am right sure he will sooner or later. The very moment that Ulick Burke sets foot across this floor just leave me to talk to him while you open that door and go across to the shanty."

"What, Isabella, among all those drunken men?"

"Never mind, let them be drunk or sober, all you have to do is to place yourself under their protection, and appeal to their honour as Irishmen; that will be enough to ensure your safety. There are six of them there, and out of that number four of them would stand up and fight for you. I am right sure neither Mike nor Larry, nor John, nor Terry would stand by and see you injured by Ulick, for barring Pat they all hate him. Promise me you will do it, for it is your only chance of escape.

"But what would become of you, my brave Isabella."

"I am not afraid to face death in any form, if it must come, but I would sell my life dearly to yon ruffian," was her calm reply.

What a long, weary night that was; we dared not go to bed; our fire after a time burnt down, and we were afraid to open the door to get wood for it, so that long before the dawn broke we were shivering with cold, as well as fear. Very often did I grasp Isabella's arm, and utter a cry of horror, as I fancied I heard his step at the door, or saw his terrible face peering in through the window. But a merciful Providence watched over us in our unprotected loneliness, for he did not return again.

Isabella found out from his brother John, who came in to do a few little chores about the house, that enraged at Ulick's brutal treatment of Mike they had all vowed to revenge themselves on him, by binding him down with a strong rope directly he entered the shanty again, and that they would have given him a fine thrashing too only Pat begged so hard for them not to do it. John did not seem aware that Ulick had visited us during the time he was out of the shanty, and Isabella did not enlighten him. Directly after dinner I made Isabella walk over with me to my brother's, as I was determined not to remain another night with the risk of Ulick Burke paying us another visit. G—— welcomed me most kindly, and gave Isabella a shake-down with their own servant. I did not tell him our adventure, but merely said that I felt it very lonely while F—— was away. He often quizzed me about being afraid to stay in my own house with no less than seven men living close beside me.

Since that time, my readers, I have encountered many dangers. I have been in peril by fire; in peril by water; in peril by storm; and in peril by sickness: but never do I recollect feeling so utterly devoid of courage as I did when standing face to face with Ulick Burke, with no one to help me but brave Isabella Gordon.

## TO AN INDIAN'S SKULL.

BY ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

AND art thou come to this at last,  
Great Sachem of the forest vast !  
E'en thou who wert so tall in stature,  
And modelled in the pride of Nature !  
Towered like the stag's thy haughty head,  
Fleet as the roebuck's was thy tread ;  
Thine eye as bright as burning day,  
In battle a consuming ray.  
Tradition links thy name with fear,  
And warriors hold their breath to hear  
What mighty deeds by thee were done,  
What battles by thy prowess won !  
The glory of thy tribe wert thou,  
But where is all thy glory now ?

Where now's the heart that did imbibe  
The wild traditions of thy tribe,  
Till by thy race's wrongs thy blood  
Was kindled to a fiery flood,  
And the dread war-whoop raised again,  
Down rushing on the peopled plain,  
Thou stoodest among heaps of slain ?

Like us, thou hadst thy hopes and fears,  
Like us, thou hadst thy smiles and tears,  
Wast warmed by kindness, chilled by hate,  
Had'st enemies, for thou wast great ;  
And showed'st thyself the mate indeed,  
Of those who boast a gentle creed,  
Repaying wrong with blood and gall,  
And glorying in thy rival's fall,  
Like any Christian of us all.

What though a brutish life was thine,  
Thou still hadst gleams of the Divine,  
A sense of something undefined,  
A presence, an Almighty Mind.  
The dark woods all around thee spread,

The azure curtain overhead,  
 The soaring, thunder-stricken pine,  
 And the cathedral elms divine,  
 The dismal swamp, the hemlock hoar,  
 The cataract's everlasting roar,  
 The viewless winds which rushed to wake  
 The spirit of Ontario's lake—  
 Did they not wake a sense sublime,  
 And tell of an eternal clime  
 Which stretches beyond death and time?

Did'st thou not seek, like me, to know  
 Whence come we, whither do we go?—  
 A riddle, savage soul, to thee,  
 A riddle yet unsolved by me!  
 From the unknown we issued out,  
 With mystery compassed round about,  
 Each with his burden on his back,  
 To follow in the destined track;  
 With weary feet to toil and plod  
 Through Nature back to Nature's God.

## THE RECENT STRUGGLE IN THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

BY A BY-STANDER.

THE recent struggle in the Parliament of Ontario may safely be called singular, since one of its incidents was the technical concurrence of the Government in an address embodying a vote of no-confidence. But this was only one of the curiosities of the situation. The course of events raised several questions of real interest, on which we will endeavour briefly to touch in an impartial spirit.

When the new Parliament met, eight seats out of the eighty-two were vacant, six of them owing to the avoidance of elections under the stern rule of the new election law. The Government professed to expect an accession of strength from the re-elections; and whether well founded or not, this profession must be assumed to have been sincere, since otherwise the conduct of the Ministers in attempting to retain office after a virtual vote of no-confidence would have been not only unconstitutional but insane. In the meantime the numbers of the two parties were as nearly equal as possible; and when the hostile armies first approached each other in the election of a Speaker, the great object of their manœuvres seemed to be not to



secure an illustrious office, but to avoid sacrificing a sure vote. At the opening of Parliament the Ministers must have believed that they had the control of the House, independently of the coming elections; had they doubted this, their obvious course would have been to summon Parliament in the first instance only for the election of a Speaker who might receive the report of the judges and issue the new writs; and then to move an adjournment till the number of the House should be complete; or, if it was desirable to proceed with ordinary business, they might have appealed to their opponents for a postponement of party questions till the balance of parties should have been decided. No leader of an Opposition could have refused to respond to such an appeal. The Speech from the Throne, if not postponed, might have been drawn up in conformity with this course.

The Government, however, felt itself strong enough to open the session for general business and to put into the mouth of the Lieutenant-Governor a speech of the ordinary kind, claiming credit for the success of the Administration, and thereby submitting the conduct of Ministers to the judgment of the House and challenging a vote of no-confidence. The leaders of the Opposition at once swooped upon their prey. They had strong grounds for believing that the Government had not, on any party question, the control of the House; and they were certainly assured that there was one question on which it would be deserted by some of its general supporters and laid open to defeat. That question was the policy embodied in an Act passed by the last Parliament, in which the Ministers had been very strong, to enable the Government to dispose of a fund of a million and a half in subsidizing railroads, under specified conditions, but without the further intervention of the Legislature. The leader of the Opposition accordingly moved the following amendment to the Address:—

“But we feel bound to take the earliest opportunity of informing your Excellency that we regret the course taken by the Legislative Assembly last session under the guidance of your present Ministers in reference to the large powers given to the Executive as to the disposition of the Railway Aid Fund, and to state that in our opinion the proposal of the Government to grant aid to any railway should be submitted for the approval or rejection of the Legislative Assembly, so as not to leave so large a sum as \$1,500,000 at the disposal of the Executive without a vote of this House appropriating the same to particular works.”

Against this motion the case of the Government, it would seem, in argument at least, was strong. The policy assailed in the amendment might be good or bad, consistent or inconsistent with the due control of Parliament over the public funds; but it could hardly be said to be any longer the policy of the Government in such a sense as to make it the proper ground of a vote of censure. It was the policy of the last Parliament, undeniably constitutional since it was embodied in an Act passed by a constitutional legislature in a constitutional form, and though subject to repeal or amendment by the successors of the Assembly which had passed the Act, not subject to their censure. That the Ministers had done anything except in pursuance of the Act, the amendment did not allege; nor did it allege that in the exercise of their legal powers they had generally, or in any specific instance, been influenced by corrupt motives, though imputations of that kind were thrown out in debate. The Ministry might have said—“If we have done anything either illegal or corrupt, state what it is, and found your censure on the statement, that your charge may be brought to the proof. If you dislike the Act, move its repeal; and if you are successful, we shall have to consider whether the Act was essential to our policy and whether its repeal will compel us

to retire. But it is not competent for you to censure the late Parliament, and it appears that you have no facts to go upon in censuring us. The wording of your motion, bespeaking your embarrassment, is in fact our acquittal!" In this line of argument the Government would probably have carried with them independent members, if any such there were, anxious only for the interest of Parliamentary government and for the public service. Parliaments must respect in their predecessors the authority of which they are themselves the heirs, or all authority will be lost.

Perhaps the case may even be put more strongly. The word "regret" applied in the amendment to the course taken by the late Parliament was clearly equivalent to "censure"; and the censure was coupled with a suggestion that the Parliament had allowed itself to be misguided by the Ministers, which, though introduced for an obvious reason, aggravated the irregularity. It may be doubted whether the Speaker, if appealed to against the introduction of the motion on the ground that it was not competent for a Parliament to censure its predecessor, could have refused to listen to the appeal. The appeal would at all events have placed the objection in a strong light.

Instead, however, of taking this broad ground, which could hardly have failed to give them a victory in debate, the Government, after some boggling about forms, rather discouraging to a party in presence of the enemy, moved, through an unofficial member a resolution "That inasmuch as one-tenth of the constituencies of the Province remain at this time unrepresented in this House \* \* \* \* \* it is inexpedient further to consider the question involved in the amendment till the said constituencies are duly represented on the floor of this House." The ground thus taken may have been recommended by some strategical advantage invisible to a bystander; but in itself it seems equivocal and

weak. Did the Minister mean that the House was incompetent to transact business unless all the constituencies were represented? Such a doctrine, untenable in itself as it would consign most legislatures to a chronic state of suspended animation, was doubly untenable in the mouth of the Minister who, notwithstanding the eight vacancies, had just opened Parliament with all the usual forms for the transaction of general business. Or did the Minister mean that it was inexpedient that a party division should take place and that the Government should change hands till, by the arrival of the eight members, the balance of parties should be finally decided? This was a perfectly tenable position, for nothing can be worse for the State than indecisive faction fights and frequent changes of Government. But it was a position which the Government had abandoned, and which could be recovered only by a frank confession of the original error and an appeal, which, if obviously made in good faith could hardly have been rejected, to the paramount interests of the public service. The shortness of the respite required would have been a good answer to any imputation of clinging to office on mercenary grounds.

The calculations of the Opposition proved correct. The resolution of the Government was rejected by a majority of eight (40-32) and the amendment moved by the leader of the Opposition was finally carried by seven (40-33). One of the Ministers now, regarding the vote as a virtual vote of no-confidence, performed a duty which is perhaps the most distasteful that a man of honour in public life can be called upon to perform by announcing to the House his individual resignation and leaving his colleagues under fire. The reputation of Lord Russell has never recovered his abandonment of his colleagues in face of the vote of censure moved by Mr. Roebuck in consequence of the miscarriages in the Crimean war. But Lord Russell was gener-

ally believed to have acted from selfish motives; and the community, while it justly visits with the severest penalties any want of chivalrous fidelity on the part of a public man towards his associates in the Government, is bound, as it tenders its own highest interests, to protect a conscientious act against sinister imputations till something occurs to show that the imputations are well founded.

The rest of the Ministers kept their places, as the Premier, in debate, had in effect announced that they would. In so doing they appear to have been justified by the general rules of public life. The Opposition had endeavoured in debate to give the amendment to the address the character of a general vote of no-confidence. But its effect, whatever that might be, was in reality confined to a particular measure; and this limitation seemed to be essential to its success in the judgment of those by whom it was brought forward. Whether a particular measure is vital to the policy of the Government, and the defeat of it fatal, is a question, the decision of which must, it is apprehended, rest entirely with the Ministry themselves. They will exercise their discretion subject to the penalty, in case of improper retention of office, of immediate loss of reputation with the moral certainty of a speedy and more ruinous overthrow. But it is a false sense of honour which leads a Government to throw up the reins when defeated on any question not really of a vital kind. In so doing the Ministers not only betray the particular principles which they represent and the party whose cause is confided to their hands and by whose exertions they have been placed in power, but they injure the whole community, which has an interest, superior to all party objects, in the stability of government. The Parliamentary history of England furnishes a case in point in the hasty and somewhat petulant resignation of the Russell Ministry on a secondary question in 1852, which led to the ephemeral government of a minority with

fruitless faction fights and much degradation of the character of public men. To challenge a direct vote of no-confidence seems to be the general duty of a Minister who believes that he is still at the head of the majority or even that the adverse division which has taken place is far from a fair measure of the strength of his party.

The Opposition now proceeded to move as a further amendment of the address that "The House has no confidence in the Ministry which is attempting to carry out in reference to the control of the said fund of half a million, an usurpation fraught with danger to public liberty and constitutional government." This was obviously nothing but a repetition in effect of the first amendment, framed with the same object of catching stray votes upon the railway question, and open to the same criticism, since it did not allege that the Government had done anything contrary to law or with corrupt intent. "Usurped" a power could not be which, however undesirable, had been duly conferred by the Legislature, and the other epithets, even if applicable to the conduct of the Parliament which passed the Act, could not be applicable to the conduct of the Ministers so long as they were merely obeying the law. This second amendment was, however, tendered and accepted as a general motion of no-confidence. The Government met it by a resolution pledging them, in deference to the expressed opinion of the House, to take no action under the Railway Act without the concurrence of Parliament, but deprecating a decision of the question of confidence till the eight members should have arrived. It has been already said that this was ground in itself perfectly tenable, but which had been abandoned by the Government, and which could be recovered only by resorting to the avowal and appeal before indicated, and at the same time expressing the utmost respect for the authority of the House and the principles of constitutional government.

In the division upon this second amendment the Government was defeated by a majority of one (37-36.) A tie was claimed on the side of the Government, on the ground that the Speaker was a Ministerialist. If the Speaker's constituency was Ministerial, the Ministerial party was entitled to the benefit of that fact. But no one can reckon the Speaker's vote. He leaves not only party connection but personal opinion behind him when he ascends the chair. Even when called upon to give his casting vote, he gives it not in the interest of his party or of his own opinions, but in the interest of legislation. If the measure is in its final stage he votes against it, that it may not pass without a clear majority; if it is not in its final stage he votes for it, in order that it may not be withdrawn from further consideration. Such at least was the view expressed in the writer's hearing by a Speaker of the British House of Commons, who mentioned at the same time that Mr. Abbot being called upon to give his casting vote upon Mr. Whitbread's motion of censure against Lord Melville, and being a man of nervous temperament, asked the leave of the House to retire for the purpose of considering his course, and after having been absent for some time returned and voted wrong.

Tie or no tie, it would seem that the Ministers ought now to have resigned. They had manifestly lost the control of the House, and with it the chance of obtaining an adjournment till the re-elections. There had been unequivocal symptoms among their supporters of failing confidence and wavering allegiance. It was manifest that in no subsequent division were they likely to command so large a following or to have the opportunity of retiring with so good a grace and so fair a prospect of retrieving their fortunes in case the new elections should result in their favour. If a constitutional Government has ever retained office after a direct vote of no-confidence or anything equivalent to one, it has been because

the Ministers were avowedly about to appeal to the country against the decision of the House. Such was the case with the first Government of Mr. Pitt during its memorable retention of office in face of an adverse majority in the House of Commons; such was the case with the Government of Lord Palmerston when censured by Parliament on the question of the China war. A dissolution was threatened by a reputed organ of the Government; but that idea cannot have been seriously entertained. The prerogative of dissolution is questionable at best, since it enables a Minister to hold over all the members of the House the penalty of pecuniary loss and personal annoyance. But to prevent it from becoming a prerogative of tyranny or anarchy it must be limited by the rules which the experience of British statesmen has practically imposed, and which would have clearly forbidden the Ministers of Ontario to appeal by dissolution to the country against a Parliament recently elected under their own auspices, at a time of their own choosing and with all the influence of Government on their side.

Instead of resigning however, the Ministers brought down in answer to the Address a message from the Lieutenant-Governor ignoring the general expression of no-confidence and stating in regard to the Railway Fund, which was assumed to be the sole subject of complaint, that the Government had done nothing except in accordance with the Act, which the House was at liberty, if it thought fit, to repeal. This was in itself true, pertinent, and in fact a complete answer to the paragraph in the Address. But it came too late. The general question of confidence had been debated on both sides. The doom of the Ministry was sealed.

The Opposition at once moved a string of resolutions condemning the remaining Ministers for continuing to hold office against the expressed opinion of the House and concluding with a threat of stopping the supplies. The combination by which

the Ministers were supported now broke up. The Government was defeated by nineteen (44-25), and on such occasions the division list is generally an inadequate measure of the disaster.

The large number of seats vacant in proportion to the total number of the House formed the ruling feature of the situation and must be regarded as the key, throughout, to the conduct of the Ministers. Such conjunctures are so likely to occur under the new election law in the case of a small Assembly that it would seem desirable to agree to deal with them by some settled mode.

The debate, though not unrelieved by vigorous and effective speeches, was on the whole somewhat rambling and inconclusive; members travelling over the whole case for or against the Government, as though they had been on the hustings, with little regard to the specific question before them or to the successive phases of the situation. This was in favour of the Opposition, whose policy it was, under cover of a censure upon the Railway Act, to make a general attack on the Government, and against the interest of the Ministers, whose aim it should have been to pin the Opposition to the only issue which it had ventured to raise, and on which the Ministers had it in their power to make a conclusive reply. A victory in debate is far from ensuring a victory on the division; but a victory in debate is worth having, and it appeared to be eminently so on this occasion.

The debate at times grew somewhat personal, but on the whole, during the main discussion, good humour and courtesy were well preserved, considering that the occasion was most exciting and that few of the members had undergone such a Parliamentary seasoning as has been undergone by a large proportion of the members of the British House of Commons, which, nevertheless, on similar occasions is not free from heated language and clamorous demonstrations. In the sequel, however, a scene of

lamentable violence occurred. There can be no hesitation in saying that the Speaker erred in attempting to make a personal explanation from the Chair. But, on the other hand, the right course was not to stop his mouth, but to wait till he had disclosed the nature of his intended communication and then to call his attention to the rule. The error was merely one of form, involving no practical injustice, while the occasion was one of a kind which appeals to the sympathies of all right-minded men. The charge against the Speaker's character, which he desired to repel, being anonymous, might well have been left unnoticed. It ought to be universally understood that an anonymous accusation can affect no man's honour, and that if he notices it at all it is only because he regards the repression of calumny as a duty owed to the public. But at the same time this age, in which we all contend so anxiously for position and notoriety, is becoming a little indifferent to questions of honour.

Scenes of violence are especially to be deplored in the case of a young legislature. The immemorial majesty of the British Parliament is comparatively little affected by occasional escapades, the discredit of which falls more on the members who are guilty of them, than on the institution. But the Parliament of Ontario has not yet had time to take root in the reverence of the people, nor will it ever take root, if it fails to cultivate the self-control which alone can entitle it to popular respect.

On this occasion, and indeed throughout the crisis, the want was sensibly felt of one or two independent members, invested by their character and experience with authority to mediate between parties in the extremity of conflict and to enforce a paramount regard for the public service. But when the tenure of public life is so short, such members can hardly find a place.

In addition to the generally electric state of the Parliamentary atmosphere after such

a struggle, special exasperation had been created against the Speaker by the unexpected announcement that he had taken office in the new Government. This arrangement is said to have been partly dictated by the necessity of giving a representation in the Ministry to the district from which the Speaker belonged. A calamitous necessity ! If local considerations are allowed to prevail in the election of members and the composition of Cabinets, farewell to our hopes of Canadian statesmanship ! What would become of the statesmanship of England if such local limitations were permitted to prevail ; if Mr. Gladstone were to be excluded from Parliament because he happens to reside in a Conservative district, and if in choosing his Cabinet he were compelled to have regard not to administrative capacity but to geographical divisions ? In a dark age of the English Constitution an Act was passed confining the choice of the electors to persons resident within the county or borough ; but the good sense of the nation ignored the Act ; it became a dead letter, and at last was formally repealed. If all the members of the British Cabinet were taken from a single district, nobody would be so foolish as to object, provided the appointments were unobjectionable on other grounds. In the United States, on the other hand, local considerations are allowed to prevail ; in the election of members of the legislature the people cling to them with the most slavish tenacity ; they greatly fetter the President in the selection of his Cabinet ; and this is one of the main causes of the dearth in that country of public men known and trusted generally as statesmen.

It is a peculiarity of the Ontario Parlia-

ment very interesting to political observers, that it has only one chamber. Nothing happened in the course of this crisis tending to show that a second chamber was necessary or desirable. On the contrary, had there been two chambers, one popular and representing the present state of public opinion, the other less popular, and representing rather a past state of public opinion, with a majority for the Ministry in one and for the Opposition in the other, serious complications might have ensued. We might have had a dead lock like that which was produced in one of the Australian Colonies by a collision between two chambers. As it is, after a sharp and decisive struggle, a new Government has emerged, possessing apparently full control over the House, and legislation will quietly resume its course. The conflicts of parties are sure to be violent enough without adding to them the rivalries of chambers.

In the course of the debate many charges of corruption and of the use of improper influence were thrown out against the Ministers ; but the only one brought to a definite issue was a charge implicating two leading members of the commercial world in an alleged conspiracy to force a member of the Opposition to resign his seat by bringing to bear on him commercial pressure. In this case the two gentlemen accused sent in a full and detailed correction of the statement, which was frankly accepted. On the subject of corruption, however, and the cognate subject of faction, we may find occasion hereafter to speak in a more general way, and with less risk of appearing to point our remarks against any particular Government or party.

## ALEXIS.

BY JOHN READE.

THANK God for all that brings men's hearts together !  
Thank God for signs that tell of world-wide peace,  
When all mankind shall own a common Father,  
And wars for ever cease !

Through travail sore, through sweat and strife and anguish,  
We look from year to year for better days,  
And, though with feverish pain we often languish,  
Hope still our toil repays.

God sees the future ; we see but the hour  
That passes ; we see but the lowly seed ;  
He sees the tree, the rich fruit and the flower  
Ripe for His children's need.

So, as at first, beneath His forming fingers  
Man rose in beauty from the flowery field,  
Still His designs, though some may cry, " He lingers,"  
Are, in their time, revealed.

He touches lips on which the smile of kindness  
Long hovered, waking many a gentle deed—  
They utter " War," and nations in their blindness  
Rush forth to slay and bleed !

But lo ! the fury past, they love each other  
(Knowing each other) better than before,  
And weep, as one, over each brave lost brother,  
And meet as foes no more.

This now fair earth did once to wondering angel  
Seem but a seething chaos, dark and wild ;  
So oft war's tumult dire is the evangel  
Of peace serene and mild.

So from the stern defiance and brave meeting  
Of stranger hosts by that far Euxine sea,  
Came thy late presence here, and that warm greeting,  
With which we welcomed thee.

For *then* we learned to prize in one another,  
The manly virtues of a generous race—  
*Just now* we grasped thy hand as of a brother,  
And joyed to see thy face.

Thou wast to us a type of that great nation  
Thy father rules—of what it is to be  
In the fair future of our expectation,  
Happy, and good, and free.

Thou wast *thyself*. Upon thy first appearing,  
We saw a form, a face, that won our heart ;  
We heard thy simple, friendly words and, hearing,  
Sorrowed that we must part.

Now thou art gone, following the path of duty—  
God keep thee in it, wheresoe'er it lead !  
And may'st thou ever prize the moral beauty  
That makes the man indeed !

Long will we here in Canada remember  
Thy manly grace lost to us far too soon ;  
Long will the poor recall that bleak December,  
And the good Prince's boon.

And thou, O sailor-prince, when in mid-ocean  
Thou lookest to the faithful northern star,  
Memory may bear thee, not without emotion,  
To Canada afar.

MONTREAL.

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## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS

## THREE SUMMER STORIES.

*(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY from the German of Theodor Storm.)*

BY TINE HUTCHISON.

[IN publishing this story, which will be followed by others of the same kind, we throw down the gauntlet to the sensation school of novelists, of which these stories are the very opposites. Rush through "In the sunshine" as you would through a sensation novel, in haste to arrive at the murder scene, and you will be utterly disappointed: read it with attention and forms of beauty will appear. It appeals, like other stories of the same class, not to the nerves, but to the taste and feelings. The reader will be the better, not the worse, for its perusal.]

## I. IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE starlings were holding festival among the top branches of the great oak tree, which stood on the garden-side of a large old-fashioned house; all else was still, for it was a summer afternoon between one and two. The garden-gate opened, and a young man entered, dressed in the white gala uniform of a cavalry officer, the three-cornered plumed hat stuck on one side of his head. He cast inquisitive glances down the various paths of the garden, then stood balancing his cane between his fingers, his eyes fixed on an open window in the upper story of the house, whence, at intervals, the clattering of cups and saucers and the voices of two old gentlemen in conversation, were distinctly audible. A smile of joyful anticipation played upon his lips as he turned and slowly descended a short flight of steps. The shells, with which the broad gravelled path was strewn, grated beneath his long spurs, but soon he stepped more cautiously along, as if seeking to escape observation. Nevertheless, he did not seem at all disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a young man in plain burgher's dress and powdered hair, who emerged from a shady by-path and came towards him. A friendly, almost tender, expression spread over both faces as they met and silently shook hands.

"The burgomaster is upstairs, and the two old gentlemen are busy at their back-gammon," said the new comer, as he pulled out a massive gold watch. "You have two full hours, so you can go and help with the accounts." With these words he pointed in the direction of a little wooden summer-house at the end of the path, supported on stakes and projecting over the river, which bounded the garden on that side.

"Thank you, Fritz; but will you not join us?"

The young burgher shook his head. "This is our post-day," he said, as he turned and went towards the house.

The young officer had taken off his hat, and the sunlight played freely on his high forehead and black unpowdered hair, as he pursued his way: and soon he reached the shade of the pavilion, which lay facing the sun. One half of the door was open; he softly crossed the threshold, but, the blinds being all closed, it was some time before his eyes, still dazzled by the bright sunshine, discerned in the dim light the figure of a young girl seated at a little marble table, and busily engaged adding up columns of figures in a folio before her. The young officer stood as if spell-bound as he gazed on the little powdered head, which, fluttering over the pages, moved from side to side as if in harmony with the stroke of her quill. After a short pause he drew his sword out of its scabbard a hand-breadth and let it fall again

with a sharp ring. A smile played for an instant around the maiden's lips, and the dark lashes were half raised from her cheeks ; but, as if suddenly remembering herself, she merely pushed back the sleeve of her deep crimson bodice, and dipped her pen afresh.

Seeing that she would not look up, the officer approached a step, and, taking hold of the quill drew it through her fingers, leaving her nails covered with ink.

"Oh, Captain !" she cried, stretching out her hand towards him. Her head was thrown back, and a pair of deep grey eyes were fixed upon him with what was intended to be a look of great indignation.

He plucked a leaf from the vine which covered the doorway, and carefully wiped her little fingers. She made no resistance, but as soon as it was done, took up her pen and resumed her occupation.

"Finish that some other time, Francisca," pleaded the young man.

She shook her head. "Our books are to be made up to-morrow, and I must have this ready," she said, without pausing in her work.

"You are the heroine of the pen."

"I am a merchant's daughter."

He laughed.

"Don't laugh. You know we have no great love for the military."

"We! Who are the we?"

"Well then, Constantine"—and the pen went on adding up the column from figure to figure—"by we, I mean the whole firm."

"Thou too, Francisca?"

"Ah, me!"—and she let the pen fall and threw herself upon his breast, raising a little cloud of powder around her head. Then she passed her hand caressingly over his bright black hair, and gazing with undisguised admiration in his handsome face, she said, "How vain you are!"

From the distant town came a faint sound of military music. The eyes of the young soldier brightened.

"That is my regiment," he said, and held the maiden tighter in his arms.

She bent herself away from him, still smiling. "But it is all in vain," she said.

"Then what is to come of it?"

She raised herself up to him on tip-toe and whispered, "A wedding!"

"But the firm, Francisca?"

"I am my father's daughter." And she looked at him with her bright intelligent eyes.

At this moment a harsh voice, which sounded quite near, was heard proceeding from the upper story of the house. The starlings flew affrighted through the garden ; involuntarily the officer drew the young maiden closer to him.

"What is the matter?" she said. "It is only the two old gentlemen who have finished their first game, and now they are standing at the window while papa arranges the weather for the coming week."

He looked through the open door over the sunlit garden. "Thou art mine!" he said. "Nothing shall part us."

She shook her head slowly several times ; then disengaging herself from his embrace, she pushed him towards the door. "Go away, now," she said ; "you shall not have long to wait."

He took the sweet little face in both his hands and kissed it; then went slowly out of the door, and turned aside along by a privet-hedge, which separated the garden from the steep river bank. While his eyes watched the ever-flowing water, he came to an open space where a marble statue of Flora stood, surrounded by trimly-clipped box-borders. Fragments of porcelain and strings of glass beads glistened from among the green foliage ; a strong aroma filled the air, mingled with the perfume of the Provence roses, which grew here by the wall at the end of the foot-path. In the corner, between the wall and the privet-hedge, was an arbour overgrown with luxuriant honey-suckle. The young officer unbuckled his sword and seated himself upon the little bench ; then he began to draw one letter after another with the point of his cane upon the ground, always, however, carefully obliterating them to the last stroke, as though fearful they might betray his secret. This went on for some time, till his eyes fell on the shadow of a branch of honey-suckle, at the end of which he could clearly distinguish the delicate tubes of the blossoms. As he gazed he observed something slowly crawling up the stem. He looked on for a time, then rose, and sought among the clumps of honey-suckle above him, that he might find the cluster and rescue it from the impending

danger, but the brilliant sunbeams breaking through the branches, dazzled him so that he was forced to turn away his eyes. When he had seated himself again, he saw the leafy stem as before, clearly outlined upon the sunny ground, but now a dark mass lay among the tender shadow flowers, and by spasmodic movements betrayed that it was at its deadly work. He knew not why it affected him so strangely; he struck at the writhing clump with his cane, but the summer wind passed through the thicket of branches overhead and the shadows swept together and eluded him. He had already raised his cane for another blow, when the point of a little silken slipper came in view.

He looked up; Francisca stood before him; the feather of the quill behind her ear stood off from her powdered hair like the outspread wing of a white dove. She laughed; at first inaudibly, you could only see it. He leaned back and gazed upon her with delight; she laughed so joyously, so easily; it rippled all over her like a breeze passing over a lake, nobody else laughed as she did.

"What are you doing?" she cried at last.

"Only nonsense, Francisca; I am fighting with shadows."

"You may leave that alone."

He sought to take hold of her hands, but at this moment she chanced to look towards the wall, and taking a pen-knife out of her pocket she began to cut the full blown roses from off the bushes.

"I shall make pot-pourri this evening," she said, as she carefully gathered the roses in a little heap on the ground. He looked on patiently; he knew it was useless to seek to interrupt her.

"And now?" he asked, as she shut the knife and slipped it into her pocket again.

"Now, Constantine!—to listen together to the passing hours." And so it was. In the great pear tree in front of them the bull-finches flew to and fro; deep among the foliage they heard the chirping of the nestlings; at intervals the murmur of the flowing stream fell on their half-conscious ears; stray blossoms sank now and again at their feet; the Dutch musical clock over in the house played its chime at every quarter. Gradually silence fell upon both. But at length a desire to hear the beloved name uttered aloud, overcame him.

"Francisca!" he murmured half to himself. "Constantine!"

And, as if surprised after the long stillness by her voice, and discovering a fresh charm in its sound, he said, "You should sing, Francisca!"

She shook her head. "You know that is not for a burgher's daughter."

He did not speak for a moment; then, taking hold of her hand, he said: "Don't talk in that way, not even in jest. You know you had once lessons from the organist; what do you mean?"

She looked at him gravely, but soon a bright glance flashed from her eyes. "Oh!" she cried, "don't look so serious! I'll tell you what it is—I am too clever at book-keeping."

He laughed, and she joined with him. "Are you not too clever for me, Francisca?"

"Perhaps—you don't know how!" And as she spoke a different and deeper tone came into her voice. "When you were first quartered here," she continued, "and lived with my brother Fritz, I was quite a little school-girl. Often when I came home in the afternoon, I would steal into the hall and stand near when you practised your fencing. But you never took the least notice of me; indeed, once, when your foil struck my pinafore, you said: 'Go and sit in the window, child!' Oh, you don't know what hard words these were! Then I began to fall on all sorts of plans, and when companions came to play with me, I would try to get one of the other girls—I could never do it myself—to ask you to join in our games; and then, when you stood amongst us—"

"Well, then, Francisca!"

"Then I ran past you so often that at last you could not help catching hold of me by my white dress."

She had become crimson. He laid his fingers between hers and held them tightly clasped. After a pause she looked up timidly into his face and asked: "Did you never notice anything of it?"

"Oh, yes; at last!" said he, "you know you grew up at last."

"And then—tell me how it all happened?" He looked full at her, as if seeking to read in her face whether he durst speak. "Who knows," said he, "if it would ever have come to anything? But the burgomaster's wife once said—"

"Oh, do go on, Constantine!"

"No; to please me, just walk once up the path first!" She obeyed. Gathering the cut roses into her apron, without a word, she carried them to the summer house, and soon emerged empty-handed from the door. She had pretty little feet, and a light step, but as she walked a very slight movement of the knees against her dress was observable. The young man followed this motion, little graceful though it might be, with delighted eyes, and scarce was conscious when his beloved again stood before him.

"Well," she enquired, "what did the burgo-master's wife say? Or was it one of her seven daughters?"

"She said"—and he let his eyes glide slowly up the graceful figure—"she said: 'Miss Francisca is a pleasant person; but she walks like a water-wagtail.'"

"Oh! you!"—and Francisca pressed her hands together and looked down upon him with a beaming face.

"After that," he continued, "I could not keep my eyes off you, but was obliged to look at you whenever you walked or moved about.

She still stood before him, silent and motionless.

"What is it?" he asked. "What makes you look so proud and haughty?"

She said, "It is only happiness!"

"Oh! a whole world of happiness!" and with both arms he drew her down towards him.

It was another time, some sixty years later; but it was again a summer afternoon, and the roses blossomed as of yore. In the upstairs room, overlooking the garden, sat an old lady. She held a steaming coffee-cup in her lap, on which a snowy handkerchief was spread; yet, to-day, she seemed to forget her accustomed beverage, for only at long intervals, and in an absent manner, she raised the cup to her lips.

At a little distance, opposite her sofa, sat her grandson, a young man in the full bloom of youth. His head rested upon his hand, and his gaze was fixed on some family miniatures which hung in silver frames above the sofa—his grandfather, great grandparents, Aunt Francisca, the grandfather's sister,—all were dead long ago, he had never known them. His

eyes wandered from one to the other as they had done often before, during the quiet afternoon hours he spent beside his grandmother. On Aunt Francisca's portrait the colours seemed to be the least faded, although she had died before her parents, and long before her brother. The crimson rose in her powdered hair looked as fresh as if new-plucked, and the blue enamelled locket, which hung from a dark ribbon down upon her breast, was clear and bright against the deep crimson of the bodice. The young man's eyes were riveted by a strange fascination on these scant relics of a by-gone life. He gazed on the tender oval of the little face with feelings approaching to reverence. The old garden, as he remembered it as a boy, arose before his imagination; he saw her wandering among the strange old-fashioned box borders; he heard the tread of her little shoe on the gravelled path, and the rustle of her dress. But the form he had thus conjured up remained alone, the solitary occupant of that verdant spot, which was before his mind's eye. The companions, who might once have gathered around her, the daughters of the old patrician houses, the lover who sought her among the winding garden paths, he had no power to call up again. "Who knows her story?" he murmured to himself; the little locket looked to him like a seal on the breast of her now so long buried.

The grandmother put down her cup on the little window-table. She had heard the sound of his voice. "Have you been in our burial vault, Martin?" she asked, "and are the repairs nearly completed?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"Everything must be put in order; we must not forget what is due to our family reputation."

"It will all be put in order," replied the grandson, "but a coffin fell in, and that has caused some delay."

"Had the rust eaten through the iron bars?"

"No, not that. It stood far back, close to the grating; the water had got into it."

"That must be Aunt Francisca's coffin," said the grandmother, after some reflection. "Was there a wreath upon it?"

Martin looked at his grandmother. "A wreath?—I don't know; I think it would be gone by this time."

The old lady slowly nodded her head, and gazed awhile before her in silence. "Yes, yes!" she said; then, as though half ashamed, "to be sure it is now more than fifty years since she was buried. Her fan—the one with the gilding and enamel—still lies in a drawer of the old wardrobe, over in the hall, though, by-the-by, I could not find it there yesterday."

The young man could not conceal a smile, which the grandmother observing, said, "I believe that mischievous bride of yours has been ransacking my old premises again; but she must not play any pranks with the fan."

"But, grandmother, when she paraded through the garden the other evening in your hooped petticoat, you would all have been jealous of her if she had appeared among you Anno '90."

"You are a vain youth, Martin."

"Well," he continued, "you must allow that she has wonderful brown eyes, and now they will come into the family gratis."

"Aye, aye," said the grandmother, "there is nothing amiss with the brown eyes, if only a good heart looks out from them. But she must take care of the fan; Aunt Francisca wore it at your grandfather's wedding. I think I see her still with the crimson rose in her hair. She did not live so very long after that. She was very fond of her brother. It was just about that time that she gave him her portrait, and all his life-time he kept it by him in his writing desk. Afterwards we hung it up here beside himself and their parents."

"She must have been very beautiful, grandmother?" asked the young man, as he looked towards the likeness.

The grandmother seemed scarce to hear the question, she said, "She was a clever woman, and very ready at her pen; all the time your grandfather was in France, and even afterwards, she helped her old father with his book-keeping; for he was a great merchant, and a member of council, before he was elected second burgo-master. She had a slender, well-proportioned figure, and your grandfather used often to tease her about her handsome hands. But she would never marry."

"Were there no young-men in the town in those days, then, or was she too particular?"

"That," replied the grandmother, smoothing her lap with both hands, "that, my dear child, she took with her to her grave. They used to

say, certainly, that there once was one she liked well; God knows! He was a friend of your grandfather's, and a man of high character; but an officer, and noble by birth; both grave faults in the eyes of your great grandfather, who had a strong prejudice against the military. At your grandfather's wedding the two danced together; I remember it well; they were a handsome pair. Among the people he went by the name of the Frenchman, for he had jet-black hair, and never wore it powdered except when on duty. But that was the last time, for, not long after, he left the service and bought a small property some distance from this, where he lived with an unmarried sister up to a short time after your grandfather's death."

Here the young man interrupted her: "Love affairs must have been very different in those days," he said musingly.

"Different?" repeated the grandmother, and, for a moment, she drew herself up with all her youthful vigour. "We had hearts just as you have, and our own sorrows to bear. But," she continued more gently, "what do you young folks know about those days? You have never felt the hard rule of an iron will, nor known how in an instant all grew still at play, at the most distant sound of their father's stick upon the footpath."

Martin sprang from his seat, and took hold of both his grandmother's hands.

"Well," she said, "may be after all it is better as it is now. You are happy children; but your grandfather's sister lived in other times. When we were married and occupied the ground floor of the house, she often came down beside us; sometimes she would sit for hours with your grandfather in his office, and help him with his writing. In the last year of her life, when her health began to fail, I would sometimes find her sitting over her account-books fast asleep. Your grandfather would go on quietly with his work at the opposite side of the desk, and I remember well the sad smile with which he was wont to draw my attention to his sleeping sister, when I entered the room."

The speaker paused, and sat gazing before her with wide open eyes, as she mechanically swayed her cup to and fro, and slowly sipped the last of her coffee. Then, after replacing the cup on the little table she quietly resumed

her talk. "Our old Anna was never tired of telling how lively and sociable her young lady had been in early years, she was the only one, too, of all the children, who occasionally ventured to speak a word to the father. From the time I knew her, she was quiet and reserved ; especially when her father was present, she spoke no more than necessary, or only when she was addressed. What her story may have been, your grandfather never spoke about it ; now they are all buried long ago.

The young man looked at the picture of his great-grandfather, and his eyes rested on the hard lines round the mouth. "He must have been a stern man," he said.

The grandmother nodded. "He exacted obedience from his sons till past their thirtieth year," she said. "That is how, up to the last, not one of them had ever really a will of his own ; your grandfather often enough lamented it. He was anxious to study, as you have done, but the firm required a successor. Ay, it was very different in those days."

Martin took his grandfather's portrait from the wall. "These are kind eyes," said he.

The grandmother stretched forth her hands as if she would rise from the arm-chair, then folded them gently together. "Ah, sure, my child," she said, "these were kind eyes ! He never had an enemy,—excepting one at times—and that was himself."

The old housekeeper entered. "One of the ma-sons is without, he wants to speak to the master."

"Go to him, Martin !" said the grand-mother.

"What is it Anna ?"

"They have found something in the vault ; a coin or something of that kind. The old coffins won't hold together any longer."

The grandmother sat with bowed head ; then she looked all round the room and said : "Close the window, Anna ! the scent is too strong ; the sun is shining on the box-borders outside."

"The mistress has her strange fancies again !" muttered the old servant ; for the box-borders had been removed more than twenty years before, and at the time, the boys had played at horses with the strings of beads. She made no remark, however, but shut the window as desired. Then she stood and gazed awhile through the branches of the great oak tree over to the old summer-house, whither in by-gone days she had been wont to carry the after-dinner coffee to the young people, and where her young lady had spent many an afternoon during her last illness.

The door opened and Martin entered with a hasty step. "You were right," he said, as he took Aunt Francisca's miniature from the wall, and held it, by the little silver ring, before his grandmother's eyes. "The artist was able to paint only the outer case of the locket ; the transparent crystal rested upon her heart. I have asked often enough what it concealed. Now, I know ; for I have power to look on the other side." And he laid a dusty ornament upon the table, which, in spite of its coating of green rust, was unmistakably the original of that in Aunt Francisca's portrait. The sunlight pierced the dim crystal and shone upon a lock of dark hair within.

The grandmother put on her spectacles in silence ; then seized the locket with tremulous hands, and bowed down her head over it. At length, after some time, during which, the unquiet breathing of the old lady was the only sound audible in the still chamber, she laid it gently down, and said : "Put it back again, Martin, where they found it ; it is out of place in the sunshine. And"—she added, as she carefully folded up the handkerchief on her lap, "bring your bride to me this evening ! There should be a little gold chain about some of my old places, that she could wear at the wedding—we shall see how it looks with the brown eyes."

## HENRY CAVENDISH.

THE following sketch of the life of Cavendish—one of the most singular impersonations of pure scientific interest the world has ever seen—is selected from a number of interesting papers collected in “Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-Lore” by Professor Scoffern (Tinsley Brothers, London):—

It is the biographer’s privilege to be present at the hearth and home of the subject of his memoir, to see his every-day performances, to chronicle his acts, without explaining to the world how the home was invaded, how the observing eye found means to cross the barrier, or the recording pen to write. I ask the reader, then, by force of will, to annihilate the last sixty years, and to imagine himself the world’s denizen in 1810, and follow me.

We go to witness a death-bed scene. Clapham is the locality; the house is, at the period of this narrative, known as Cavendish House. We enter: the domicile has all the aspect of a gentleman’s mansion; but its interior arrangement is so peculiar that one wonders what the owner’s avocation can be. One chamber we see fitted up like a blacksmith’s shop. Here are anvils, forges, tempering troughs, files, hammers, and in short almost everything that a blacksmith could require; but there are other things too, which a blacksmith would not have. Philosophical apparatus lie about in confusion. Here an air-pump taken to pieces, there a transit instrument, yonder the compensation pendulum of a clock. Vainly we look for the artificer—he is not there. Wending our way through a long corridor we open a door, and pass into a suite of noble apartments. Their aspect is equally strange with the last, but quite different. They are devoid of furniture, but filled with all sorts of chemical instruments. In one corner is a furnace, the embers of which still glow; proving that the operator has recently been there. On a large table in the centre of the room is an electrical machine; by the side of it a Leyden battery, and a curious instrument of thick glass, known at this present time by the designation of ‘Cavendish’s eudiometer.’ But the most striking feature in the apartments is the large number of

thermometers which hang upon the walls. Examining the thermometers more narrowly, we discover in them a peculiarity of construction. Their frames bear traces of home manufacture. We see none of the neatly cut figures that appear on the thermometer scales of philosophical-instrument makers, but their scales are roughly engraved. Evidently no mere amateur has done this, but one who, desirous of having his instruments correct, has known how to make them for himself. *This* is evidently a chemist’s domain; but we look in vain for the chemist. No one is there.

Wandering along in our visit of exploration, we ascend a flight of stairs, and at length witness some signs of human habitation. One sitting-room, meagrely furnished, and one bedroom—no more. But perhaps the owner of the mansion, whoever he may be, prefers to live one flight higher. We ascend again, to find ourselves mistaken. All this portion of the house has been converted into an astronomical observatory, two rooms only excepted, the furniture of which sufficiently indicates their use. They belong respectively to the family domestics, a female housekeeper and a footman. Softly! we hear a noise in the observatory, and return. In our hurry, we did not thoroughly explore it. Looking more attentively, we see, half hidden behind the stand of a large telescope, a pale, infirm old man. He is intently gazing on the stars, for twilight has almost passed away. Let us not disturb him, but note his appearance and costume before the night sets in. In stature he is below the middle height; his countenance thin and very pale. His forehead is broad and intellectual. His eyes are bright and shining, but his features display no trace of sentiment or passion. He might be likened to a sculptured block of marble, were it not for the radiant intelligence of his eyes; but that radiance is peculiar. It has in it nothing of human sentiment. It is the light of the moonbeam, cold and cheerless. Our strange individual is evidently stricken in years, and his attire that which was fashionable in his youth. Perukes even in 1810 were not *quite* unknown, but the

peruke of our strange philosopher is of very antique shape. Its curls are very tight, and the queue is of the obsolete form, known as the 'knocker pattern.' His wrists are enveloped in lace ruffles, and he wears a frill of similar material. His coat is of velvet. Its colour was originally violet, but time and use have faded it down into a sober neutral tint. Its cut is antique, but we are familiarized with it in the court-dress of the present day.

Thus much for the appearance of our illustrious stranger, for he is indeed such—illustrious even in the sense of heraldry, coming as he does of one of our most noble families. He is the grandson of a duke. He is celebrated, too, in another sense. The Honourable Henry Cavendish is one of England's most renowned philosophers: great as a chemist, great as a mathematician, great as an astronomer. No science was too expansive for the grasp of that master-mind, none too minute for the limit of its scrutiny. To weigh the earth, to unveil the mysteries of the stars, to solve the most complex lunar problems—these were the occupations of him we look upon. Henry Cavendish seems to have been born for the purpose of demonstrating the power of the human mind as a calculating machine, and of proving how little the possession of that power implies the coexistence of those sympathies which ennoble human life, rendering man, when he rightly directs them, that which poets have termed him, God's noblest work.

"The old philosopher, whom we see gazing at the orbs of the heavens, has numbered more than seventy-nine years. He, who for so many years has studied the decomposition of bodies, and predicted the advent of eclipses, who has calculated the time when comets should reappear, knows the hour of death is at hand. The mystery of death is only unveiled to those on whom eternity has dawned, to such as have stood face to face before the great Omnipotent. There is, besides, a cognate mystery, one little discussed, but the existence of which is real: the sentiment of death approaching. What that sentiment, that vague prescience may be, who knows save those who have experienced it? Who, at all conversant with death-bed scenes, especially those of aged people, can doubt that a vague sentiment of approaching dissolution is sometimes a reality—a sentiment

which, though vague and undefinable, is often justified by the result, death itself speedily following, so surely as thunder succeeds the lightning? The old philosopher trembles, the telescope drops from his hand, he utters a faint scream. He feels he is about to die. His mental disturbance is but instantaneous. He gets up haggard and bleeding, for one of the telescope glasses has broken in falling, and has slightly cut him. He slowly descends from his observatory to the sitting-room, where, sinking into an arm-chair, he lays his hand upon a bell and rings it gently. A male domestic appears.

'Listen!' said Cavendish, addressing him by name. 'Have I ever commanded you to do an unreasonable thing?'

The man heard this question without much astonishment, for his master had the character (not without reason) of being an eccentric person. He replied in the negative.

'And that being the case,' continued his master, 'I believe I have a right to be obeyed.'

The domestic bowed assent.

'I shall now give you my last command,' said Cavendish. 'I am going to die. I shall now retire to my chamber. There let me be alone, for I have matters to arrange. Let me be eight hours alone. Tell no one: let no one come near. When eight hours have passed, come and see if I am dead. If dead, let Lord George Cavendish know. This is my last command. Now go!'

'The servant knew, from long experience, he might not dispute his master's will. He turned to go away.

'Stay—one word,' interrupted Cavendish; 'stay—one word. Repeat your orders *exactly*.' And thereupon he caused the servant to repeat the directions previously given. Obedience was promised once more.

But the directions, even though given by an eccentric man, were too mysterious to be implicitly followed. They seemed to point to suicide; for who, not intending this, could foretell so closely the period of the great event? One, two, three hours passed away. Cavendish had retired to his apartment, and all was still. Was he dead, or still living? The man durst not ascertain; but, feeling anxious, as well he might, hurried away to London, and made the particulars of his situation known to



Sir Everard Home, the celebrated medical practitioner. Cavendish was personally known to Sir Everard—known as a mere acquaintance, no more; Cavendish had neither enemies nor friends. The intimation was so alarming that neither Sir Everard nor the man could banish entirely the idea that the philosopher's brain had become turned; that a too arduous devotion to philosophical pursuits had caused insanity. The will of Henry Cavendish, too, was noted for a certain inflexibility which nothing could swerve from a purpose once formed. If, therefore, he had set his mind on the commission of suicide at some premeditated hour, he would probably do so if not interrupted. Such were the reflections which occurred to both the servant and Sir Everard as they hurried away to Clapham.

They arrived considerably before the expiration of the appointed eight hours, and, proceeding at once to the bed-room in which Cavendish lay, listened for an instant outside the door. Not the most acute hearing could discover the slightest sound: all within was silent. They entered, the man keeping well in the back-ground, not caring to meet his master's gaze, after breaking the promise so solemnly given. Sir Everard approached the bed. The curtains were not drawn; Cavendish was not dead, neither was he asleep. His eyes were still open; but they appeared not like the eyes of a living man. They gazed abstractedly into space, as if the world had no longer any object upon which their glances might fall. His lips were quivering, but voiceless. Cavendish was seemingly in communion with some invisible being.

Sir Everard, approaching still nearer, gently removed the coverlet, and took Cavendish by the hand. The philosopher, thus disturbed in his last reveries, remembered that the sanctity of his retirement had been infringed. He started, but made no remark. Looking around the chamber, he presently recognized the servant: frowning sternly, he beckoned him away.

"Do you feel ill?" inquired Sir Everard.

"I am not ill," replied Cavendish: "but I am about to die. Don't you think a man of more than seventy-nine has lived long enough? Why am I disturbed? I had matters to arrange. Give me a glass of water."

The glass of water was handed to him; he

drank it, turned on his back, closed his eyes, and died!

Such was the end of the Honourable Henry Cavendish. Imagination has not been drawn upon for a death-bed scene; the most daring writer of fiction would scarcely have been guilty of such temerity, so improbable are the incidents. But the mental constitution of this great philosopher was a puzzle to those who knew him best. It defied all their acumen to fathom it, and remove its shroud of mystery. Even had he not been one of England's greatest philosophers, his biography would have been interesting; but when his numerous discoveries in the walks of science are considered, a double interest is thrown around his career. A sketch of his biography I shall therefore proceed to give.

Henry Cavendish was elder son of Lord Charles Cavendish, third son of the second duke. His mother was born Lady Ann Grey, fourth daughter of Henry, Duke of Kent. Nice was the place of his birth, in the year 1731, his mother having retired thither for the benefit of her health. Of his infancy and early childhood very little is known. We hear of him, almost for the first time after his birth, in the year 1742, when he was therefore eleven years old, at which period of his life he was sent to the school of the Rev. Dr. Newcome at Hackney—a seminary then celebrated for the education of aristocratic youths. He remained at this academy seven years, making himself no way remarkable, so far as we can learn, either by talents or peculiarities. One circumstance in relation to his scholastic career deserves comment, as proving that the extraordinary reserve which characterized him in after years, making him shun the society of his fellows, was only an extreme development of a youthful feeling. The records of Dr. Newcome's school state that Henry Cavendish never took part in certain entertainments got up by the boys for their amusement. And here, before accompanying Cavendish in his university career, a circumstance should be mentioned, which is not—as should seem—without significance as connected with the morbid peculiarities of the subject of this memoir. He lost his mother when only two years old. This, though a circumstance usual enough, and which has occurred frequently without generating misan-

thropic feeling in the child subjected to the privation, was not, some have thought, without an influence on the subsequent character of Henry Cavendish.

In 1749, he matriculated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. There he remained until 1753, and left without taking a degree. The latter remark also applies to his brother, who was studying at Cambridge at the same time. In explanation of his leaving without a degree, various conjectures have been made. The reason advanced by some—that he feared the test of examination—is scarcely consistent with the circumstance of his profound scientific acquirements, more especially in the mathematics, as evidenced in his future career. Perhaps the extreme dislike which he manifested throughout life at being the subject of public remark, even in the way of commendation, may have influenced him; or, still more likely, the existence of certain religious scruples—scruples not accordant with the university tests, at that time very stringently observed. Even in his early youth he had been suspected of entertaining unitarian doctrines; and though his religious opinions were veiled throughout life in extreme mystery, there is reason to believe that the distinguished subject of this memoir died as he had lived.

Those who have traced his career through life, with all the minuteness that his aversion to human society and his extreme habits of retirement permit, assure us that from the day of his baptism he never entered a place of worship of any kind, and that, when he felt the hour of death to be approaching, he retired to his chamber, as already described, commanding that no one might interrupt him. What the matters were that—to employ his own phrase—*“he wished to arrange”* in this solemn hour, of course stand unrevealed. The most probable supposition is, that he desired to pass these last moments in silent contemplation. It is not satisfactory to have to record such facts. How different would have been his career, had his love of knowledge been chastened and elevated by acquaintance with Him who of all others is the object most worthy of being known! Experience has shown, by many a bright example, that it is possible to be a man of profound science, and yet to sit with humility at the feet of the Saviour.

It is not proposed in this short memoir to enter upon the scientific discoveries of Cavendish; these would cover too wide a field, and would involve points of discussion not suited to general scrutiny. Perhaps the most remarkable investigation associated with his name is that respecting the composition of water; which fluid, hitherto regarded as an element or simple body, was proved by his experiments to be the result of combination between oxygen and hydrogen. I am aware that the merit of Cavendish, as sole discoverer of this interesting fact, has been disputed. There is no space here to mention the reasons which could be adduced in favour of the scientific claims for or against. Let it suffice to say, that Cavendish is recognized to have been the sole discoverer of the composition of water, by those who have gone into the question most deeply; and he is acknowledged by all to have contributed the major points of the discovery.

It is not with the question of the scientific grade of recognition to which Cavendish is entitled, that we have to concern ourselves in the course of these remarks. That award has long since been made by impartial judges, and needs no amplification. It is with Cavendish here, regarded as a strange moral phenomenon, that we have to deal; and his biographer will best acquit himself of that by relating some well-attested anecdotes.

Up to the age of forty, Cavendish was poor—his total annual income (being an allowance from his father) not exceeding £200; indeed, according to some authorities, falling short of that sum. This was indeed a small stipend for the son of a noble family; and popular rumour was not slow to attribute the restricted amount to the displeasure of Lord Charles Cavendish at the peculiarities and impracticable disposition of his son. The truth of this explanation, however, is by no means apparent. When about the age of forty, a very large fortune came into the possession of Henry Cavendish—left him, it is believed, by some distant relative; but concerning this there is again some doubt. Our philosopher had so long been obliged to cultivate habits of economy, that, without being parsimonious, these habits had become engrafted in his system; and after indulging in the purchase of books

and instruments to the extent of his fullest wishes, he still found that the interest of money accumulated faster than he could spend it. He therefore presented an example of that *very* rare phenomenon—a man whose pecuniary means were so large as to be troublesome. A curious instance of one of these singular troubles is as follows :—

On one occasion, his bankers in the City finding that a very large sum of money had accumulated in their tills to his account, and thinking it had better not lie idly there, determined to wait on him and receive his instructions in the matter.

Accordingly, one of the principals hied away to Clapham with the intention of seeking our philosopher in his lair. *That* was no such easy matter; for once committed to the recesses of his *den*, Henry Cavendish never liked to be disturbed.

The banker knocked; the subject of his visit was delicate; it of course could only be communicated personally.

To the interrogatories of the footman as to who he was, and what his desires might be, the only answer was that he wished *personally* to communicate with Mr. Cavendish.

'At any rate, sir,' replied the footman, 'it would be as much as my place is worth to disturb him now. You must wait until he rings his bell.'

The banker had waited for more than an hour when the long-expected bell rang. The footman announced the man of business.

'What does he want with me?' Cavendish was heard to say.

The footman explained the banker's desire to have a personal interview.

'Tell him I cannot see him. I am very busy,' was the reply.

The footman bowed and retired.

'Stay,' interrupted his master; 'how long has Mr. — been waiting?'

'For more than an hour, sir.'

'O, very well, very well. Send him up.'

'I am come, sir,' remarked the banker, 'to ascertain your wishes concerning a sum of eighty thousand pounds now placed to your account.'

'Does it inconvenience you?' demanded Cavendish. 'If so, I can transfer it elsewhere.'

'Inconvenience, sir? by no means,' replied the banker; 'but pardon me for suggesting that it is too large a sum to remain unproductive; would you not like to invest it?'

'Invest it, eh? yes, invest, if you like; do as you please with it; but don't interrupt me about such things again. I have other matters to think about.'

Though not a philanthropist in any sense of the term, few persons have contributed more liberally towards the accomplishment of philanthropic objects than Cavendish. Subscription lists—if not the bearers of them—found ready access, and Cavendish dealt with them in a way peculiarly his own. Glancing over the list of subscribers, he would notice the largest amount subscribed, then contribute a like sum. This peculiarity became so well known, that it was frequently abused, a fictitious subscription being announced for the purpose of misleading our philosopher. Although in early life Cavendish must have exercised no little amount of frugality in making his slender income suffice, yet a certain ignorance of the value of money characterized him throughout life: in proof of this, the following anecdotes may be cited:—At a time when the funds of the Royal Institution were far less ample than at present, Sir Humphrey Davy, then attached to that society, had opened a subscription-list in order to purchase an expensive voltaic battery, an instrument necessary for the prosecution of some discoveries which have since immortalized his name, and in which Cavendish was largely interested. People hoped that the philosophic millionaire would come down for a good round sum; but he did not contribute one penny, notwithstanding the various hints thrown out in the proper direction. If this be construed into penuriousness, contrast it with the following: A scientific gentleman having fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, some friends managed to procure for him the situation of temporary librarian to Cavendish, whose books were as much confused as the pecuniary matters of the librarian. The task was executed satisfactorily, and the gentleman took his departure, having received the stipulated salary, but nothing more. A short time subsequently, Cavendish happened to be present at a dinner of the Royal Society, and some friends of the quondam librarian thought

is a good opportunity for turning the conversation on the subject of their protégé. His name accordingly was brought up.

'Ah! how *is* he? what is he about?' inquired Cavendish.

'Poor fellow! he is in the country, very badly off,' was the reply.

'I am very sorry, *very*,' said Cavendish.

'We were hoping that you would have done something for him,' the friends ventured to remark.

'I—I—I? what *could* I do?'

"We were hoping that you would have settled a small annuity upon him.'

A dawn of light seemed to have irradiated the brain of Cavendish; the thought, apparently so obvious, had only then occurred to him for the first time. 'True,' replied he hurriedly; '*would a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds be of use?*'

Would a cheque for £15,000 be of use?—what a question! The cheque was drawn, and the needy man of science made comfortable for life.

If the subject of our memoir did not possess that active, searching, and, what is equally important, that discriminating benevolence which seeks out the hidden recesses of misery, and cheers them with timely assistance, we have at least seen that he was open to suggestions, and that, when he did unclasp his cheque-book, it was after the manner of a prince. He had no hatred of *mankind*; but of *womankind* that much cannot with truth be stated. If a female servant chanced to meet him in his own house, however inadvertently, it was the certain prelude to her dismissal; and the whole neighbourhood of Clapham was once lost in astonishment at a most remarkable phenomenon—no less than this: Our philosopher, in one of his rural strolls, interposed to save a lady from the attacks of an infuriated bull. According to all the preconceived notions entertained respecting our friend, he would more probably have taken sides with the bull against the lady.

On one occasion, when dining with the associated fellows of the Royal Society, some of the philosophers, after the dinner was over, happened, when looking out of the window, to be attracted by the appearance of some young lady on the opposite side of the street, whom curiosity had led to glance in the direction of

the apartment where so many philosophers were dining. 'How lovely she is!' said one. 'What a beauty!' whispered another. The moon had risen, but the fellows were *not* apostrophising the moon. Cavendish, however, thought they were, and went to the window to participate in their delight. No sooner did he discover his mistake than he uttered a faint scream, as was his wont when disturbed or annoyed, hobbled back to the table, and showed his disgust by one single ejaculation: it was 'Pshaw!'

Though not much addicted to conviviality, Cavendish was sometimes known to invite a few friends to dinner. On these occasions everybody knew beforehand the bill of fare: a leg of mutton with trimmings; in other words, a due accompaniment of vegetables and sauce. Now a leg of mutton—pleasant eating enough in itself—is not expensive; the number of a dinner-party, when nothing else is provided, must be limited by imperious laws. Once Cavendish appeared to have forgotten this idea of a limit; he invited more guests than a leg of mutton could possibly suffice for. The result was an epistolary communication to that effect from his cook (direct verbal communication, we have seen, was never permitted): 'The leg of mutton will not be enough.' 'In that case provide *two*,' replied Cavendish.

But I must draw this memoir of a celebrated man to a close, and shall do so by quoting the words of his biographer, Dr. Angus Smith:

'Such, then, was Cavendish in life and death, as he appeared to those who knew him best. Morally, his character was a blank, and can be described only by a series of negations. He did not love, he did not hate, he did not hope, he did not fear, he did not worship as others do. He separated himself from his fellow-men, and apparently from God. There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic, or chivalrous in his nature, and as little was there anything mean, grovelling, or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than the pure intellect, or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection, or faith, was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderfully acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skilful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realise in reading his memorials. His brain

seems to have been but a calculating engine; his eyes, inlets of vision, not fountains of tears; his hands, instruments of manipulation, which never trembled with emotion, or were clasped together in adoration, thanksgiving, or despair; his heart, only an anatomical organ, necessary for the circulation of the blood. Yet if such a being, who reversed the maxim, *Nihil humani me alienum puto*, cannot be loved, as little can he be abhorred or despised. He was, in spite of the atrophy or non-development of many of the faculties which are found in those in whom the "elements are kindly mixed," as truly a genius as the *mere* poets, painters, and musicians, with small intellects and hearts, and large imaginations, to whom the world is so willing to bend the knee. Cavendish did not stand aloof from other men in a proud or supercilious spirit, refusing to count them as fellows. He felt himself separated from them by a great gulf, which neither they nor he could bridge over, and across which it was vain to extend hands or exchange greetings. A sense of isolation from his brethren made him shrink from their society and avoid their presence; but he did so as one conscious of an infirmity, not boasting of an excellence. He was like a deaf mute sitting apart from a circle, whose looks and gestures show that they are uttering and listening to music and eloquence, in producing or welcoming which he can be no sharer. He dwelt apart, and, bidding the world farewell, took the self-imposed vows of a scientific anchorite, and, like the monks of old, shut himself up within his cell. It was a kingdom sufficient for him, and from its narrow window he saw as much of the universe as he cared to see. It had a throne also, and from it he dispensed royal gifts to his brethren. He was one of the unthanked benefactors of his race, who was patiently teaching and serving mankind, whilst they were shrinking from his coldness, or mocking his peculiarities. He could not sing for them a sweet song, or create a "thing of beauty," which should be a "joy for ever," or touch their hearts, or fire their spirits, or deepen their reverence or their fervour. He was not a poet, a priest or a prophet; but only a cold clear intelligence, laying down pure white light, which brightened everything on which it fell, but warmed nothing—a star of at least the second, if not of the first, magnitude in the intellectual firmament.' How mournful to think that a man with so many excellences stood aloof from that generous and ennobling faith which would have quickened his dormant affections, and superadded to his intellectual eminence the attractiveness of Christian love!

## ON HIBERNICISMS IN PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(From the Contemporary Review, from advanced sheets transmitted by the Publishers.)

MISS EDGEWORTH, in her entertaining "Essay on Irish Bulls," observes that "it has never yet been decided what it is that constitutes a bull." It appears, however, from the context that the definition she means is not the definition of a bull, but the definition of that kind of bull which is supposed to be especially Irish. And in this contention I think she proves that the confusions of thought and language which constitute a bull can be produced abundantly from the writings of English poets, statesmen, and philosophers. I am happy to observe that no Scotch example has been produced by this ingenious and charming authoress. Nevertheless, candour obliges me to confess that quite lately I heard a Scotch young lady of my acquaintance (who, however, has some English blood) in answer to the question, "Do you remember Donald Ferguson?" make the following discriminating reply: "No; I recollect his face, but I don't recollect him by name." Probably this is pretty nearly a perfect specimen. Here is another which Miss Edgeworth tells us was particularly admired by Lord Orford: "I hate that woman," said a gentleman looking at one who had been his nurse; "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse." In the same essay we are told

of an Irishman who accosted an acquaintance thus: "When first I saw you, I thought it was you; but now I see it's your brother;" and of a petition which was addressed to a lady in Ireland whom Miss Edgeworth knew, which began, "That your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch."

Now, I am disposed to think that Miss Edgeworth has done injustice to her country, when she disputes whether there is anything peculiar in Irish bulls. There is a neatness, completeness, and perspicuity of confusion in an Irish bull which is inimitable and unapproachable, and which constitutes at once its humour and its innocence. The bulls of other nations are comparatively clumsy; the confusions of thought which they involve are as complete, without being so apparent—having all the absurdity of the Irish bull without its fun. But the essence of a bull—the contradiction in terms, the assertion of something which is nevertheless denied in the very terms of the assertion, or conversely, the denial of something which is nevertheless asserted in the very terms of the denial—this is a kind of blunder in which our Irish friends have many successful rivals. Among these rivals none, as it seems to me, are more successful than philosophers, and especially metaphysicians. To the illustration of this—I fear somewhat irreverent proposition—this paper will be devoted.

Let me say, in the first place, that there are sayings which at first sight may appear to involve a bull, but which in reality do not. For example, Sir John Herschel, in one of his popular lectures on science, tells us that "light, although the cause of vision, is in itself invisible." This is no mere paradox invented to attract attention and to fix it on the explanation which is to follow. It is, indeed, an apparent paradox, but only because the literal facts are not commonly apprehended. Light is a word which means several different things. First, and perhaps primarily, it signifies the sensation of vision. Secondly, it means the unknown external cause of that sensation. The first of these two meanings is regarded by Locke (I think erroneously) as the proper meaning of the word. But the second is unquestionably the idea which is uppermost in the common understanding of the term. We talk of the light coming to us from one direc-

tion or another—from one body or another—meaning, of course, not our sensation of light (which cannot come to us from anywhere), but the agency, whatever it may be, which produces that sensation in us. But neither do these two meanings exhaust all that is now meant by light. In neither of these two meanings would there be any sense in saying that "light is in itself invisible." For if by light is meant the sensation, the saying would be nonsense; and if by light were meant the immediate cause of vision, or the precise agency which produces it, then the saying would be untrue. The thing which causes vision, or which, more correctly speaking, is the object of vision, is not only visible, but it is the only thing in the world which is visible. Light, in this sense, is the thing and the one only thing which the human eye is made to see. But there is a third meaning in which Sir J. Herschel's assertion is strictly true. We now know what light is "in itself"—that is to say, we know the nature and constitution of it, not in terms of the sensation it gives to us, but in terms of a wholly different order of conception. First, we know that it is a motion; secondly, we know that it is a motion of a particular kind; and thirdly, we know that it is that motion in a medium having peculiar properties. Provisionally, and for want of a better, this medium has been called the "luminiferous ether." And it is of light in this sense that Sir J. Herschel speaks when he says that it is invisible. It is now nearly seventy years since Dr. Thomas Young startled and amused the scientific world by announcing his belief that this luminiferous ether "pervades the substance of all material bodies with little or no resistance,—as freely perhaps as the wind passes through a grove of trees." But when this ether is not agitated, it is invisible. Nay, more—even when it is agitated, the movements of it are invisible, except when they come to us in a straight line, either directly from a luminous body, or indirectly by reflection from some other. In short, it may be said that the luminiferous ether is like a vast ocean, which is never seen except where its waves break in surf. When these facts are apprehended, we see at once that Herschel's assertion of the invisibility of light, so far from being a bull—that is, a confounding of ideas—is a clearing up of our conceptions. If there is any

apparent confusion in that assertion, it is not due to any confusion of ideas, but, on the contrary, it is due to a nicety of discrimination which the weakness of ordinary language fails to indicate.

In contrast with this, which illustrates one of the great aims and objects of philosophy, let us look at some of the many cases in which language is abused to cover contradictory propositions, or to cheat the mind into a semblance of ideas when there are none.

To begin with—and to begin with a most distinguished countryman of my own, Sir William Hamilton—is not the very phrase, “the Unconditioned,” in itself a bull? “The” is the definite article, and applicable only to things or ideas capable of definition. But nothing is capable of definition which has no conditions. The negation of conditions is the negation of existence, as alone conceivable by man. “The Unconditioned” is, therefore, simply nonsense—that is to say, a word pretending to have a meaning, but having none.

In saying this I hope I am not committing another blunder, which is very common—the blunder of denying the existence of some particular idea, which is nevertheless described and denoted by a name. We read often nowadays of such and such an idea being “unthinkable.” If it be unthinkable, it had better also be considered as unspeakable. To speak of it, and then to deny its conceivability, is a bull. If the word or the phrase employed to express it, is a word or a phrase representing an idea, then it is absurd to deny the existence of that idea; and if the word or phrase represents no idea, then it is equally absurd to use it at all, and to make it the subject of either affirmation or denial.

But this case is carefully to be distinguished from another, with which it may easily be confounded. The necessities of language may compel us to place in momentary collocation, for the purpose of denial, two ideas which negative each other, and which thus make nonsense; the very object of the collocation being to show that such is the result. For example: “We cannot conceive any boundary to Space.” Here, at first sight, it might appear as if we first speak of a conception, and then deny its conceivability. But this is not so. We have a distinct conception of a boundary, and a dis-

tinct conception of Space, and what we deny is that the idea of a boundary can be applied to the idea of Space, because the very conception of a boundary involves the conception of an outside as well as of an inside; and where there is an outside there must be space. Whatever, therefore, a boundary may be boundary of, it cannot be a boundary of Space.

Here, therefore, there is no confusion of thought in first describing an attempted combination of ideas, and then denying that this attempted combination can be made successfully—that is, with sense.

But what are we to say of the second of the three great metaphysical discoveries which Mr. Mill has just extolled as the great triumphs of Bishop Berkeley's philosophy, namely, the non-existence of abstract ideas?\*

It is not pretended that this phrase is in itself meaningless. It is not pretended that it involves an attempt to combine two ideas, the one of which excludes the other. On the contrary, the phrase is used over and over again, as having a definite meaning, which the mind can handle, examine, and analyse, by resolving it into the elements of which it is composed. But an idea cannot be proved to be non-existent by being proved to be composite. For, just as the most solid and stable forms of matter in physical nature are not elementary substances, but combinations of them, so many of the most real and serviceable conceptions of the mind are structures built out of the rudimentary elements of thought. The Irishman who complained that he had been changed at nurse, a clear-headed, compared with the philosopher who takes up an abstract idea, examines it, describes it, and then denies its existence. And the absurdity of this blunder is made, if possible, more apparent, by the obvious impossibility of conducting the argument against the existence of abstract ideas, without perpetually making use of them in the very terms of the argument itself. Abstract ideas are employed to give witness against themselves. They are summoned into the witness-box, examined, and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that “they lie dead in a ditch.” Mr. Mill professes to “explain the psychological machinery by which *general names* do their work without the

\* The *Fortnightly Review*, November 1, 1871. “Berkeley's Life and Writings.”

help of *general ideas*," which seems to me very like explaining how mere words, which are denied their appropriate meaning, "do the work" of ideas which are denied their appropriate name. How there could be any "help" in general ideas, if they don't exist, I can't conceive. And how general names can do any "work" in the operations of mind if they don't indicate general ideas, seems equally hard to understand. And how "general ideas" can be thus spoken of, and argued about at all, if no such conceptions can be formed, is the greatest wonder of all. For here we have got general names which do not mean general ideas, but nevertheless do the same "work;" and we have got general ideas which would be very "helpful" if they existed, but then they don't. The only solution of this puzzle would be, that the whole discussion is one like some others which Mr. Mill himself has elsewhere successfully exposed—a logomachy—in which words are used without any meaning whatever, and solemn affirmations and denials are made all about nothing at all. But Mr. Mill seeing the (at least) apparent puzzle, offers a solution which deprives us even of this escape. He says, "the solution of this as of so many difficulties, lies in the connotation of general names," and he lays especial stress on the point that these "general names" "are not (like a proper name) *mere words devoid of meaning*." "General names," then, are not mere words without any signification. They have a meaning, and yet they do not mean general ideas. What then do they mean?

Mr. Mill's explanation is that a general name "is a mark for the properties or some of the properties which belong to an indefinite number of individual objects, and with these properties it is associated in a peculiarly close and intimate manner." Well, to say that a word is "a mark" for an idea is equivalent I suppose to saying that it means the idea. It appears then, that these general names mean, or "connote," or are "a mark for," the properties, or some of the properties, which are common to many individuals. But what are properties? and especially what are common properties? Is not this essentially an abstract idea? Mr. Mill indeed asserts that every "class name" calls up the idea (image) of some individual as well as the special properties which it "marks." But

he admits that in this idea the common properties of the class are made "artificially prominent;" and that all others may be unattended to, and thus "thrown into the shade." And so, the whole argument comes, after all, to be not a denial of the existence of abstract ideas, but an account of their origin and a definition of their meaning. Of course, it may be perfectly good sense to argue that the vulgar understanding of a word is an erroneous one, and to put a better defined one in its stead. But even in this point of view, Mr. Mill's definition seems to cast no new light whatever on the common understanding of the term, which is in close accordance with the etymological meaning of "abstract." The idea of properties which are *drawn forth from* a group of others, more or less completely *separated from them*, and brought into such mental prominence as that all others are out of focus—cast into the shade and practically out of mind—this seems pretty much what everybody understands by an abstract idea. To analyse an idea and to trace its component parts is a legitimate operation. But to conceive it, describe it, define it, and then affirm it to be non-existent, is very like a bull.

There is another very similar process of metaphysical analysis which also passes readily into like confusions, and that is the process by which we trace the means through which particular ideas are arrived at. A brilliant example of the legitimate application of this process is the reasoning by which Bishop Berkeley has proved that the eye does not directly see that which we call distance, and that distance is an idea arrived at by the experience of other sensations, interpreting those of sight. The great opponent of the bishop, on this point, is the brush-turkey, which certainly sees distance the moment it is hatched, and without any experience at all. But still as men are not born so well-feathered as brush-turkeys, Berkeley's argument stands good for men—with just this important caution derived from the provoking bird—that the non-existence of intuitive perceptions is a particular and not a general truth. In Berkeley's argument, however, as applied to men and not to chicks, we have an example of accurate and careful reasoning.

An example not less remarkable of a false application of the same process is the further argument maintained by Mr. Mill that the sen-



sations from which we derive our conceptions of matter do not really indicate anything, or justify us in concluding the existence of anything whatever except "potentialities of other sensations." And here we have, as it seems to me, another of those self-contradictions in which all metaphysical writings abound. After an elaborate argument to prove the non-existence of abstract ideas, we find Mr. Mill contending that an abstract idea—abstract up to the double-distilled essence of abstraction—is the only reality of which we have any assurance in the world. "A potentiality of sensation"—what is this idea? It is not a sensation; it is not even merely the recollection of a past sensation. It includes this indeed; but it includes it along with a multitude of other things—along with all the mental conceptions which go to bind together the past with the present and the future, to assure us of the continuity of our own existence, and of the external agencies which act and react upon our organism. I deny, indeed, that our conception of matter can be boiled down into a "potentiality of sensation." Something there is in the body which has escaped in the process of extraction. Some elements there are in the idea which are left out in the pretended abstract. But this is not my point now. My point is that Mr. Mill's account of it is, first, an abstract—an abstract of a multitude of things; and secondly that it is a bad abstract—an abstract which involves a confusion of ideas, and the admission of one essential element of thought in the very attempt to deny or to expel it. I so far agree with Mr. Mill as to admit that the Potentiality of Sensation is an idea inseparable from our conception of matter. But Potentiality involves in its very root and essence the idea of a dormant power—of something having potency, and this is an idea which attaches primarily to the active cause, not to the passive subject of sensation. This phrase, invented by Mr. Mill, confounds two ideas which are entirely distinct, although the one is the correlative of the other. It confounds Susceptibility to Sensation with Potentiality to cause it. When I think of matter as a Potentiality of Sensation, I mean that I think of it as having the power to awake sensations in me. I do not think of it as having itself the capability of experiencing sensations. Mr. Mill is confounding the active agent with the

passive subject. There is a well known story of a country Scotchman, who when he was asked by a dentist to open his mouth, replied with characteristic caution, "Naa, maybe ye'll bite me." This Scotchman, like Mr. Mill, was thinking of teeth as a Potentiality of Sensation, but he forgot, also like Mr. Mill, that the potentiality to cause that sensation lay in the man that had the mouth in a position to bite, and not in the man who had the finger in a position to be bitten. When will metaphysicians understand that a short phrase does not always mean a simple idea? When will they understand that they do not succeed in analysing thought by simply ignoring some essential part of it?

There are three great subjects on which, as it appears to me, philosophy has been largely vitiated by like confusions. One is the theory of Causation; another is the theory of Morals; and the last is the comparatively new one—the theory of Life.

We are told that we know nothing of causation, properly so called, and that what we mistake for it is merely "invariability of sequence." To my mind every form in which this statement can be made—and there are many—involves a fallacy. That we have some idea of causation which is not mere invariability of sequence is involved in the very argument or assertion which discriminates the two ideas, and then tries to confound them. We have the idea of "it must" over and above the idea of "it always does." Nay, we cannot even think of the invariability of sequence, without seeing in that invariability the working of a cause. In truth, there is no such thing as invariability, except as applicable to this abstract idea of casual connection. Particular sequences are not invariable. We do not attach the idea of invariability to any one sequence that we see, or hear, or feel, or touch, however uniform our experience of such sequence may be. Every such sequence we can conceive to be interrupted, broken, stopped. But there is one thing we cannot conceive, and that is, that this break or cessation should be itself uncaused. I am not speaking of how this idea arises, nor am I discussing whether it corresponds to an absolute universal truth. I am only saying that we have this idea, and that it is an idea different in kind from mere invariability of sequence, and cannot be resolved into it—unless,

indeed, the phrase invariability of sequence be in itself understood as involving the idea of necessity.

It is because Mr. Mill rejects the idea of causation, and avoids the word, that he is driven to define our idea of matter as resolvable into a "potentiality of sensation." This is no necessary part of the philosophy which traces all our ideas to experience. Locke, who was the great apostle of that philosophy, describes matter as that which "causes," or "has power to produce" our sensations. And so does Mr. Mill when he speaks as a Logician\* and not as a Metaphysician. This, so far as it goes, is a fair account of at least the skeleton or framework of our conceptions respecting matter, although I am very far from admitting that it is a complete account, or anything like a complete account, of all that enters into those conceptions. Every analysis of mind, like every analysis of matter, in order to be a true analysis, must account for all the elements to be found in the subject of examination. I do not think that Locke's analysis fulfils this condition. It appears to me that there are elements in our conception of matter—especially as that conception has been enriched by modern science—of which Locke's definition takes no account. But at least it does not commit the blunder of looking at one of these elements, and that one of the most prominent, of defining it, of examining it, and then deliberately rejecting it as non-existent.

The same objections apply, as it seems to me, to all attempts which have been made to reduce the idea of moral obligation to the fear of punishment, to utility, or to any other principle but itself. They all labour under the same insuperable fault of wilfully discarding an element of thought, which is nevertheless recognised in the very terms of the argument by which it is explained away. How it comes, from what source derived—these may be more or less accessible subjects of speculation. But there it is;—differing in kind and in quality from all the supposed elements of its composition, and admitted so to differ in the very comparisons which are drawn between them. Torture it as you will, it cannot be made to confess that it has been changed at nurse.

In like manner the attempt in biological or physiological science to get rid of the idea of "life," or to reduce it to simpler terms, breaks down into similar confusions. Professor Huxley, in his ingenious and in many ways instructive essay on the "Physical Basis of Life," has tried to represent life as a mere name for the properties of a particular kind of matter called protoplasm, and says it is as absurd to set up these properties into a separate entity under the name of Life, as it would be to set up the properties of water as a separate conception under the name of "aquosity." But in the conduct of this argument Professor Huxley is compelled by the necessities of thought, reflected in the necessities of language, to contradict himself. If life be the property of protoplasm, and nothing else, it must be mere tautology to speak of "living protoplasm," and mere self-contradiction to speak of "dead protoplasm." And yet Professor Huxley uses both expressions over and over again—and must use them, if he wishes to distinguish between separate ideas, although it be in the very endeavour to confound them.

Professor Huxley complains that it is a frivolous objection to urge that "living protoplasm" can never be analysed, because the life of it is expelled in the very process of analysis. The conclusion defended evidently is, that we are safe in assuming the composition of dead and living protoplasm to be the same. Very well, be it so,—then so much the more evident it becomes that the life or the deadness of the protoplasm depends upon something entirely different from that physical composition which is alike in the living and in the dead.

Nor does it mend the matter to ascribe the difference between life and death to some undetectable difference in physical "conditions," as distinguished from physical composition. This is merely to hide our conception of one kind of difference which is clear, definite, and immense, under a word chosen because it suggests another kind of difference which is obscure, indefinite, and minute. We may call life a "condition," and deadness another condition, if we please. But this does not alter the fact that if the difference between life and deadness does depend on any physical difference, it is one undetectable, and belonging therefore, at best, to those "substrata of phenomena" which

\* Mill's "Logic," Book I., c. iii., §§ 6, 7, 8.

Professor Huxley in the same essay pronounces to be "imaginary."

I entirely agree with Professor Huxley's assertion that the language both of materialism and of spiritualism has only a relative truth. I believe the idealism which tries to expel our conception of matter to be as false as the materialism which tries to banish our conception of life or spirit. In this respect the language of the vulgar is infinitely more true and more subtle than the language of philosophers. I have spoken elsewhere of "the profound but conscious metaphysics of human speech."\* And it has been all the more profound in proportion as it has been unconscious. Language is a self-registering index of the operations of mind. The conceptions of which it is a witness may be defined and traced, but are not to be explained away. All the truth that there is in the phraseology of materialism is reflected accurately in the ordinary use of language. When metaphysicians attempt to get behind that use, they generally do so only to "meddle and muddle." A man may speak of his brains as synonymous with his intellect, and nobody will derive an erroneous impression from language

referring to a connection which is the most familiar of all facts, although its nature is incomprehensible. But this is a very different thing from attempting deliberately to confound connection with identity under the cover of some ambiguous word. The half-truth of materialistic phraseology ceases when that phraseology pretends to represent a whole-truth. Moreover, the fallacy which it then becomes is in the nature of nonsense. And this only is my point now. Nor is it surprising that when men try to explain away their own ideas, they should get into the atmosphere of bulls. When we try to get outside ourselves, our attitudes are not likely to be otherwise than ludicrous as may be seen in the case of our canine friends when they take it into their heads to gyrate in energetic pursuit of their own tails.

The metaphysicians and physicists with whom I have been dealing seem to me to be one and all men who walk up to some idea—some old and familiar acquaintance of the mind—recognise it, peer into its face, and then accost it as the Irishman accosted his acquaintance in Miss Edgeworth's story: "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, but now I see you are another."

\* "Reign of Law," Fifth Ed. p. 303.

## MR. HELPS AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

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IT is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. Helps's name began to be revered by many young men and women, who were struggling to arrive at some just notion of the human beings around them, and of the important, and often frightful problems of the time. They admired him as a poet and as an historian; but they valued him most as a critic, not of art or of literature, but of men and the ways and needs of men. Dissatisfied with the narrow religious theory then fashionable in London pulpits, which knew no distinctions of the human race save that between the "unconverted" many and

the "converted" few, they seemed to themselves to find in his essays views wider, juster, more humane, more in accord with the actual facts which they found in themselves and in the people round them, and more likely, too, to result in practical benefit to the suffering and the degraded. And well it was for them that they did so. Some of them were tempted to rush from one religious extreme into another, which offered them just then not only the charms of novelty, but those of genius, of culture, of manly and devoted earnestness. Others were tempted in a very different direction. They

were ready to escape from a narrow and intolerant fanaticism into that equally narrow and intolerant revolutionist infidelity which has for the last eighty years usurped the sacred name of Liberty.

There were those among both parties who received at once from Mr. Helps's book an influence none the less powerful because it calmed and subdued. It was new and wholesome for many, then in hot and hasty youth, to find the social problems which were so important to them equally important to a man of a training utterly different from theirs, and approached by him in a proportionally different temper. They were inclined at first to accuse that temper of dilettantism. It had no tincture of Cambyzes' vein, none even of Shelley's. It threatened not thrones, principalities, nor powers. It promised not to build up an elysium on their ruins. The sneer of lukewarmness rose to many men's lips; and the playful interludes which were interspersed throughout the volumes seemed to justify their suspicions. Were not these mere fiddlings while Rome was burning? impertinent interruptions to the one great work of setting the world to rights out of hand?

But, as they read on, they found themselves compelled to respect the writer's temper more and more, even though it seemed to lack fiercer and bolder qualities which they valued (and rightly) in some of their own friends. They were forced to confess at the outset that Mr. Helps did not approach social problems in that spirit of selfish sentimentalism which regards the poor and the awful as divinely ordained means by which the rich and the superstitious may climb to heaven. Neither did he approach them in the spirit (if the word spirit can be used of aught so spiritless) of that "*philosophie du néant*," the old *laissez-faire* political economy which taught men, and taught little else, that it is good for mankind that the many should be degraded in order that the few may be rich. They saw that Mr. Helps had, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, righteous and chivalrous instincts, which forbade them both to accept the reasonableness of any reasoning which proved that. They saw, too, that both possessed elements of strength which they themselves lacked, namely, calm and culture; a calm and a culture which did not interfere with a deep tenderness for the

sorrows and follies of mankind, and with a deep indignation now and then at their wrongs; but which tamed them and trained them to use, converting them, to quote from memory an old simile of Mr. Carlyle's, "from wild smoke and blaze into genial inward heat."

I do not wish to push further the likeness between two remarkable men. But I am certain that many who owe much to them both, will feel that the influence of both has been in some respects identical, and that they have learnt from both a valuable lesson on the importance, whether to the thinker or to the actor, of culture and calm.

It has been good then—to confine myself to Mr. Helps's book—for many young men and women to be taught that it is possible to discuss, fairly and fully, questions all-important, many exquisitely painful, some seemingly well-nigh hopeless, without fury, even without flurry, that such a composure is a sign, not of carelessness, but of faith in the strength of right, and hope in its final triumph; that, as the old seer says, "he that believeth will not make haste," and that it is wise "not to fret thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil;" that all passion, even all emotion, however useful they may be in the very heat of battle, must be resolutely sent below, and clapt under hatches, if we intend to ascertain our own ship's position, or to reconnoitre the strength of our enemies; that only by a just patience in preparation, can we save from disaster an equally just fierceness in execution; that without *σωφροσύνη*, even *θῦμος*, "the root of all the virtues," is of no avail: because without it we shall not have truly seen the object on which the *θῦμος* is to work; shall not have looked at it on all sides, or taken measure of its true proportions. Good it was for them, too, to find, as they read on through Mr. Helps's books, that those sides, those proportions could only be ascertained by much culture, much reading, observation, reflection, concerning many men and many matters; that the scholar and the man of the world were probably as necessary now to the safe direction of human affairs, as they ever have been; that the weakness of the average ideologue lay in this—not that he had too many ideas, but too few; that the danger now as always, lay not in "latitudinarianism" (whatever that may mean), but in bigotry; not in

breadth, but in narrowness; and that "*Cave hominem unius Scientiæ*," like "*Cave hominem unius Libri*," though undoubtedly true, was capable of an interpretation by no means complimentary to the man of one science. Good also for them was it, to learn on the testimony of a witness whom they could not well impeach, that those who had then, and have still, the direction of public affairs were not altogether the knaves and fools, the robbers and tyrants, which they were said to be by the then Press of Holywell Street, and even sometimes in the heat of the Debating Society, by their young kinsmen; that they were men of like passions, and of like virtues, with those who were so ready to take their places, to do all that they had left undone; that they were but too fully aware of difficulties in any course of action, of which the outside aspirant knew nothing, and which he would be, therefore, still more unable to face; that though the slothful man is too apt to say "there is a lion in the path," the fool is also too apt to say that there is none; and that though anything like reverence for one's elders has been voted out of court for at least a generation, yet a little humility as to our own value, a little charity towards those who are trying to get the work done with such tools as the British nation allows them, might conduce to a better understanding between private men, and a better understanding of public men, of all parties and opinions.

No two men have done more, I believe, to save this generation from two or even three extremes of fanaticism, than Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Helps; and that because they have been just to all that was vital and sound in the Middle Ages, just to all that was vital and sound in the French Revolution; and, be it remembered, to all that was vital and sound in the young Puritan time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus they have earned the right to be heard, and they have on the whole been heard, when they have preached, not indeed content with the established order of things, but at least patience, charity, and caution in reforming it. The extraordinary sale of the cheap edition of Mr. Carlyle's works, principally, I am told, among the hard-working classes, is a hopeful omen that the "public," in spite of all its sillinesses, is after all, though very slowly, amenable to reason; and the day

may come when a cheap edition of Mr. Helps's essays—at least a selection from them—may find favour with those who are to be (so we are told) henceforth the chief power in the British Empire; and who therefore need to know what the British Empire is like, and how it can, and cannot, be governed. "*Essays in the Intervals of Business*," "*The Claims of Labour*," "*Friends in Council*," "*Companions of my Solitude*," and last, but not least, the recent "*Brevia*" and "*Thoughts on War and Culture*"—all these would furnish to the poorest, as well as to the richest, many a weighty, and I believe many a welcome lesson, concerning himself, his family, his countrymen, his country, and his duty to them all. If it be objected that these essays are only adapted to cultivated men and women, and deal only with an artificial stately society, I should demur. Mr. Helps seems to me to ground his sayings, whenever he can, on truths which are equally intelligible to, because equally true for, all men. His aphorisms, even on Government, would stand good just as much for the grocer and his shop-boy as for the statesman and his subordinate, and would "touch the witness"—as Friends say—of the one neither less nor more than that of the other; while for manner, as well as for matter, many a page of Mr. Helps's might be profitably intercalated into an average sermon, were it not that the "*purpureus pannus*" might not enhance the homespun, and much less the shoddy, of the rest of the discourse.

I believe that many ministers of religion, of all parties and denominations, would agree with what I have said. We parsons owe Mr. Helps much more than he knows, or than, perhaps, it is good for him to know. His influence—though often of course indirect and unconscious—has been very potent for some years past among the most rational and hearty of those who have had to teach, to manage, or to succour their fellow-creatures; and it is most desirable just now that that influence should increase, and lay hold of the young men who are growing up. It is more than probable that the laity will, ere long, have a far larger share than hitherto, in the internal management of Church affairs; and to do that work well the religious layman will require more than piety, more than orthodoxy, indis-

pensable as those will be. He will require a great deal of that practical humanity, and a great deal of that common sense, of which Mr. Helps's books are full; for without them, and as much of them as can be obtained, both from laymen and clerks, the Church of England will be in danger of being torn to pieces by small minorities of factious bigots, who do not see that she was meant to be, and can only exist by being, a Church of compromise and tolerance; that is, a Church of practical humanity, and practical common sense.

Tolerance—which after all is, as Mr. Helps says, only another name for that Divine property which St. Paul calls charity,—that is what we all need to make the world go right. If anyone wishes to know Mr. Helps's theological opinions concerning it, let him study the last few noble pages of the second series of "Friends in Council." And if he wishes to know Mr. Helps's moral opinions concerning it, whether or not he considers it synonymous with licence, with indulgence either to our own misdeeds or to those of others, let him read whatever Mr. Helps has written on the point on which all men in all ages have been most "tolerant"—when their own wives or daughters were not in question; the point on which this generation is becoming so specially tolerant, that no novel or poem seems likely to attract the enlightened public just now, unless it dabbles with some dirt about the seventh commandment. Whenever Mr. Helps touches—and he often touches—on the relations between men and women, and on love, and the office of love in forming the human character, he does so with a purity and with a chivalry which is becoming, alas! more and more rare. In one of his latest books, for instance, "*Casimir Maremma*," there is a love scene which, at least to the mind of an elderly man, not *blasé* with sensation novels, rises to high pathos. And yet the effect is not produced by any violence of language or of incident, but by quiet and subtle analysis of small gestures, small circumstances, and emotions which show little, if at all, upon the surface.

This analytic faculty of Mr. Helps is very powerful. It has been sharpened, doubtless, by long converse with many men and many matters; but it must have been strong from youth; strong enough to have been dangerous

to any character which could not keep it in order by a still stronger moral sense. We have had immoral analysis of character enough, going about the world of late, to be admired as all *tours de force* are admired. There have been and are still, analysts who, in the cause of art, as they fancy, pick human nature to pieces merely to show how crimes can be committed. There have been analysts who, in the cause of religion as they fancied, picked human nature to pieces, to show how damnable it is. There have been those again, who in the cause of science, as they fancied, picked it to pieces to show how animal it is. Mr. Helps analyses it to show how tolerable, even loveable, it is after all, and how much more tolerable and loveable it might become by the exercise of a little common sense and charity. Let us say rather of that common sense which is charity, or at least is impossible without it; which comprehends, because it loves; or if it cannot altogether love, can at least pity or deplore.

It is this vein of wise charity, running through all which Mr. Helps has ever written, which makes his books so wholesome to the student of his fellow-men; especially wholesome, I should think, to ministers of religion. That, as the wise Yankee said, "It takes all sorts to make a world;" that it is not so easy as we think to know our friends from our foes, the children of light from those of darkness; that the final distinction into "righteous" and "wicked" requires an analysis infinitely deeper than any we can exercise, and must be decided hereafter by One before whom our wisdom is but blindness, our justice but passion; that in a word, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," is a command which is founded on actual facts, and had therefore better be obeyed: all this we ministers of religion are but too apt to ignore, and need to be reminded of it now and then, by lay-sermons from those who have not forgotten—as we sometimes forget—that we too are men.

And it seems to me, that a young clergyman, wishing to know how to deal with his fellow-creatures, and not having made up his mind, before all experience, to stretch them all alike upon some Procrustean bed of discipline, (Church or other), would do well to peruse and ponder, with something of humility and self-distrust, a good deal which Mr. Helps has

written. Let him read, for instance, the first half of "Essays written in the intervals of Business," and if he does not at first appreciate the wisdom and worth of much therein, let him set down his disappointment, not to any dulness of the author's, but to his own ignorance of the world and of mankind : that is, of the very subject-matter which he has vowed to work on, and to improve.

I would ask him, for instance, to consider such a passage as this :—"We are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretensions of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us ; whereas, all the while perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards ; they offend our vanity ; they rouse our fears ; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please."

I would ask the young man, too, to read much of "Friends in Council," not merely the essays, but the conversations also. For in them, too, he will chance on many a wise apothegm which will stand him in good stead in his daily work. Especially would I ask him to read that chapter on "Pleasantness ;" and if he be inclined to think it merely a collection of maxims, acute enough, but having no bearing on Theology or on higher Ethics, let him correct his opinion by studying the following passage concerning a certain class of disagreeable people :—

"After much meditation on them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive ; but the habit of looking at everything from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments ; and so they say and do the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatsoever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed ; and the end is that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness, until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortune, which enables them to look at another's grief and

errors from his own point of view, because it has become their own."

Full of sound doctrine are those words, but like much of Mr. Helps's good advice on this and on other subjects, not likely to be learned by those who need it most, till they have been taught them by sad experience.

And for this reason : that too many of us lack imagination, and have, I suppose, lacked it in all ages. Mr. Helps puts sound words into Midhurst's mouth upon this very matter, in the conversation which follows the essay. It enables, according to him, a man "on all occasions to see what is to be said and thought for others. It corrects harshness of judgment and cruelty of all kinds. I cannot imagine a cruel man imaginative ; and I suspect that there is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word, or thought, or action."

No doubt : but what if it be said in defence of the stupid and cruel, that imagination is a natural gift ; and that they therefore are not to be blamed for the want of it ? That, again, it would doubtless be very desirable that every public functionary, lay or clerical, should possess a fair share of imagination ; enough at least to put himself in the place of some suitor, whose fate he seals with "a clerk's cold spurt of the pen : " but that imagination is a quality too undefinable and transcendental to be discovered—at least the amount of it—by any examination, competitive or other ?

The answer is, I think, to be found in Mr. Helps's own example. The imagination, like other faculties, grows by food ; and its food cannot be too varied, in order that it may assimilate to itself the greatest number of diverse elements. Whatever natural faculty of imagination Mr. Helps may have had, it has evidently been developed, strengthened, and widened, by most various reading, various experience of men and things. The number and the variety of facts, objective and subjective, touched in his volumes is quite enormous. His mind has plainly been accustomed to place itself in every possible attitude, in order to catch every possible ray of light. The result is, that whenever he looks at a thing, though he may not always—who can, in such a mysterious world ?—see into the heart of it, he at least sees it all round. He has acquired

a sense of proportion ; of the relative size and shape of things, which is the very foundation of all just and wise practical thought about them.

And this is what young men, setting out as thinkers, or as teachers, are naturally apt to lack. They are inclined to be bigots or fanatics, not from conceit or stupidity, but simply from ignorance. Their field of vision is too narrow ; and a single object in it is often sufficient to intercept to whole light of heaven, and so become an *eidolon*—something worshipped instead of truth, and too often at the expense of human charity. In the young layman there is no cure, it is said, for such a state of mind, like the House of Commons ; and in default of that, good company, in the true sense of the word. Mr. Helps makes no secret, throughout his pages, of what he owes to the society of men of very varied opinions and temperaments, as able as, or abler than himself. But all have not his opportunities ; and least of all, perhaps, we of the clerical profession, who need them most, not only because we have to influence human hearts and heads of every possible temper, and in every possible state, but because the very sacredness of our duties, and our conviction of the truth of our own teaching, tempt us—paradoxical, as it may seem—towards a self-confident, blind, and harsh routine. What is the young clergyman's cure? How shall he keep his imaginative sympathy strong and open?

Certainly, by much varied reading. The study of the Greek and Latin classics has helped, I believe, much in making the clergy of the Church of England what they are—the most liberal-minded priesthood which the world has yet seen. The want of it has certainly helped to narrow the minds of Non-conformists. A boy cannot be brought up to read of, and to love, old Greeks and Romans, without a vague, but deep feeling, that they, too, were men of like passions, and it may be sometimes of like virtues, with himself ; and he who has learnt how to think and how to know, from Aristotle and Plato, will have a far juster view of the vastness and importance of the whole human race and its strivings after truth, than he who has learnt his one little lesson about man and the universe from the works of one or two Divines of his own peculiar school. He will be all the

more inclined to be just to the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, from having learnt to be just to those who worshipped round the Capitol or the Acropolis. One sees, therefore, with much regret, more and more young men taking orders without having had a sound classical education, and more and more young men so overworked by parish duty, as to have really no time left for study. Under the present mania for over-working everybody, such Churchmen as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw—literary, philosophic, scientific, generally human and humane—are becoming more and more impossible ; while a priesthood such as may be seen in more than one country of Europe, composed of mere professionals, busy, ambitious, illiterate, is becoming more and more possible.

One remedy, at least, is this, that more varied culture should be insisted on, by those who have the power to insist ; that if not a sound knowledge of the best classic literature, at least a sound knowledge of the best English, should be demanded of young clergymen. Let such a one have—say only his Shakespeare—at his fingers' ends, and he will find his visits in the parish, and his sermon in the pulpit also, all the more full of that "Pleasantness," which is, to tell the truth, nothing less than Divine "Charity."

Such are a few of the thoughts which suggested themselves to me while reading Mr. Help's later books, and re-reading—with an increasing sense of their value—several of his earlier ones. If these thoughts have turned especially towards the gentlemen of my own cloth, and their needs, it has been because I found Mr. Helps's Essays eminently full of that "sweetness and light," which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells is so necessary for us all. Most necessary are they certainly, for us clergymen ; and yet they are the very qualities which we are most likely to lose, not only from the hurry and worry of labour, but from the very importance of the questions on which we have to make up our minds, and the hugeness of the evils with which we have to fight. And thankful we should be to one who, amid toil no less continuous and distracting than that of any active clergyman, has not only preserved sweetness and light himself, but has taught the value of them to others



## BOOK REVIEWS

**HISTORICAL ESSAYS.** By Edward A. Freeman, M. A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. FREEMAN may, we believe, be regarded as the greatest living authority on the period of history to which he has specially devoted himself, and which may be comprehensively designated as the Middle Age, between ancient history and modern, embracing the formation of all the European nations in the mould of the still surviving Empire, and the early development of their institutions, civil and religious. Not that his knowledge is limited to this period, for he has given us valuable proof of his profound study of ancient history and of the political history of modern times. His "Norman Conquest" is not only beyond comparison the best, it is in fact the only history of those events; for Thierry, though learned, picturesque and generous, is far too fanciful to hold his ground as an authority and a guide, nor does he present the Conquest and the Conqueror with the fulness of detail with which they are presented by Mr. Freeman, and which alone can lend life and interest to the history of the remote past. Mr. Freeman has high literary merits—a clear and thoroughly manly style, a vigour and a vividness in narration only occasionally marred by a slight tendency to diffusiveness and by the antiquarian enthusiasm which leads him sometimes to introduce into the text incidental details better suited for a note. But his supreme excellence lies in his thorough mastery of his materials, in his conscientious and discriminating use of them, and in the perfect soundness of all he writes. Whether you agree with his interpretation of facts or not, you may feel perfectly sure that you will find on investigation, that his authorities are correctly cited, and that their relative value has been duly weighed. In the latter respect he has greatly the advantage of Thierry, who always has an authority for what he says, but is by no means careful in determining the relative value of authorities, especially when he is under the generous but misleading influence of his sympathy with oppressed nationalities. Dean Milman's work is excellent, and deserves the highest gratitude of the student of history; but he may occasionally be caught tripping, and very excusably, considering how immense was the mass of facts which he had to embrace, and that he commenced his great work at an age when the physical memory begins to lose its strength. That the same thing may be said of Gibbon, notwithstanding his vast and genuine learning, is known to the few who have had occasion to compare him with his Byzantine authorities. But Mr. Freeman, though he has provoked searching criticism by his somewhat ruthless exposure of the inaccuracies of others, has never, so far as we know, been detected in any serious error even on a subordinate point. He strictly confines himself to narrating events in accordance with the evidence and to

tracing the connection between them, eschewing philosophic generalizations whether of the school of Buckle or of any other school. "We have tried," he says, at the conclusion of his essay on the Continuity of English History "to trace the outward sequence of cause and effect through a considerable portion of history. This outward sequence is all that we can profess to trace. We cannot submit the phenomena of English history, its course at home or its points of difference from that of other nations to any grand scientific law. If we are asked for the causes of the contrast between the steady course of freedom in England and its fitful rises and falls in France, we have no universal formula of explanation. We can only say that the causes are many and various; and some of those which we should assign are perhaps rather of an old-fashioned kind. We confess that we are not up to the lights of the age: we have not graduated in the school of Mr. Buckle. We still retain our faith in the existence and the free-will both of God and man. National character, geographical position, earlier historical events have had much to do with the difference; but we believe that the personal character of individual men and the happy thought or happy accident, of some particular enactment, often had quite as much to do with it as any of these." One obvious advantage, at all events, of writing history on this system is that come what may of the conflicting theories and philosophies of history by which the world is now disputing, the facts ascertained and arranged by Mr. Freeman must always retain their value. Nor can any changes of opinion or of literary fashion impair the interest of a narrative which relies for its effect not on rhetoric or sensational pictures, but on the intrinsic importance and interest of the character and events. Mr. Freeman's writings are perhaps the very best school in which a young student of history can train himself. They redeem a generation which in its blindness has bowed down to the ignorant and mendacious sensationalism of Mr. Froude.

The essays contained in the present volume are revised republications from leading reviews. They relate mostly to Mr. Freeman's special period; but the last in the series "On Presidential Government" belongs to political philosophy, and reminds us that Mr. Freeman has published one volume of an excellent work on Federal Government, which we hope he will take in hand again as soon as he shall have completed his History of the Norman Conquest. There could not be a moment at which such a work would be more welcome or more likely to influence political action on a great scale than the present. Among a number of papers affording striking proofs of the writer's peculiar learning, the most remarkable perhaps is that on the Early Sieges of Paris, which derives additional interest from recent events, by which its subject was in fact sug-

gested. We doubt whether any other writer possesses sufficient command of the authorities to move so freely without stumbling in that dim twilight of the dawn of French history. But all the essays are full of learning and sound instruction.

If there is one of the series from the general views of which we are disposed to dissent, though with great deference for the opinion of one so thoroughly at home in the subject, it is that on "St. Thomas of Canterbury and his Biographers." We cannot help thinking that Mr. Freeman's fondness for St. Thomas à Becket is a case of what the writers on Primitive Culture call "survival"; that it belongs rather to the earlier and more ecclesiastical portion of the author's career, when he was one of the most eminent among the leaders in the revival of Church Art connected with the High Church movement at Oxford. To us, we confess, Thomas à Becket has always seemed to stand in strong contrast to the real Saintship of Anselm, and to be himself in truth nothing more than a vulgar embodiment of the sacerdotal ambition and the ecclesiastical fallacies of his age. Thierry has discovered in him a Saxon patriot, defending his race against the Norman oppressor; but this theory is justly pronounced by Mr. Freeman untenable: Becket was not of Saxon but of Norman extraction, and, as Mr. Freeman says, the sharp antagonism of races assumed in Thierry's hypothesis had by this time ceased to exist. Thierry makes a great point of the article in the Constitutions of Clarendon forbidding the ordination of serfs without the consent of their lords, in opposing which he supposes Becket to have been the champion of the Saxon democracy. Milman, on the other hand, has remarked that this article in reality passed almost unheeded. Mr. Freeman disputes Milman's opinion on the strength of some lines in the Metrical French Life of Becket by Garnier. But we have the most positive proof that Thierry has vastly exaggerated the importance of the article and that it was really regarded by Becket's party as of secondary moment: since at the Council of Sens the sixteen Constitutions of Clarendon were laid before the Pope, who distinguished those which were utterly inadmissible from those which, though objectionable, were comparatively harmless, and placed the article respecting the ordination of serfs in the latter class. What the democratic sympathies of Rome and her representatives were worth appeared not long after this in the Papal condemnation of the Great Charter and its authors. Democratic Rome has, in truth, never been; though in the case of kings who were heretics or opposed her pretensions she has been rebel and tyrannicide. It cannot be pretended again, that Becket was a martyr to religious liberty in the high sense of the term, since as a member of the Council of Tours he took part in setting on foot those persecutions of the heretics of Southern France, which at last culminated in the extermination of the Albigenses. To the liberties of the national Church of England he was twice a traitor: first in allowing himself to be forced on the electors to the Archbishopric, in defiance of Church rights and liberties, by an exercise of the royal power; secondly, in attempting to get rid of this flaw in his position by surrendering the Primacy of England into the hands of the Pope and receiving it back as the Pope's gift, a precedent which was probably not forgotten in the usurping Councils of Innocent III. He was a martyr to nothing but that

Hildebrandine theory of the supremacy of the clergy and of the Pope as their chief over the lay powers and the laity generally, which at this period filled the heads and fired the hearts of all the priests in Europe; which was supported by a whole arsenal of forgery and fraud, as well as by the general agencies of superstition, and which, if it could have been carried into effect, would have reduced Europe to the condition of Egypt, paralyzed intellect, arrested political progress and stopped the current of civilization. The chief object for which he fought was the immunity of clerical robbers and murderers, and of all robbers and murderers over whom the clergy chose, with a view of enlarging their clientage, to extend the protection of their order, from the jurisdiction of secular tribunals, as William of Newburgh, about the only contemporary writer in whom anything like an impartial account of these transactions is to be found, very clearly explains. But it is not to be forgotten that immediately after his appointment to the Archbishopric, and before the Constitutions of Clarendon were mooted, he commenced his course of aggression by setting up tyrannical claims to property which had been vested by a long term of prescription in other hands; at the same time outraging justice by making himself judge in his own cause and violating the established custom of the realm by excommunicating a tenant in chief of the Crown without the cognizance of the King. His bearing through the whole controversy was in the last degree insolent, outrageous and unchristian: even his most attached partizan had to warn him that, instead of always poring over the Canon Law, the magazine of ecclesiastical aggression, he had better turn his mind to the Gospel. He met his death at last by violence, and in this sense he may be said to have been, in Mr. Freeman's words, "a martyr to the general cause of law and order"; but he had himself provoked that violence by launching, immediately after his reconciliation with the King and in breach of the agreement into which he had virtually entered, a storm of censures and excommunications for which Mr. Freeman blames him highly, justly remarking that the amnesty which would naturally have been expected under the circumstances from a secular conqueror, was much more to be expected from a minister of peace. "But," says Mr. Freeman, "in the state of fanatic exaltation into which Thomas had now wrought himself, lenity would have seemed a crime which would incur the curse of Meroz." People in a state of fanatic exaltation are apt, especially in rough times, to run into violent collisions. The conduct and bearing of this ecclesiastical termagant made it perfectly clear that there was no living within the same realm with him except on condition of absolute submission to his fanatical and tyrannical will. The last gospel principle in defence of which the servant of Christ launched his anathemas, and to which, if to any principle, he was a martyr, was the supremacy of Canterbury over York, and the exclusive right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown and anoint the King. The last word uttered by his saintly lips was "pandar," which provoked the excited savage to whom it was addressed to hew him down. The crazy lust of martyrdom which at last possessed him, and which widely prevailed in that crusading age, might not otherwise have been gratified. We are very much in the dark as to some parts of his character, our chief authorities being his ecclesiastical

biographers, whose works are rather rhapsodies than histories, the very dregs of the human mind, tainted with preposterous miracles, and burning with a fanaticism which would have made lying in the Saint's honour a duty and telling the truth against him a crime. It is on the testimony of such witnesses that we are called upon to believe that Becket, before his elevation to the Archbishopric, and while outwardly an ambitious, grasping and ostentatious man of the world, a supple courtier and a ruthless soldier, was in heart devout and practised asceticism in secret. It is on the same testimony that Mr. Freeman and others believe that Becket was adored by the common people; though, even granting this to be the fact, it would only prove, what needs no proof, that the people in those days were sunk in superstition and completely under the influence of the priests. The subsequent popularity of Becket as a Saint was the natural consequence of the assiduous exaltation of his name by all the members of the order for whose most iniquitous and noxious privileges he was supposed to have died; and, if pleaded as testimony on his side, it would prove rather too much, since the offerings at Becket's shrine were far more numerous than those made to the Virgin, and infinitely more numerous than those made to God. As the memory of Becket has gained, so the memory of Henry II. has suffered, in common with that of all kings who offended the clergy in the middle age, by the prejudice of the clerical writers who were then the only historians. It is true that Henry, like all the men of that age had still in him a good deal of the savage, and was liable to fits of ungoverned and cruel passion; but his early friendship with Becket shows that he was a man of warm affections, and there is an anecdote in the life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, which represents him as genial, good humoured, capable of being turned from his wrath by a jest. He was licentious, but we are not bound to believe all the monstrous charges of his enemies, and we are bound to remember that he had an old shrew for his wife. He was, at times tyrannical, but his tyranny was better for the people than the liberty of Front de Bœuf; and his reign, after the anarchy of Stephen, must have seemed almost a millennium. Had he been willing to submit to clerical usurpation, neither license nor tyranny would have drawn down ecclesiastical rebuke in his case any more than they did in that of his grandfather Henry, or in that of his son John, who so long as he was a supporter of the Church was allowed to put away his wife without cause and was backed by Papal authority in his perfidious repudiation of the Great Charter. Becket would have thought as little of the immoralities of a pious king as he did of the practical abuses in the Church, of which indeed he was himself, as an enormous pluralist, a conspicuous instance. Henry, though he came of a race noted for bridling ecclesiastics, and the subject in consequence of their calumnious legends, does not seem to have been irreligious; he heard mass regularly, gave to the Church, and like his grandfather willingly employed churchmen. He cannot have been utterly unscrupulous, or he would have accepted the overtures of the Emperor, and by throwing his weight into the scale in favour of the anti-Pope have secured the triumph of the secular power and checkmated Becket. He was not an Englishman or an English patriot, but a great continental King, ruling England almost as a dependency; Becket in like manner was not an Englishman or an English patriot

but a Roman: and Henry's continental power enabled him to repress the feudal anarchy in England, and to give the country a period of internal peace, which, together with the free trade which it enjoyed with his continental dominions, rapidly advanced its wealth and prosperity. The repression of lawlessness and crime in the clergy was the complement of the policy so ably and beneficently inaugurated at the commencement of the reign by the repression of the feudal anarchy and the expulsion of their mercenary hordes. In the continuation of that policy the King expected the co-operation of his bosom friend and chief counsellor; in this expectation he caused Becket to be elected Archbishop; and it is totally incredible that Becket should have really undeceived him before the election. In the course of the struggle, his passionate nature being maddened by Becket's perfidy and arrogance, he did things highly blameworthy, among which, however, we hardly reckon the pressure put upon the Cistercians to dislodge from their protection an enemy who, under that protection, was assailing the King and the peace of his realm with weapons styled spiritual, but which wielded by the hands of Hildebrand and his ambitious successors had filled Germany and Italy with unnatural and desolating war. That in the immediate issue the King was right is now admitted by the whole world with the possible exception of the editor of the *Univers*, and was practically acknowledged in a sort of concordat framed at the instance of Archbishop Richard, the successor of Becket. Mr. Freeman says that the immunity of clerks from the jurisdiction of the civil power would now be justly considered monstrous in every well-governed country, but that it was a cause that might honestly be maintained in the twelfth century. "Thomas did not invent the ecclesiastical claims; he merely defended them as he found them". Here with great deference and some misgiving, we must join issue with Mr. Freeman on a question of fact. We venture to submit that, so far as England was concerned, Becket did invent the ecclesiastical claims which he put forward. Those claims were contrary to, while the Constitutions of Clarendon were generally in accordance with, the rules of the Norman kingdom, as promulgated by the Conqueror in the face of Hildebrand, and recorded on the unquestionable authority of Eadmer. If the liability of ecclesiastical offenders to the civil jurisdiction had not been formally proclaimed, it had been practically asserted in the signal case of Odo of Bayeux. Besides, it is pushing the charity of history rather far to say that a claim which all sensible men now see to be unrighteous, might have been righteously maintained in former times, and this in the presence of most decisive facts (for the kingdom was full of privileged criminals) and in face of the arguments now accepted as conclusive. If Richard de Luci or Abbot Samson (who was one of Henry's justiciars) could see that justice ought to be done upon a murderer in minor orders, why could not Becket, a man evidently of superior ability and according to his admirers of genius see it also? We are ready to judge Becket according to the ideas and the moral and Christian standard of his time. We will compare him with Anselm. Anselm when brought into collision, in defence of the Church's rights, with two Kings in succession, one of whom at all events was a much worse man and greater tyrant than Henry II., did everything in his power to preserve the peace of

of Church and State, pushed concession to its utmost limits, abstained as long as possible from the use of spiritual censures, readily embraced a rational compromise as soon as it was offered. He interposed, when at the Council of Bari, the Pope, yielding to the clamour of the excited assembly, was about to excommunicate William Rufus. He shed tears, so his biographer assures us, when he heard of the Red King's death. He never for a moment forgot the temporal allegiance due to his sovereign, or leagued himself, for the purpose of obtaining temporal support for spiritual principles, with the King's enemies. In his bearing towards Rufus and in his letters to Henry he was invariably respectful. He met violence as a Christian prelate should, with meekness, and displayed throughout the contest the Christian's true chivalry, long-suffering and love of peace. He never thought of his personal position or of his personal wrongs. The end of the struggle in his case was not a tragic catastrophe, but a happy settlement, founded on a just distinction between the rights of the Church and those of the State, by which peace was restored to both. Becket's conduct in every respect was exactly the reverse. He eagerly embraced occasions for quarrel. He pushed everything to extremities. He treated all forbearance, all patience, all charity, much more all concession or compromise, as "the sin of Meroz." He hurled about his spiritual thunderbolts with reckless vindictiveness on all sides. He reviled the Pope, because the shrewd and patient Italian, who won his own game by waiting, hesitated at once to proceed to extreme measures against the King. He was always full of himself and of his own wrongs, and blasphemously identified himself with Christ, while he showed the difference between himself and Him who reviled not again, by styling one of his opponents "not Archdeacon, but Archdevil." In all his letters there is not a word that betokens the spirit of a real Christian, and his whole conduct is as contrary as possible to the plain precepts of the Gospel which he professed to make the rule of his life, and which was as intelligible to him as it is to us. Immediately on his departure from England he flung himself in violation of his feudal obligations, into the arms of his sovereign's enemy, the King of France. He bore himself towards Henry in the most offensive manner, addressing him generally as his equal in rank, while spiritually he assumed towards him airs of paternity utterly ridiculous and disgusting in one, who instead of having like Anselm passed a long life in the service of Christ and in the guidance of souls, was the King's boon companion of yesterday, and had just leaped from the saddle of the soldier into the throne of the Archbishop. Becket's renewal of the war on his return to England and after his reconciliation with the King would have left him without a defender among reasonable men, had not his breach of the amnesty been covered by his tragic fate. The proclamation of Henry VIII., which declared that Becket was killed in a brawl, contained a large amount of truth, though it was not its truth that recommended it to Henry VIII. Perhaps to the significant points of contrast between Becket and Anselm it may be added that Anselm though an ascetic, as all religious men were in those days, does not appear to have been a Fakir, while it was a principal element in Becket's Saintship, according to his monkish adorers, that he was covered with holy filth and swarmed with vermin. It is not surprising that Becket's name should be in all ages dear and

familiar to ecclesiastical ambition; that the pens of ultramontane priests should now again be glorifying his memory, or that an untruthful and sophistical life of him should have formed a prominent part of the literature of the Romanizing party at Oxford. A "worthy" of clerical aggrandizement he is, and one of the highest of them; but among the "worthies" of England, of morality, or of Christianity, we, notwithstanding Mr. Freeman's appeal, emphatically refuse a place to Becket.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

It does not surprise us to learn that this biography has already reached a ninth edition. A few months after the body of Charles Dickens had been deposited beneath the flag-stones of Westminster Abbey, certain of the critics held a *post mortem* upon his literary remains. They had not the slightest doubt that his works were as dead as himself; and if any spark of life were yet remaining, it seemed scarcely credible that a "subject" could survive the dissections of such anatomists. The critics were for once mistaken; they appear to have forgotten that *humour* has many champions. It was easy to declaim against the factitious popularity of Dickens; not so easy to destroy the troop of grateful friends he left behind him. Mr. Pickwick may be dead by this time, though we have no evidence of the fact; Sam Weller and Mary (*not* Nubbles) are certainly keeping a "public" somewhere to this day; Captain Cuttle, we have good reason to believe, is still "to the fore"; and Mr. Micawber, having no desire for anything else "to turn up," may, possibly, turn himself up from Australia as a witness in the Tichborne case. As for Dick Swiveller, there can be no doubt an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* would draw him out immediately. There is not a household in England or America where these genial folk would not find an open door and a hearty welcome: not to speak of the rest of the many characters who owe their name and fame to the genius of Charles Dickens. Therefore we say that the critics were mistaken; and, if any one be still in doubt, we beg to refer him or her to the enormous sale of the family edition of *Oliver Twist*, and the eager zest with which all classes have devoured the first instalment of Mr. Forster's biography.

We have no desire, even if we could afford the space, to imitate the example of some of our contemporaries, who, as it appears to us, have emasculated the work and detracted from the interest the reader would certainly feel on an independent perusal of it. Most children, young and old, are fond of plums; but if these are dished up as a preliminary to the pudding to which they originally belonged, it is only natural that they should fail to relish the mutilated after-part of the repast.

It is due to the biographer to give him at once, and in the first place, our humble tribute to the careful and discriminating style of his book. Many faults, though they could be detected here, would be forgiven in Mr. Forster, because he has loved much. A man who could have attracted the strong and manly affection displayed by the biographer must have had

a warm and generous nature ; and although we are inclined to think that Mr. Forster's heart has sometimes got the better of his head, it has not often done so : his narrative is quite as impartial as we could expect—perhaps we may add, as we could wish it to be.

And yet, it is quite possible that, apart from prejudices to which men have already committed themselves, there may be two distinctly opposite verdicts passed upon the subject of the work. We can imagine a perfectly ingenious and unbiassed reader, deliberately penning two entirely contradictory views of Dickens, according to the passing mood in which he takes it up. There is much to call forth sympathy—much to command admiration ; but there are also many things which excite regret, call for pity, and even challenge patience in a reader.

Of the first ten years of Dickens' life, we need say little. The early vicissitudes of the family fortunes, which are interesting in the work, would seem tiresome in a mere abstract of incidents. The story of the "queer little boy" whom Dickens met at Gadshill, had been published before, and it is certainly well told ; but it strikes us rather as a monologue than a conversation. At any rate, though it really records a reminiscence of Dickens, it is not very remarkable. Many boys have desired Gadshills who never obtained them ; just as multitudes of them have broken the Sabbath, though it is only those who come to be hanged who tell us anything about it. In spite of the predilection Mr. Forster displays in favour of Chatham as the birth-place of Dickens' fancy, we venture to place it in a less picturesque—a less savoury—locality, Bayham street, Camden Town. Here, for the first time, Dickens felt himself really left alone, without the boy-companionship necessary always to boys—especially so to the delicate and sensitive pupil of the kindly Mr. Giles. From the moment when the child stood *vis-à-vis* to the Bow Street officer who lived over the way—with the washerwoman who lived next door in the side-couples—the dance of life began. We open at once upon the scene which was always present to the mind of Dickens, whether humorous, pathetic or satirical in mood. To use an Hibernicism, the first act of his life-drama was the second, the third and so on to the fifth. His whole subsequent career was a building upon the foundation of memory ; or, to change the figure again, the later phases of his literary life were as the slides of a telescope drawn out as distance appeared to warrant, sometimes in focus, presenting objects with a clear and sharp outline—sometimes blurred and distorted. The field, however, was always the same.

It is very difficult to conjecture, with any hope of accuracy, how far Dickens projected his mature reflections into the experiences of his boyhood. It cannot be doubted, however, that a nature, sympathetic and finely-nerved as his, must have taken that bitter London apprenticeship very much to heart. The hopeless insolvency of his father—the carelessness of both parents regarding his education—the bitter sense of abandonment and loneliness which overpowered his cheerful spirits, may have been somewhat intensified in the retrospect, but they must have been real. On the story of the blacking-warehouse we cannot dwell, except to express some surprise that poor Bob Fagin, who seems to have possessed a kindly heart, should have been immortalized as the detestable old Jew. In comparison with this, the

employment of Poll Green's pseudo-Christian name to decorate Sweedlepipes seems a venial offence.

The difficulties of Mr. Dickens Sr., in and out of prison, occupy a good deal of space in the first chapters of this biography. It has been urged as a matter of accusation against his son, that these troubles which were real enough, while they continued, both to the father and mother, were made fun of afterwards by their son. There can be no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, in some sense, represent the elder Dickens and his wife, but we do not at all believe that their son had the slightest intention of taking "revenge," as Mr. Forster will have it, in *David Copperfield*. In spite of some hard words written years afterwards, it appears evident—and we appeal to *David Copperfield* in corroboration—that in those early days, when privation pressed most heavily, Dickens sympathized completely with his parents. It was afterwards, when all the danger was over, that he could afford to be humorous and, it must be confessed, satirical also. To understand Dickens properly, we must compare this passage in his life with another, which also sank deeply into his mind. The child-wife, *Dora*, of his autobiographical novel, was a reality—a first love. She it was who inspired him with his zeal as a student of stenography, and stirred ambition within him. She did not marry him, but did marry, we believe, that obnoxious person—"another." Yet, at the age of forty-four, he experienced, whenever he approached her, the feeling of awe becoming one who stands beside the grave of a buried affection. As soon, however, as the passion had finally worn itself out, *Dora* appears again as the *Flora of Little Dorrit*. Here again, there is an apparent want of feeling : but it is only apparent. The solution of the enigma appears to be this, that Dickens was not so much a master of humour as humour was master of him. So long as the suffering or the love endured, or whenever the memory of it took forcible possession of his mind, such was the intensity of his nature, that all other thoughts were banished for the time. No sooner, however, was the spell broken, than his familiar spirit recovered its sway, suggesting incongruous and ludicrous images, and thus his sorrows and affections alike became the sport of his humour.

The story of Dickens' boyhood, whether we read it in *David Copperfield* or in the autobiographical fragment in Mr. Forster's work, is one of intense interest. Fielding, in one of the initial chapters of *Tom Jones*, essays in his playful style "to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." Dickens knew his subject thoroughly, not merely by observation or study, but from bitter experience of hardship and—as he viewed it—of wrong. The miserable drudgery of the blacking warehouse—the wretched shifts of his unthrifty parent—the errands to the pawnbrokers and second-hand shops of London—his thirst for knowledge, unappreciated and unsatisfied by father or mother—his solitary unfriended life—must all have weighed heavily upon that sensitive, delicate and precocious boy. Mr. Forster tells us that "at extreme points of his life, he used to find the explanation of himself in those early trials. He had derived great good from them, but not without alloy. The fixed and eager determination, the restless and resistless energy" he had with it some disadvantages among many noble ad-

antages." So we are told he was often "uneasy, shrinking and over-sensitive" in society; and that a too great confidence in himself sometimes laid upon him burdens too grievous to be borne. "In that direction there was in him, at such times, something even hard and aggressive; in his determinations, a something that had almost the tone of fierceness; a something in his nature that made his resolves insuperable, however hasty the opinions on which they had been formed." These manifestations, however, were rare, and did not permanently prejudice a character "as singularly open and generous as it was at all times ardent and impetuous." When they occurred, however, "a stern and even cold isolation of self-reliance was seen side by side with a susceptibility almost feminine, and the most eager craving for sympathy." These apparently incompatible traits of character, appear to us to account, on the one hand, for that seeming want of grateful appreciation with which the Americans accused him; and, on the other, for the complacency with which he devoured popular approbation—unjustly put to the score of mere vanity. Dickens has been charged with eking out his deficiencies of skill as an artist by exaggerations of individual peculiarity. This tendency, however, was really one so natural to him that he could not divest himself of it in private letters to his dearest friends. Even his punctuation was done by wholesale: in one letter, Mr. Forster is treated to half-a-dozen marks of interrogation to a single question; in another, a clause, containing nothing specially wonderful, terminates with no less than thirty notes of admiration. This extravagance, perhaps, for the most part unconscious, heightens the humour of his works; but it often degrades it almost to the level of caricature, and sometimes makes his pathos appear tawdry and artificial. The story of his boyhood is extremely touching, and will be read with intense interest; but his vehement—even boisterous—lamentations over its hardships seem too highly wrought to be satisfactory. When we find that sombre shadow darkening a prosperous manhood, the study of his character seems to belong to the pathology, rather than the natural history, of genius.

It is pleasant to find that Dickens, as a limner of character, painted from the life, and that he dealt out an even measure of poetic justice to all parties. This feature, in the biography, has been pointed to as a proof that he lacked imagination—as if that charge might not, with equal propriety, be advanced against all the great masters of fiction, in prose and poetry. At any rate, we do not think any one will be disposed to revise his estimate of Dickens' powers on that account. It is all very well to speak eulogistically of the man who "makes a story out of his own head," but there is a substratum of realism in human nature which seeks a foundation of fact even in a fictitious narrative. The Cheeryble Brothers, the Marchioness, and the Garland family, are quite as agreeable, now that we know they had an actual living personality as they were before. So it is some satisfaction, on the other hand, to know that Creakle of Salem House had a substantial back, upon which we should like to have applied his own cane, since we now know that he was Mr. Jones of Wellington House Academy. The same may be said of Mrs. Pipchin, for whose portrait sat, "unconsciously," Mrs. Roynance of Camden Town—the precursor, it would seem, of the unfortunate baby-farmer, who

recently met her death, by legal violence, within the precincts of Newgate.

We have dwelt at such length on the early days of the novelist, that we must pass over the record of his literary struggles and triumphs without remark. This may be done the more readily, because, as we have stated, the youth of Dickens was really the great period of interest in his life—at least of so much of it as is narrated in this volume. Moreover, the detailed account of his works can be studied to better advantage in the biography itself. Some remarks have been made on the tender affection Dickens felt for the memory of his sister-in-law, Miss Mary Hogarth. One critic thinks that Mr. Forster ought to have suppressed the references to it in Dickens' letters. We are of a different opinion. It appears to us that the passages objected to throw considerable light upon the character of the man—perhaps we may go so far as to say that they ought to disabuse the public mind of any lingering impression made by a slander, promulgated during his life-time. From first to last, Dickens' nature was, above all things, childlike—in some respects, childish. The traits of character which impress us most in reading his life are those which survived his youth, and not only helped to form, but actually constituted, the man. He loved young people, because he was always young himself—generous, impulsive, cheerful and sympathetic. What he prized in her who was so early taken away, may be gathered from the epitaph he placed upon her tomb:—"Young, beautiful and good, God numbered her among His angels, at the early age of seventeen." A comparison of the subsequent allusions in his letters from America with the closing words of *David Copperfield*, inclines us to the belief that she was the original of *Agnes Wickfield*—the noblest, purest and best of his heroines.

Dickens' first visit to America has been a subject of controversy *ad nauseam*. The biography contains some incidents, as well as some very plain expressions of opinion, not to be found in the *Notes* or even in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Our neighbours did not know the man they had to deal with. He admired such of their good points as were on the surface; but his sense of the ridiculous, abetted by the fearful demon of boredom, soon got the upper-hand. At first all went merrily enough; but by and by a sense of weariness and satiety crept insensibly over him. Everybody is eternally staring at him (p. 324), cheating him in hotel bills (p. 345), criticising his personal appearance in conversation with him (p. 386), and even peering into his state-room while he was washing and his wife in bed (p. 403). It is not surprising that he "does not believe there are on the whole earth besides so many intensified bores as in these United States". He pays a well-deserved tribute to the many sterling qualities of our neighbours, and yet breaks out in his letters in such passages as the following:—"I still reserve my opinion of the national character—just whispering that I tremble for a radical coming here, unless he is a radical in principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right. I fear, that if he were anything else, he would return home a tory" (p. 327); "I don't like the country. I would not live here, on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me—it would with you. I think it impossible. Utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy," &c. (p. 351). With regard to

Canada, although he says little, in addition to what is given in the *Notes*, there is one observable fact. Our Nova Scotian brethren are unmercifully cut up, because they unfortunately happened to reside at a way-station on the road to his apotheosis in the United States. *There* his characteristic impatience got the better of his generosity. When, however, he had been thoroughly surfeited with the hospitality he came to enjoy, Toronto, Kingston and Montreal are treated as very endurable cities of refuge. It is true that Toronto, five years after the rebellion, was found to be "wild, rabid," and even "appalling" in its toryism; still Canadian kindness was an agreeable relief after the overwhelming attentions which bored him across the line.

Here, the first volume terminates. Its readers will, we think, readily recognize at once the strength and the weaknesses of Charles Dickens. Both lie upon the surface—sometimes exciting sympathy, sometimes regret; but never repelling or offending us. With all his faults—or, more properly, perhaps, *because* of his faults—we all love him and his works. His pathos may sometimes seem too laboured and finely drawn; his views, political and economic, none of the soundest; but as a humorist, we believe he will attain to literary immortality. When Mr. Forster's interesting biography is further advanced, we may take the opportunity of offering a general estimate of Dickens' claims as an author; meanwhile, we need scarcely commend the first volume to the notice of our readers as a well-written, judicious and thoroughly affectionate record of the early years of our best contemporary humorist. It is only just to add that the American edition, issued by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, is *not* a piracy, but the result of an arrangement, profitable to the author and honourable to the American publishers.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH; or Forest Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie. New and Revised Edition. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

A generation has passed away since Mrs. Moodie first gave to the world this interesting narrative of her experience in the back-woods. At that time, the work appears to have attracted little attention in Canada, and that little chiefly assumed the form of captious and ungenerous criticism. The bulk of the population were then living the life and practically realizing the hardships the author so graphically depicted. No description, therefore, however vivid, would impress them, except as an imperfect reflection of the toils and struggles of every-day life. The humorous side of pioneer labour, which Mrs. Moodie successfully brought out, would scarcely strike the early settler; or, if it did, the playful vein of the author might, in all probability, jar offensively upon him, in his serious and earnest moods. Moreover, the book was avowedly a story of failure, and the colonists, with characteristic sensitiveness, were not willing that such a story should go forth to the emigrating class at home. In this edition Mrs. Moodie devotes a portion of the introductory chapter to an explanation and defence of her motives in writing and publishing the work:

"In 1830 the tide of emigration flowed westward, and Canada became the great land-mark for therich in hope and poor in purse. Public newspapers and

private letters teemed with the almost fabulous advantages to be derived from a settlement in this highly favoured region. Men, who had been doubtful of supporting their families in comfort at home, thought that they had only to land in Canada to realize a fortune. The infection became general. Thousands and tens of thousands from the middle ranks of British society, for the space of three or four years, landed upon these shores. A large majority of these emigrants were officers of the army and navy, with their families; a class perfectly unfitted, by their previous habits and standing in society, for contending with the stern realities of emigrant life in the back-woods. A class formed mainly from the younger scions of great families, naturally proud, and not only accustomed to command, but to receive implicit obedience from the people under them, are not men adapted to the hard toil of the woodman's life.

It is not by such feeble instruments as the above that Providence works, when it seeks to reclaim the waste places of the earth, and make them subservient to the wants and happiness of its creatures. The great Father of the souls and bodies of men knows the arm which wholesome labour from infancy has made strong, the nerves that have become iron by patient endurance, and He chooses such to send forth into the forest to hew out the rough paths for the advance of civilization.

The poor man is in his native element; the poor gentleman totally unfitted, by his previous habits and education, to be a hewer of the forest and a tiller of the soil. What money he brought out with him is lavishly expended during the first two years, in paying for labour to clear and fence lands, which, from his ignorance of agricultural pursuits, will never make him the least profitable return, and barely find coarse food for his family. Of clothing we say nothing. Bare feet and rags are too common in the bush. Now, had the same means and the same labour been employed in the cultivation of a leased farm, purchased for a few hundred dollars, near a village, how different would have been the results not only to the settler, but it would have added greatly to the wealth and social improvement of the country." It was to warn "poor gentlemen" against foolishly taking up grants of wild land which they could not reduce under cultivation, and to point out the poverty and suffering which inevitably followed, that "Roughing it in the Bush" was originally written. Having taken a false step, Mrs. Moodie related her experience for the admonition of those who might be tempted to make a similar mistake. It was no part of her design to deter the able-bodied agriculturist from settling on Canadian soil; she only sought to undeceive those who fancied that bush-farming was a diversion, in which any one might comfortably and profitably indulge. Forty years' residence in Canada enables the author to give ample testimony regarding the substantial progress of the country, material, intellectual and social. With the growth of Ontario, has grown likewise her affection for it. To quote her own words:—"My love for the country has steadily increased from year to year, and my attachment to Canada is now so strong, that I cannot imagine any inducement, short of absolute necessity, which could induce me to leave the colony, where, as a wife and mother, some of the happiest years of my life have been spent."

It is not our intention to follow our author and

her family through all their troubles from the arrival in quarantine at Grosse Isle in the cholera year (1832) until Sir George Arthur relieved them from the consequences of their luckless experiment by the appointment of Mr. Moodie to a shrievalty. One notable episode, however, occurred during those years of trial to vary the monotony of forest labour—the rebellion of 1837. In the body of the work, (chap. 20) Mrs. Moodie gives us a lively impression of the alacrity with which the loyal half-pay officers obeyed the summons of the Government. "I must own," she adds, "that my own British spirit was fairly aroused, and, as I could not aid in subduing the enemies of my beloved country with my arm, I did what little I could to serve the good cause with my pen." This she did in "one of those loyal staves, which were widely circulated through the colony at the time." Mr. Moodie, though in feeble health, knew his duty too well as an old soldier—who had been severely wounded in his country's service—to hesitate, as to the side he should espouse. Mrs. Moodie seems, even at that time, notwithstanding her "British spirit" to have had some misgivings, from a political stand-point. The view she takes of the events of that period, after a lapse of thirty-five years, we shall give in her own words, from the introductory chapter:—"When we first came to the country it was a mere struggle for bread to the many, while all the offices of emolument and power were held by a favoured few. The country was rent to pieces by political factions, and a fierce hostility existed between the native-born Canadians—the first pioneers of the forest—and the British emigrants, who looked upon each other as mutual enemies who were seeking to appropriate the larger share of the new country." Notwithstanding the signs of impending strife the loyal population could not imagine that an armed outbreak was possible. "The insurrection of 1837 came upon them like a thunder clap; they could hardly believe such an incredible tale. Intensely loyal, the emigrant officers rose to a man to defend the British flag, and chastise the rebels and their rash leader. In their zeal to uphold British authority, they made no excuse for the wrongs that the dominant party had heaped upon a clever and high-spirited man. To them he was a traitor; and as such a public enemy: Yet the blow struck by that injured man, weak as it was, without money, arms, or the necessary munitions of war, and defeated and broken in its first effort, gave freedom to Canada, and laid the foundation of the excellent constitution that we now enjoy. It drew the attention of the Home Government to the many abuses then practised in the colony; and made them aware of its vast importance in a political point of view; and ultimately led to all our great national improvements." We give Mrs. Moodie's political reflections without comment as the matured views of an acute observer who, having passed through those troublous times, now ventures to sum up the results of her experience in our own. The extracts we have given are, for the most part, from the introduction, which forms no part of the work proper. It is, as we have stated, a defence of the author as well as a testimony to the progress of Ontario during a period of forty years. We hope, therefore, that our readers will not mistake the nature of "Roughing it in the Bush." It is an extremely lively book, full of incident and character. Although its primary object was to give a warning

by means of an example, it is by no means a jeremiad. On the contrary, we almost lose sight of the immigrants' troubles in the ludicrous phases of human character which present themselves to view in rapid succession.

How far Mrs. Moodie has taken an artist's liberty with her *dramatis persona* does not appear. She has evidently a keen appreciation of the humorous, and there is an air of verisimilitude about the narrative which gives a zest to its incidents and inspires the reader with confidence in the author. As an interesting picture of a by-gone time, graphically painted, we trust it will be widely circulated. Bush-life does not yet belong to the past, it is true, but to most of us a description of it seems quite as much out of the range of our knowledge, as it would if every acre of our soil had been cleared by the woodman. We may add that the work is produced in a style extremely creditable to the printers and publishers.

THE HOLY BIBLE, according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611) with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and Clergy of the Anglican Church. Vol. I. The Pentateuch. New York: Scribner & Co.

To pronounce satisfactorily upon the respective dates of the various books of the Old Testament, upon the condition of their texts, upon what was, and what was not, the original matter of each, upon what has been inserted, added or omitted at successive revisions, upon what has been mistakenly written down by needless transcribers, requires a considerable familiarity with the Hebrew and cognate languages; and the Hebrew and cognate languages have been, as every one knows, much in abeyance amongst us. It is only of late years that the study of this branch of linguistics has, in any worthy sense, begun to be revived in British universities and schools. A smattering, indeed, of the knowledge referred to was to be met with in many quarters; but here was just one of the cases where a little learning was truly a dangerous thing; and Englishmen had discovered it. They found that in regard to very serious points they were at the mercy of sciolists; that the instructors and guides on whom they were wont to rely as keepers of the national conscience, were themselves groying in the dark. We do not suppose that the number of English scholars competent to criticize the books of the Old Testament is large; but it is cheering to think that it is increasing, as we are bound to conclude that it is from the increasing number of respectable books on the subject in question now issuing from the English press.

The commentary on the Pentateuch just put forth by the Messrs. Scribner, of New York, is printed from stereotype plates, duplicated from those upon which the London edition of the same work is printed. It is the first instalment of the so-called "Speaker's Commentary" projected in 1863. Its object is to put every general reader and student in full possession of whatever information may be necessary to enable him to understand the books of the Old and New Testaments; to give him, as far as possible, the same advantages as the scholar; and to supply him with satisfactory answers to objec-



tions resting on misrepresentations or misinterpretations of the text. To secure this end most effectually, the comment is chiefly explanatory, presenting in a concise and readable form the results of learned investigations carried on during the last half century. When fuller discussions of difficult passages or important subjects are necessary, they are placed at the end of the chapter or volume.

Conservative in tone and adapted rather to build up the well-disposed than to convert gainsayers, this commentary nevertheless contains several striking concessions which were never before, amongst us, stamped by authority so high. At the same time the work is carefully non-alarmist and re-assuring; and will, after a fair examination, be regarded as not badly adapted to the transition period through which the present generation is passing. It will be the impatient and the impetuous who will deem the notes tame and below the mark. To such readers dash and destructiveness would alone have been acceptable; while the style of the commentary in question is studiously quiet, inobtrusive and unsensational.

As specimens of the concessions alluded to, we give the following. On Genesis i. 5, it is said:—"The vexed question of the duration of the days of creation cannot readily be solved from consideration of the words of the text. The English Version would seem to confine it to natural days, but the original will allow much greater latitude. Time passed in regular succession of day and night. It was an ingenious conjecture of Kurtz, adopted by Hugh Miller, that the knowledge of pre-Adamite history, like the knowledge of future ages, may have been communicated to Moses, or perhaps to the first man, in prophetic vision, that so perhaps vast geological periods were exhibited to the eye of the inspired writer, each appearing to pass before him as so many successive days. It has been said moreover that the phenomena under the earth's surface correspond with the succession as described in this chapter, a period of comparative gloom, with more vapour and more carbonic acid in the atmosphere; then of greater light, of vegetation, of marine animals and huge reptiles, of birds, of beasts, and lastly of man."

Again, on human phraseology employed in conveying transcendental ideas:—"The whole of this history of the creation and the fall is full of these anthropomorphic representations. The Creator is spoken of as if consulting about the formation of man, as reflecting on the result of His creation, and declaring it all very good, or resting from His work, or planting a garden for Adam, bringing the animals to him to name them, then building up the rib of Adam into a woman, and bringing her to Adam to be his bride. Here again Adam hears his voice as of one walking in the garden in the cool of the day. All this corresponds well with the simple and child-like character of the early portions of Genesis. The Great Father, through His inspired word, is as it were teaching His children, in the infancy of their race, by means of simple language, and in simple lessons. Onkelos has here "The Voice of the Word of the Lord." It is by this name, "The Word of the Lord" that the Targums generally paraphrase the name of the Most High, more especially in those passages where is recorded anything like a visible or sensible representation of His Majesty. The Christian Fathers almost universally believed that every appearance of God to the patriarchs

and prophets was a manifestation of the Eternal Son, judging especially from John i. 18."

In the Introduction to Genesis, Vitringa is allowed to have offered a suggestion neither unnatural nor irreverent when he said that Moses may have had before him "documents of various kinds coming down from the times of the patriarchs and preserved among the Israelites, which he collected, reduced to order, worked up and, where needful, filled in;" and it is added that it is very probable that, either in writing or by oral delivery, the Israelites possessed traditions handed down from their forefathers; and that it is consistent with the wisdom of Moses, and not inconsistent with his Divine inspiration, that he should have preserved and incorporated with his own work all such traditions, written or oral, as came upon them the stamp of truth.

The objection that the Pentateuch betrays by its style a comparatively late date is thus met:—"Moses, putting aside all question of inspiration, was a man of extraordinary powers and opportunity. If he was not divinely guided and inspired, as all Christians believe, he must have been even a greater genius than he has been generally reckoned. He had had the highest cultivation possible in one of Egypt's most enlightened times; and after his early training in science and literature, he had lived the contemplative life of a shepherd in Midian. We find him then, with a full consciousness of his heavenly mission, coming forth as legislator, historian, poet, as well as prince and prophet. Such a man could not but mould the tongue of his people. To them he was Homer, Solon and Thucydides, all in one. Every one that knew anything of letters must have known the books of the Pentateuch. All Hebrew literature, as far as we know, was in ancient times of a sacred character; at all events, no other has come down to us; and it is certain that writers on sacred subjects would have been deeply imbued with the language and the thoughts of the books of Moses. Eastern languages, like Eastern manners, are slow of change; and there is certainly nothing strange in our finding that in the thousand years from Moses to Malachi, the same tongue was spoken, and the same words intelligible: especially in books treating on the same subjects and where the earlier books must have been the constant study of all the writers down to the very last. It is said, on the authority of Freytag, that the inhabitants of Mecca still speak the pure language of the Koran, written 1,200 years ago. Egyptian papyri, with an interval of 1,000 years between them, are said by Egyptologists to exhibit no change of language or of grammar. We must not reason about such nations as the Israelites, with their comparative isolation and fixedness, from the Exodus to the Captivity, on the same principles as we should think of the peoples of modern Europe, where so many elements of change have conspired to alter and to mould their language and their literature. The language of the Pentateuch then is just what the language of Moses would probably have been—simple, forcible, with archaic forms and expressions, but, having formed and stamped all future language, still readily intelligible to the last."

The co-operation of natural causes with providential supernatural arrangements is admitted. Thus in regard to the ninth Egyptian "plague" of darkness, we have these remarks:—"This infliction was specially calculated to affect the spirits of the Egyptians, whose chief object of worship was Ra, the Sun-

god, and its suddenness and severity in connection with the act of Moses mark it as a preternatural withdrawal of light. Yet it has an analogy in physical phenomena. After the vernal equinox the south-west wind from the desert blows some fifty days, not however continuously but at intervals, lasting generally some two or three days. (Thus Lane, Willman and others quoted by Knobel.) It fills the atmosphere with dense masses of fine sand, bringing on a darkness far deeper than that of our worst fogs in winter. While it lasts no man rises from his place; men and beasts hide themselves; people shut themselves up in the innermost apartments or vaults. So saturated is the air with the sand that it seems to lose its transparency, so that artificial light is of little use. The expression 'even darkness that might be felt' has a special application to a darkness produced by such a cause. The consternation of Pharaoh proves that familiar though he may have been with the phenomenon, no previous occurrence had prepared him for its intensity and duration, and that he recognized it as a supernatural visitation."

Once more. Of the Book of Leviticus it is said: "Leviticus has no pretension to systematic arrangement as a whole, nor does it appear to have been originally written all at one time. Some repetitions occur in it; and, in many instances, certain particulars are separated from others with which, by the subject-matter, they are immediately connected. There appear to be in Leviticus, as well as in the other books of the Pentateuch, pre-Mosaic fragments incorporated with the more recent matter. It is by no means unlikely that there are insertions of a later date which were written, or sanctioned, by the prophets and holy men who, after the Captivity, arranged and edited the Scriptures of the Old Testament. The fragmentary way in which the Law has been recorded, regarded in connection with the perfect harmony of its spirit and details, may tend to confirm both the unity of the authorship of the books in which it is contained, and the true inspiration of the law-giver."

Concessions, such as these, on the part of English annotators on Scripture, mark a new era in biblical study and research, and are calculated to lead to a general revival of deep interest in the subject. In the volume before us, we may add, the new renderings of words and passages are printed in heavy type. Readers can thus readily examine them and compare them with the received English text. They appear to be few after all. The committee for an improved translation will find their labours lightened by the "Speaker's Commentary." The ultimate acceptance of the results of their toil by the public will be thereby too rendered more certain. By the time the eight royal octavos are out, the popular mind will be ready for the desired change. As we have already said, the commentary now introduced to the English-speaking public is for a period of transition. In it as few prejudices as possible are stirred, whilst difficulties have been calmly met, reasonably discussed, and as far as possible put on an intelligible footing. The text to which the notes are appended is the version of 1611, printed once more in the ancient style, with the common divisions into chapter and verse, the old quaint headings and the marginal readings. When the improved translation itself comes to be put forth, it is to be hoped that the division into chapter and verse will be discarded, figures at the side of the pages for purposes

of reference being used instead; that an arrangement of the matter of each book will be adopted which will be in accordance with the intentions of its author, and that the interpretation of names will be inserted whenever the context implies that such interpretation is given, as, for example, where Eve is said to have been so named because "the mother of all living," an explanation unintelligible if it is not announced at the same time that Eve means Life. Notwithstanding the great pains which have manifestly been taken with the typography of the volume before us, a few oversights are discernable as, for example, in the word intended to be "Tabernacle" at p. 694, and in that intended to be "Shakespeare" at p. 876.

**MODERN SCEPTICISM.** A course of Lectures delivered at the request of the Christian Evidence Society. With an explanatory paper by the Right Reverend C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The truth of a religion is not really affected by the errors of its apologists: otherwise Christianity would hardly have survived till now. But a bad impression is produced by weak defences, especially if they are put forth with authority, or with any semblance of it; and such, we suspect will be the practical effect of the volume before us, notwithstanding the eminence of the contributors and the learning and ability which some of them display. The very form of the work strikes us as unfortunate, if it be designed for the satisfaction of those who are in doubt. Suspicion is excited by the appearance of twelve writers, all of them bishops or clergymen, organized under the auspices of a religious society to defend what will be deemed to be professional opinions. A far greater effect would be produced on minds which are seriously seeking for fresh assurance of their faith by the work of a single inquirer, even one far inferior to these writers in eminence, if it were clear that he had studied the question impartially, and that he came forward under no influence but that of a desire to make known the truth. Moreover, where a number of writers are dealing with different parts of a great subject, the treatment is pretty sure to be imperfect, and the most difficult portions, which in the case of an apologetic work, are the most important, are apt to be declined by everybody, and thus to be neglected altogether. This has in fact happened in the present case. The first and fundamental duty of a Christian apologist is to prove that the Gospels were beyond doubt written or dictated by eye-witnesses, and trustworthy eye-witnesses, of the miraculous events which they record. This is the very basis of the whole inquiry, and without it, disquisitions, however learned and eloquent, on the possibility of miracles, the probability of a revelation, or the excellence of the Christian type of character, much more confutations of other religious or philosophical systems, are fabrics in the air. If it were alleged that a miracle had been wrought in Toronto or Montreal, we should at once inquire, not whether miracles were possible to Omnipotence, which no man without holding contradictory propositions can deny; nor whether the miracle was worthy of the Divine Majesty and likely to serve a Divine purpose; but who had witnessed it.

First in the series of lectures ought to have stood one on the authorship of the Gospels and the sufficiency of their authors as witnesses to the miraculous facts. But this topic is hardly touched on in any part of the volume. Consequently the work will be read by those for whose benefit it is chiefly designed with little profit and probably with little attention.

The best of the lectures appears to us to be that on Positivism by the Rev. W. Jackson, who at all events grapples with his subject vigorously and effectively, though his tone in parts is not so judicial as might be desired. The weakest, strange to say, is that by an ex-professor of Theology at Oxford, Dr. Payne Smith, whose paper on Science and Revelation, besides being extremely weak and vague in its reasonings, is defaced by some very poor attempts at wit. The Archbishop of York (on Design in Nature) displays a general acquaintance with science rare as well as laudable among clergymen, but he does not do much more. Dr. Rigg (on Pantheism) runs into pulpit declamation, and he is betrayed, in an evil moment, into an endorsement of the proposition that "all we ask is that we may be allowed to believe in a God and a real Divine Providence, as powerful and wise and good as Mr. Darwin's Natural Selection:" as though the heart, craving for a God of goodness and mercy, would be satisfied by belief in a force, the leading characteristic of which is the ruthless cruelty of its operations. In the papers of Dr. Stoughton (on the Nature and Value of the Miraculous Testimony to Christianity), and of the Bishop of Carlisle (on the Gradual Development of Revelation) we see nothing calling for particular notice; though Dr. Stoughton is to be commended, in our humble judgment, for opening with a reference to the words of our Lord to St. Thomas as showing that honest doubt ought to be removed by proofs and not to be denounced as a crime. Professor Rawlinson (on the Alleged Historical Difficulties of the Old and New Testament) cannot fail to display learning when dealing with questions of Oriental history; but he also shows bias to an extent which will be fatal to the acceptance of his conclusions by any who are not overpowered by his erudition, and his assertion that he has exhausted the alleged historical difficulties either of the Old Testament or of the New would by no means be admitted by his opponents. Mr. Row (on Mythical Theories of Christianity) puts with much force the difficulty of explaining the production of such a character as that of Christ by any known process of the human imagination. Mr. Leathes (on the Evidential Value of St. Paul's Epistles) is able and striking, though deficient in that judicial impartiality without which no reasonings will find admission into a doubting mind. The Bishop of Ely (on Christ's Teachings and Influence on the World) is comprehensive, erudite and suggestive; but in his survey of the moral history of Christendom he ignores such adverse facts as the Crusades, the Extermination of the Albigenses, the Religious Wars of the 16th and 17th century, the Inquisition, the Penal Code; and he claims Roger Bacon as one of the scientific glories of the Christian Church, omitting to mention that he was persecuted for his scientific pursuits by the ecclesiastical authorities of the day. Canon Cook (on the Completeness and Adequacy of the Evidences of Christianity) is fatally weakened by the omission in the commencement of the volume of that portion of the evidences which

as we have already pointed out is the foundation of the whole. The explanatory paper by Bishop Ellicott pleases us by its tone of candour and of charitable sympathy with serious doubt, a tone of which we feel the want in the papers of some of his coadjutors.

A volume of lectures written by such men could not fail to contain much that must be acceptable to believing Christians and worthy of the attention of all; but we cannot persuade ourselves that it will have much influence in turning the current of adverse opinion or bringing Modern Scepticism back to faith in Christ.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co

Mr. Longfellow has not vouchsafed, by any kind of preface, to explain to us the aim or meaning of this singular production of his muse. "The Divine Tragedy" is a metrical abridgement of the Gospel narrative, mostly in the very words of the Evangelists, a little distorted or diluted to meet the exigencies of verse. The warning call of the Baptist, with which the piece opens, is rendered thus,—

"Repent! repent! repent!  
For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,  
And all the land  
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be  
As the waters cover the sea  
And encircle the continent!"

The simple question, "Art thou that prophet?" is done into poetry thus,—

"Art thou that prophet, then,  
Of lamentation and woe,  
Who, as a symbol and sign  
Of impending wrath divine  
Upon unbelieving men,  
Shattered the Vessel of Clay  
In the Valley of Slaughter?"

Exegetical but undramatic!

In the narrative of the miraculous draught of fishes, instead of "the net brake," we have,—

"Our nets like spider's webs were snapped  
asunder."

This, no doubt, appears much more poetical to Mr. Longfellow; but if the nets had been snapped like spider's webs instead of simply breaking, a second miracle would have been required to prevent all the fish from falling back into the water.

In the same style is,—

"Upon this rock  
I build my Church and all the gates of Hell  
Shall not prevail against it."

A singular notion Mr. Longfellow must have formed of the expression "The Gates of Hell"

The dire exigencies of verse compel the poet to substitute "children sitting in the markets" (which is nonsense) for "sitting in the market place," and "made a clay" for "made clay;" unless it be that he thinks "made a clay" more poetical.

We have said that for the most part Mr. Longfellow gives us the Gospel narrative unimproved; he has, however, introduced some improvements. "Manahem the Essenian," "Simon Magus," and "Helen of Tyre," are added to the Gospel characters, and the valdid simplicity of the Evangelists is relieved by more ornamental passages.

The demoniac at Gadara raves in this style,—

"O Aschmedai!

Thou angel of the bottomless pit, have pity!  
It was enough to hurl King Solomon,  
On whom be peace!—two hundred leagues  
away  
Into the country, and to make him scullion,  
In the kitchen of the king of Maschkemen!  
Why dost thou hurl me here among these rocks,  
And cut me with these stones?"

None but a great poet could have conceived the delicate distinction between "hurling him among the rocks" and "cutting him with the stones."

Peter closes the scene by exclaiming,—

"Let us depart;

For they that sanctify and purify  
Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of swine,  
And the abomination, and the mouse,  
Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord!"

The Transfiguration also receives a new touch of beauty and grandeur from the master hand,—

"See, where he standeth

Above us, on the summit of the hill!  
His face shines as the sun!—and all his raiment  
Exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller  
On earth can white them! He is not alone!  
There are two with him there; two men of old,  
Their white beards blowing on the mountain air,  
Are talking with him."

In the garden of Gethsemane, Peter says,—

"Under this ancient olive-tree, that spreads  
Its broad centennial branches like a tent,  
Let us lie down and rest!"

The prettiness of expression is so natural in the mouth of the fisherman, and harmonizes so well with the Agony, that it would be hypercritical to remark that, of all trees on earth, the olive is the least like a tent.

The Council in the High Priest's Palace is opened by the Pharisees, who say in chorus,—

"What do we? Clearly something must we do,  
For this man worketh many miracles."

"Something must we do" is evidently the poetic equivalent of "something must be done." Caiaphas replies,—

"I am informed that he is a mechanic,  
A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant,  
Keeping disreputable company."

Pontius Pilate begins a long soliloquy, with,—

"Wholly incomprehensible to me,  
Vainglorious, obstinate and given up

To unintelligible old traditions,  
And proud and self-conceited are these Jews."

He ends with,—

"I will go in, and while these Jews are wrangling,  
Read my Ovidius on the Art of Love."

Barabbas sings in prison,—

"Barabbas is my name,  
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,  
Is the meaning, I suppose,  
I'm no better than the best,  
And whether worse than the rest  
Of my fellow-men, who knows?"

"I was once, to say it in brief,  
A highwayman, a robber chief,  
In the open light of day,  
So much I am free to confess;  
But all men, more or less,  
Are robbers in their way."

Is this from a "Divine Tragedy" of the Passion, or is it from the Beggar's Opera?

The drama is preluded by an "Introitus," consisting of a philosophic dialogue between an angel and the Prophet Habakkuk, whom the angel is carrying through the air. It is closed by an epilogue solemnly headed "Symbolum Apostolorum," and consisting of the Apostle's Creed, divided into twelve portions, each of which is repeated by one of the twelve Apostles.

While the Gospel is still sacred in the eyes of millions, it would perhaps be better taste in poets to select some other subject for dramatization. But, apart from this, "The Divine Tragedy" is a failure, and something more. Boston will, no doubt, as usual, applaud, and call upon the rest of the world to applaud; but the rest of the world, if we mistake not, will be of opinion that Mr. Longfellow has presumed once at least too often upon his highly factitious reputation.

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbot, M. A., and J. R. Seeley, M. A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

Two well-trained English scholars have here combined to produce some useful and carefully digested "English lessons for English people." The dedication to the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, formerly headmaster of the city of London School, refers, among other advantages enjoyed by the authors as his pupils, to the appreciation of the right use of their native tongue which he fostered, and to the special encouragement given there to the critical study of Shakespeare.

The important part which a mastery of the "cunning instrument" of our native tongue is now beginning to take in education is one of the most healthful signs of modern culture; and this installment of "English Lessons" is a valuable contribution towards the needful manuals alike in demand by teachers and pupils. It deals philologically with the language; though this is the least effective part

of the book. But it also discusses etymology in reference to style ; treats of the diction of prose and of poetry ; and furnishes many useful hints, equally applicable in the critical analysis of English authors and as an aid to the student in the formation of his own style. With the same object in view, the simple elements of rhetoric are discussed in the chapter on Simile and Metaphor ; and an appendix containing hints on some errors in reasoning deals equally concisely with some of the most available elements of logic.

It is very questionable if it is possible by any prescribed rules or directions to guide a beginner in forming a style for himself. Familiarity, by careful critical reading, with the best style of English classics ; and a judicious censorship applied by the teachers to his exercises in English, are the most effective means towards the formation of a good style. But the rules in diction, and the criticisms on selected examples both in prose and verse, introduced in parts II. and IV., are calculated to be of great use to teachers, and to advanced pupils, at a stage where they are learning to appreciate their own defects. Common sources of ambiguity and redundancy are dealt with and illustrated. The obscurity, for example, so frequently illustrated by the modern fashion of reporting Parliamentary debates in the third person, is discussed, and traced to its cause ; and its excess illustrated thus : "*He* told the coachman that *he* would be the death of him, if *he* did not take care what *he* was about, and mind what *he* said." Whether the carelessness of the coachman, or the wrath of its victim, is to lead to the threatened death of the other, can only be determined—if at all—by the context.

The difference between a colloquial and written style, and the part played by emphasis in giving expression to spoken language, however carelessly uttered, are dwelt upon ; and the necessity enforced of exercising a much greater care in the arrangement of words, and the construction of sentences, in writing than in speaking.

But the portion of this book which pleases us most is the third part, on Metre. Here the whole question of English prosody is carefully reviewed ; and that perplexing difficulty to the young student, of the difference between quantity and accent is dealt with in an unusually clear and simple manner. So also the English cæsura and pause, as diversely used by Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c. The transitional verse, rhythm, and true metre, variously adapted by Shakespeare to dramatic dialogue ; alliteration, alike in its early and later forms ; and the special metres of English verse ; are dealt with carefully, yet concisely.

Altogether this little work is a valuable addition to the manuals recently produced in response to the growing demand for means adequate for teaching the English student the history of his vigorous but highly complex native tongue.

**THE LAND OF LORNE ; or a Poet's Adventures in the Scottish Hebrides, including the Cruise of the "Tern" in the outer Hebrides.** By Robert Buchanan. New York : Francis B. Felt & Co. Toronto : Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This work, dedicated by permission to the Princess Louise, has probably suffered somewhat

from the ephemeral interest taken in the latest of our royal marriages. A year ago, the loyal feelings of the English people were enlisted in favour of a matrimonial alliance which had more than one claim to popular approval. It was a love-match—a fact of itself sufficient to evoke the most generous enthusiasm from the hearts of the people. It was also a breaking-down of the barriers of class exclusiveness, as well as a notable exception to the traditional system of foreign marriages, at which Englishmen have always looked askant. The young couple were united amidst the hearty good wishes of an approving people, and departed on their wedding tour, let us hope, to a long life of mutual love and happiness.

The pageant over—the third volume of the novel concluded—the interest which had temporarily centred in the court, faded out of the popular mind. Mr. Buchanan's work appeared in England when the enthusiasm was at its height ; but it has never been properly introduced to the Canadian reader. It certainly merits perusal, apart from the temporary occasion which gave it birth. The author, as our readers are aware, is a poet of considerable reputation. The scenes he describes are wild and romantic enough to excite the most active imagination—and there are, besides, abundant sources of attraction and amusement in the game, the literature and the unkempt population of the Western Highlands. The sporting chapters are written with genuine enthusiasm ; and in the literary sections, we have translations from Donald McIntyre, the Bard of the Highlands, and also from the Norse Sagas of Haco the Dane. As a frontispiece, we have vignette portraits, admirably executed in photolithography, of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The book, as a whole, is one which we take pleasure in recommending to our readers.

**PURE GOLD SERIES OF CANADIAN TALES, No. 2 "A LIFE WASTED."** By T. J. Vivian. Toronto : "Pure Gold Printing Establishment."

Our thanks are due to the "Pure Gold" Company for their efforts to give Canada a series of pure and healthy tales. "*A Life Wasted*" unquestionably merits that appellation. It is the work of a young writer, and is marked, like most of the works of young writers, by some overcrowding of character and incident. But it shows power both of painting character and of devising incident. One of the incidents, a somewhat too minute account of a surgical operation, we could have wished omitted. We shall look with pleasure for the fulfilment of the promise of future excellence held out by "*A Life Wasted*."

**LORD BANTAM : A Satire.** By the author of "*Ginx's Baby*." Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal : Dawson Brothers.

Anything from the pen of the author of "*Ginx's Baby*" is sure to find plenty of readers among that large class of persons to whom light philosophy is welcome and to whom the process of sustained thought is irksome. "*Lord Bantam*" bears a very close resemblance to the *brochure* by which the author

made his first and greatest hit. It is the satirical biography of a young nobleman who is brought into contact with the different political and social movements of the day, and falls for a time, under the influence of extreme liberalism, but in the end recovers himself and is the lord again. The satirist hits out right and left always with freedom and sometimes with force, at every party and school, ecclesiastical and social—in its turn. His own aim we find it difficult to detect. Not long ago he presented himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament on a platform so extremely liberal as to repel the less thorough-going section of the Liberal party in the constituency: but he now seems inclined to embrace political Conservatism, and to stand by the Constitution as it is. Mr. Gladstone, under the pseudonym of Sir Dudley Wright, is bitterly assailed and taxed with having been actuated by the worst motives in ousting the Conservatives from power and disestablishing the Irish Church. Whether, with his political Constitutionalism, the author of "Ginx's Baby" intends to combine extreme, and virtually communistic, plans of social reform, is a question which we could better decide if we knew how to distinguish what is serious from what is ironical in his philosophy. He takes credit to himself, under the proper forms of modesty, for unique perspicacity and comprehensiveness of view in Colonial questions. With evident reference to his late pamphlet on Imperial Federalism, he makes Kelso, Lord Bantam's admirable instructor, say, "Look at the way in which the high business of our Government is now carried on. Can you pick out a single man who looks beyond the limits of the present, or the narrow circuit of these islands, or who takes any broad, practical view of the Imperial future? Only one of them all has uttered a timorous squeak about a great confederation of English-speaking peoples, but from the rest, on the destinies of Empire, we have had nothing but dead silence, or twitterings about cost and policy, as abject, narrow, and disloyal as they were perilous. As yet, no man of them has propounded in noble, heart-stirring, vivid language, the idea of a united Britain—not the isolated nodules of these petty isles, but the far-stretching Imperial boulder of a third of the globe." Perhaps some readers will be of opinion that no language can be more heart-stirring and vivid than this.

Canada has an especial interest in the author of "Ginx's Baby;" and his success is a proof that Colonial products are not regarded in England with such disdain as, in our irritable moods, we are apt to imagine. Probably this circumstance had its share in inducing a Canadian house to republish "Lord Bantam." But they would have been warranted in

doing so by the liveliness of some portions of the book itself, though the author's first effort in our judgment remains his best.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, WITH IVRY AND THE ARMADA. By Lord Macaulay. LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Professor Wm. Edmonstone Aytoun, D. C. L. Rouse's Point, N. Y. The International Printing and Publishing Company. John Lovell, General Manager.

Literature must not forget her helpmate, typography. The International Printing and Publishing Company being partly Canadian, and its manager being one of our own countrymen, at Montreal, we may fairly claim this little volume as a triumph of the typographic art among us and as an earnest of triumphs yet to come. We could have wished that the paper had been a little heavier; but in other respects the work is exceedingly beautiful, and well-suited to the pleasant use to which its form and its appearance at the season of gifts seem to point. It is needless to rehearse the praises of either of the two authors whose congenial lays are here printed together, and who would have been glad, no doubt, to find themselves united, and united in a volume which is so graceful a tribute to their joint fame.

CASSELL'S HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1870-71.—Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

The first volume of this work brings us to the close of the year 1870. Like all the works issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., it is artistically excellent, as a whole; although there is an inequality perceptible in the character of the engravings we were not prepared to meet. The letter-press is very fairly made up; it, of course, shows some traces of hasty preparation, inevitable perhaps under the circumstances. Too much of it seems to have been picked up from the journals of the time, and has a fugitive air about it to which we reluctantly deny the name of history. At the same time, with every allowance for haste and imperfection, *Cassell's History* is a work we can honestly recommend to our readers. It gives a fair estimate of the causes of the war—a very clear narrative of its progress—and an interesting *résumé* of the circumstances which led to the collapse of France and her resources. The work is admirably got up, in every respect, and will unquestionably achieve a wide circulation on both sides of the Atlantic.

## LITERARY NOTES.

THERE is material enough this month to furnish a supplementary chapter to "The Quarrels and Calamities of Authors." It is a curious fact, which some of our readers may have remarked, that literary men are specially prone to belligerency during the closing months of the year. Whether this phenomenon be due, like the November mania for suicide, to the gloomy and oppressive weather of the last quarter, or, as we should like to believe, from a Christian desire to have all outstanding causes of quarrel settled and done with before the advent of the New Year,—it is difficult to pronounce with certainty. The fact remains as, so far as relates to the closing months of 1871, we shall proceed to prove. The first on the list is a very pretty skirmish amongst the poets. In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, appeared an article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," purporting to be written by one Thomas Maitland. The paper contained a trenchant attack upon a class of poets of whom Mr. D. G. Rossetti was singled out as the most distinguished, if not the most vulnerable. The indictment against these writers asserted that they "extol fleshliness as the distinct and supreme end of poetic and pictorial art; aver that poetic expression is greater than poetic thought; and by inference, that the body is greater than the soul, and sound superior to sense." The first question arising on a perusal of the article was naturally the question of authorship. Who was Thomas Maitland? On enquiry it appeared that personally Thomas was a myth, and that the name was really the *nom de plume* of Mr. Robert Buchanan. As soon as this had been satisfactorily ascertained Mr. Rossetti inserted in the *Athenæum* a reply, entitled "The Stealthy School of Criticism," in which, while giving a defence, on the whole satisfactory, of his aims and method as a poet, he charged his brother-author with being guilty of a crafty attempt to depreciate him and praise himself from behind a mask. Mr. Buchanan defends himself from the counter-attack by urging that he was not responsible for the name and repudiating the charge of self-adulation. The last of this little quarrel has yet to reach us. Professor Huxley and the clergy form the next group of combatants. In his article on Darwin's Critics to which we referred last month, the learned Professor used the following words, which, to say the least, were gratuitously offensive:—"And when Sunday after Sunday men who profess to be our instructors in righteousness read out the statement, 'In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is,' in innumerable churches, they are either propagating what they may as easily know to be falsities; or, if they use the words, in some non-natural sense, they fall below the moral standard of the much abused Jesuits." It could hardly be expected that every one of the twenty thousand clergy of England would hold

this peace under an imputation so pointed as this. The correspondence which ensued on both sides, the Professor did not personally appear in the arena. The letter followed of the Rev. Archer Gurney, who attempted to justify novel modes of Scripture interpretation and a dignified letter from the Rev. F. D. Maurice, who, without denying Professor Huxley's right as an Englishman to call him "a liar and a cheat," was content to leave the issue to One who knows his heart far better than Professor Huxley. Of the minor literary quarrels, we have the promise of a libel suit, provided Mr. Hepworth Dixon succeeds in ascertaining, by the aid of Chancery, the name of the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The cause of offence is a series of attacks on Mr. Dixon's "Spiritual Wives," which the *Pall Mall* rather strongly characterizes as "an obscene work." We shall probably be treated to some lively argument of counsel, should the case ever come to trial at *ex prius*. We had occasion to notice last month an extremely entertaining and learned work on "The Earth," by Elisée Reclus. We regret to say that Reclus, like Courbet the artist and other unwarlike men of science and art, became involved in the fortunes of the Commune. Reclus, undoubtedly brave arms, but he never fired a rifle or committed any other offence against humanity. So weak by confinement as to be unable to stand, he has been sentenced to deportation to a penal colony,—that is, to certain death. Men of learning in England—amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. Charles Darwin, Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Professors Macræ, Fawcett and Brewer, together with Lords Kimberley and Hobart, &c., &c., are making a strong appeal to M. Thiers. It is sincerely to be hoped that the effort may be crowned with success. To use the words of the *Spectator*:—"It is quite beneath the Government of France to make war on great scientific men of feeble political judgment, who have not really contributed anything whatever to the success of the rebellion, and whose services to science have been great. \* \* \* It would be pitiful for M. Thiers' Government, in their resentment against the French Commune to take their revenge on the Earth itself; and they will do so if they cause the death of one of the few of the Earth's true intimates."

In reviewing the literature of the month, we shall reverse the order adopted in our last number, so as to give the first portion of our limited space to some subjects we were obliged to pass over on that occasion. It may interest some of our readers to have a brief list of the new magazine stories to be published during the year. In *Macmillan*, and in *Lippincott* "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by Wm. Black, author of "A Daughter of Heth," will appear concurrently. *Temple Bar* gives the opening chapters of "Good-Bye, Sweetheart," by Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She, &c. *Corn-*

hill finishes "Lord Kilgobbin" and promises the first instalment of "Old Kensington," by Miss Thackeray in February. *London Society*, in the January number, has some chapters of "The Travels of young Colebbs," by Percy Fitzgerald, and announces "The Room in the Dragon Volant," by J. S. Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas." The *Argosy* begins a new story by Mrs. Wood; *Colburn* (the price of which has been reduced) opens the new series with "Boscobel," by W. H. Ainsworth; Whyte-Melville contributes "Satanella, a story of Punchestown" to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and the indefatigable Miss Braddon begins "To the Bitter End" in *Belgravia*. *St. Paul's* publishes two stories:—"Septimius Felton," a posthumous romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, (also appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*), and "Off the Skelligs," by Jean Ingelow. *Good Words* has also two serials,— "The Golden Lion of Granpere," by Anthony Trollope (also publishing by *Harpers*) and "At His Gates," by Mrs. Oliphant. *Good Words For the Young* will contain "Gutta Percha Willie," by George Macdonald, and "Innocents' Island," by the author of *Lilliput Levee*. The *Sunday Magazine* continues "The Vicar's Daughter," and *Blackwood*—"The Maid of Sker." Of the noteworthy novels published complete we may simply mention as to be commendable—"Wilfrid Cumbermede," by George Macdonald (Scribner); "Fair to See," by Lawrence W. M. Lockhart (Harper) originally published in *Blackwood*; Two Plunges for a Pearl," an interesting and vivacious story, by Mortimer Collins (Appleton); "The American Baron," by Prof. De Mille (Harper); *Nobody's Fortune*," by Edmund Yates, and last but not best of all—"Middlemarch," by the greatest of living novelists—George Eliot. "St. Abe and his Seven Wives" is an humorous satire on the peculiar institution of Mormonism in verse, containing some passages of merit.

In Poetry, Mr. Browning claims the first place with his "Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society"—in which the ex-Emperor of the French attempts a plausible but fallacious defence of his career. Like most of the author's poems, however, the "Prince" has more beneath which does not appear to the hasty reader. "The Drama of Kings," by Robert Buchanan, is, as the author describes it,—"a sort of tragedy, a choice trilogy of tragedies in the Greek fashion," beginning with Napoleon I. in 1808, and concluding with the late Siege of Paris. It contains some good passages, but, as it seems to us, is too ambitious in its object, and can hardly be called a success. Mr. Morris, the author of "The Earthly Paradise," announces a new poem, entitled "Love is Enough." We may conclude with "The Inn of Strange Meetings and other Poems," by Mortimer Collins, which are pleasant lyrics, somewhat in the style of Frederick Locker.

In the department of Art, we have "Aratra Pentelici"—six Oxford lectures, by Ruskin, on the "Elements of Scripture," and two interesting and profusely illustrated works from the German of Dr. Wilhelm Lübke—"The History of Sculpture" and "The History of Art." These three works are published by Smith, Elder & Co. Another "History of Art," also from the German, of which three volumes have appeared in New York (Harpers), will be concluded in one more, which is to appear immediately. "London: a Pilgrimage,"

illustrated by Gustave Doré (to be re-produced by the Harpers from duplicate plates), we have not yet seen, but it is very favourably noticed by English critics.

There are, as usual, a large number of works in Biography and History. Of the former, the most noteworthy are—"Sir Henry Holland's Recollections of a Past Life;" the concluding volume of "Brougham's Life and Times," and a revised edition of Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." Carl Elze's critical "Biography of Lord Byron;" Wm. Chambers' "Memoir of Robert Chambers," and an "Auto-biography of George Cruikshank" are announced. Of the histories, we observe that the first volume of Cassell's illustrated work on the late war has been published, with 450 engravings. Vésinier, who was secretary of the Commune, and editor of its *Journal Officiel*, has published a history of the events in which he took part, a translation of which has just been published by Chapman & Hall. "The History of England since 1830," by W. N. Molesworth, is interesting enough to politicians, but can scarcely be called a history, in the proper sense of the term. "Phœnicia and Israel," by Augustus S. Wilkins, is the Cambridge Burney prize treatise. It is a thoughtful essay on the relations between the two peoples, and their mutual re-action one upon another. Essays on "Historical Truth," by Andrew Bisset, is a very curious attempt to invalidate the verdicts of history. Properly the author ought to have landed in complete scepticism, but singular to say, his doubts only serve to make him more dogmatical.

Popular scientific works continue to be issued in great profusion. "The Theory of Heat," by Mr. Maxwell, is a companion volume (in Longman's series) of Prof. Tyndall's works; and "Land and Water," by Jacob Abbott (Harpers), is specially intended for the young. Besides these, we have two handsome works from the French—"The Mountain," by Jules Michelet, and "Nature, or the Poetry of Earth and Sea," by Madame Michelet. We take pleasure in noting that Dr. J. W. Dawson's Report, on the "Fossil Land Plants of the Devonian and Upper Silurian Formations of Canada," has been highly spoken of in England as "placing the knowledge of this old Flora in advance of that of any other portion of the world."

In Geography and Travel, we can only mention a few from a very extensive list. Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India" is a very interesting work, though not very well compressed. Poole's "Queen Charlotte Islands" is the record of an extremely plucky expedition to a group of Pacific Islands not far from the coast of British Columbia. "The Land of Desolation" describes Greenland, as explored by Captain Hayes, author of "The Open Polar Sea." Gordon Cummings' "Wild Men and Wild Beasts" is the second volume of Scribner's travel series. Somer's "Southern States since the War," and Marcy's "Border Reminiscences," though they differ widely in character, are worthy of mention. Besides these, we have Capt. Burton's "Zanzibar," and Zincke's "Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Kédive;" and of a lighter class, Smiles' "Boy's Voyage round the World," and that extremely amusing work, "Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands."

Mental, moral and political philosophy we may group together. Dr. Paine, author of the "Insti-



tutes of Medicine," has published "The Physiology of the Soul and Instinct" (Harpers), the primary object of which is to combat materialism. Dr. Paine, however, wields a free lance, and assails Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, and all the physicists impartially. Miss Cobbe announces Darwinism in *Morals and other Essays*, in connection with which may be mentioned Mr. St. George Mivart's reply, in the January *Contemporary*, to Prof. Huxley's onslaught, referred to in our last number. Colclen's *Essays, 1871-2*, have not yet reached us, but they contain a paper on the Colonies which will doubtless interest Canadians. "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," by Gail Hamilton, is a spirited appeal against the Woman's Rights movement. "Thoughts on Government," by Arthur Helps, and "Character," by Samuel Smiles, are both thoughtful books, deserving to be widely and carefully read.

Little space is left us now for a fair examination of the month's religious literature. The chief works on the historic side are Ewald's "History of Israel," vols. iii. and iv. (Longman); Hengstenberg's "History of the Kingdom of God under the Old Testament" (T. & T. Clark); and DePressensé's "Martyrs and Apologists" (Hoider & Stoughton), forming part of the French pastor's "Early Years of Christianity." With it we may bracket a complete translation of Lactantius (T. & T. Clark). Vol. ii. of "Hunt's Religious Thought in England," is announced, reaching to the end of the seventeenth century. We beg again to commend it to our readers.

Of controversial works, we note Mr. Whittle's "Catholicism and the Vatican, with a narrative of the Munich Congress" from the old Catholic side. Pearson's "Creed or no Creed" is a collection of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge last October. Archbishop Manning, in his "Four Great Evils," attacks modern science and modern progress from an Ultra-montanestand-point. M. Guizot, on the contrary, attempts the work of reconciliation in his "Christianity in Relation to Societies." Of the current works in theology, exegetical and devotional, the following may be enumerated: The third volume of "a Biblical Commentary on the Psalms," from the German of Dr. Delitzsch, appears in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, a

series of critical and exegetical text-books invaluable to clergymen. The completion of Dr. Wordsworth's (Bishop of Lincoln) "Commentary on the Holy Bible" now appears, and is issued at a cheaper price by the publishers, Messrs. Rivington. The work is characterized by a sound scholarship and painstaking industry. A new edition, also, is announced, from the press of Messrs. Collins, of "A Commentary, Critical, Experimental and Practical, on the Old and New Testament," the result of the joint labours of the Rev. Drs. Jamieson, Fausset, and Brown, and which has hitherto been received with much favour. A further edition, also, may be noted of the learned and critical work of the Rev. Dr. Lange of Bonn, "a Life of the Lord Jesus Christ," translated and edited with additional notes, by the Rev. Marcus Ward. (T. & T. Clark.) This revised issue is published in four volumes, and at a lesser cost than former editions. The first annual volume of "The Preacher's Lantern," edited by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, is just published; and it will be remembered that this serial on ministerial work, &c., is the continuation of "The Pulpit Analyst," which was brought to a close last year. Another instalment of *Essays on Theological subjects and Enquiry*, appears in a translation from the German of "The Bremen Lectures on Fundamental, Living, Religious Questions." The lectures are by various eminent European divines, and will well repay perusal. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Legends of Old Testament Characters, from the Talmud and other sources," we note, is just issued; and, we doubt not, will find many readers among those, at any rate, who are familiar with the author's curious "Myths of the Middle Ages," and his important work on "The History of Religious Belief."

Among the minor works in this department we may mention, as having recently appeared:—The third series of "Sermons preached in Rugby Chapel" by the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Temple). "Revelation in Progress, from Adam to Malachi," a series of Bible Studies by the Rev. J. H. Titcomb, M.A. "Sundays Abroad," a series of observations on the religious condition of the people of Italy, France and Switzerland, by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

NOTE.—After a careful consideration of the amount of space at our disposal, we have decided to publish our Chronicle of Events and Science & Art Summary, quarterly, instead of monthly, as at first intended.

ERRATUM.—For "Clarie," in the early chapters of *Marguerite Kneller*, read "Claire."

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## IMMIGRATION.

BY THOMAS WHITE, JR.

THAT the union of the Provinces of British America has conferred substantial benefit upon them no one now ventures to deny. It has infused a national spirit among the people; it has increased the sense of national responsibility; it has enlarged the field of enterprise and energy; it has brought home to Canadians the conviction that they have in this Dominion the nucleus of a great nation; and it has directed the popular mind to questions of social and material development with an earnestness that gives high promise for the future. For years before the union the people of Canada had been engaged in constitutional discussions, important in themselves, but utterly opposed to anything like a due attention to subjects of material progress. First, after the old union, was the question of responsible government, the principles of which had to be fought out against those who regarded them as inconsistent with the Colonial condition or with

Imperial connection. Then came the agitation for the abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure—relic of the old feudal times—which pressed so heavily upon the energies of the people of Lower Canada, as to make progress or improvement impossible; and that for the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, in which the battle of religious liberty and equality was fought and won. These removed, came the constitutional agitation for an adjustment of the representation which went on with increasing violence until it had brought the Parliamentary system of the country to a dead-lock, and forced its settlement by the very necessities of the Government. The coalition of 1864 gave to Canada its first substantial political rest since the union of 1841; and the three years between the formation of the coalition and the passage of the Act of Union, prepared the public for the important work which was to follow. Since that time scarcely five years have passed away, and already the most marked pro-

gress has been achieved. The great North-West Territory, with its magnificent stretches of prairie land, and British Columbia, with its varied resources of mineral and agricultural wealth, have been incorporated with the Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway, connecting Halifax with the Western Provinces, will be completed within two years at the furthest, and the Government stands pledged to the construction of the Pacific Railway within the next ten years. In every Province of the Dominion the utmost activity in matters of public improvement prevails; new railways extending into remote settlements, and into districts which cannot yet be dignified by that name, have been projected or are being built; while the Government is credited with the most liberal intentions in the matter of canal and river improvements.

With so much activity in every department of business and of public enterprise, and with immense districts awaiting the advent of the hardy settler, it is not surprising that the subject of immigration occupies to-day the foremost rank in the popular estimate of the necessities of the future, and that schemes for the promotion of immigration fill the columns of our daily press. The rapid development of the United States is due chiefly to their successful efforts in the encouragement of immigration; and so universally is this fact recognized that statisticians have reduced almost to a mathematical problem the value of each immigrant who settles in the country. One of the New York Emigration Commissioners, whose conclusions have been generally accepted as just, has estimated that, without immigration, the population of the neighbouring republic to-day would be under ten millions, while in fact it reaches nearly thirty-nine millions. The same authority estimates that the cash capital in possession of immigrants, on their arrival in the United States, averages a hundred dollars per head; and he assumes that the economic value of each immigrant is

\$1,125, making, at the present rates of immigration, an addition to the wealth of the country equal to at least a million dollars a day. In Canada, unfortunately, this great interest has in the past been too much neglected. At occasional intervals, beginning with the immigration under the auspices of Peter Robertson, in 1830, there have been efforts to direct the stream of immigration to these colonies, but no continuous or sustained effort has ever been made. As a consequence, Canada, as a field for immigration has been but little known in Great Britain, and still less known on the continent of Europe; and we have seen during the past twenty years emigrants by the thousand settling in the neighbouring republic, many of them actually passing through Canadian territory on their way there, most of whom would have infinitely preferred remaining among people with whom, both politically and socially, they have greater sympathy.

An examination of the emigration returns of the United Kingdom affords some curious illustrations of the course of emigration. In the report of the Imperial Emigration Commissioners for 1870, the volume of emigration for each year from 1815 is given, distinguishing those who emigrated to Canada, the United States, the Australian Colonies, and New Zealand, and all other places. From 1815 down to 1840, the emigration to the North American Colonies was greater than to all other countries combined, and some eighty-two thousand more than to the United States. Indeed, down to 1847, the year of the great Irish emigration, when the terrible ship fever added its terrors to the other miseries of the unfortunate fugitives from a cruel starvation, the relative numbers who had emigrated to Canada and the United States were nearly equal, being 746,163 to the former, and 780,048 to the latter. From that time, however, the most marked change commenced, and from 1847 to 1870 inclusive the numbers were 645,608 to Canada, and 3,692,624 to the United States.

During the last period the Australian Colonies became large competitors for the emigration from the United Kingdom. The first emigration to Australia was in 1825, and in 1870 the aggregate number who had left Great Britain for those Colonies was 988,423, of whom 764,081 have emigrated since 1847. to that of the three great fields for emigration, during the last twenty-five years, British America has, in the aggregate, absorbed the smallest number. And if the numbers of those set down as having emigrated to British America, who simply took the Canadian route to reach the Western States, be taken into account, the difference will show us in a still more unfavourable light. These figures are important, because they indicate how much has been lost to Canada by the neglect of this important interest in the past, and how much may be gained by a vigorous policy in relation to it in the future. We propose to point out briefly some of the conditions of success in such a policy.

The chief reservoir from which emigrants may be drawn to Canada, and the place therefore where the most active exertions should be put forth in the interest of immigration, is the United Kingdom. The supply of emigrants to be found there is literally inexhaustible. During the last ten years the number who have left for new fields of enterprise, was 1,571,729. But the increase of population during the same period was 2,525,637, so that, even making all allowance for the increased demand for labour in the Mother Country, the supply of the emigrating class is essentially greater than it was at the commencement of the decade. The number of emigrants from both England and Scotland has shown a decided increase during late years, the number who emigrated from England in 1870 having been greater than during any previous year on record, as much as fifteen per cent. greater than the emigration of 1854, which up to 1870 had headed the list. The number of emigrants from Scotland, too, exhib-

its a marked increase, while that from Ireland does not differ essentially from the preceding few years. The increase in England is due to several causes, chief among which was, probably, the active exertions of charitable associations in London. These, organized in the first instance with a view of sending out the very poor who had come upon the parish for relief, finally adopted the more sensible method of making a careful selection of such persons as were likely to succeed in the Dominion, as at once more just to the emigrant and to this country. The "Black Friday" of May, 1866, and the crisis which followed, may be regarded as the commencement and the stimulant of this movement for assisted emigration. The leading society is that known as the British and Colonial Fund, which is presided over by the Lord Mayor and holds its meetings at the Mansion House. This society since its foundation has expended upwards of £40,000 sterling, and has assisted more than fifteen thousand emigrants to reach Canada. Associations of workingmen in different parts of the kingdom, known as emigration clubs, of which the Rev. Styleman Herring, incumbent of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, was the chief promoter, assisted large numbers to emigrate. The East London Family Emigration Society, of which the Hon. Mrs. Hobart, the Marchioness of Ripon, and other benevolent ladies were the chief promoters, and to which they have devoted untiring effort, has also sent to Canada over two thousand emigrants. This movement, however, from which so much advantage has accrued in the past, cannot be counted upon to any considerable extent in the future. It was the outgrowth of a temporary depression in trade in the great metropolis, and of the policy of the Government in discharging the dockyard hands at Woolwich and Portsmouth; and the revival of trade, and the failure of the emigrants in almost every case to repay the money advanced to them, as they pledged themselves to do,

have checked the liberality which characterized the earlier contributions to this emigration fund.

While in many respects this decrease of zeal on the part of the British public in the matter of assisted emigration is ground for regret; that regret must be considerably mitigated by the fact that the tendency of the movement was to give false notions in this country of emigration and the conditions necessary to its successful promotion. How to bridge the Atlantic, so that the mechanic or agricultural labourer might be transplanted from the comparative poverty of the old world to the comparative competency of the new, was the problem which engaged the largest share of attention among those who discussed the question in Canada. It did not seem to occur to them that that was a question which large numbers of people were solving for themselves, and solving in a manner in the highest degree advantageous to our neighbours in the United States. The largest number of assisted passengers who left England in any one year, including the beneficiaries of all the societies, was under ten thousand. That was in the year 1870; and yet that year, the number who settled in Canada reached about twenty-five thousand, leaving fifteen thousand who paid their own passages, solving for themselves the important question of transit. In that same year, 105,293 English, 22,935 Scotch and 74,283 Irish emigrants sailed from ports in the United Kingdom, in all 202,511, the overwhelming number of whom paid their own passages, or were assisted by their own friends to pay their passages to America, Australia and other places. The assistance rendered by friends of the emigrants to enable them to leave home was very large, and deserves to be taken into account in discussing this feature of the emigration movement. In 1870, the sum sent home by previous emigrants amounted to £727,408 sterling from North America, and £12,804 sterling from Australia

and New Zealand. (Of the amount sent from North America, no less than £332,638 sterling, according to the Imperial Emigration Commissioner's report, was in the shape of prepaid passages to Liverpool, Glasgow and Londonderry. The Commissioners from their experience assume that the remittances were made chiefly by the Irish people in America to their friends in the United Kingdom, and they point out that the amount sent in the form of prepaid passages alone was nearly sufficient, taking the passage money at five guineas per statute adult, to pay the cost of passages of the entire Irish emigration of the year. A portion of the remittances, it is pointed out, would be applied to the purchase of outfit and other necessities of the journey, "but making all reasonable deductions on this account, a large sum must remain over for the benefit of those who remain in the Mother Country." The Commissioners, on this subject, make this somewhat startling statement:—"Imperfect as our returns are, they show that in twenty-three years, from 1848 to 1870 inclusive, there has been sent home from North America, through banks and commercial houses, upwards of £10,334,000 sterling." This large contribution to the assistance of emigrants has been chiefly from the Irish people in America. It is a striking testimony to their warm-hearted generosity, to the strong social ties which, in spite of distance and change of circumstances, binds them to their friends at home, to the enormous benefits which emigration has conferred upon them, and to the advantages which they have conferred upon the country of their adoption.

The question then of emigration, the question which should challenge the attention of the Dominion and Provincial Departments charged with the promotion of it, may safely be resolved into these two propositions, how best to induce the emigrating classes of the old world to make Canada their home, and how best to make Canada a home worthy of

their acceptance. We have as the conditions of the first proposition the United Kingdom and many parts of the Continent of Europe teeming with an ever increasing surplus of population, who, in spite of the fluctuations of trade, have at all times, and under all circumstances, a hard battle to fight with the world for bare subsistence. We have an annual emigration from those countries of between three and four hundred thousand people,—an emigration entirely apart from any question of state aid or of organized benevolent assistance, the result either of individual savings on the part of the emigrants themselves or of aid from pioneer members of the household who have gone out in advance to pave the way for the family emigration. The overwhelming number of these emigrants seek the United States as their future home, simply because they have heard much of their greatness, of the freedom of their institutions, of their wonderful development, and of the success of those who have already settled in them. They have not heard of Canada, or if they have heard of it, it has been through the prejudiced reports of persons interested in belittling it, who have described it as a northern country with interminable snows in winter and scorching heat in the two or three months of summer. It has been described as a colony of England, without self-government, the mere dependent of the Empire, from which all its laws were drawn. The first great duty, therefore, in the promotion of a successful emigration policy, must be a thorough and complete system for the distribution of information concerning the country. Fairly stated, the claims of Canada, especially upon the emigrant from the United Kingdom, would leave him nothing to envy in the settler in the neighbouring republic. We have institutions as free, self-government as perfect, as the people of the United States. In no country in the world are the principles of popular government and executive responsibility more fully establish-

ed than in this Dominion. From the management of the affairs of the school section, through those of the township and county municipalities, to the Provincial Legislatures, and then to the Dominion Parliament, the principle of direct popular control is not simply recognized as a theory, but enjoyed as a great practical fact. The progress of the country during the last twenty years in material wealth and in the great public improvements which are the outward and visible signs of that wealth, has been relatively as great as that of any country in the world. The population of the Dominion has nearly doubled in those twenty years, the aggregate trade has increased about five-fold, the telegraphs which flash their lightning intelligence from one end of the Dominion to the other, and between every city and town and village, and the railways which are permeating every district, are the product of those twenty years. We have the most magnificent system of inland navigation to be found on the face of the globe. We have an educational system which is undenominational without being Godless, and which protects the conscientious scruples of every man in the community. We have the most perfect religious equality, the voluntary principle vindicating its own entire sufficiency for the religious instruction of the masses, and its results testifying to the religious character of the Canadian people. Our towns and cities are prosperous, and new centres of trade and industry are dotting the face of the country. Manufactures are flourishing, giving the diversity of employment which is essential to individual and national prosperity. Improved systems of agriculture are enriching our farmers, and are making the land of the country as productive as that of the most favoured parts of the Continent of America. New districts are being opened up for settlement in all the Provinces, and railway communication is being pressed towards them, so that the farmer emigrant can make his choice from the richly-wooded land of old

Canada and the maritime Provinces, or from the vast prairies of Manitoba and the Northwest.

To afford to the emigrant the fullest information as to those advantages which Canada presents to him should be the first duty of the Government in any well considered policy for the promotion of emigration. There are two ways in which this information may be presented : first, by printed matter in the form of pamphlets and handbooks, and secondly, by means of lectures in the leading centres from which emigrants may be drawn. The action of the Ontario Government in causing to be prepared a pamphlet for distribution in Great Britain has already borne important fruit, the only drawback being that they were not sent in sufficient numbers. The different shipping agents of the United Kingdom are always willing to lend their aid in the distribution of such matter, and they should be kept well supplied with it. Promoting emigration is their business, and they are only too glad to be furnished with the means of exciting an interest in the subject in the districts from which they draw their customers. Of these agents, one firm, the Messrs. Allan, have nearly six hundred in the United Kingdom alone. Some of these—indeed it may with truth be said a very large proportion of them—are friendly to this Dominion, and ready to exert themselves earnestly in favour of promoting emigration to it, from considerations of national sympathy. To such a *quasi* official recognition might with propriety be given, which, by increasing public confidence in them, would promote their interest and increase their ability to encourage emigration. In such an arrangement the question of remuneration is one which cannot be ignored. Canada has suffered much from what is known as the percentage system, that is the payment by the companies to these passenger brokers of a percentage on the tickets they sell. As passages are secured in Britain for the extreme

Western States, the railway and steamship companies co-operating for this purpose, it becomes manifestly the interest of the passenger broker to send the emigrant to the greatest distance, the amount of his percentage being regulated by the sum paid for the ticket. This self-interest is often stronger than any considerations of national sympathy, and many an emigrant is sent to the State of Kansas or Minnesota or Montana, who would have been as easily persuaded to go to Canada but for the fact that the agent received a larger sum for sending him the longer distance. It is hopeless to expect either the steamship or railway companies to forego this system ; but the evil may be counteracted by the Canadian Government compensating the agents, whom they may specially select, for the loss in the matter of percentages which will accrue to them by passengers taking tickets to Quebec or some point in Canada instead of to the Western States. A bonus, which would represent the average difference in the percentage upon each ticket sold, would neutralize the temptations of the present system, and would convert these agents into active workers for emigration to the Dominion.

It may fairly be doubted whether the system of Provincial pamphlets or Provincial lecturers are the best methods of imparting information. A pamphlet on Canada itself, embracing all the Provinces, setting forth in a clear and concise style the advantages of each of them, with plain directions to the emigrant, would do more to promote emigration, and would keep the Dominion as a whole, with its varied resources and the special conditions of each of its Provinces, more directly before the public. And as with pamphlets, so with lectures. The Dominion and not the Provinces should appoint the agents on the other side of the water, and these should be charged with the duty of dealing fairly by all the Provinces. We have not yet attained that position as a whole, in the eyes of the world, which would

justify us in presenting ourselves as separate and—as it would be almost inevitable—antagonistic parts. But if local jealousies made it difficult to adopt this united plan of action in the campaign to be carried on among the emigrating classes, there should at least be a handbook of Canada, published by the Dominion, which would give full and complete information upon every point of interest to intending settlers. Such a handbook should be in addition to the ordinary pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, should be much fuller in its information, should be illustrated, not by the rough woodcuts which disfigure some of the pamphlets already issued, but by really well executed wood engravings, and should be sold at a low price at all the book stalls and railway stations of the kingdom. The comparatively new and unsettled State of Montana has shown its appreciation of this description of information. Its authorities have caused to be printed a handbook of the State, on beautifully tinted paper, in quarto form, with photographic illustrations, and neatly bound, and have presented copies to most of the passenger brokers in the United Kingdom, to be kept exposed in their offices. Who shall say how many persons who never heard of Montana until they entered the passenger broker's office to enquire about emigration to America, have been induced to make that distant State their destination by the interest which a glance at this book has excited?

The countries from which emigrants are to be drawn being thus supplied with active agencies and with abundance of information, the next important work is thorough organization in the Dominion for the reception and placing of the emigrants on their arrival. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this feature of a complete immigration policy, and unfortunately it is almost impossible to over-state the neglect of it which has characterized the Department of Immigration in this country in the past. The value of first impressions has passed

into a proverb, but with no people are first impressions more influential than with the average emigrant on his arrival in a new country. At the very best his case is one which should excite the largest sympathy. Anyone who has stood upon the Victoria docks at London, or on the quay at Liverpool or any of the other great shipping ports, and witnessed the embarkation of a party of emigrants, will recognize how true this is. The painful leave-taking with friends, prolonged until the last moment; the earnest "God bless you," which forces its way out with an almost intensity of agony; the steady gaze upon the receding shore until the last faint outline of land passes from view, and HOME, with its memories and associations, has sunk into the unfathomable deep; then the ten days or a fortnight of the discomforts of the ocean voyage; and then the landing on a strange land, with nothing but strange faces to look upon; surely that is a condition to excite a spirit of kindness and sympathy. It is a first consideration to make this first landing as pleasant as possible, and to send the emigrant to his destination in the interior with the consciousness that he has cast his lot among friends. The accommodation at Point Levi in the past has been a disgrace to Canada, a practical advertisement to the world that emigrants are unwelcome visitors here. A change there has already been made so far as buildings are concerned, but the great receiving depot requires still further reform. It should be modelled on the plan of Castle Garden at New York, which, with some defects which have brought discredit upon it and which are at this moment engaging the attention of the American commissioners, has done its work, on the whole, well. Point Levi, furnished with ample buildings and with a complete and efficient staff of officers, should be made the great distributing point for the emigration to the western portions of the Dominion, as Halifax should be for the maritime Provinces, and Hamilton for that por-



tion of the emigration to Canada which comes by New York and enters the Dominion by the Suspension Bridge. Convenient emigration depots, after the model of that recently built at Toronto, should be established at St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, London, Fort William and Fort Garry. In connexion with these, a regular system of labour registration should be adopted. And here comes in appropriately the work of the Provincial Governments. To organize a system of labour registration, and to provide for the conveyance of emigrants to those districts where employment awaits them, are duties which, efficiently performed, will tax all the energies of the Immigration Departments of the Provinces. Thus apportioned, there need be no conflict in the concurrent jurisdiction which the British American Act bestows upon the Governments of

Canada and of the different Provinces, in the matter of emigration. And the duties of each faithfully performed, there need be no fear of the success of this country in attracting, or its ability to absorb, a very large portion of the emigration which annually leaves the shores of the old world.

There are some considerations in relation to the necessity for immediate employment for emigrants on their arrival and how it may be provided ; to the special advantages which Canada offers to the emigrant over other fields which are presented for his acceptance ; and to the necessity for a national spirit in Canada, a spirit of confidence in the future of the country on the part of its own people, as a condition precedent of success in any policy for the encouragement of emigration, to which reference may be made in a future article.

## AT THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

“ **D**EMON of turbulence ! spirit of strife !  
 Thou art my servant, thou, scorner of life ;  
 Let me lay hold on thee—I am a man,  
 Wrestler with elements, first in the plan.”

“ Talk not of Man to me, waif on the stream !  
 As a loud thunder-shock shatters a dream,  
 Such would thy puny life instantly be,  
 Wert thou to wrestle, proud creature, with me.

“ Lead forth your armies, your brave men of earth,  
 Despot or craven but wakens my mirth ;  
 Hurl down your legions with falchion and spear—  
 Host upon host—what a rabble were here !

"Assail me with cannon, charge horsemen and foot;  
Mark how I'd trample them! see, they are mute!  
Down they go, sword and spear, coward and brave;  
Grapple me, bind me well, make me your slave.

"Bind me with shackles, encompass me round;  
Is it with ropes of sand giants are bound?  
Boaster! I spit on thee, scorn at thy ban;  
See how I spurn thee, magnificent man."

"Demon of turbulence, chained and yet free,  
Science has conquered in wrestling with thee;  
Reason's supreme, still we tremble and cower,  
Wishing we had but a tithe of thy power.—

"Power of spirit, of body, of soul,  
Strength to resist with such god-like control;  
Power to grapple with error, and raise  
E'en from despair a loud pæan of praise."

OTTAWA.

## DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

### CHAPTER I.

NORA BLAKE.

A BLEAK scene on the western coast of Ireland, a wintry sunset gleaming on the leaden-coloured waves of the broad Atlantic or touching with pale golden light the savage cliffs against which it foamed and dashed with ceaseless fury—a straggling town skirting the head of a small bay or cove, that rushed in from the ocean between two rocky headlands jutting far into the surging waters. Beyond, about two miles distant, a wooded eminence, crowned by a grey stone dwelling of imposing appearance, while inland, skirting the horizon, appeared a range of lofty mountains pointing their rugged peaks heavenward in gloomy gran-

deur. The scene in fine weather, especially in summer, was not wanting in picturesque beauty, but now late in the gloomy month of November it presented an aspect of bleak desolation. The short twilight had deepened into night, when rattling through the principal street of the town, the mail-coach from Galway drew up before the door of its only hotel, and the tired passengers, gladly alighting, entered the well-lighted dining-room of the Carraghmore Arms, there to partake of the inviting fare provided for them. But one among them, a young person closely veiled, to the surprise of the officious waiter, declined following her fellow travellers into the inn, observing in a low agitated voice that she was going to remain in Carraghmore.

Then requesting that her luggage might be kept till sent for, she turned quickly away from the prying eyes of the by-standers and was soon lost to view in the darkness of the night.

"I wondher who she is!" observed the waiter thoughtfully. "The voice didn't seem sthrange, but she kept that brown veil so tight over her face there was no seeing it at all."

"Look at her luggage, Tim! you'll find the name on that," shrewdly observed an ostler, as he busied himself removing the jaded horses from the coach, the bespattered condition of which showed the muddy state of the roads.

"Bedad, you're right! You're a 'cute chap, Ned. Here it is shure enough!" and raising a shabby-looking portmanteau, he inspected the name inscribed on a card in a plain school girl hand—Nora Blake.

"Begorra! it's Nora Blake, come back from Dublin. I wondher how ould Dinah will recave her daughter! If what they say of her is thrue, it's her face she ought never to show in these parts again!"

"An' shure she didn't show it," observed Ned, archly. "Didn't she muffle it up in the veil so that no glimpse of it could be seen? But you're too hard on her, Tim. Shure she's not the first poor girl them wild chaps of officers led astray. Poor Nora Blake! She was such a purty girl whin she left this to go to the dhress-makin' business in Dublin!"

"She had always too much concate in herself, and that's what her pride brought her to in the end," was Tim's ill-natured observation as he shouldered the portmanteau left in his care, and re-entered the inn while the kind-hearted ostler led his horses round to the stable, pitying all the time purty Nora Blake, "who had been led astray—the crathur."

In the meantime the subject of this colloquy was making her way as quickly as the gloom of night would permit through a strag-

gling street which, branching off from the principal thoroughfare of the town, led along the shore of the little bay on which it was situated. Emerging from this, where the houses ended, she entered a by-road leading in the direction of the cliffs. The way now became rugged and rather steep, and Nora Blake was obliged to proceed slowly. She had been travelling several hours, and the fatigue of the journey in her present delicate state of health was too much for her strength, enfeebled as she was by recent mental suffering. Seating herself on a rock by the way side she rested for some minutes, and now a tide of bitter memories rushing in upon her mind, she bowed her face upon her hands, groaning in the extremity of her despair and anguish. The sight of her native town brought vividly before her the days of innocence and happiness she had spent there before her journey to Dublin. She was now returning to her childhood's home a fallen and despised woman, That last year if it only could be recalled! she would not now be a thing for scorn to point its finger at! But she would not have long to suffer; she knew that, and it comforted her, this thought of death, although she was very young, not yet nineteen. If she only might die now without meeting her widowed mother! "How can I meet her stern eye? How tell the story of my shame?" were the words wailed forth on the night air and heard by no human ear in the dreary solitude around. The wild dash of the waves came up from the shore below as if in angry answer to the piteous wail. A sudden thought, a wild temptation flashing through the excited brain, and Nora Blake rushed like a frantic creature towards the tall cliffs beetling on the Atlantic. One leap from their dizzy height, one plunge into the pitiless ocean, and she would be buried with her sorrow beneath the cold waves. But quick as a ray of light through the distracted mind flashed one powerful fear, not of death, not of that fearful leap, but of the dread hereafter. Could she stand

at God's tribunal to meet a suicide's doom. Suddenly, as if struck down by a heavy blow she sank on her knees and raised to the dark heaven above her wild imploring gaze. No words of supplication passed the rigid lips, but the kneeling posture, the upraised eye, were mute appeals for mercy—appeals not made in vain, for soon to the penitent, despairing soul came whisperings of hope—hope not of earth. For her, the betrayed and fallen, there could be never more the sunlight of joy; still on her darkened horizon dimly there rose the star of heavenly hope illumining the night of despair. She rose up strengthened to endure the world's scorn, even her mother's bitter reproaches, still harder to bear—all as the punishment due to her sinful dereliction from the path of virtue.

## CHAPTER II.

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SLOWLY Nora Blake walked on, stumbling over the rocky way until she came in sight of the humble home to which she was returning. Before venturing to enter she stole to the window and looked in, anxious to assure herself that her mother was alone. She did not wish any one to witness the first painful interview. The room was small but looked comfortable, although the furniture was of the humblest description. A turf fire burned cheerfully on the hearth adding its ruddy brightness to the dim light of a tallow candle placed on the small table at which Dinah Blake was seated drinking her tea—a luxury which from long habit had become indispensable to her comfort. In her younger days she had lived as housemaid with a gentleman's family residing at Barrington Height, the handsome mansion already mentioned not far from Carraghmore, and had in that way acquired habits and ideas above the humble life of the Irish peasant to which class her family belonged. Dinah Blake

was no ordinary woman: tall and masculine in form: she had few of the weaknesses of her sex; she was intensely revengeful in her nature; with a stern expression of face that showed a cold, unbending character. Her daughter shivered as she looked upon that stony countenance. What sympathy had she to expect from such a woman? Cold, nay harsh, her mother's demeanour had always been to her. All the love her nature seemed capable of feeling had been lavished on an unworthy son now absent with his regiment in India. Had she done wisely in seeking that mother's home in the hour of dreaded suffering now close at hand? For a moment Nora thought of retracing her steps to Carraghmore and thence back to Galway, anything rather than meet that stern mother's eye. But she was unequal to such exertion. To return to Carraghmore was to expose herself to certain death on the roadside. This thought nerved her to brave the dreaded meeting. Approaching the door she knocked with a trembling hand.

"Come in! where's the use of knocking when the door is not locked?" was heard in the gruff tones of Dinah Blake. "Blessed Virgin! who is this?" she added, starting to her feet with a sudden cry as her daughter, trembling with agitation, staggered into the room. One glance at the pallid, altered face, and then her arms were stretched out, not to clasp the unhappy girl in a motherly embrace, but as if to ward off the misery and disgrace she felt were coming upon her.

"So you're come back, and what I've been fearing has come at last! How dare you darken my door again?" she exclaimed with wild excitement, her eyes flashing fiery indignation at the wretched girl who knelt cowering at her feet.

This reception did not surprise Nora, but its violence overwhelmed her. She could not utter a word, and what had she to say in self-defence? She could only implore her mother's pity with the mute eloquence of her beseeching eyes; but that mother's heart

was turned to stone at the confirmation of her worst fears. Reports unfavourable to Nora's character had been whispered through Carraghmore. The tongue of scandal had been busy with the girl's name, but still the mother hoped against hope. The thought of disgrace being connected with her child was so intensely bitter, she crushed the very idea as it crept towards her. In Ireland even in the humblest walks of life the loss of reputation is considered the greatest evil that can befall any woman. "Any misfortune but that!" Dinah would exclaim as she put the thought from her, but now the dreaded evil stared her in the face. The disgrace had come to her very door. It lay at her very hearthstone.

"Why did you come here? why did you not bury yourself where I'd never see you?" she asked in a voice choked with passion, spurning the form that crouched at her feet moaning in such hopeless sorrow.

"Mother, forgive me! I won't trouble you long; I came home to die," she wailed forth.

"I cannot forgive you!" said the frantic woman. "May my curse and the curse of heaven—"

A wild cry interrupted the imprecation.

"Not your curse! oh mother, spare me that," shrieked Nora as she sank prone upon the floor in a convulsion of grief and horror.

"It is not you, but *him* who brought you to this. May the curse of Heaven rest upon him and his!" prayed the wretched mother, her face ghastly with passion, her eyes glittering with hate; and now overcome with the violence of her frenzied feelings she sank into a chair seeking to relieve her choking emotion by groans of such bitter anguish as thrilled her daughter's heart. For a time there was silence in the humble dwelling broken only by the groans of Dinah as she sat rocking herself to and fro—her large bony hands covering her convulsed face. Suddenly she asked abruptly:

"What is the villain's name?"

"Major Barrington," was the low response.

"Blessed Father! if it isn't the same man who lately come into the estate of Barrington Height! He is married, too. Himself and his wife are living there now. Did you know this, girl?"

"No," faltered Nora. "I did not know where he was. I only knew he was married. When I found that out I left him, for I knew he could not marry me then as he promised."

"How long since?"

"More than five months."

"And it is since that he come in for the fortune. The devil takes care of his own, sure enough; but may it never do him good, may he die poor and with as sore a heart as he has left me this blessed night, I pray God. And I'll be revinged on him yet," Dinah continued with fierce vehemence. "Aye, revinged, I swear it by this blessed cross, and she pressed the sacred symbol to her lips white and quivering with passion. "Get up and go to your bed," she added more calmly after a short pause, a command which Nora gladly obeyed, thankful for permission to remain. Then seeing her mother preparing to go out she falteringly asked if she was going for a doctor.

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"And if you would ask Father Conlan to call afore morning. He'll be wanted, too, for I feel I'm near death and I would not like to go without getting the rites of the church and making my confession."

"Oh, it's time enough to see about that. You're not so near death as you think," said Dinah coldly.

"But I know I am at death's door," persisted Nora sadly, "and sure it's not sorry I am. What have I to live for now?" There was touching sorrow in the trembling voice, but in the mother's heart no answering chord of sympathy.

"You never said a thruer word in your life," was her heartless observation as she left the cottage and strode hastily down the rocky path leading to Carraghmore.

In less than an hour she returned accompanied by a physician. Dr. Holmes was the oldest practitioner in Carraghmore—a skilful, benevolent man. He had known Nora from a child, and he was much shocked at being called to attend her on the present melancholy occasion. He had daughters of his own, and it grieved his kind heart to see the wreck sinful passion had made in that once beautiful and innocent girl. “Why is there no law to punish the seducer?” he exclaimed indignantly as he saw the tear-dimmed eye sink beneath his gaze and the deep flush of shame crimson the wan face.

About midnight the Angels of Life and Death met beneath that humble roof on the wild sea-coast near Carraghmore. Nora suffered much and, as the first faint wail of her new-born child thrilled her heart, she felt that life was ebbing fast. Her trembling feet were touching the cold waters of the dark river.

“Let me see the babe before I die,” she murmured with a beseeching look at her mother who stood near cold and rigid as ever.

“It’s proud ye ought to be of it, to be sure,” she remarked with cutting irony.

“Let the mother see the child,” broke in Dr. Holmes sternly.

Dinah reluctantly obeyed.

It was a pretty child but bore no resemblance to Nora. In its tiny features her eye detected a likeness to its father. She clung to it as if she could not bear the separation death would soon make. “Oh that I could take you with me away from the world which will scorn you for your wretched mother’s sin! Oh mother, will you be kind to it when I am gone?” and the dying eyes turned imploringly to Dinah Blake who stood by apparently unmoved while the kind-hearted doctor’s eyes were filled with tears.

“It will be cared for. Let that satisfy you. I don’t promise to love it, though,” she replied coldly.

“And will you forgive me, mother dear?”

Oh do not let me go away without your pardon.”

There was no answer to this piteous supplication, yet there was a convulsive quivering about Dinah’s stern mouth and a gleam of anguish in her grey eye.

“Pity and forgive her if your heart is not made of stone,” said Dr. Holmes with subdued vehemence.

“I can’t do it, doctor,” she said hoarsely, “it’s no use telling a lie. I can’t forgive the disgrace she has brought to my door.”

“Don’t you see she is dying?” he pleaded.

“I know it well enough, and I thank God for it,” she answered doggedly. “The grave is the best place for her. Do you think she could hold up her head after this, and where’s the use of a girl living with such a foul blot upon her name?”

There was a silence of some minutes round that bed of death broken only by the laboured breathing of the dying girl. She was passing quickly through the dark river. Its icy waters soon relaxed her loving clasp of her infant. The eyes that had been fixed with such piteous appeal on the stony countenance of her mother were now raised heavenward, and the white lips moved in earnest prayer. Then there was a painful gasp, a convulsion of the pallid face and Nora Blake was gone where the pity or scorn of the world could reach her never more.

“She is dead! may her Father in Heaven show her more mercy than her earthly parent,” said Dr. Holmes solemnly covering the face of the dead.

“Amen!” responded Dinah Blake in a choked voice. Then, giving way to the convulsion of agony that shook her strong frame, she sank on her knees beside the bed, groaning in bitter anguish. Dr. Holmes now prepared to return to Carraghmore. “Take care of poor Nora’s child and don’t let it perish from neglect,” was his parting observation as he left the cottage. The words were unheeded by the agonized woman kneeling beside her dead. No word of

prayer for the departed soul passed her rigid lips, but a vow of vengeance was recorded—vengeance against the rich Major Barrington who, by false promises, had betrayed the simple-minded girl now lying there lifeless before her.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DINAH BLAKE'S VISIT TO BARRINGTON HOUSE.

NEAR Dinah Blake's cottage, bordering on the same tall cliffs which sheltered it from the wild gusts of the Atlantic, were the picturesque ruins of the Friary of St. Bride, the grass-grown nave and aisles of which served as a cemetery for the people of Carraghmore. In a remote corner of these sacred precincts the coffin containing the remains of Nora Blake was deposited the afternoon of the day following her death. There was no wake, no gathering of the neighbours to sympathize with the bereaved mother. The circumstances attending the poor girl's death forbade this. Dinah Blake shrank from commiseration, and coldly received the words of condolence offered by the few friends who came to attend the funeral. Hers was a grief no sympathy could reach; henceforth the disgrace that had come to her door would separate her from her kind. She must leave Carraghmore. She could no longer live among those mothers whose daughters had not fallen.

As the hollow sound of the earth rattling upon the coffin smote the ear of the few standing around the grave of Nora Blake a joyful peal from the Church tower of Carraghmore rung out merrily on the cold November air.

"It's in honour of the young one born to-day at Barrington Height," remarked one of the bystanders. "Major Barrington had a daughter born to him to-day."

Dinah Blake started, and there was a strange gleam in her eye as she glanced to-

wards Barrington Height, whose grey walls and numerous windows glistened in the pale yellow light which the wintry sunset flashed on them from the leaden sky. "A daughter born to him to-day!" she repeated as she walked thoughtfully home after the funeral. What a contrast between the birth of the two children—one the cause of rejoicing, the other of sorrow and shame. Slowly, with her head bent down, the hood of her blue cloak drawn over it, so as to hide her face, Dinah Blake trod the rocky pathway leading homeward from the Friary of St. Bride, her mind filled with a strange project, which the news she had just heard suggested—very impracticable it seemed, yet she determined to try and carry it out. Again she looked towards Barrington Height and pictured to herself the happy mistress surrounded by all the comforts wealth can give—the happy mother of her first-born child. Then that other youthful mother's miserable face came vividly before her, and groans of agony, mingled with imprecations, were poured forth on the wintry air. Some hours later she sat alone in her desolate hearth, meditating on the best method of carrying out the project that filled her thoughts. Near her, on a settle, lay Nora's infant sleeping quietly, all unconscious of the misery her birth caused that grey-haired woman, whose eye from time to time wandered towards it with aversion. "If it is to be done, it must be to-night!" she muttered. "I run no small risk, but who cares! and, if I can manage it, won't it be the fine revenge on *him*." There was fierce hate in her tones, as she uttered the last words, while her eye gleamed with exultation.

The wail of the infant now called its grandmother's attention towards it. She took it in her arms, but without a soothing word or caress, and prepared to give it some food, first pouring into it one drop from a small vial. "That will stop your squalling for a time," she said, as she fed the babe, looking at it all the while as if she could choke it in

her strong aversion. The drop of laudanum soon had the desired effect of plunging the baby into deep sleep. Dinah then hastily prepared to go out, carefully pouring ashes on the turf fire to keep it smouldering till her return. She enveloped her tall figure in her cloak, then wrapping an old shawl about her grand-child, she took it in her arms and left the cottage. Instead of taking the road leading to Carraghmore she struck into a by-path branching from it in the direction of Barrington Height. The night was dark and stormy; frequent gusts swept up from the ocean; and the howling of the wind mingling with the angry dash of the waves might seem to a fanciful imagination like a wild requiem for the soul of the youthful dead laid to rest that day in the ancient Friary of St. Bride. But Nora's mother was not imaginative, yet the thought of her dead daughter lying in her dishonoured grave did come forcibly to her mind as she passed the Ruins, inciting her to carry out the revenge she meditated. Half an hour's rapid walking brought her to the foot of Barrington Height. Ascending the private way leading to the servants' entrance, Dinah Blake soon reached the house. Having lived many years there during the life of the late proprietor—a distant relative of Major Barrington—she knew every entrance, and was familiar with its various rooms and passages. On one side of the kitchen was a door opening into a hall leading to the servants' apartments and communicating with the rest of the house by a back stairs. This door Dinah knew was unlocked or left open till a certain hour of the night. It was by this entrance she hoped to gain secret admittance to the mansion; for such was the intention with which she left her home that stormy night. Previously, however, she approached the kitchen and, opening the door, walked boldly in with the Irish salutation of "God save all here!" As the domestics had been changed when Major Barrington came into possession, Dinah was not afraid of being recognized.

"God save you, kindly, honest woman. Draw near and take an air of the fire this cowl'd night," was responded civilly by the eldest of two women servants, who were the only occupants of the comfortable kitchen, looking so cheerfully in the ruddy light from the piece of bogwood burning with the turf fire on the ample hearth. Dinah, still keeping the hood of her cloak drawn over her head so as to shade the face and carefully concealing the sleeping infant, approached the fire and warmed herself gladly—for the sharp wintry wind had chilled her through.

"The mistress and the child is doing well, I hope," she said, with assumed interest, as she passed one foot and then the other through the bright blaze.

"It's a merry ringing of bells there was at Carraghmore to-day."

"Faix, then, there won't be a merry ringing to-morrow," sadly remarked the woman she addressed, "for the mistress was taken bad three hours ago, and she's not expected to live. The house is topsy turvy with the throuble. It come so sudden, and the masther is distracted entirely!"

What a wicked joy thrilled the heart of Nora's mother at this unexpected news! Were her prayers for vengeance so soon to be answered?

A hurried ringing of the dining-room bell was now heard, startling the servants by its violence.

"Och, its the masther! I wondher what's wanted now! Run, Susy, and see where that idle footman is. Dhinking with the butler in some corner, I'll be bound! and more shame for them both, and death in the house!"

"Dinah Blake now silently withdrew, thinking that the present state of confusion in the mansion was favourable to the carrying out of her intention. A few minutes afterwards she had entered the hall already mentioned, and was ascending stealthily the back stairs. Traversing the silent, dimly



lighted gallery above, she reached the nursery, the door of which stood ajar. Cautiously she peered in and saw to her great joy that there was no one in the room. By the light of a shaded lamp she perceived the infant daughter of Mrs. Barrington sleeping calmly in its cot all alone. In a moment she was at its side, hastily removing the rich clothes the little heiress wore, and dressing her own grand-child in them, having, before entering the house, stripped off its own plain clothing. The daring act was quickly done. Nora's child was deposited in the luxurious little cot while its late occupant was wrapped up, undressed in the old shawl. Just at this moment footsteps were heard approaching, and Dinah Blake unable to make her escape, hastily concealed herself in a small closet, the door of which stood invitingly open. She had scarcely done so when a door at one end of the room quickly opened, and a respectable looking woman—whom Dinah knew was the nurse—entered hurriedly.

"Letty, bring the baby quick! The mistress has asked for it. Where is the girl gone?" she added in tones of vexation on perceiving no one in the apartment. Then approaching the cot she looked earnestly at its sleeping occupant. Dinah's pulse leaped: the fear that the nurse had detected the change of children made even her stout heart throb. But the next exclamation of the woman re-assured her.

"How she sleeps! Can Letty have given her anything to keep her quiet, when she was so fretful this evening?"

"Bring the baby at once, nurse! the mistress is going fast!" said Letty; at this moment hurriedly making her appearance.

"And where were you? Why couldn't you stop and watch the child while I was away?" asked the nurse, angrily.

"And shure I had to go and get my cup of tay. People can't starve, even if the mistress is dying," was Letty's indignant response.

Both women now hastened from the nursery, leaving the door open which communicated with the apartments of Mrs. Barrington. Through that open door Dinah Blake witnessed a scene she did not easily forget. Supported in the arms of her husband was seen the dying mistress of Barrington Height. A mourning group stood around, among whom Dinah recognized Dr. Holmes, his countenance expressive of the sympathy he felt with the woe his skill was ineffectual to avert. With what feelings of enmity did Dinah Blake gaze on the handsome face of Nora's betrayer. Her eyes glowed with hate, and if a look could annihilate him, Barrington Height would have lost its present master.

When the nurse approached the bed with the sleeping infant, Mrs. Barrington's dying eyes turned on it a look of unspeakable love, but although the white lips moved, no sound issued from them. She was too weak to hold the baby in her arms, but her husband taking it tenderly from the nurse, held it towards her for a last kiss. What an exultant feeling of revenge thrilled Dinah Blake as she saw Nora's child in its father's arms and knew that henceforth it would be the cherished heiress of Barrington Height. She was glad Mrs. Barrington was dying. She felt no ill will towards the lady, and she did not wish to impose on her, as her own, another woman's child. It was not strange that the exchange of children passed unnoticed, for both were like their father, and resembled each other in a striking manner. Dinah Blake remained some minutes gazing on this death-bed scene, then noiselessly withdrew from the nursery, and hurried from the house unnoticed. The next day she left Carraghmore.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FOUNDLING.

A NARROW, foreign-looking street in the picturesque town of Galway, Ireland; a room in a gloomy old house plainly but comfortably furnished, lit up only by the cheerful blaze of a bright coal fire, for the moreen drapery of the window was drawn carefully to exclude the November wind, shutting out also the wintry twilight fast fading into night. In the ruddy glare the two occupants of the room may be seen—one, a lady about thirty in delicate health, her pale face wearing a sad expression; the other, a boy of ten who is kneeling by the hearth rug endeavouring to read by the flickering light of the fire. Mother and son they were not, although a resemblance might be traced between the two faces both handsome and pleasant to look at. Some years before Mrs. Dormer had been the belle of a gay circle in a provincial town, the reputed heiress of a wealthy uncle, and—it might be for that reason—the cynosure of many eyes. The admirer who pleased her girlish fancy best was a handsome clerk in her uncle's mercantile house, and the result of this attachment was an elopement; this independent step being taken with the hope that, once married, the merchant's forgiveness would be obtained—his consent to the marriage having been withheld. A very short time after this hasty union the newly-married pair were roused from their dream of happiness by the sudden death of Mrs. Dormer's uncle, caused by his own hand in consequence of the total ruin of his affairs. This was a severe blow to Mr. Dormer, and his disappointment at not receiving the expected fortune with his wife soon cooled the ardour of his affection for her; for he was a selfish man incapable of feeling any deep attachment. His limited income—he was now clerk in a Government office—was barely sufficient for the support of himself and his delicately-nurtured wife. The first few years of their married life was a painful time for both; then

their circumstances were improved by the arrival of Mrs. Dormer's orphan nephew from India, consigned to her care by his father before his death. This boy was left with a handsome independence, and the money the Dormers received for his support enabled them to live more comfortably. They had no family of their own. One child had been recently born, but had lived only two weeks. It was this recent bereavement which gave that melancholy expression to Mrs. Dormer's sweet face as she sat there dreamily watching the brilliant jets of gas now and then thrown out from the burning coal. Hers was not a happy life from various reasons; and the birth of this child had been one bright gleam in her clouded horizon—darkened almost as soon as it dawned.

"You will spoil your sight trying to read by that uncertain light, Max," she said, addressing her nephew.

"Not a bit of it, aunt. It is bright enough for me. You know I must study hard for the examination and Christmas will soon be here.

At this moment the street door bell rang and a strange voice was heard in the hall below. Max stopped studying to listen. Soon steps were heard ascending the stairs, the door of the sitting room was thrown open, and Winny, their maid-of-all-work, made her appearance.

"Och, misthress dear, here's the purtiest little craythur left at Mrs. Murphy's door. She's the washerwoman living in the next sthreet, ma'am."

"Is it a little puppy you have got, Winny?" asked the boy eagerly. "May I keep it, Aunt Amy? I do so wish to have a dog."

"Shure it's not a dog at all, but a babby as purty as a doll. Look at her, ma'am," and she held the foundling towards Mrs. Dormer who took it tenderly in her arms and pityingly regarded its tiny face.

"Stir up the fire to give us more light, Masther Max; but stay, I'll light the lamp meself. Mrs. Murphy brought it round to

the house at once, because she said the mistress might take to it kindly having lost her own. Besides the poor woman has more nor she can do for her six children, and her husband worse than dead to her on account of the drink."

"It's a real beauty," exclaimed Max kissing the rosy mouth. "Look, Aunt, it opens its eyes and they look like violets peeping from under the white lids."

"This is no base-born child," said Mrs. Dormer, "although the clothes are plain enough. Here is a singular mark behind one ear."

"Arrah, what kind of a mark, ma'am? Shure it might be the manes of finding out her people some day!"

"It looks like a little heart," said Max after a grave examination, "don't you think so, Aunt?"

"It is a strawberry, not a heart, dear. I should like to keep this child," Mrs. Dormer continued, "for its own sake as well as mine."

"To be shure you would, ma'am. Its just the thing to divart your mind."

"And what name shall we call it, aunt?" asked Max, delighted at the thought of keeping the baby. "Shall it be Mabel, or Ethel or Violet?"

"Och, what quare names, Masther Max! Wouldn't it be betther to call it after some saint, ma'am?"

"Maybe it's Bridget you would wish to call it?" said the boy laughing.

"Faix, then, you might give it a worse name."

"Oh, bother, Winny, we wont call it Bridget for all the holy Biddys in the world. We might as well call it Winny after you."

"What if you did, then! wasn't there a saint of my name?" she retorted indignantly.

"I never heard of a saint Winny," Max said with a provoking grin.

"Maybe you heard of Saint Winifred, then. That's the rale name, not Winny at all."

"What horrid names the saints had! We

will not call baby after any of them, shall we, Aunt?"

"I shall call her Josephine after my lost darling," said Mrs. Dormer, quietly putting an end to the altercation. The clock now struck five. "Mr. Dormer will be home immediately, Winny, and you know he does not like to wait for dinner."

"Thru for you, ma'am. Bedad I was forgetting it, and the fish boiling on the fire," and Winny made a rush to the kitchen.

The baby now became fretful but Mrs. Dormer lulled it to sleep. She then passed into an adjoining room saying she would put the founding in baby's cot and show it to Mr. Dormer after dinner. When she returned to the sitting room she found Max had wheeled his uncle's arm chair to the fire and placed his slippers before it.

"You are very careful of your uncle's comfort to-night, Max," she said with a faint smile.

"Yes, I want to put him in good humour," and his bright eyes gleamed archly in answer to her meaning smile. "I hope Winny has got something good for dinner, something that he likes, so that he wont be cross."

"Max!" said Mrs. Dormer reprovingly, and the boy was silenced, but he knew his opinion of his uncle's character was correct, and that good fare sweetened his usual moroseness, brightening for a time the gloom that generally hung over the little household.

A ring at the door now announced the master's arrival and Max flew down stairs for he always stormed if kept a minute waiting.

"Dinner not on the table yet," was his fretful remark on entering the room. No fond kiss given to the delicate wife so lately bereaved, no kind inquiry after her health.

"Shure the dinner is ready and a good one it is, masther," said Winny now entering and placing the dishes on the table. "This is the finest turbot the Claddagh boys caught this year and a rale bargain, sir."

There was a gleam of satisfaction in the cold blue eye and the shadow of a smile

round the mouth as the master placed himself at the table.

Dinner was over and he was enjoying a cigar when a wail from the next room made him ask eagerly what noise that was which sounded like a baby's cry.

"And so it is, another baby which Aunt Amy got," broke in Max impetuously.

"What does the boy mean?" and Mr. Dormer turned to his wife in surprise.

In a few words she explained what had occurred.

"And you wish to keep this foundling?" he said coldly.

"Yes, I should like it very much if you have no objection," was the submissive reply.

"Look, uncle! what a little beauty it is," said Max who had brought the infant from the cot and held it to be admired by Mr. Dormer.

"All babies look alike," he said curtly. "I really cannot see why you should wish to trouble yourself with this child, Amy. A man would never think of hampering himself with such a burden."

"It would be a great comfort to me," pleaded Mrs. Dormer. "You will let me adopt it; you can't refuse."

"Well, if you are so very anxious you may do so, but keep it out of my way, don't let its squalling annoy me," and Mr. Dormer resumed his cigar, while his wife—a glad smile brightening her face—retired into the next room with her young charge—Max following to express his congratulations.

## CHAPTER V.

### A DEATH BED SCENE.

TEN years elapsed before Dinah Blake again visited her native place. She returned to consummate the revenge she had vowed, kneeling by the death-bed of poor Nora. It was a sultry evening in July, beneath the glowing sunset-sky the waves of the broad Atlantic lay calm as a placid lake,

gleaming with rainbow tints and reflecting the tall cliffs lining the wild coast. Along the rugged by-way leading from Carraghmore towards the Friary of St. Bride, a tall pedestrian toiled wearily. She was wrapped, notwithstanding the summer heat, in the blue cloak worn by the peasant women in the west of Ireland. The ten years that have passed over Dinah Blake's head, have graven her brow with many furrows, and dimmed the lustre of her flashing eye. As she neared the ruins her step was slower and her head bowed down by the crushing weight of bitter memories. She soon reached the secluded corner where her young daughter slumbers in her early grave. A wooden cross marked the spot, placed there by some friendly hand. For many minutes Dinah knelt by that humble grave, her head bent and her hands clasped convulsively and raised with wild appeal to Heaven. Time had softened the bitterness of her feelings towards the dead, and earnest were the prayers that now ascended for the repose of her soul. At length she rose from her kneeling posture, and turned her steps towards Barrington Height. The shades of night were gathering around the mansion; but a deeper gloom, even the shadow of death, had again settled within its walls. Major Barrington was dying, suddenly stricken down in the midst of health and enjoyment by one of those fatal fevers which often sweep away many of the Irish peasantry. The household was broken up; the servants, with one exception, fled the fever-stricken house. The young heiress of Barrington Height had been sent with her governess and attendants to Ennis, where a sister of Mrs. Barrington's lived.

A nurse from Carraghmore had been hired to attend the Major. This woman was an old friend of Dinah's, and she now went ostensibly with the kind intention of offering to relieve her, for some hours, of her duties as nurse, in order that she might take some rest and sleep; but Dinah's real motive was to gain admittance to the sick man's

room. She feared not to breathe its tainted atmosphere. She cared not for the risk she incurred ; she thought only of completing her revenge.

The nurse thankfully accepted Dinah's offer.

"Shure it's mighty kind of you intirely, and it's worn out I am without sleep, night after night, for nearly two weeks," she said gratefully, as she led Dinah into the Major's room.

"Sit down in that aisy chair near the bed," she whispered, fearful of awakening the patient, "and make yourself comfortable. You won't have much throuble, for he sleeps nearly all the time ; only watch him, and when he wakes up give him a spoonful of this bottle on the little table beside you ; and now I'm off to my bed ; and it's a good sleep I'll be able to take, thanks to you, Dinah jewel !"

Hour after hour Dinah Blake watched beside the dying man, grim and silent as death itself, gloating over the wreck disease had made in that handsome countenance. Utterly helpless, he, the fascinating man of the world, lay there, beneath the feet of the Pale Horse and his Rider. He was going fast ; and there was no heavenly light, no star of hope to brighten the way through the Dark Valley.

"He'll never deludher any more poor girls to their ruin," said Dinah, mentally. "It's many a mother's curse he's bearing with him to the judgment."

Suddenly Major Barrington awoke, and Dinah knew by the awful change in his face that the end was near ; and now was the time to impart the news she had come that night to communicate. The Major, too, seemed conscious of his approaching end, and his eyes turned with piteous appeal to his nurse, as if she could help him in this mortal struggle. But a face stony as marble met that look unmoved.

"Is it pity you're wanting ?" she hissed through her closed teeth, her eyes glowing

with hate. "What pity did you show Nora Blake and others like her in the time of their sore distress and shame. Yes, it's going fast you are, and the devil will soon get his own. It's well you sarved him in this world," and Dinah's fiendish laugh broke painfully the stillness of the death chamber. The dying man gazed in horror and amazement at his strange nurse. He was too weak to speak ; he could only look his astonishment as his ear drank in the startling revelation she went on to make.

"You remember Nora Blake, the purty young girl you promised to marry, although another misfortunate woman owned you at the same time. Lying rascal that you are," and Dinah's eyes glared on the wretched man.

"Well," she resumed, "Nora's mother vowed to be revenged, and she kept her word. The child owned as the heiress of Barrington Height is not the one left by your wife, as you and the world thinks. It's Nora's own child. A gleam of rage shot from the Major's eyes, and the startling intelligence, so unexpected, gave him a momentary strength.

"Where is the other child ?" he gasped faintly.

"Oh she's with them that wont bring her up as dainty as if she was the heiress of Barrington Height," replied Dinah with a mocking smile.

Major Barrington groaned and looked around for some familiar face, some one to aid him in this sore perplexity. If Dr. Holmes would come to receive this hateful woman's confession, the lost daughter of his wife might still be restored to her rightful inheritance. But no friend was near, no face but that fiendish woman's gloating over his misery. This was the hour of Dinah's triumph ; thus was the betrayed Nora avenged. The shock he had received hastened his death. His tormentor seeing that he had not many minutes to live hastily summoned the nurse. She did not now fear the pres-

ence of a third person. The Major was too weak to reveal what he had heard.

"I'm afeard he's dying," Dinah observed with assumed concern. "He slept quiet till a short time since. I didn't think death was so near."

"Och, Dr. Holmes said he might go any minute, when he was here this evening. He said he didn't expect to see him alive in the morning."

The familiar tones of the nurse's voice seemed to recall the fleeting senses of the dying man. He looked piteously at her and tried to speak, but nature was too much exhausted, the death rattle was the only sound heard.

"He seems to have something on his

mind," remarked the nurse eagerly. "I'll give him a dhrop of this cordial and maybe he'll be able to tell."

The observation startled Dinah. "It's no use thrying to keep him alive," she urged. "That stuff would choke him at onct; he's too far gone now; there, it's all over," she added, and a gleam of satisfaction shot from her gray eye when she perceived the gasping breath cease and the light of life die out of the ghastly face. "He's gone to his account and Nora's wrongs is avenged," was Dinah Blake's mental observation as she passed exultant from the death chamber of Major Barrington.

*To be continued.*

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## MY ROSE.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

I SAID "My Love is a Rose,  
 A Rose with never a thorn;  
 A royal flower is the rose,  
 And royally shall it be worn."  
 So I set her on high, my Rose,  
 All out in the world's sunshine,  
 For I said to my heart, "Each breeze that blows  
 Shall gladden her heart like wine,  
 And fill my cup till it overflows,  
 For this flower is mine—*is mine.*"

For her shall the dew-drops shed  
 Their tribute of love by night;  
 For her shall the stars o'erhead  
 Shine out with a holier light.  
 And ever, among the sweet,  
 Sweetest my Rose shall be,  
 And ever and ever where bright ones meet,  
 Purest and brightest she;  
 And winds shall echo and waves repeat,  
 The fame of her name to me.

Did I know the sun was hot,  
 And the wind's rude breath was strong?  
 Oh, must there be ever a "crook i' the lot,"  
 And ever a break in the song?  
 Was it fate? Was it chance? Who knows?  
 The cheek is as purely bright,  
 And the red on the lip no fading shows;  
 But the heart is touched with blight,  
 She is lost to me, and I weep for my Rose:  
 I weep for her day and night.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

## OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. M<sup>C</sup>L.

AT the recent meeting of the National Board of Trade of the United States held at St. Louis, the question of "freedom of Trade with the Dominion of Canada" was prominent among the subjects for discussion, and a delegation from the Dominion Board of Trade was invited to a conference. The treatment of the subject was reported in the St. Louis newspapers, and received some currency in the leading Canadian journals, and the resolution of the National Board "to memorialize Congress to provide by law for the appointment of a commission to meet commissioners from the Dominion of Canada (should the Dominion Government appoint a like commission) to negotiate a basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States for commercial relations with the Dominion of Canada" must be to parties on both sides so far satisfactory. The invitation extended to the National Board to meet the Dominion Board of Trade at Ottawa in January, led to some further popular discussion, and as the matter has been already more than once the subject of diplomatic negotiation, and is confessed on all hands to be of great importance to the well-being and the well-doing of the par-

ties concerned, the present may be assumed a proper time to consider it in any and every light that may help to reach a solution. The framers of the Treaty of Washington have lately set a good example of conceding much to the preservation of national amity, a principle that we shall find to be here of paramount force; let us consider the question as it affects the welfare and the harmony of the two nations, and rise, if possible, above the local and temporary interests that have so often, as we believe, given tone to its popular discussions.

The National Board of Trade added to its resolution a series of four propositions as the basis of a treaty; let us consider for a moment how these appear from our side, before laying them aside to look at the gravity of the general question; the propositions are:—

1st. The introduction of all manufactures and products of the United States into the Dominion of Canada free of import duty, and the like concession by the United States to the manufactures and products of the Dominion." This proposition seemed startling to some of our Canadian delegates who held that the "infant" manufactures of

the Dominion required the nursing of such incidental protection as our moderate revenue tariff affords. We believe it is a fact that on recent negotiations for the renewal of the late Reciprocity Treaty, the propriety of adding certain manufactures to the free list was discussed and admitted; it is the principle of free trade as far as now commonly adopted by Great Britain and her colonies, and it is highly probable that the majority of our manufacturers would hail in the proposed change that extension of markets and customers the present want of which is their greatest want, and it is certain that in this number would be found those conducting the best established and most successful manufactures, thus giving the best proof of being congenial to the soil.

2nd. "Uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports, and for internal taxation; the sums collected from these sources to be placed in a common treasury, and to be divided between the two Governments by a *per capita* or some other equally fair ratio." This is a comprehensive proposal, and in the present great disparity between the Canadian tariff and that of the United States seems rather like going backwards, and it seems (if entertained) likely to conflict with our relations to Great Britain. These difficulties should not, however, put the proposition out of court if there be any good in its train, or if it be firmly held on the other side. The Americans state in its favour that they propose to reduce their tariff, as their debt is being reduced; on our side we are unfortunately in the reverse of their situation in the matter of debt—and possibly this may be the readiest solution of the question how we are to pay our debt, or the interest now yearly increasing in alarming proportions. In the manner of collecting a great economy would be effected; and the removal of custom houses from all the long border would remove a cause of daily annoyance and infinite ill-feeling. In the matter of division our Gov-

ernment would doubtless be a gainer, inasmuch as, notwithstanding their higher tariff, the people of the United States are *per capita* greater importers of British and other foreign goods than are the people of Canada. This system would have the advantage to us of enlarging our field as carriers. The proposition as it might affect our relation with the Empire would, of course, require and receive the consideration of the Imperial Government, and we shall presently refer to the course that Government has of late years persistently indicated for our adoption, and in that light think the difficulty would not be found insuperable.

3rd. "The admission of Dominion built ships and vessels to American registry, enrolment and license, and to all the privileges of the coasting and foreign trade." This change has been long desired by every vessel-owner in Canada, and would be an unmixed advantage to this important branch of industry and enterprise.

4th. "The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to aid in the building of any great lines of international railroad, and to place the citizens of the United States in the same position as to the use of such works as enjoyed by the citizens of the Dominion; the United States and the several States giving the citizens of the Dominion the same rights and privileges over works of the same character in the United States." These works would simply be all in our own interest—the first to enable us to derive the fullest benefit from our great water-way; the second, to aid in the fullest development of our vocation as carriers between the over-peopled Eastern world and the vast fields of the West, now being so rapidly occupied and made productive. The chain of lake and river navigation united and made one by our system of canals is only to be equalled in completeness and efficiency by a railway system extending in a direct line through the central fields of the Dominion



to Sault Ste. Marie and there connecting with the route of the Northern Pacific Railway, now in course of construction, and forming the shortest and most favourably situated with reference to climatic influence and the productive character of the country traversed, of any that has yet been projected; forming the shortest and most practical route to our new fields of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Valley, and possessing all these advantages for the two nations. This proposition reminds us how often it has been proposed from the Canadian side to offer the enlargement of the canals as an equivalent for reciprocal free trade in natural productions; such enlargement would no doubt be of further advantage, as their use in their present condition is a great advantage to the citizens of the United States, but the work is not a fair counter in negotiation, for it is a necessity for ourselves and for our own use, and since the last agitation of the question in Parliament it is admitted by every man in Canada that not a day should be lost in going on with the improvement.

Having referred briefly to the propositions of the National Board of Trade, which may be assumed to be the views of a body well advanced in commercial questions, and being satisfied that they are at least not out of the question, let us look at the matter as one of material equivalents, as it has been treated, and so far defeated, by the Governments of the two countries—and we may remark it has been treated in rather a huckstering spirit, as a question whether certain commodities growing on the one side—beaves and barley for instance, were more necessary to the party of the other side than Yankee notions and agricultural implements to the party of the hither side—a form in which the controversy might be prolonged indefinitely. It has been said on our side that we have found many new ways of trade since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, and have so indemnified ourselves

for the loss of the American market; any one who has lived in Canada since before 1854 can tell what a great impetus forward was given to its trade and productiveness during the existence of the treaty, and it is fair to say that impulse has not yet been all lost; indeed a glance at the present state of the country with its increase of manufactures and its wealth of banking capital and bank deposits will shew that the progress has been continuous; but, along with some that are permanent, we are happy to say, there are temporary causes (that ought to be made permanent) patent on the surface to account for much of this continued prosperity during the last half-dozen years; chief of these is the state of depletion in labour and in every product of labour, and in domestic animals (of which we have been large exporters) in which the United States were left at the close of the civil war, and to these is to be added our very large exportation of lumber, for the accomplishment of which it is loudly complained by parties most intimately acquainted with the matter, that we have been adopting the process of killing the goose that hatched the golden eggs. Again, progress in negotiation has been retarded by a class of economists on our side, as there are many in the United States, who maintain that the cure for any and every ill that falls upon the economic body is to get well behind a Chinese wall, and the cry breaks upon us, made more shrill by a ring of thoughtless applause, from the wheat and barley fields of Ontario and Quebec, "Canada for the Canadians" as does from the iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio "America for the Americans;" but we maintain that we have outgrown these bonds, and can no more go back than we can re-form ourselves into deer-skin moccasins and homespun, and wooden ploughs and log-huts—we are upon another march of improvement, and we think the road is firm and broad enough to carry us forwards. Leaving, then, behind

these mere counters of exchange, let us rise to the higher level of the question as one involving not merely the material prosperity but the good neighbourhood of two nations whose concerns and interests lie alongside of and interlace each other from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean ; and let us remember that the future of the Dominion even more than that of the United States is dependent upon a fair adjustment, because it is the weaker body of the two, and any disturbing element more nearly touches its heart. This question of commercial relations is vital to the equanimity of the two nations because every man along the long line who is concerned with trade or industry (and that is in these countries nearly everybody) is touched by it. Its settlement upon a fair and permanent basis would of course make easier the much needed establishment upon a permanent basis of our own system of government, for, with perfect freedom of trade, the people on either side could afford to look complacently and with interest upon the efforts and progress of their neighbours in the direction of self-government, and hope may be entertained of new progress in this so difficult science, where so much remains to be perfected, and in which the example and experience of England and of the United States, confessedly imperfect in their attainments, shew us something to be avoided as well as much to be imitated.

The kindly suggestions that have occasionally been made to us of late years by British statesmen, pointing to the entire control of our own affairs, have, we think, foreshadowed the necessity of home treatment of our relations with our nearest neighbours, and have been intended to prove the readiness of the Imperial Government to assist us to get on our legs, and to conduct the negotiation for ourselves, and, in short, to lift us from the pupilage of colonists to the ambition of patriots, to a national life every throb of whose pulse we shall feel,

and feel to be our own—whose life flows with us and within us.

It is for the men of Ontario, who read and reflect, to take the lead in this development of national life, and to prove in response to the suggestions of British statesmen, and in assertion of their own manhood and worth, that they possess capacities for self-government and social improvement. The annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade took place at Ottawa, as intimated above. Very little, however, occurred at the meeting to affect the situation or to change our view of it. The course of debate on the question of conference with the National Board of Trade with a view to further consideration of, and forwarding, the object proposed by that Board—"freedom of trade with the Dominion"—has not proved our commercial men to be in the more forward condition to be expected of pupils of the British school of trade. The apparent approval of the meeting of such sentiments as that "it was the determination of Canada to live separate and work out its own destiny" was hardly redeemed by the added qualification "living on friendly terms with the United States," when the subject directly in question was simply that of commercial relations; and the statement of another speaker that the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty had been of great advantage "to the Canadians, because it had made them rely on themselves to open up roads to the seaports in the east, and push on to the west through what would be the finest part of Canada," seems, if true, in fact as to such development, which we think is open to question, much like affirming the advantage of losing an eye or an ear in order to stimulate the cultivation of the remaining organs. The several quotations of astounding figures, results of experience of individuals or as a collective quantity to the nation shew how such statements may mislead if adopted as proof of the separate growth of our trade, when they actually result in great measure

from the trade drawn from the grain fields of the Western States in spite of separation in a measure, and go to prove only the superiority of our great water-way as the highway of the continent. The "Zollverein" appeared to be a *bête noire*, deeply charged, as many thought, with a venom of disloyalty, and chiefly dangerous as pointing to "annexation." We continue to think, on the other hand, that allaying this spirit of trade would rid us of the chief disturbing element; and in this age when reason is claiming and establishing, as a necessity of truth and progress, the right to discuss every form and shade of opinion in the wide fields of religion and philosophy, we maintain that our national virtue is in no danger from the free discussion of so simple a subject. Notwithstanding, however, the ban upon "Zollver-

ein" it is satisfactory to notice that the Board decided to go on with the conference.

To conclude: It is evident that we are but in the infancy of progress in the way indicated by the general name of "freedom of trade," opening as it does to our future a community of interest and feeling wide as the world. It is the leading step, as the intercourse of trade is always foremost, in drawing men and nations together, to stimulate enquiry, to elicit what is good, and reject what is defective, in every department of knowledge. Now that the subject is opened, there cannot long remain a doubt of the advantages to accrue from the widest opening of the highway between ourselves and our neighbour who possesses a language, laws, religion and habits as well as industrial pursuits similar to our own.

#### CANADA'S EMBLEM.

BY W. BIRCH CANAVAN.

LET older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,  
That sounding down thro' ages long have won immortal name;  
Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,  
That like her sons are joined as one in Canada the Free.

Old Erin's Shamrock, England's Rose, and Scotia's Thistle green,  
Awake the love of Britain's sons in many a far off scene;  
And nowhere in the wide world o'er, those glorious symbols three,  
Are truly honour'd more than here in Canada the Free.

But there's another Emblem yet, dearer to us than all,  
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom's joyous call;  
A magic light—a beacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea,  
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,  
But welcomes to our grand old woods the sons of honest toil;  
Gives equal rights and equal laws to all who'er they be,  
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose,  
The Thistle and the Fleur de Lys, forget not that there grows,  
Upon our broad and fertile soil, a noble forest tree,  
With graceful leaf, the Emblem chief, of Canada the Free.

TORONTO.

## THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, B.A.

MR. Arnold is more widely known, and probably attracts more interest, as a critic than as a poet; and yet, I confess, for my own part, to feeling more indebted to him for his poetry than his criticism. In the former, I cannot help thinking, he is more original than in the latter. As a critic he continually reminds us of Ste. Beuve, to whose school he may not unfairly be said to belong. As a poet he does not very distinctly remind us of any one, with the exception of the ancient Greek poets, whom it is no diminishing of any one's originality to imitate. It says something for the strength and independence of Mr. Arnold's poetic genius that he should have escaped, as completely as he has done, the influence—so irresistible to many contemporary writers—of Tennyson. Mr. Arnold's first publication in verse appeared, if I mistake not, in 1849, the year which gave "In Memoriam" to the world. Tennyson at that time was the rising star in the world of poetry, to whom nearly all younger writers were paying the homage of more or less conscious imitation. The only models, however, which Mr. Arnold appears to have set before him were, as I have already hinted, those to whom the world has been doing reverence for two thousand years, and whose immortal productions no lapse of time can rob of their charm.

The "New Poems" published by Mr. Arnold some five or six years ago have taken an altogether higher rank in general estimation than his earlier productions. The latter indeed have for some years past been but little seen or heard of; the "New Poems," on the contrary, have been received with a degree of favour which almost amounts to "popularity." Popular, in a wide sense of the word, Mr. Arnold never can be, at least,

as a poet. His thoughts are too remote from those of every-day life, and of the average of readers, to excite a wide enthusiasm, or even to be very generally intelligible. Moreover, the form in which he has chosen to cast a considerable portion of his poetry repels those readers—and they are many—who resent the employment by a writer of any garb they do not recognize at once as modern, national and familiar. A writer with whom they cannot at once feel perfectly at home they turn from with an angry impatience. He may give them vigorous thoughts and beautiful images, but all is of no avail to win their favour if his accent is either archaic or foreign. People of this kind Mr. Arnold is sure to offend. His admirers will be, on the one hand, those who find the forms he has chosen appropriate and pleasing; and, on the other, those whose intellectual sympathy with him is so strong that the presence of certain elements they do not quite understand is no bar to their enjoyment of the substance of what he has written.

In thinking of Mr. Arnold I have often been reminded of a well-known passage in Horace's Art of Poetry:—

"Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
Quaesitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium; alterius sic  
Altera possit opem res et conjurat amice." (408-11.).

The careful elaboration which has been bestowed upon his poems is evident at a glance; but not less evident to the careful and appreciative reader are the signs of delicate poetic sensibility, liveliness of fancy and warmth of moral emotion; and here we have the substantial basis of Mr. Arnold's poetical talent, the *dives vena*, without which

the *studium* would have been of little avail. Whatever may be said of the defects of English University training, its stimulating effect upon the mind can scarcely be denied. There is not very much of what is called "useful knowledge" in Homer, nor much exact science in Plato; but the man who has familiarized himself with these authors so as not only to understand their language but to think their thoughts and see the world as they saw it two or three thousand years ago, will, at least, have a mind prepared to grapple with most intellectual problems and, better still, open to the light from whatever quarter it may come. We see in Mr. Arnold a true son of Oxford; he reminds us of that venerable seat of learning both in what he is and in what he is not. But then not only were the genial and refining influences of Oxford thrown around his youth, but he was educated under the eye of one of the most sagacious and best furnished minds of England, that is to say his own father's, a man who, as an educator, won a reputation which has almost lessened by comparison his fame as a scholar, historian and divine. To have had for father such a man as Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was indeed an inestimable advantage; we naturally look for traces of the father's influence and a perpetuation of his qualities in the son, nor do we, in my opinion, look in vain. The sterling honesty, openness of heart and amiability of temper, as well as the firmness and sagacity of judgment which characterized the Head Master of Rugby and Professor of Modern History at Oxford, are honourably conspicuous in the poet and critic of to-day. To these are added a delicacy of taste peculiarly his own, together with a certain intellectual alertness, a faculty for seizing upon the best points of view, which, serviceable as it is to him in every way, is, in relation to criticism especially, a point of the very highest importance.

It is time, however, that I should illustrate these remarks by examples; and, in order to exhibit first what may be regarded

as an average poem of our author's, I will give the one entitled, "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens," published in the volume of "New Poems" before referred to:—

"In this lone open glade I lie,  
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,  
And, at its head, to stay the eye,  
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees  
stand.

"Birds here make song; each bird has his  
Across the girdling city's hum;  
How green under the boughs it is!  
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

"Sometimes a child will cross the glade  
To take his nurse his broken toy;  
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,  
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

"Here at my feet what wonders pass  
What endless, active life is here!  
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!  
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.

"Scarce fresher is the mountain sod  
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,  
And, eased of basket and of rod,  
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.

"In the huge world which roars hard by  
Be others happy, if they can!  
But, in my helpless cradle, I  
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

"I on men's impious uproar hurled  
Think often, as I hear them rave  
That peace has left the upper world  
And now keeps only in the grave.

"Yet here is peace forever new!  
When I, who watch them, am away,  
Still all things in this glade go through  
The changes of their quiet day.

"Then to their happy rest they pass  
The flowers close, the birds are fed,  
The night comes down upon the grass,  
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine  
To feel, amid the city's jar,  
That there abides a peace of thine,  
Man did not make and cannot mar!

"The will to neither strive nor cry,  
The power to feel with others give !  
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die  
Before I have begun to live."

There are two or three things to be remarked about this poem. It affords evidence of a genuine love of nature on the part of the writer, a true delight in its beauty, its music and all its enlarging and tranquillizing influences : but it does not suggest that acute sensibility to the forms and harmonies of outward things which we discern in those great authors with whom nature is not a study only but a passion. The description is well and adequately rendered, but there are none of those exquisite touches which Wordsworth for example would almost certainly have thrown into a similar piece. Mr. Arnold makes no pretension to be a Wordsworth ; his muse is thoroughly honest, and never affects what it does not feel, nor aims at what it cannot accomplish. It is not given to every man to penetrate the deepest secrets of nature, to seize her happiest combinations, to transfuse into words all the glory of her most golden moments ; but still the great Mother never fails to reward sincere love and sympathy in whatever degree ; and he who opens heart and eyes to take in what he can of her charm, carries away with him some token or other of his acceptance. He receives a message, a dispensation, and becomes, in his own measure, an interpreter of nature to others. And so it is in the present case ; the impression we derive, through Mr. Arnold's verse, of the sylvan scene in which it was composed, is clear and vivid ; we feel the freshness of the breeze ; we hear the rustling of the leaves overhead ; we see the waving of the grass. When we read the line—

"Deep in her unknown day's employ—"

we find ourselves wondering, as in the woods we often have wondered, what the busy bird is doing in all her ceaseless flittings to and fro. It is further to be remarked that Mr.

Arnold's verse produces its effect, which, to say the least, is a pleasing and satisfying one, by means of the most natural and everyday language. We encounter in his poems no laboriously formed compound epithets and none of that word-daubing by which some writers seek to make sound do the work of sense. He appears to have acted consciously or unconsciously, on the principle laid down by Ste. Beuve in writing to the young poet Baudelaire : " Ne craignez pas d'être trop commun ; vous aurez toujours assez de votre finesse d'expression de quoi vous distinguer." *Finesse d'expression* is not only a mark of originality but may be said to be its measure ; for before a man can express anything he must have been *impressed* by something, and his impressions will be true, vivid, clear, original just in proportion as his mind has preserved its originality, or, in other words, has cultivated the art of coming into direct contact with things, and seeing them as they are.

The peaceful beauty of his leafy recess leads the poet to think by contrast of the "impious uproar" of that "huge world" from which he has escaped so short a distance. This new train of thought, coming across the tranquil current of his former meditations, for the moment disquiets and troubles him. For a moment only, for the reflection almost immediately occurs that, as, in the very heart of the city, there is a spot in which calm and quiet perpetually reign, so should there be in the heart of every man an inward peace which the turmoil of active life should be powerless to destroy. The idea is not a new one by any means ; it was very familiar to the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers and poets, and has been very beautifully expressed by more than one of them. Nowhere, however, has it been embodied in more striking or beautiful language than in a passage in the "Thoughts of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius." It is quite worth our while to read and ponder what the im-

perial sage ("purest of men," Mr. Arnold has elsewhere called him) has said upon this subject:—

"Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, sea-shore, and mountains; and thou too (addressing himself) art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble, does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest."

If we compare the last two verses of Mr. Arnold's poem with the passage just quoted we may take in at a glance the difference between the highest moral sentiment of the second and that of the nineteenth century of our era. The creed of Marcus Aurelius was Stoicism, tinged with a little more emotion than the Stoics usually allowed. It was a creed of self-repression, calling upon a man to fortify himself against the world by bringing his own nature into subjection. The moralist of to-day finds a support for his good resolutions in the very constitution of the universe. With the poet Tennyson he finds a "glory in the sum of things," which is at war with anything like settled gloom or despair. Or with Mr. Arnold he exclaims:—

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine  
To feel, amid the city's jar,  
That there abides a peace of thine  
Man did not make and cannot mar."

The Stoic cultivated justice, but he did it in a spirit of pride and exclusiveness as something required by the dignity of his own nature; the world had to make a long

stride in advance before the power of sympathy, the power of feeling not merely *for* others but *with* them, could become a distinct object of desire with even the best of men. This is what the poet asks for in the last verse:—

"The will to neither strive nor cry,  
The power to feel with others give!  
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die  
Before I have begun to live."

These are lines which many a vexed and restless soul will love to repeat; there is a music in them which soothes the heart, and an earnestness of aspiration which seems to give strength to the will.

In very many places throughout his works do we find the poet giving expression to a longing for calm and quiet,—the calm and quiet not so much of outward circumstances as of the heart. He seems to find the chief source of this supreme blessing in the contemplation of nature; and his most earnest wish for his death-bed is that, instead of being pestered with doctors and priests, he may be allowed to gaze upon the serene face of that—

"Which never was the friend of *one*,  
Nor promised love it could not give,  
But lit for all its generous sun  
And lived itself and made us live."

I cannot do better, however, than quote the whole poem in which this verse occurs, as it is decidedly one of the best Mr. Arnold ever wrote: at once chaste and vigorous in expression and full of that noble faith which looks upon the universe as a divine work, and the destinies of man in the future as wholly beyond the power of any human agencies or artifices to control.

#### A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death  
From hands of greedy heirs be free:  
For these assail the latest breath  
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me.

\* IV. 3: Long's translation, 2nd Ed., page 93.

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
Tearless when of my death he hears;  
Let those who will, if any, weep!  
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find  
The freedom to my life denied;  
Ask but the folly of mankind,  
Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
The friends who come and gape and go;  
The ceremonious air of gloom,  
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see one cease to live,  
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,  
To shake his sapient head and give  
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustomed toll  
Of the poor sinner bound for death,  
His brother doctor of the soul,  
To canvass with official breath—

The future and its viewless things,  
That undiscovered mystery  
Which one who feels death's winnowing  
wings  
Must needs read clearer sure than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more before my dying eyes

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn  
The wide aerial landscape spread,  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*  
Nor promised love it could not give  
But lit for all its generous sun,  
And lived itself and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become  
In soul with what I gaze on wed!  
To feel the universe my home;  
To have before my eyes—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,  
The turmoil for a little breath—  
The pure eternal course of life,  
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow  
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;  
Then willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

There is room for an interesting *rap-  
prochement* between this poem and the con-  
cluding sentence of a book which Mr. Ar-  
nold confesses to have been a great favour-  
ite with himself—Obermann; and as Ober-  
mann is a book not very frequently met  
with in these days, some of my readers may  
thank me for reproducing the passage:—  
“Si j'arrive à la vieillesse, si un jour, plein  
de pensées encore, mais renonçant à parler  
aux hommes, j'ai auprès de moi un ami pour  
recevoir mes adieux à la terre, qu'on place  
ma chaise sur l'herbe courte et que de tran-  
quilles marguerites soient là devant moi,  
sous le soleil, sous le ciel immense, afin  
qu'en laissant la vie qui passe, je retrouve  
quelque chose de l'illusion infinie.”\*

There is one little poem of our author's  
which I can never read without pain; there  
are two in fact: “Growing Old” and  
“Youth's Agitations.” We should not, I  
know, construe all that a poet says *au pied  
de la lettre*, but I challenge any one to read  
the poems I have mentioned and not fall  
under the impression that the poet has there  
placed on record his own strong, instinctive  
shrinking from the thought of old age. One  
cannot therefore help asking whether a  
philosophy that raises a man above the fear  
of death, but fills him with gloomy appre-  
hensions and nervous shrinkings at the  
thought of life's decline, is anything to boast  
of after all. Fear is bondage, no matter  
what its object may be; and to escape one  
bondage only to run into another and less  
rational one is certainly no great gain. And

\* The following version though somewhat free  
represents perhaps with sufficient faithfulness the gen-  
eral sense of this beautiful passage:—“If I should  
arrive at old age with faculties still unimpaired,  
and, though living apart from men, should have one  
friend by my side to receive my farewells to the  
world, let my chair be placed out upon the turf,  
where my eyes may rest upon the quiet daisies; and  
there, under the light of the sun, under the bound-  
less vault of heaven, let my soul be filled, as it quits  
this transitory life, with an overflowing sense of the  
infinite and eternal.



yet "Growing Old" with all its morbid feeling is a poem of great beauty and force, and I feel that I must quote it, both on that account and also as showing into what very low spirits Mr. Arnold's generally cheerful muses sometimes falls.

- "What is it to grow old?  
Is it to lose the glory of the form,  
Thy lustre of the eye?  
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?  
Yes: but not this alone.
- "Is it to feel our strength,  
Not our bloom only but our strength decay?  
Is it to feel each limb  
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,  
Each nerve more weakly strung?
- "Yes, this and more! but not,  
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed  
'twould be!  
'Tis not to have our life  
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow  
A golden day's decline!
- "'Tis not to see the world  
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,  
And heart profoundly stirred;  
And weep and feel the fulness of the past,  
The years that are no more!
- "It is to spend long days  
And not once feel that we were ever young;  
It is to add, immured  
In the hot prison of the present, month  
To month with weary pain.
- "It is to suffer this,  
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.  
Deep in our hidden heart  
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,  
But no emotion—none.
- "It is—last stage of all—  
When we are frozen up within and quite  
The phantom of ourselves,  
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost  
Which blamed the living man.

How different from these "muliebria lamenta" is Robert Browning's noble poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra!" What manly courage, what rational faith breathes in its opening lines!

"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made.  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith: "*A whole I planned  
Youth shows but half: trust God nor be  
afraid.*"

No doubt there is truth in Mr. Arnold's presentation of the subject as well as in Mr. Browning's; but the difference is here: Mr. Arnold's truth is truth to fact (*i.e.*, old age is actually in many cases such as he describes it, a cheerless, joyless, comfortless thing, a period in which the restlessness of youth and the eager action of manhood are succeeded, not by rest and peace, but by a dull torpidity). Mr. Browning's truth is truth to the higher tendencies and capabilities of human nature: man has a capacity for faith, for disinterestedness and for sympathy, and in these lie the sources of a tranquil joy that triumphs over all changes of time and circumstance. Need we ask which of these two kinds of truth more worthily employs the poet's pen? I should like to bring home one objection to Mr. Arnold against this use of his muse, drawn from his own writings. In his essay on Joubert, he quotes with approval a sentence from that writer, in which condemnation is passed upon all works which compel the soul to cry out "You hurt me." The sentence in question, Mr. Arnold says, is worthy of Goethe, and well adapted "to clear the air at one's entrance into literature." Well then, let me tell him this poem of his—"Growing Old" causes the soul to cry out in no unreal anguish, "You hurt me!" To borrow an expression from one of Mr. Arnold's own poems it "saddens the soul with its chill," giving as it does a picture of unredeemed misery and weakness, and that not by way of warning, or for any moral purpose, but in a spirit of sheer rebellion and despair.

Unfortunately the spirit which these lines display mars, not unfrequently, the pleasure we derive from Mr. Arnold's poetry. Doubtless there is evil and enough and to spare in

the world, and men in general are far enough removed from the heroic type ; but it may well be questioned whether the levelling of bitter accusations against the mass of one's fellow creatures tends either to the removal of evils or the exaltation of human nature. Do not lines like the following contain a real libel upon the world as it is?—

*"Even in a palace life may be lived well,  
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,  
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den  
Of common-life where, crowded up pell-mell,*

*"Our freedom for a little bread we sell,  
And drudge beneath some foolish master's ken,  
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen,  
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?"*

To be sure the sonnet winds up with the noble sentiment that

*"The aids to noble life are all within—"*

and its moral, therefore, is that we should triumph over circumstances, and not let them triumph over us ; but is there not, I ask, an altogether inexcusable bitterness in the above description of "common life?" The very fact that men can set before themselves a high ideal, in comparison with which the acts and tempers of every-day life seem mean or trivial, is a conclusive and most encouraging sign of the progress of the race ; and Mr. Arnold, in his happier moments, could not fail to regard it in that light. If any man belongs essentially to the present age—an age, let its maligners say what they will, of light, of liberty, of free enquiry and of ever-widening sympathies—it is Mr. Arnold ; and yet, at times, he seems to talk the language of one lamenting a lost age and a lost faith. One or two pieces that he has written might almost take their place beside Dr. Newman's beautiful but most unjust lines beginning—

*"Now is the autumn of the Tree of Life."*

Dr. Newman's impatience with his genera-

tion is the impatience of an over-sensitive spiritual nature ; Mr. Arnold's impatience is intellectual, or mainly so ; but the two express themselves with a wonderful similarity of accent. Dr. Newman did not catch his tone from Mr. Arnold—that is certain ; did Mr. Arnold catch his from Dr. Newman? The enquiry might be an interesting one, but we cannot enter upon it here ; it may suffice at present to remark, that the refinement of thought and phrase which we are so often called upon to admire in Mr. Arnold, is a very distinguishing characteristic of the earlier writer.

To some persons it may seem that the qualities in which Mr. Arnold excels are matters, chiefly, of style ; but, as the French most truly say, the style is the man ; and when the style reaches a certain point of excellence, there is always something expressed which is well worth our attention. Doubtless there are qualities, and important ones, in which Mr. Arnold is deficient ; but in connection with that refinement of thought and phrase, of which I spoke a moment ago, we recognize in him quick poetic sensibilities, and a fancy lively, delicate and pure. Breadth of imagination he has not ; he sees life under but few aspects, and the thoughts which it suggests to him present consequently but little variety. Here is a poem which displays all his characteristic excellences in a remarkable degree :—

#### "DOVER BEACH.

*"The sea is calm to-night,  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the Straits ; on the French coast the light  
Gleams, and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand  
Glimmering and vast out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the windows, sweet is the night air !  
Only from the long line of spray,  
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,  
Listen !—you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin and cease and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.*

"Sophocles long ago  
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
 Of human misery; we  
 Find also in the sound a thought,  
 Hearing it by this distant, northern sea,  
 The sea of faith  
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's  
 shore  
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;  
 But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
 Retreating to the breath  
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
 And naked shingles of the world.

"Ah, love, let us be true  
 To one another!—for the world which seems  
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
 And here we are as on a darkling plain,  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and  
 flight,  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night."

There are lines in this poem of extreme beauty, and the effect of the whole is, in the truest sense of the word, poetical. We may protest again against the estimate of the world as a place which

"Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,"

but the melancholy and the pathos here are genuine, and have a subduing effect upon the mind of the reader. It may be remarked in this place, that there are lines in Mr. Arnold which once heard can scarcely be forgotten, so singularly does their very sound carry the sense they express into the mind. Who that has ever listened to the moan of the sea "retreating," as the poet says, "to the breath of the night wind," can fail to feel the wonderful expressiveness, through their sound alone, of the words,—

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar"—?

I have said that Mr. Arnold is not so close a student or so passionate a lover of

nature as some of our great poets have been; but that he has a very quick and true eye for general effects, every page of his writing indicates. With a few touches, delicate but firm, he will sketch a landscape or a scene, and make it at once visible to every imagination. The opening of the above poem, I think, illustrates this; but the longer poem, entitled "A Southern Night," which he has devoted to the memory of a younger brother, who died at Gibraltar on his way home from India, illustrates it still better. All the descriptive touches there, are broad and general but they are effective; they give a distinct impression of "a southern night"—moonlight on the Mediterranean. This poem, however, is, in other respects, well worth our dwelling upon a few moments. It exhibits, I think, a deeper tenderness of feeling than anything else Mr. Arnold has written; and the whole flow of the verse is surpassingly musical and expressive. To pluck out a few verses by way of illustration is to risk doing them and the whole poem an injustice, but I cannot forbear quoting the following:—

"The murmur of this Midland deep  
 Is heard to-night around thy grave,  
 There where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep  
 O'erfrowns the wave.

"For there with bodily anguish keen,  
 With Indian heats at last fordone,  
 With public toil and private teen,  
 Thou sank'st, alone.

"Slow to a stop at morning gray,  
 I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;  
 Slow round her paddles dies away  
 The seething foam.

"A boat is lowered from her side;  
 Ah gently place him on the beach!  
 That spirit—if all have not yet died—  
 A breath might quench.

"Is this the eye, the footstep fast,  
 The mien of youth we used to see,  
 Poor, gallant boy?—for such thou wast,  
 Still art to me.

"The limbs their wonted tasks refuse,  
The eyes are glazed, thou can'st not speak  
And whiter than thy white bournous,  
That wasted cheek !

"Enough ! The boat with quiet shock,  
Unto its haven coming nigh,  
Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock  
Lands thee to die."

I do not know whether others will rate these verses as highly as I do, but it seems to me that in delicacy and felicity of phrase, in melody of versification and in their suffused pathos they reach a very high standard indeed of excellence.

Like a true Greek, as he is, Mr. Arnold is a great lover of distinct outlines and of that, without which distinct outlines are impossible—light. Form with him is of the very first importance, and it is the form of his verse which produces the strongest, as it certainly produces the first, effect on the mind of the reader. In speaking here of form, I am not thinking of any imitation by the poet of antique models ; that, strictly speaking, is a matter of garb, rather than of form. By the latter term I here understand the idea which scientific men have in view when they speak of type. Every poem at the moment of its conception in the poet's mind must assume some form ; and the poet is sometimes more distinctly conscious of the form than of the content, while sometimes the reverse is the case. Mr. Arnold, I should say, realises the form first and works out his thoughts afterwards ; and his readers, in like manner, in their interpretation and enjoyment of his work, take in a general impression first, derived mainly from its form, and then proceed to note the material or tissue of the composition. The best of his poems take shape before the mind with not less clearness than the hills of Hellas against their background of blue sky ; indeed, in the character of their outline and all their general features, they remind us strongly of descriptions we have read of Grecian landscapes.

"The scenery around Athens," says Hermann Hettner in his interesting book entitled *Athens and the Peloponnese*, "presents a harmonious *ensemble* of the most distinct forms ; it must necessarily have produced in the Athenians a clear and precise mode of thinking, and a keen sense for the well-defined and complete. Even to the most sceptical mind, it must become evident at last in what an intimate relation the Greek temple, Roman architecture and the grand fulness of the forms of the Italian painters stand to the broad and calm forms of the Greek and Italian mountain ; and how, on the other hand, the Gothic dome, and the whimsical, obstinate, faithfulness to nature in the works of the old German masters, descending almost to portrait, corresponds in a similar manner to the capricious zig-zag so frequently characterizing German mountain scenery. The heights which enclose the valley of Athens are not so near as to embarrass the eye of the spectator, nor are they so distant as to melt into indistinctness."

In this passage lie nearly all the elements for a criticism of Mr. Arnold. Not quite all, however ; for let an author imbibe as deeply as he may of the spirit of a past time, he cannot escape wholly from his age : its impress is on him, and he must bring it somewhere to the light. If Mr. Arnold were wholly Greek, of what interest would he be to us ? He could be but the echo of that original inspiration the direct products of which are yet in our hands. But if, with that breadth and calmness of manner which distinguished the great minds of Greek antiquity, he can present to us the living ideas and issues of to-day, then indeed is there food for the mind, as well as for the æsthetic sense, in his writings. In his prose works, as is well known, he has dealt with some of the most vital questions of the present time ; but in his poetry, too, though he does not and cannot discuss such questions formally, he never quite loses

sight of them. They are there to give weight and concentration to his thought, when they do not directly guide its utterance.

The two best poems probably in Mr. Arnold's volume are "Rugby Chapel" and "Heine's Grave." The former is a noble and feeling tribute to the memory of his father and contains many passages which stamp themselves very powerfully—I was going to say indelibly—on the memory. It is impossible to point, in either poem, to a single superfluous line or phrase; and yet this rigid economy of language does not interfere in the least with the free flow of the verse or the fervid expression of feeling. After describing his father as one of those whose mission it is, while pursuing arduous careers of their own, to lend a helping hand to all in need of assistance, and to fight with zeal and courage the general battles of humanity, he adds in a strain of real emotion:—

"And through thee, I believe  
In the noble and great who are gone;  
Pure souls honoured and blest  
By former ages, who else—  
Such, so soulless, so poor,  
Is the race of men whom I see—  
Seemed but a dream of the heart,  
Seemed but a cry of desire.  
Yes! I believe that there lived  
Others like thee in the past,  
Not like the men of the crowd  
Who all round me to-day  
Bluster or cringe, and make life  
Hideous, and arid, and vile;  
But souls tempered with fire,  
Fervent, heroic, and good,  
Helpers and friends of mankind."

Then, comparing humanity to a host toiling painfully through the wilderness towards a land of promise and of rest, he thus concludes:

"Then in such hour of need  
Of your fainting, dispirited race,  
Ye, like angels appear,  
Radiant with ardour divine.

Beacons of hope ye appear!  
Langour is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness not on your brow.  
Ye alight in our van; at your voice,  
Panic, despair, flee away.  
Ye move through the ranks, recall  
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,  
Praise, re-inspire the brave,  
Order, courage return.  
Eyes rekindling, and prayers  
Follow your steps as ye go.  
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
'Stablish, continue our march,  
On to the bound of the waste,  
On to the City of God."

These are noble accents. We have here neither intellectual subtlety, nor wealth of metaphor, but we have, I make bold to say, the poetry of moral emotion, clothed in a form which could not have been better chosen.

"Heine's Grave" contains more variety than "Rugby Chapel," and is altogether a richer poem. There is room, of course, from the nature of the subject, for a wider sweep of fancy than the pensive meditations connected with Rugby Chapel were adapted to call into play. The poet is struck in the first place by the contrast between the brightness and peace of the spot (the cemetery of Montmartre) where Heine had at length found rest, and the gloom and pain which had shrouded his latter years:—

"Half blind, palsied, in pain,  
Hither to come, from the streets'  
Uproar, surely not loth  
Wast thou, Heine!—to lie  
Quiet! to ask for closed  
Shutters and darkened room,  
And cool drinks, and an eased  
Posture, and opium, no more!  
Hither to come and to sleep  
Under the wings of Renown."

Then, one by one, the contradictions and contrasts of Heine's character and career are brought to the poet's mind, and are all in turn admirably treated. I shall quote but

one passage,—the very striking lines in which the poet touches upon Heine's well-known aversion to England:—

"I chide thee not, that thy sharp  
Upbraidings often assailed  
England, my country; for we,  
Fearful and sad, for her sons,  
Long since deep in our hearts,  
Echo the blame of her foes.  
We too sigh that she flags;  
We too say that she now,  
Scarce comprehending the voice  
Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons  
Of a former age any more,  
Stupidly travels the round  
Of mechanic business, and lets  
Slow die out of her life—  
Glory, and genius, and joy!  
So thou arraign'st her, her foe,  
So we arraign her, her sons.

"Yes, we arraign her! but she,  
The weary Titan! with deaf  
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by,  
Staggering on to her goal;  
Bearing on shoulders immense,  
Atlantean the load,  
Well nigh not to be borne,  
Of the too-vast orb of her fate."

Of "Empedocles or Etna," a poem in its way, of very great merit and interest, I have no space left to speak. From one point of view, it may almost be regarded as a poetical rendering of the Positive Philosophy: there are verses in it which breathe the Positivist spirit in its purest and most essential form.

"There is in that man," says the French historian De Tocqueville of Plato, "a continual aspiration towards spiritual and lofty things which stirs and elevates me. And that, I am inclined upon the whole to think, is the secret of the glorious progress he has had through the centuries. For after all, and in every age, men like to be talked to about their souls even though, for their own part, they may take little thought except for their bodies." It is only doing Mr. Arnold justice to say that he also merits this praise. Whatever faults or deficiencies we may discover in him it is beyond dispute that his influence as a writer, whether in prose or verse, tends constantly to the refining of our taste, and the ennobling of our moral sense. This alone constitutes him one of the best teachers of our age, and an honour to the English nation.

## LOVE-THOUGHTS BY LAMPLIGHT.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

IN the sculptor's brain as he works alone,  
Or stands aweary, aloof, and looks  
With full-souled eyes at the fashioned stone  
That men will wonder about in books.

Be sure there's always a dream of Greek—  
Nothing but Greek achievement, pure  
And proud, on which the ages break  
In vain; Art holds while the heavens endure.

And the painter holds to his heart of hearts  
A dream of Heaven and Raffael,  
As he rests, when the lingering light departs,  
From the toil that artists love so well.

And heart, my own, there's a face that fills  
The void wherever my tired eyes turn,  
And your mouth makes secret sound that thrills  
The night betimes when the dull lamps burn.

What grave Greek soul through the stone that beams,  
What smiles from the warm Italian eyes,  
Could melt me waking, and move in dreams,  
Like thy wifely face in our colder skies?

Come here from the rugged river that runs—  
Blessed to run—past my true love's feet,  
Come bring me golden light for the suns,  
And meadow blooms for the dusty street!

Come here for a light and a wonder, come  
For a royal woman, a saint, a seer ;  
An angel breathing in human home,  
With only the angels for a peer ;

And the cold, dark winter days will draw  
A colour and brightness from the South,  
And the flowers will bloom by a secret law,  
Of the warmth and sweetness of your mouth,

And the cruel terrors of circumstance  
Will bend to the kindness of your eyes,  
And the heavily burthened hours will dance  
To your mirth, and hush to your sighs.

Will you hearken, love ? Will you bear with me  
As I sit and dream here of you alone,  
Like a painter wrapped in an ecstasy,  
Like a sculptor over the breathing stone ?

For I sit here now in the light that sheds  
A glory on volumes of saint and sage,  
And your bright face flits to my side, and weds  
A sweeter light to the lamp-lit page ;

And all the fame that the slow years bring,  
And all the honours that men love best,  
And all the songs that the lips may sing,  
Till years and hands and lips have rest.

What moves them ? years and hands and lips,  
But the love in a dear girl's tender eyes,  
And the thought of a yielding form that slips  
Into clasping hands, and sinks and sighs.

## A VISIT TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

BY LT.-COL. GEO. T. DENISON, JR.

IN March, 1870, being in Richmond, Virginia, and having in my pocket a letter of introduction to General Lee, I decided to take the opportunity of seeing the great soldier who, during four years of unexampled difficulties and hardships, upheld the fortunes of his country against overwhelming odds.

I had watched his campaigns with the closest care; had sympathized with his cause from the beginning; had rejoiced at his victories; and had deeply regretted the sad termination of his military career at the surrender of Appomattox: and I, therefore, naturally had a strong desire to see and converse with him.

Finding that one could go either by rail or by canal packet-boat as far as Lynchburg, I chose the latter means of transport, as it was a method of travelling I had heard of but had never experienced. The canal follows the valley of the James River, and the scenery between Richmond and Lynchburg, although not wild, is nevertheless picturesque and varied. From time to time we passed what had been fine plantations, but there seemed a general air of ruin and desolation along the whole route. Every few miles we saw the ruins of mills that had been burnt during the war—their broken walls and chimnies, blackened and crumbling, giving a melancholy aspect to the scene.

The packet-boat arrived at Lynchburg about six a. m., and as it did not leave there until seven in the evening, I determined to walk on to Lexington, which is about forty-six miles further up in the valley of Virginia. I followed the tow-path of the canal as it skirted the river, along which the

scenery is wild and romantic, and much more interesting than by the travelled road. Along the whole route there was not one tavern or place of public entertainment, and I was obliged to get my meals at farm-houses on the way. I was most hospitably treated and was not allowed to pay for the accommodation. After walking some twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, I came to the Blue Ridge Mountains, through which the James River forces its way through a deep gorge. For some miles further, before reaching Balcony Falls, the scenery is most striking. The mountains tower up on each side, while the river, narrowed in its channel, rushes onwards, broken into foam by the rocks over which it passes.

After leaving Balcony Falls the canal follows the valley of the North River, a broad fertile tract of comparatively level land. The farms here seem in better condition than nearer Richmond. Shortly after getting into the valley of the North River, finding night coming on, and being still some twelve or fourteen miles from Lexington, I explained my position to a gentleman who was standing by the river side watching his two little children fishing, and asked him the nearest hotel or tavern. He said there was none nearer than Lexington, and invited me to stay with him over night. I cheerfully assented, and was most hospitably and kindly entertained by my host and his amiable lady. After breakfast next morning, I went on my way, my host sending with me his servant on horseback, and also providing me with a mount in order to put me across the Buffalo Creek ford some four miles from his house. We rode to the ford, crossed it, the water being almost up to the



saddles, and after landing me safely on the far side my guide took leave of me, and I tramped on again, arriving in Lexington about mid-day.

Lexington is a lively little town of some 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants, is prettily situated and possesses some fine buildings and private residences. Here are established two public schools or colleges—one the Lexington Military Institute, being the Military Institute of the State of Virginia; the other, Washington College, immortalized by its connection with Robert E. Lee, and by being the scene of his last labours and death.

The President's house, in which the general lived, is a plain square brick house, with a verandah on three sides, the hall in the middle with rooms on each side of it. A small picket-fence separates the lawn from the square or green upon which the buildings front. To the north of the general's house are the residences of other professors, then the college itself and beyond it again the Military Institute. This latter was burned during the war by the Northern troops under General Hunter but has been rebuilt since, and has a large attendance of students, who, in their handsome grey military uniforms, are to be seen strolling about the town.

Shortly after arriving I delivered my letter of introduction. The general, who had received a letter from his nephew General Fitzhugh Lee informing him of my intended visit, was expecting me, and received me with great kindness. He asked me, no boat or stage having arrived at that time, how I came, and seemed surprised when he heard I had walked from Lynchburg, saying "it was characteristic of the English," mentioning that about a month before he had been visited by two young Englishmen, who had walked from Staunton to Lexington, and from there on to the Natural Bridge.

After discussing various topics the con-

versation turned upon the war, and although General Lee was usually reticent on the subject, he was kind enough to converse freely with me in reference to the seven days' battles before Richmond, and the march of Stonewall Jackson from the Valley to his aid at Gaines' Mill. I had published a military work in which I referred to these operations, following the published histories, and had fallen into an error common to them all. I had sent the general a copy of the book, and he noticing the error, with great courtesy took the trouble of explaining the operation to me. As it differs somewhat from the received accounts, particularly with reference to the object of the Battle of Mechanicsville, I shall give a short *resumé* of a campaign without doubt one of the most brilliant operations in the history of war.

In the spring of 1862 the Federals had made preparations on an extensive scale for a combined advance of several armies on Richmond. McClellan had arranged a plan of campaign upon what the Northern press called the "anaconda" principle, by which the Southern armies were to be crushed out of existence by the tightening of the coils he was winding around them. McClellan himself with the main army, with his base at Fortress Monroe and afterwards at White House, was besieging Richmond from the east—his lines advanced to within sight of its spires and capitol. General McDowell was in command of a large army round Fredericksburg and was advancing from the north, purposing to unite his left wing with McClellan's right; while Banks was moving up the Shenandoah Valley to unite with Fremont who was coming from the north-west: combined, they were to march on Richmond from that direction.

Stonewall Jackson, by a series of the most brilliant operations, defeated Milroy and afterwards Banks and drove the latter and his army in utter confusion and rout across the Potomac into Maryland. Hearing that

a great portion of McDowell's army under Shields was marching from the east against his line of communications, while Fremont was also threatening them from the west, he made a series of forced marches and threw himself between them at Port Republic on the Shenandoah river. There, making a skilful use of the bridge across the river, he first defeated Fremont on the west, then rapidly marching his army across the bridge, routed Shields on the east and drove them both by divergent roads in a northerly direction.

By these operations the armies of Banks and Fremont, as well as a portion of McDowell's, were defeated and for the time paralyzed, and McClellan alone remained with a powerful army threatening Richmond.

McClellan's army was so large that General Lee could not hope to defeat it unless reinforced by Jackson, and at the same time it was clear that if the Federal Government discovered that Jackson was withdrawn from the valley, not only would they at once be delivered from all fear for their own capital which would enable them safely to throw McDowell's army into the scale, but Banks and Fremont would have had the valley open to them with all its stores, its roads, and its important strategical advantages, and would have been in a position to cut off the communications of Richmond with the west. The importance of absolute secrecy in this withdrawal of Jackson's army is manifest, as well as the necessity of deceiving the enemy into the belief that the contrary course had been determined upon.

The means employed by Generals Lee and Jackson to mask their designs are well worth repeating. Lynchburg is about 100 miles west of Richmond on the James river, and there are two lines of railway by which troops can be moved from one place to the other—one on the south side of the James river by the Danville road to its junction with the South Side Railroad and then by the latter line to Lynchburg; the other starting due

north from Richmond to Hanover Junction, thence by the Virginia Central through Gordonsville to Charlottesville, and thence by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Lynchburg. It will be seen that a train might leave Richmond by the southern road, run to Lynchburg, and thence proceed by the northern road through Gordonsville and Hanover Junction and come down upon Richmond from the north. This peculiarity was turned to the fullest advantage by General Lee in masking his designs from the Federals.

Three brigades under Whiting, Hood, and Lawton were unostentatiously detailed for duty in the valley, and despatched by the South Side road to Lynchburg. Their stores and baggage were all ordered to be sent to the valley, and it quietly leaked out that a large army under Jackson was about to invade Maryland and attack Washington. Officers from Maryland made applications to be attached to this force in order that they might have an opportunity of seeing their friends in the campaign which was expected to come off in their native State. General Lee, on being applied to, transferred a number of Marylanders to this force in order that they might have this opportunity of seeing their relatives. While he by this means deceived his own army and his own officers as to his designs, the movement of all these troops to Lynchburg served another most important end. General Jackson had taken a number of prisoners in the battles around Port Republic, and they were sent by rail from Lynchburg to Richmond at the same time as the 7,000 men under Whiting, Hood and Lawton were going in the opposite direction; so of course the road seemed blocked with troops moving to the valley. These prisoners on reaching Richmond immediately made application for exchange or for permission to return on parole. A number of the officers were allowed to go, and they, as might naturally be expected, carried the news to Washington of what they

had seen. The Confederate soldiers they had passed on the railway after arriving at Lynchburg were sent on, the first portion marching to Staunton to join Jackson, while the remainder were at once pushed on by the northern road through Gordonsville and back to Ashlands station by the very line by which Jackson's army was moving on to unite with Lee.

Arrangements were made with great care in the valley to deceive Fremont and cause him to fear an attack rather than the withdrawal of the troops opposed to him. All transit up and down was effectually checked by the cavalry outposts, who pressed the Federals so closely as to lead them to believe that they were well supported. Jackson also ordered that, as much as possible, all communication between the cavalry in the advance and infantry supporting should be restricted in order that no rumours could be spread.

Colonel Munford, who commanded the cavalry, was ordered to take every step to foster the belief that the army was about to resume the offensive. Professor Dabney, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," gives one amusing instance of Col. Munford's measures to deceive the enemy:—

"As the advance of the Confederates pressed towards Fremont they met, twelve miles north of Harrisonburg, a Federal flag of truce in the hands of a major followed by a long train of surgeons and ambulances bringing a demand for the release of their wounded men. Colonel Munford had required the train to pause at his outposts, and had brought the major with one surgeon to his quarters at Harrisonburg where he entertained them with military courtesy until their request was answered by the commanding general. He found them full of boasts and arrogance; they said that the answer to their flag was exceedingly unimportant, because Fremont and Shields were about to effect a junction, when they would recover by force all they had lost and teach Jackson

a lesson which would cure his audacity. When Colonel Munford received the instructions we have mentioned, he called for Mr. William Gilmer, of Albemarle, a gentleman of infinite spirit and humour, who was serving with his young kinsman as an amateur trooper, and gave him his cue. He silently left the village, but presently returned in very different fashion as an orderly with despatches from General Jackson and from Staunton. With an ostentatious clanking of spurs and sabre he ascended to Colonel Munford's quarters and knocked in a hurried manner. 'Come in,' said the gallant colonel, 'and what answer do you bring, orderly, from General Jackson?' At this word the Yankee officers in the adjoining chamber were heard stealthily approaching the partition for the purpose of eavesdropping, 'Why,' said Gilmer, 'the general laughed at the demand for the surrender of the wounded prisoners. He had no notion of it.' 'Do you bring any good news?' asked the colonel. 'Glorious news!' he answered, 'the road from Staunton this way is chock full of soldiers, cannon and waggons come to reinforce Jackson in the march down the valley. There is General Whiting, General Hood, General Lawton and General I-don't-know-who. I never saw so many soldiers and cannon together in my life. People say there are thirty thousand of them.' After a few such questions and answers, framed for the edification of the eavesdroppers, Colonel Munford dismissed him and he descended to fill the hotel and the town with his glorious news. The whole place was speedily in a blaze of joy and excitement. Citizens came to offer supplies for the approaching hosts, and bullocks, flour and bacon were about to be collected for them in delighted haste. After leaving his guests to digest their contraband news for several hours Colonel Munford at length sent for them and told them that he had a reply from his general respectfully declining to accede to their request; so that nothing now remained but to send them

back to their friends in the same honour and safety in which they had come. They departed much humbler and, as they imagined, much wiser men. He pushed his advance soon after them to Newmarket and, upon their arrival at the quarters of General Fremont near Mount Jackson, the Federal army precipitately broke up its camp and retreated to Strasburg where they began busily to fortify themselves. The Confederate cavalry then drew a cordon of pickets across the country just above them so strict that the befooled enemy never learned General Jackson's whole army was not on his front until he discovered it by the disasters of McClellan."

In consequence of these measures the Northern Government were completely deceived, and instead of expecting Jackson at Richmond and preparing to meet him there, they, on the contrary, looked for him to advance down the valley, and so uneasy were they that they absolutely refused to accede to McClellan's request that McDowell's army should advance to his aid, but drew it back nearer to Washington. In reply to McClellan's urgent appeals for reinforcements they informed him that he would not require them, as General Lee's ranks had been depleted to the extent of 15,000 men who had been sent to unite with Jackson in the valley, while the danger of Washington had been proportionately increased.

While all this was going on Jackson with his army was on the full march for Ashlands Station, about 12 miles north of Richmond. His march was conducted with the greatest skill and secrecy. No straggling was permitted, and at all halts sentries were thrown out in front and rear, as well as upon all the lateral roads, to prevent any communication between the army and the surrounding country. No one was allowed to pass the army and proceed before it towards Richmond. No man in the whole army knew where it was going. General Ewell, who was second in command, had orders simply to march to

Charlottesville; the remainder received instructions to follow him.

While Jackson was moving down General Lee sent him a despatch asking him to arrange a time and place where they could meet to make their final arrangements. Receiving this letter when he had arrived to within some fifty miles of Richmond General Jackson, starting about 1 a.m. with a single courier, rode express to Richmond to answer it in person. His departure from his army was kept a strict secret known only to one or two staff officers. He succeeded in getting quietly into General Lee's tent near Richmond without being recognized, and his presence was carefully concealed from the troops in that neighbourhood. General Lee told me that they then finally arranged their plan of action together, which was to the following effect:—

General Stuart, on the 12th June, had made his celebrated raid or *reconnaissance* around McClellan's army, and had discovered that it was not fortified in the rear. General Jackson was therefore ordered to march from Ashlands on the 25th of June and encamp for the night west of the Central Railroad, so as to start at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 26th and turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam Creek. A large portion of Lee's army was, during the night of the 25th, to be moved down to the extreme left of the Confederate lines near Mechanicsville and there massed in front of the right flank of the Federals. Jackson's attack on the flank and rear of the Federals would, of course, at once oblige them to withdraw and show front in that direction; at this juncture Lee's army was to press down upon them, and, uniting with Jackson's right, they would be in a position to roll up McClellan's line from right to left, cutting him from his communications with White House, and throwing it defeated upon the White Oak Swamp.

Having arranged between them this plan General Jackson left with the same secrecy and rejoined his troops. On the morning of

the 26th after daylight General Lee's army was massed on his extreme left near Mechanicsville. Huger and Magruder were ordered to hold their positions south of the Chickahominy in the lines before Richmond. General Lee told me that he waited in that position all the earlier part of the day expecting that General Jackson would every moment open upon the enemy in their rear. As the hours passed on he became anxious, particularly as the position and numbers of his troops could be seen by the Federals from their lines. He said his great fear was that McClellan seeing the mass of his (Lee's) troops on the extreme left, and that comparatively few men were between him and Richmond, might take the initiative and by a vigorous attack probably break through the thinly manned lines of Huger and Magruder who were guarding the direct road to the Confederate capital.

General Lee therefore decided that it was absolutely necessary to commence an attack on McClellan's right at Mechanicsville in order to occupy his attention and make him uneasy as to his communications so as to prevent him taking the initiative. "I did not think it safe to wait another night," said the General, "and" (raising his left hand open and moving it forward) "I knew by pressing vigorously on his right it would keep him occupied and prevent him making an attack on my own right where I was but ill prepared to meet it. I, therefore, ordered the attack and kept it up till nightfall, driving the Federals back from Mechanicsville to Beaver Dam. The next morning I had to renew the attack for the same reasons that induced me to begin it the day before and, as soon as Jackson's troops came up in the rear, it relieved the pressure upon my men and that afternoon we won the battle of Gaines' Mill." I asked him how it was that General Jackson did not arrive in time. He replied that it was through no fault of his, and spoke in the highest terms of him. He said that Jackson thought that other men

could press on and annihilate time and space as he could himself, which was more than could be expected. Trains getting off the track and difficulties caused by the roads had also delayed him, as well as time lost while he was coming to Richmond and returning.

I shall never forget the grand old soldier explaining his position and his views about this matter, gesticulating quietly with his right hand and his left while illustrating the movements of the two wings of his army. Nothing else could have made me conceive how thoroughly he was master of the position, calculating everything, divining almost by inspiration the thoughts of his opponents, and taking his measures confidently to meet any possible hostile movement. It is not generally known why Mechanicsville was fought, and Professor Dabney, in his *Life of Jackson*, refers to the fact that General Jackson's advance would have turned the Federal position and have given to A. P. and D. H. Hill an easy victory, and he attributes it to the fact of the presence of General Lee and President Davis on the field, and to their urgency that an attack was made and "a bloody and useless struggle" carried on till 9 p. m. General Lee's explanation is not only a complete justification but a further proof that he was what military writers of future generations will certainly rank him—one of the greatest generals of this or of any other age.

The next day, Sunday, the general took me with him to the morning service. The church stands on the opposite side of the green, about 150 or 200 yards from the President's house. There were historic names in that little church. Besides the great hero himself, in the next pew sat his eldest son, General Custis Lee, a gallant soldier and a true gentleman; while a near pew belonged to the celebrated Commodore Maury, the author. I was also much struck with the appearance of the clergyman, a fine, manly

looking, old gentleman ; with grey hair and beard, about 55 or 60 years of age, Having returned to the house after service, I was walking across the hall where General Lee and the minister happened to be standing talking together. As I was passing, the general said: "Allow me, colonel, to introduce you to our minister, General Pendleton." I shook hands with him, and then knew for the first time, that the clergyman who had officiated in the pulpit, was the celebrated general who had been chief of artillery to Lee during a great portion of the war, and whose name so often appeared in the reports at the time.

On the same afternoon, after a quiet family dinner, I bade adieu to the General, to Mrs. Lee and their two daughters, and left by the evening packet-boat for Lynchburg. General Custis Lee walked with me as far as the first lock and saw me on board, and I returned to Richmond, and thence back to Canada, bearing with me reminiscences of a visit that I shall always contemplate with sincere pleasure.

General Lee impressed one exceedingly. I have seen some men whom the world esteems great men, but I have no hesitation in saying that no man ever impressed me as did General Robert E. Lee. In stature he was about five feet ten inches but, from his splendid figure and magnificent carriage as well as from the massive appearance of his head, he seemed much taller. He looked the very personification of high and pure intelligence. No one could fail to be at

once impressed, nay awed, by the calm majesty of his intellect: while there was an almost childlike simplicity and kindness of manner that irresistibly won upon you at once. He was one of those men that made the ancients believe in demi-gods. His defeat served but to add to his greatness ; for nothing could shake his equanimity. In all his reverses not a complaint escaped him, not a murmur did he utter, although he must have felt keenly the wrongs and sufferings of those, for whom he had fought so well.

I shall conclude by quoting a few sentences from a speech made by General Gordon at the Lee Memorial meeting in Richmond, on the 3rd November, 1870:—

"Of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet can it be so truthfully said as of Lee, that, grand as might be your conception of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach. Like Niagara, the more you gazed the more its grandeur grew upon you, the more its majesty expanded and filled your spirit with a full satisfaction, that left a perfect delight without the slightest feeling of oppression. Grandly majestic and dignified in all his deportment, he was as genial as the sunlight of May, and not a ray of that cordial social intercourse, but brought warmth to the heart, as it did light to the understanding."

## A WINTER SONG FOR THE SLEIGH.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

**H**URRAH for the forest—the wild pine-wood forest !  
The sleigh-bells are jingling with musical chime ;  
The still woods are ringing,  
As gaily we're singing,  
O merry it is in the cold winter time.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark pine-wood forest !  
With the moon stealing down on the cold sparkling snow ;  
When with hearts beating lightly,  
And eyes beaming brightly,  
Thro' the wild forest by moonlight we go.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark waving forest !  
Where silence and stillness for ages have been ;  
We'll rouse the grim bear,  
And the wolf from his lair,  
And the deer shall start up from his thick cedar screen.

O wail for the forest—the proud stately forest !  
No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore ;  
For the bright golden grain  
Shall wave free o'er the plain,  
O wail for the forest !—it's glories are o'er !

LAKEFIELD.

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## MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

THE scene of this story must now change to a painter's studio in Rome—once part of a magnificent palazzo, but for years only occupied by foreign art-students who visited the Eternal City in the course of their *Wanderjahre*. It was a large lofty chamber with a great tall window, traces of painted flowers and arabesques on the ceiling and cornices, the walls coloured a dull red but almost hidden by studies and sketches in oils and water-colours,—prints of Italian costumes—pifferari, contadini, shepherds from the Campagna, and all the picturesque figures to be seen in the streets of Rome—among which pistols, stilettos, and a couple of mandolins were suspended. On shelves a number of plaster casts of feet and hands and other anatomical models, ram's and buffalo's horns, fragments of precious old marbles, pieces of bronze, bits of mosaic, antique vases, and such like "properties" of art were piled; and on a table colour-boxes, bottles of glass and tin, compressed tubes, plates covered with every shade and tint which paint can produce, sheaves of brushes, sketching-blocks, sponges, and all the heterogeneous litter of a studio were mixed up with pipes, tobacco, gourd drinking-cups, flasks, books and bouquets of flowers. In one corner was a study of leaves, grouped in and around a great stone vase, dark, glossy sprays of ivy, vine-leaves looking as if they had been steeped in sunshine, delicate, graceful ferns and fennel leaves, grey, misty olive leaves, the classic acanthus, gathered from the wealth of foliage with which every year the lovely Italian spring weaves fresh robes and garlands to veil the crumbling

ruins of the fallen Empress of the world. Close to this was an open archway, still showing some defaced and mutilated remnants of the stucco-works that had once ornamented it—fawns and dryads, hand in hand, peeping through clusters of grapes and vine-leaves. A crimson curtain which served the purpose of a door, was drawn back, and through the archway a vine-covered balcony could be seen, with a glimpse of two tame pigeons expanding their white and purple plumage to the sun. Opposite was a door, also open, and beyond, a little vestibule and a stone staircase leading to the street. A lay figure which had done duty for a wonderful variety of characters and costumes—masculine, feminine, classic, romantic, mediæval and modern—in Maurice's numberless designs for great pictures, and which now appeared as a Neapolitan "tarantella" dancer, a tambourine in her hand, was a conspicuous object in the room. Easels held pictures in various stages of progress, and at one of them Maurice Valazé was at work, lightening his labour by whistling *Charmante Gabrielle*.

It was early in April, and the day, like the year, was in its freshest prime. The street below was filled with contadini driving mules laden with fruit and vegetables for market. Sometimes flower-girls carrying baskets of violets which filled the air with perfume passed by, and one among them—a slight, pale, gentle-looking girl, very unlike her companions, who all had large finely-moulded figures, strongly-marked sculptural features, glowing with rich dark colour and vivid with impassioned life, and a haughty, hard insolent air and carriage which Julia or Livia of old imperial Rome could hardly have surpassed—stopped at the old palazzo, climbed the stone staircase, passed through the



vestibule, and pausing at the open door of the studio looked timidly in. At that moment Maurice was closely absorbed in some effective finishing touches which he was giving to his picture, and he neither heard her light footsteps, nor saw her quiet figure at the door. She waited a minute, keeping perfectly still, and then seeing that the young artist was too busy to notice her, she threw a bunch of violets lightly into the room and retreated as noiselessly as she had come.

Scarcely had she vanished when the sound of many footsteps very different from the little flower-girl's light tread, loud gay voices talking rapidly, and frequent peals of laughter came up the stairs, and several young men with long hair and beards, and wearing velvet jackets and sombreros, rushed into the studio.

"Behold him, *mes amis*," exclaimed the foremost, waving his hand with a theatrical flourish, "if it is not his ghost!"

"Ghost!" cried Maurice, springing up, throwing down his palette and catching hold of the speakers, "Do I feel like a ghost?"

"*Ma foi*, no! No ghost ever gave such a grip. But, why were you not at the *café* this morning?"

"Oh, I took a sudden fit of industry, and have been hard at work since daybreak. But you all seem possessed with quite the contrary spirit. It is easy to see work has no place in your programme for to-day."

"The truth is, Maurice, *mon cher*, that when you were missed at the *café* this morning, old Herr Frederic—Karl's *compatriote*—declared something must have happened to you and began to tell us of all the fine fellows he had known murdered in the streets, or on the staircases since he came to Rome; calling it a cursed old city, a heap of heathenish ruins, only fit for thieves and wild beasts to live in, till the eyes of all the Italians began to glare furiously, and we should have had a tragedy on the spot if Karl had not contrived to silence him."

"Fancy Herr Frederic, the greatest Ro-

man enthusiast in the world, calling his beloved city a heap of heathenish ruins!" said Maurice, with assumed gravity; "why, he must have gone mad."

"*C'est ça*," said Camille, twisting his moustache. "*Eh bien*, Gustave then took it into his wise head that Lazaro has found out you borrowed his diabolically handsome face for your Judas, and in revenge had poignarded you, and sent you to join Father Tiber's hidden treasures." Here cries of "No, no!" were heard from Gustave, but Camille coolly continued, "Then Alphonse offered to wager his magnificent stiletto against Gustave's maul-stick, that if you were assassinated it was not Lazaro who had done the deed, but some hired bravo paid to put you out of the way of the thousand and one Contessas and Principessas who have fallen in love with your *beaux yeux*. "It was now Alphonse's turn to protest, but Camille, raising his voice a little, and making a deprecating gesture, went on: "But Adrien being more hopeful and less romantic was ready to stake his new palette against an old plate that His Holiness knowing what a pious son of the Church you are, had sent for you in hot haste to paint his portrait, and that when it was finished you were to be the bearer of it to the Queen of Spain."

But the patience of his hearers was by this time quite exhausted, and Camille was silenced amidst a storm of hisses and groans.

"Certainly Camille can improvise like an Italian," said Maurice, when he could be heard. "But you are all so *tête montée* that it is clear you have some grand scheme of pleasure in view; out with it, if you don't wish me to expire of curiosity."

"What do you think of a *festa* somewhere between the Tiber and Monte Genaro! I forget the name of the place, but Luigi and Tibaldi and the other natives know all about it. All the men at the *café* were talking about it to-day, and those who have been there say it is the most gloriously

beautiful country in the world—forests of oak and spini Christi, rocks and precipices, woody dells and little streams, and the ruins of old baronial castles. The brigands sometimes come down to the *festa*, and there may be a chance of all being carried off to the mountains! Think of that, *mon brave!*”

“What an exciting prospect!” said Maurice. “Well, give me a minute or two, *mes amis*, and I am with you.”

“First let us see your morning’s work,” said one of the young men going up to the picture on which Maurice had been employed when they entered.

It was a water colour drawing of a street scene which Maurice had witnessed, full of life and colour. Two Trasteverini, with magnificent figures and grand Roman faces, high aquiline noses, square massive jaws and haughty defiant eyes, were playing at *mona* close to the steps of the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, surrounded by a little group of excited spectators—a beggar in a tattered cloak and a high pointed hat; a herdsman from the Campagna clad in goat skins and carrying a dangerous looking goad, such as cattle drivers use; a young girl coming from the fountain with a pitcher of water, her petticoats somewhat ragged and scanty, but a great silver pin thrust through her heavy masses of black hair, and a string of red coral beads round her neck; an old white haired crone crouched on the pavement, a queer little bambino beside her; two or three fierce-looking men and as many half-naked boys—all watching the fascinating game and applauding and encouraging the gamblers with all their might; while, in striking contrast to the passionate intensity of the players, and the eager gesticulating lookers-on, a young priest, whose face might have served for an ideal St. Francis of Assisi, with deep, sad eyes and a delicate cheek, pale with vigils and worn with fasting, was holding up the great leathern curtain as he stepped out of the church, turning on the

scene an abstracted, cold passionless gaze, like one who had come from another world, and had nothing in common with this.

All the young men gathered round this picture and criticized it with the utmost freedom and frankness, but on the whole the general judgment was highly favourable.

“I have painted it just as I saw it,” said Maurice, “without altering a single feature or shade of colour.”

“It is true to the life,” said Camille; and then added with a light laugh, “You had better send it to the Pope; when he sees it he will certainly get you to paint his portrait, and then Adrien’s guess about you—pardon, *cher Adrien!* I believe it was my guess, not yours—it is well to be correct on this point, as it may be cited hereafter as a prophecy made before the fulfilment!”

“Don’t do any such thing, Maurice,” said Adrien; “it is dangerous to meddle with the saints of the Church. Camille is jealous of you and wants to have you shut up in the Inquisition.”

“I, jealous!” cried Camille, “No, *mon cher*, I am as innocent of such baseness as those pretty pigeons!” and shrugging his shoulders, he took up the remains of a roll of bread (off which and a cup of the common country wine out of a wicker-bound flask Maurice had made a thoroughly Bohemian breakfast) and began crumbling it to the fluttering cooing pigeons in the balcony. The next moment his restless eyes caught sight of the bouquet of violets, lying on the floor where the little flower-girl had thrown it.

“Santa Madonna!” he cried, “what delicious violets! the largest and sweetest I ever saw, and with the morning dew, still on the leaves. Where did they come from Maurice?”

“Violets?” said Maurice, “I know nothing about any violets except those faded ones in the glass yonder. Where did you find them?”

“In the corner near that stone vase, al-

most hidden by the leaves, thrown there by some beneficent fairy no doubt."

"Try if there's a *billet-doux* concealed among them, Camille," said Gustave.

"Nonsense!" said Maurice; "Camille must know where they came from."

"Perhaps from that beautiful girl in the blue mantle, who is so like Fornarina, and who dropped the rose at your feet as we came out of the Sistine Chapel," said Alphonse.

"Or, perhaps, from the blue-eyed English girl, with white rose-buds in her bonnet, who always blushes when she sees Maurice," suggested Adrien.

"Oh, I'll tell you who sent them," said Camille; "it was that large eyed Signorina, who threw such a shower of *confetti* at him the last day of the Carnival."

"Go on," said Maurice, laughing, "any one else?"

"Oh, I could name a dozen *bellissime Signorine*, every one of whom I have seen looking at you with admiring eyes on the Corso, on the Pincio, in the galleries, in the churches, at the *festas*, every where; ready to throw themselves as well as their bouquets at your feet, and I am certain these others could name as many more. Is it not so, *camarades*? Every fair lady who comes within the influence of Maurice's *beaux yeux* meets the fate of the moth that flies too near the candle."

Maurice answered in a similar strain, and a quick fire of jests and repartees was kept up, till Gustave cried out, "A truce, a truce. Have mercy on Maurice, Camille, and I will tell you who left the violets here. It was little Gemma, Maurice's pet flower-girl. Julien and I saw her coming out of the house as we came down the street."

"Oh, little Gemma!" said Camille, Maurice always buys flowers from her; but I acquit him of trying to make a conquest of poor little Gemma. She is far too ugly. If it were not for her great black eyes, so bright and so restless, she would look like a

mummy. I wonder such a *fanatico* of the beautiful as you are, Maurice, would not choose a fairer flower-nymph."

"Never mind," said Maurice, "I have my whims." And taking the violets from Camille he put them carefully into water.

He did not think it necessary to tell his friends the history of his acquaintance with little Gemma, which, however, was simple enough. The first time he saw her she was kneeling beside a basket of trampled flowers and crying so bitterly that he could not help stopping to find out the cause of her grief. Her basket had been knocked down and the flowers trampled to pieces by a pair of horses that had run away from an English groom. "And, oh, Signore," said the sobbing girl, "I gave the last *baiocchi* I had for those flowers, and I walked six miles this morning to get them, and now they are all spoiled, and my poor mother is sick, and she has no one to do anything for her but me."

Maurice gave her money to buy another basket, and more flowers than she had lost and, hearing from a bystander that this girl's devotion to her bed-ridden mother was beyond all praise, he never afterwards met her without giving her money and kind words, and receiving in return her choicest bouquets and most grateful smiles.

"And is this one of your whims also?" asked Adrien, bringing forward a picture which he had found at the other end of the room covered with some white gauze drape-ry.

It was a picture of two girls sitting in an alcove canopied with climbing roses, a crimson cloak drawn like a hood over the heads of both girls, their hands holding it closely round their faces as if they were sheltering under it from a light sun shower which was passing over. One girl had magnificent black hair and large dark eyes; the other was blue-eyed, and her hair, which had partly escaped from the light green net which confined it, was of a pale yellow. These

girls were Marguerite and Claire, whom Maurice found one day trying to shelter themselves in this way from a shower. He was struck with their picturesque appearance, and declared that they reminded him of the pretty description of Paul and Virginia canopied from the rain under the petticoat of Virginia, and "looking like the children of Leda enclosed in one shell." He would not let them stir till he had made a sketch of them as they sat, and from that sketch he had painted the picture which Adrien had discovered.

"Two Faces under a Hood!" cried Camille, who with all the other young men, rushed to look at the new picture. "It is very prettily done and marvellously life-like, but the dark girl is very ugly. Are they portraits, or is it a fancy-sketch?"

"Portraits of course," said a young man who had spoken very little before. He was a German, tall and dark, with a head and brow of the finest form, dark, deep-set eyes full of power, and a grave, thoughtful, resolute face.

"Why, of course?" asked Camille.

"Because that dark girl's face is one that never could have been moulded in Maurice's imagination."

"What do you know about my imagination, Karl Rudorff?" asked Maurice in a jesting tone, but feeling a little annoyed.

"I know that it could create no ideal woman's face without giving it more symmetry of feature, more beauty of colouring, a softer grace, a more enchanting loveliness than this one possesses. Unless, indeed, it was the witch in Faust, the hag Sycorax or some other abnormal creature whose ugliness would be so intense as to be poetic."

"You think this face ugly then?" said Maurice.

"By no means: it is just such a face as I admire; it expresses intellect, feeling—even genius; it is earnest and true. It is rare to see a face so firm, yet so gentle; so thought-

ful, yet so candid; so strong, yet so sweet. That girl has a heart worth winning."

"Suppose I should be of the same opinion?" said Maurice.

"Take care what you say, Karl," cried Adrien; "Maurice is sure to be in love with the Dark Ladie."

"No such thing," said Karl shortly.

"And why not, master Karl?" asked Maurice.

"I don't believe you ever were in love, Maurice, and I am certain you never could be with the original of that portrait; with you love could never rise to a passion or a power where irregular forms, altogether at variance with the classic ideal of beauty, would for ever shock one half of your nature, no matter how strongly the other half was attracted. And beside the character of mind expressed in this noble face is opposed to your type of perfect womanhood."

"In what way?" said Maurice.

"Your ideal is soft, yielding, timid, submissive, with no intellectual light, but such rays as she may borrow from your brightness. This girl is frank, fearless and proud. Such an intense, energetic, vivid soul, such a clear intelligence as flashes out of those eyes could never lose its own life and individuality in those of any other, except some higher and loftier counterpart of herself. She would follow one able and willing to lead her in the path her own nature teaches her to choose, through peril, through persecution, through death; but not love itself could tempt a spirit of that order in any direction but the one approved by the voice within."

"What if she believed she had found that counterpart in me?" said Maurice, lightly.

"She would be mistaken and would find it out—though perhaps too late for her happiness. You have genius, Maurice, so has she, and consequently share those sympathies, tastes and aspirations common to all in whom the sacred fire burns; but in all those elements of will and character which

govern genius and determine destiny, you are essentially unlike."

"You speak as if you were talking of a living woman, and not a mere picture," said Maurice, half amused, half vexed.

"I know she is a living woman," said Karl, "but where? I should like to know."

"Ah!" said Maurice, turning away, "that is my secret."

"A secret," cried Camille, coming back from the balcony where he had been feeding the pigeons again, "what secret? What has Karl been saying?"

"He has been talking German, that is all," said Adrien, shrugging his shoulders; "I believe he has fallen in love with yonder gipsy, and is inclined to dispute the possession of the original with Maurice."

"Then there is something mysterious about that picture," said Camille; "I thought there must be, Maurice looked so ferocious when you uncovered it. Let me look at it again. Why, she is hideous! The little fair-haired one is a hundred times better. If she had more colour and roundness she would make a very passable Aurora, and then her companion would be an excellent contrast as dusky Night."

"But tell us the story attached to this picture, Maurice," said Gustave, "for it is easy to see there is one."

"I shall leave Camille to invent one," said Maurice, "mine, if I were to tell it, would be much too commonplace to be believed in by such lovers of the marvellous as the present audience. Now, if we are going to the *festa* we had better be off."

But before he left the studio, Maurice carefully put away the picture which had been so unceremoniously criticized, vainly trying to banish the vexation he felt at the unflattering comments on Marguerite's looks which all the young men, except Karl Rudorff, had made. And he was still less pleased with Karl's remarks. To know that so acute an observer as the young German had read in Marguerite's expressive face

characteristics opposed to his ideal of womanhood annoyed him more than he liked to confess; and it was still more disagreeable to have heard another voice so confidently declare that it was not really love—"love in all its passion and power," the love of the poets, and of his own dreams—

"Love at first-sight, first-born, and heir to all," which he felt for his betrothed.

## CHAPTER IX.

### UNDER THE ROSES ONCE MORE.

THE four years of Maurice's residence in Italy had passed quickly with him. He had studied earnestly and worked hard. His pictures had been much admired by all the connoisseurs in Rome, and one large one—Beatrice sending Virgil to the aid of Dante—on which he had bestowed much labour and thought, and which had been purchased by an English nobleman for a large sum, had been exhibited in the Pantheon, and had won for him a diploma from the Roman Academy. Full of pride in the triumphs he had achieved, and of confidence in the brilliant career which seemed to spread before him, he set out for Paris.

On a lovely evening in August, just at the hour when he had paid his first visit to Marguerite, Maurice entered the picturesque old street and knocked at Christian Kneller's door. The street, the buildings, the lights and shadows all seemed the same as when he had first seen them, except that then it was spring, and now summer was almost over. The door was opened by Mère Monica, in look and costume precisely the same as she had been four years ago. Time seemed to have no power over her pleasant vivacious brown face, and as to her dress she had never changed its fashion since she first wore woman's garb, and never would till she was dressed in her grave-clothes. O

seeing Maurice her expressions of joy and surprise flowed forth in abundance, and she talked so fast that it was with difficulty Maurice could make her answer his questions.

"Yes," she said at last, "Ma'amselle Marguerite was at home ; yes, *le bon maître* was as well as usual ; they had not expected Monsieur Maurice for a day or two ; *ma foi*, it would be a joyful surprise ; they were all in the garden ; would Monsieur Maurice go to him, or should she tell Ma'amselle Marguerite to come in ?"

But Maurice was already at the glass door and the next instant he stood within the well remembered garden, with its high stone walls where the purple plums and golden apricots grew, and was hurrying down the gravel walk through the rich beds of fruits and vegetables to the central grass-plot with its gay *parterre* of summer blossoms and its vine-covered summer-house. Christian Kneller was sitting there, smoking his old brown *meerschaum* as of old, and Marguerite was bending over the flowers, as he had so often seen her, collecting some early seeds. At the sound of Maurice's quick, firm tread, so different from Mère Monica's heavy tramp, or the fairy-like footsteps of Claire, Marguerite looked hastily round. One glance was enough. *It was he*. For four long years—for the years had been long to her—the thought of this meeting had never for a single instant been absent from her heart ; but now that it had come, it seemed too much happiness to bear. Her flower seeds dropped from her hands, and she sat down on the grass unable to speak or move.

In a moment Maurice was at her side. "Marguerite, what is it ? What is the matter ? What ails you, Marguerite ?"

The sound of his voice, the clasp of his arm made her conscious that her joy was indeed real, but still she could not speak.

"Are you not glad to see me, Marguerite ?" Maurice said, as he saw the colour come back to her face.

"Oh, how glad !" she murmured softly, and bending down, she kissed the hands that so closely clasped hers.

"What was it then made my Marguerite tremble so and grow so white ?"

"It was joy. Oh, Maurice, hasn't joy killed sometimes ? It was such joy as that I felt when I saw you."

Loud calls from Christian Kneller now summoned Maurice to receive his welcome, and sitting on the soft velvet sward beside the old man's chair, the lovers asked and answered questions about all that had happened to each other since they parted, till, perhaps weary of listening to matters of which, through Maurice's letters he had already heard, but of which Marguerite could never hear enough, Christian Kneller dropped quietly asleep.

"Come down the long walk, Marguerite," said Maurice, as Marguerite arranged a shawl over her father's chair in such a way as to shield him from the sun ; "I want to sit with you once more in the dear old alcove with its red and white roses."

Putting his arm round her, he drew her away, calling her his Reine Marguerite ; and few queens have ever been as happy as Marguerite was then, clasped close in his loving embrace. Surely Karl Rudorff was wrong. Where was it that she would not have followed Maurice that happy hour ?

"Over the hills and far away,  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
Beyond the night, across the day,  
Through all the world,"

she would have followed him as faithfully as the happy Princess followed the fated fairy Prince in Tennyson's musical version of the lovely old story.

Once more they sat together on the old stone bench as Marguerite had often dreamed of doing when Maurice was far away. In the golden sunset they talked of their past hopes and fears, of Maurice's troubles and

triumphs, and the happy future that lay before them so rich in perfect love and noble work. As Maurice gazed fondly on the happy face that rested on his shoulder he forgot that he ever called it plain, or that the gay Camille in the old studio in Rome had pronounced it hideous ; still less did he remember that he had ever doubted the depth and power of his love, which, now that all his tenderness was excited by Marguerite's deep joy at his return, seemed so true and strong.

"There is no one like my Marguerite," he said, "no one in the world that I could love so well !" And for that brief space, he, like Marguerite, was perfectly happy.

## CHAPTER X.

### BEAUTIFUL CLAIRE.

AT last Marguerite recollected her father. "We must go to him, Maurice," she said. "I wonder if Claire has returned."

Claire ! Maurice had forgotten her very existence.

"Where is Claire ?" he asked.

"She went to buy some silks for her embroidery. Did I not tell you ? You will not know her when you see her, Maurice."

"I suppose she is quite a grown-up woman," said Maurice carelessly. "But she must have come back, and will attend to your father. Stay with me a little longer, Marguerite. It is so delicious to be alone together after being parted so long."

"And what happiness to think we shall be together every day now," said Marguerite.

"Yes, and soon, very soon, I shall have you for my own—my wife ! Will you be as good to me then as you are to your father, my Marguerite ?"

"If you deserve it," said Marguerite, raising her bright smiling face to his ; "if you will love me as well as he does."

Maurice was ready with his protestations, and Marguerite would willingly have listened all night, but she knew that her father would be disturbed if he did not get his supper at the usual hour, and after a little entreaty on her part, and a little resistance on his, Maurice suffered her to rise, and they went back to the summer-house where they had left Christian Kneller.

He was still there, but he was now awake, and beside him stood a figure which startled and thrilled Maurice with surprise and admiration as if some lovely Venetian "Benedina" of Giorgione or Titian had taken life and suddenly stepped out of the picture. She stood just outside the shadow of the summer-house, and the evening sunlight fell like a glory on her golden hair, her white dress and the crimson roses dropping from her hand. Maurice thought he had never seen any one so beautiful in his whole life ; every feature was perfect, every line and tint faultless ; the low broad forehead and delicate nose were pure Greek, the lovely little mouth with its rich crimson lips and small white teeth was full of arch and playful sweetness, the violet blue eyes looked from under their curling brown lashes with soft and smiling brightness, and her glorious hair wound about her small head in shining folds, and then falling on her neck in soft curls might well have caught the heart of any painter in its glittering meshes ; her figure was tall, graceful, elastic and exquisitely rounded, and she stood looking at Maurice, as he and Marguerite came towards her, with a half shy, half saucy glance which seemed partly to plead for, partly to demand his admiration. And Maurice as he gazed was only too ready to give her all he possessed, admiration, worship, passionate love. He forgot himself, Marguerite, the whole world—everything except that all his visions of the beautiful seemed to have taken form and life, and to stand before him, and for a minute he felt as if he and that fair creature were alone in the world together.

"This is little Claire, Maurice," said Marguerite; "could you believe it?"

The sound of Marguerite's voice roused Maurice from his dream. He started and, with a violent effort, awoke to the real world again.

"Can this be my old play-fellow Claire?" he said. "I have heard of divinities taking the forms of mortals, but in this case the story is reversed."

He spoke in a jesting tone, but his look seemed to turn the jest into earnest.

"Very well," said Claire, laughing with a mixture of flattered vanity and bashfulness which Maurice thought enchanting, "You try to excuse yourself for having forgotten me by paying compliments."

"What is that, little puss?" said her father, "did not Maurice know thee? Well, I am not surprised at that, for thou wert but a poor pale chit when he saw thee last."

"Maurice thought I should always be ugly," said Claire.

"Ugly—no, but how could I expect to find such a peerless beauty? Beautiful Claire!"

"Don't mind him, child," said Christian Kneller; "compliments are a sort of coin that were always very plentiful with Maurice,

and he can afford to scatter them by the dozen. Is it not so, Marguerite?"

"Marguerite knows I never flatter her," said Maurice.

"It would not be easy to do that, Master Maurice, but little Golden Locks here is of another sort, and you must not turn her head with pretty speeches."

"Maurice means what he says," said Marguerite; he could not be a great painter if he did not admire the beautiful."

"But I love only thee, my Marguerite," whispered Maurice, vowing inwardly that nothing should ever make him false to one so good and noble; "what an idiot I should be, if I let any beauty on earth steal my heart from my own Reine Marguerite."

"I like pretty speeches," said Claire. "I like them from my father when I can coax him to give them to me, as I do sometimes, and I like them from Maurice too, but I don't think they are likely to turn my head."

She glanced at Maurice with a little air of disdain, which suited her very well, but he did not seem to notice it, and for the rest of the evening he appeared to have neither looks nor thoughts for any one but Marguerite.

*To be continued.*

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## THE POET'S INVITATION TO THE STATESMAN.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

(*From Horace, Od. III. 29.*)

SCION of old Etruria's royal line,  
Mæcnas, all awaits thee in my home;  
For thee is broached the cask of mellow wine,  
For thee the perfume breathes, the roses bloom.

Delay no more, but come, O long desired;  
Turn not thine eyes to Tibur's falling rill  
And Æsula, on her rich slope retired,  
And high Præneste's legendary hill.



Leave luxury, my friend, that only cloy  
And thy proud mansion's heavenward-soaring dome ;  
Bid for an hour farewell to smoke and noise,  
And all that dazzles in imperial Rome.

Ofttimes a change is pleasing to the great  
And the trim cottage and its simple fare,  
Served 'mid no purple tapestries of state  
Have smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

Andromeda's bright Sire now lights on high  
His cresset, Procyon darts his burning rays,  
The Lion's star rides rampant in the sky,  
And Summer brings again the sultry days.

Now with their panting flocks the weary swains  
To cooling stream and bosky dell repair :  
Along the lea deep noontide silence reigns,  
No breath is stirring in the noontide air.

Thou still art busied with a statesman's toils,  
Still labouring to forecast with patriot breast  
Bactria's designs, Scythia's impending broils,  
The storms that gather in the distant East.

Heaven in its wisdom bids the future lie  
Wrapped in the darkness of profoundest night,  
And smiles when anxious mortals strive to pry  
Beyond the limits fixed to mortal sight.

Serenely meet the present ; all beside  
Is like yon stream that now along the plain  
Floats towards the Tuscan sea with tranquil tide ;  
Soon—when the deluge of downpouring rain

Stirs the calm waters to a wilder mood—  
Whirls down trees, flocks and folds with angry swell,  
While with the din loud roars the neighbouring wood,  
And echo shouts her answer from the fell.

The happy master of one cheerful soul  
Is he, who still can cry at close of day—  
" Life has been mine : To-morrow let the pole  
Be dark with cloud or beam with genial ray,

"As Jove may will ; but to reverse the past  
Or to annul, not Jove himself hath power ;  
Not Jove himself can uncreate or blast  
Joys once borne onward by the flying hour.

"Fortune exulting in her cruel trade,  
Sporting with hearts, mocking her victims' sighs,  
Smiles on us all in turn, a fickle jade,  
Bestows on each in turn her fleeting prize.

"While she is mine, 'tis well ; but if her wing  
She wave, with all her gifts I lightly part ;  
The mantle of my virtue round me fling,  
And clasp undowered honour to my heart.

"Blow winds, let mainmasts crack ! No need have I  
To bribe the gods with vows or lift in prayer  
My frantic hands, lest the rich argosy  
Freighted with Cyprian or with Tyrian ware

"Add to the treasures of the greedy main.  
Safe in my shallop while the tempests rave,  
And shielded by the Heavenly Brothers twain,  
I dare the hurly of the Ægean wave."

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## THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT.

BY A BYSTANDER.

**A** MOVEMENT has been set on foot, and in England and the United States has made considerable way, the object of which is to effect a sweeping change in all the relations of the sexes—conjugal, political, legal, educational and industrial. It may safely be said, that such a revolution, if it actually takes place, will be at once unparalleled in importance and unprecedented in kind. Unparalleled in importance, because female character and domestic morality lie so completely at the root of civilization, that they may almost be said

to be civilization itself ; unprecedented in kind, since history affords no example of so extraordinary a change in the fundamental relations of humanity, the progress of which has hitherto been in conformity with those relations as well as comparatively gradual, though not unmarked by exceptional and momentous efforts, such as seem to rebut the idea that humanity is under the dominion of mere physical law.

In the United States a peculiar impulse has been given to all levelling movements by negro enfranchisement ; and demagogism

pounces, by anticipation, on the female vote. In England, the movement, though Radical in its origin, is fostered by a portion of the Conservative party in the hope that the female vote will come to the rescue of existing institutions. In Canada, exempt from these disturbing causes, we have hitherto been touched by the educational part of the movement alone, and are therefore in a position to consider the question calmly in case it should ever present itself to us in the broader and graver form.

It is desirable, in the first place, to clear away certain fallacies by which a very invidious character has been needlessly given to the discussion. The advocates of Woman's Rights, male and female, have represented woman as the victim hitherto of wilful and systematic injustice, against which she is at last about to rise in revolt; and their language is such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, might turn all affection to bitterness and divide every household against itself. But these representations are without foundation in history, which shows that the lot, both of man and woman, has been determined from time to time by circumstances only to a very limited extent subject to the will of either sex, and which neither sex could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Those who assume that the lot of woman has been through all the ages fixed by the will of man, and that man has willed that he should enjoy political rights and that woman should be a slave, have forgotten to consider the fact that in almost all countries down to a very recent period, man himself has been, and in most countries even at the present day remains, if not a slave, at least destitute of political rights. It may probably be affirmed that the number of men who have hitherto really and freely exercised the political suffrage is hardly greater than the number of those who have in different ages and in various ways sacrificed their lives in bringing the suffrage into exis-

tence. Actual slavery, where it has existed, has, it is believed, always extended to both sexes and ceased for both at the same time; and if, in Homeric times, there were more female slaves than males, this was because the men when vanquished in war were put to the sword, while the women were reserved for what, in the state of sentiment then prevailing, was morally as well as physically a milder lot.

The primeval family was a unit, the head of the family representing the whole household before the tribe, the state and all persons and bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members of his domestic circle, over his son and his men-servants, as well as over his daughters, his maid-servants and his wife. The tribe was in fact composed not of individuals but of families represented by their heads. At the death of the head of a family, his son stepped into his place and became the representative and protector of the whole family, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system was long retained at Rome, where it was the source of the respect for authority, and, by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community; of the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces have lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that permitted Queen Elizabeth to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the rule of the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was instituted by man for the gratification of his own sexual tyranny would be the height of absurdity in any one, and in a philosopher unpardonable. It was as much a necessity to primeval woman as it was to primeval man. It is still a necessity to woman in those

countries where the primeval type of society still exists. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin if suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband or of the male head of her tribe?

The invidious theory that the subordination of wives to their husbands, or the denial of the suffrage to women, has its origin in slavery and, as a modified phase of that barbarous institution, is entirely at variance with historical facts. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the woman was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the female slave. The authority of Hector over Andromache was absolute, yet no one could confound her position with that of her hand-maidens. Whatever is now obsolete in marriage relations is a relic, not of slavery but of primitive marriage. Slavery, as we have said before, where it has existed has been the common lot of both sexes, and has been terminated by a common emancipation.

Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the most cruel rule to which the female sex has ever been subjected, has its root not in the slave-owning propensity, but in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an element of affection.

If man has hitherto reserved to himself political power, he has also reserved to himself not only the duty of defending the nation in war with its attendant dangers and hardships but, generally speaking, the hardest and most perilous work of all kinds. The material civilization which women in common with men enjoy, has been produced mainly by male labour; though, of course, man could no more have continued to labour without his helpmate than he could have propagated his race without his wife. Nor have women as yet claimed a share of the harder kinds of male work. On the contrary, when they see their sex engaged in

field labour, they point to the fact as a proof of the depravity of man.

A fallacious impression is apt to be produced by the rhetorical use of the terms "force" and "right of the strongest." It is said that the relation between man and woman has hitherto been based on force, whence it is inferred that the relation must, of course, be evil. Superiority of force is implied in protection; it is implied in the protection of an infant by its mother as well as in that of a woman by her husband. But neither superiority of force, nor the authority which it carries with it, is synonymous with tyranny in one case any more than it is in the other.

It cannot be denied that women have, in the course of history, suffered much wrong, as men also have, both at the hands of their own sex and sometimes at the hands of women. But the assertion that there has been a systematic tyranny of one sex over the other is merely an ignorant libel on humanity. To what is woman appealing in this very "revolt," as it is exultingly called? To her own force, or to the justice and affection of men?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have been sexual affection, the man's need of a helpmate and the woman's need of maintenance and protection, especially when she becomes a mother. The first of these factors remains undiminished in force, and will probably so continue, even if the advocates of Women's Rights should succeed in abolishing marriage and substituting in its place cohabitation at will. Only a smile can be excited by the attempts of philosophy, in dealing with sexual relations, to keep out of sight the most potent and most universal of human passions or to reduce it within the limits which theory requires, by diatribes and denunciations. It reigns and will reign, supreme over this question and all questions connected with it. Man's need of a helpmate is not alleged to have become less. Woman's need of maintenance and

protection, and her duties and liabilities in respect of them, may have diminished by a change in industrial circumstances or by the increased supremacy of public law. To ascertain whether this is really the case and if so to what extent, is the rational method of dealing with the subject.

General comparisons between the moral qualities and intellectual powers of the two sexes, and attempts to settle the questions at issue by such comparisons, we must repudiate, as at once invidious and fruitless.

We must also, to get at the solid realities on which alone institutions can be based, blow away the froth of sentiment, even though it may be as beautiful as the foam round Venus when she rose from her native sea. The naughtiness of little girls is not caused wholly by the naughtiness of little boys. A very eminent champion of Woman's Rights, lecturing in our hearing on the English novels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, ascribed their immorality to the exclusion of women and of female influence from the world of letters. Unluckily no novels of that period were more immoral than those of the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn, who, however, had a worthy imitator in Mrs. Haywood. Heart to heart, in relations more than intimate, and which rendered great disparity almost impossible the two sexes have moved on together, through history, keeping on pretty much the same level of morality, and having their general ideas on all subjects pretty much in common.

The indications of physiology appear, at present, to be against an original distinction of sex, and in favour of the hypothesis that the two sexes were created out of some common germ, in which case the Mosaic narration of the creation of Eve would be roughly symbolical of the truth. But cycles of separation and of devotion to different functions may, notwithstanding, have impressed upon the moral character and the intellect of each sex differences now indel-

ible, and in ignoring which we should be struggling against an adamant law. Sex itself at all events, with its direct physical consequences, must be taken as an irreversible fact, not to be cancelled by calling women female men, as a lady at a social science meeting insisted on doing, or by any other rhetorical or philosophical conjuration. Under the strange military polity of ancient Sparta an attempt was made to unsex women. Some Roman ladies, in the corrupt days of the empire, having exhausted ordinary means of excitement, were seized with the lust of unsexing themselves and trained as gladiators. It is possible that, in equally morbid states of society, similar phenomena may occur. But even in the case of Sparta, nothing resulted but depravation.

Of all the questions raised by the movement perhaps the least difficult is that which, as we have said, is alone presented to us in Canada at present—the question of Education. There can be no hesitation in saying that God has opened to all His intelligent creatures the gates of knowledge and that every thought of closing them, every remnant of monopolizing tendency, every vestige of exclusiveness and jealousy, ought to be swept aside at once and for ever. If women choose to take up any studies which have hitherto been generally confined to men, let them do so; and, if the result is favourable, both sexes alike will be the gainers. Whether the result will be favourable, experiment alone can decide. To attempt to limit the range of female studies, or in any way to discourage their extension, on the strength of a presumption that certain subjects are beyond the range of feminine intellect would be impertinent and absurd.

On the other hand, if women are deciding for themselves whether they shall desert the domestic sphere for a career of intellectual ambition, the probability of success will be determined, not by compliments, but by the facts of physiology and by our previous experience of the relative powers of the male

and female brain. In the case of most subjects our experience is vitiated by the traditional disabilities under which women have been placed ; but there seems to be fair ground for an induction in the case of the arts, especially music, which women have practised without restraint of any kind and to a far greater extent than man.

As to the general question of female education there is little more to be said in a summary view of the subject like the present than that education is a preparation for life, the phrase being used, of course, in the most liberal sense ; and that any education which is not a preparation for life, but a mere gratification of fancy, vanity or ambition, will turn in the end to bitterness and dust.

Special questions as to the use of Universities and other public institutions by women, must be decided, like all public questions of any kind, solely with reference to the public good, against which no claim of natural right can be pleaded by persons living, not in the bush, but in a community and enjoying the advantages of the social state. We once heard a Woman's Rights speaker assert that she had a natural right to force an entrance into a military academy belonging to the State if she had a fancy for a military education. She had no more a right to do this than she had to thrust her parasol through a picture in a public gallery or to amuse herself by placing obstructions on a railway track. At Oxford and Cambridge there is a high pressure system of competition not free from objection in itself, but without which it might perhaps not be possible to get out of a wealthy class of students, placed under great temptations to idleness, the amount of effort in self-training which they owe to the community. The physical inability of women to bear a strain under which men too often break down, and the unwillingness, which cannot yet be called preposterous, of men to enter into what would seem an unchivalrous race against women, might

render the admission of women incompatible with the maintenance of the system ; and, in that case, women would have no claim to admission. The co-education of the sexes altogether is a question of public expediency to be decided by reason and experience. There can be nothing morally unjust in the existence of a special place of final education for men any more than in the existence of a special place of final education for women, such as Vassar College, to which if a male student applied for admittance his application would be rejected as utterly indelicate and absurd.

It may be safe to send to the same day-school boys and girls living under the parental roof ; it may not be so safe to unite in the same university young men and young women living at a distance from the parental roof. The same school education may be suitable to both sexes, the same university education may not. Both experiments are being tried at some universities in the United States ; the second experiment is being tried at Vassar College, where ladies are instructed and degrees are conferred upon them in all the subjects hitherto deemed peculiarly male, including field surveying. There can be no good reason for forcing hazardous experiments on all universities at the same time.

Painful scenes have occurred at more than one university in consequence of the determination of ladies to attend in company with the male students the whole of the medical course. If the opposition of the male students to this determination came from a desire of retaining a monopoly of knowledge it was blameworthy, as of course it was if it was manifested in any violent or indecent manner. But, on the other hand, no local or temporary excitement can prevent a disregard of the dictates of delicacy on the part of women from entailing a forfeiture of male respect, whatever that may be worth. Even male sympathizers with what they regard as a struggle for emancipation, while applauding in public the female

champion of an equivocal right, may be glad in their hearts that she is not their own wife or daughter.

To pass to the industrial question. It is probable that women have hitherto been excluded by custom and tradition from some employments which they might pursue with advantage. But this is no proof of systematic and intentional injustice on the part of the other sex. The man has felt himself bound to maintain the woman and her children by labour; and the woman still in fact holds him to this obligation, and insists that it shall be enforced by law. As a natural consequence the professions and callings have hitherto generally been male, and, together with their schools and industrial training places have been organized and regulated on that footing. Nor is the present demand for the admission of women to new employments caused so much by a suddenly awakened sense of the injustice of the existing system as by the accumulation, in our great centres of population especially, of a large number of women unmarried and without sufficient means of subsistence: a circumstance due to physical and economical causes unconnected with anything in the relations between the sexes except the increased impediments to marriage arising from competition and the growth of expensive habits. As we may hope that this evil is itself abnormal and temporary, it ought not too much to influence our views as to the usual and permanent occupations of women. Meantime it must be remembered that we do not multiply the amount of work or the fund for the payment of wages by multiplying the number of labourers, and that for every man who is thrust out of employment by female competition, there will be a marriage the less, or a reduction of the means of support for some married woman and her children.

In addition to the large scope which may be afforded to female labour by the removal of traditional disabilities, there is good rea-

son for supposing that, with the increased substitution of mechanical contrivance for manual strength, new industries have been developed of a kind better suited for women. This is a question which experience will decide. There appears to be no prejudice against the employment of women as telegraphists, or, indeed, in any branch of industry in which their labour is really as available as that of men.

It is constantly asserted by exponents of women's wrongs that women are systematically underpaid on account of their sex. There is but little foundation for this assertion. Nilsson is not paid less than a male singer, nor is Rosa Bonheur paid less than a male painter, nor Madame Sand than a male novelist. Wages are commonly regulated to a certain degree by custom, and custom is always liable to part company with present circumstances and to require revision in the interest of justice. But in general the reason why women are paid less than men is that, while women perform in their own sphere priceless services for which they demand and receive maintenance without industrial labour, the market value of their labour is really lower than that of the labour of men. It must be remembered that steadiness and permanent devotion to the calling enter into the value of labour, as well as quality; and that a clerk or a school teacher is really worth much more when permanently devoted to the service, which, as women generally marry and hardly ever absolutely renounce marriage, they can seldom be said to be. The women seem still content to leave to men all callings involving great muscular exertion, danger or physical hardship; no women aspire to be miners, lumbermen, engine drivers, policemen, or (except in a few cases of monomania) soldiers. A story of a sailor's wife who, her husband having died on board, took charge of his vessel and navigated it round Cape Cod, has figured in a good many platform speeches, but it appears still

to stand alone. Even in employments apparently suited to women it will sometimes be found on enquiry that male qualities are required. It has been stated that, at a social science meeting in England, a Woman's Rights speaker complained of the conduct of the watchmakers in excluding women from their unions when watchmaking was an employment apparently so suited to the sex; but was answered by a watchmaker, who said first, that the watchmakers had no trade union, and secondly, that though muscular strength was not required in watchmaking certain portions of the work required a steadiness of nerve not commonly possessed by women. Judging from the platform speeches we should say that the aspirations of female reformers in the United States generally take the direction of stock-broking or office-holding. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the heroine of the extreme section, whose history has been brought so prominently before the public by her admirers, is a stock-broker, who, notwithstanding her personal converse with the spirit of Demosthenes and with beings, it appears, of a still more exalted order, condescends in holding the reins of the stock-market to avail herself of the helping hand of Commodore Vanderbilt. We once heard a Woman's Rights lecturer paint a glowing picture of the coming time when a woman would enter into commercial speculations like a man, make a great fortune, buy a fine house in New York, and then invite some young man who pleased her fancy to be the partner of her prosperity. But the lecturer forgot that fortunes are seldom realized, even in New York, very early in life, and that if a young man accepted an offer of the hand of an elderly stock-broker the marriage could hardly be one of love or likely to result in happiness.

It is offensive to women to speak of them as existing only for the purpose of bearing children; but there is nothing offensive to them in suggesting that the duties of child-bearing, and those of a wife and mother gen-

erally, are the woman's equivalent to the labour of the man, and entitle her, so long as she continues to perform them, to be supported by her partner's labour. The other objects of life, enjoyment and self-improvement, are common to both sexes.

One employment there is to which it seems that the paramount claims of the public good forbid us to admit women, or at least enjoin us if we admit women, not to admit men. That employment is the law, or at least the bar and the bench of justice. As we have said before, philosophers may choose to ignore the influence of sex, but they cannot eliminate it; it will be present wherever the two sexes are thrown together: it would be present when a female advocate rose to address male jurymen and judges; and perhaps the class of women who would become advocates would not be those least likely to make an unscrupulous use of their power of appealing to emotions subversive of the supremacy of justice. A hardship may perhaps be imposed on a few members of the excluded sex; but certain sacrifices of personal interest and ambition must be made by all persons living in the community, and in courts of justice, the voice of justice ought alone to be heard. To the chamber practice of law by women is no moral objection beyond those connected with the assumption of any calling at variance with existing conceptions of the female character: to the study of law by women as a part of final education there can be no objection at all.

The legal relations between the sexes in England and in other countries where the feudal system prevailed have no doubt been affected in common with politics and the general laws of property by the surviving influences of that system, itself the natural product of an age of violence which for the time rendered the absolute supremacy of the head of the family almost as necessary as it had been in that primitive era, the habits of which were stereotyped as we have said in



the domestic system of the Romans. This needed reform; but it is a different thing, historically, from wilful oppression of one sex by the other. Nor has reform been refused. Even in the old feudal countries the free will of the men, acting under those influences of morality and affection which acrimonious declaimers choose to treat as utterly inoperative, has now greatly modified the law and accorded to women extensive powers of holding property to their separate use and devising it by will. In the United States and in this country, there seems little left to be done in this direction; the proprietary rights of married women have been carried so far that settlements are now becoming a vast asylum for fraud; and an eminent American jurist assured the writer of this paper that he knew a case in which the property belonging to the wife, she was forcing her husband to work for her as a labourer at daily wages; and another case in which a wife had accomplished a practical divorce simply by shutting her husband out of the house, which was her property. Whatever the general effects of this system may be, it is likely at all events to have the good effect of discouraging mercenary marriages; especially if a lax divorce law should render unions precarious and make it possible that the wife may at any moment carry away her property, leaving to her husband nothing but an expensive family, luxurious habits, and the inability, which he will naturally have contracted, to work for his own bread.

With regard to the earnings of married women, as distinguished from realized property, legislation in England is at present in advance of legislation here; but the tendency of legislation everywhere is manifest, and it may be safely predicted that all that law can do will soon be done to prevent the tyrannical appropriation and waste of the wife's earnings by the husband. Justice requires this, since, as we have said before, the wife, while she fulfils her conjugal and

maternal duties, must be held entitled to maintenance by her husband's labour, so that anything which she earns by labour of her own ought to be hers, and at her own disposal. But it must be borne in mind that her title depends upon her being a wife: if she chooses not to be a wife but a commercial partner, which is the ideal now proposed for the union of the sexes in place of marriage, the man as well as the woman will be entitled to settle all questions both of contribution to the partnership fund and of liability for the partnership debts on a commercial basis; and, with regard to all such matters, the common law of partnership will supersede the law of husband and wife. In any case it is hardly necessary to preach, as some domestic reformers seem inclined to do, that the worst use a married woman can make of her money is to spend it on the alien purposes of her home.

But marriage itself is now denounced as the chief of woman's wrongs. To substitute for a sacred and lifelong bond an unconsecrated cohabitation during the pleasure of both parties, commonly called free love, is the avowed aim of the more advanced section of the Woman's Rights party and the practical tendency, it would seem, of the doctrines of both sections. Both at least reprobate what they invidiously term "the property of one human being in another human being": that is to say, the power of a husband to oblige his wife to do anything which she does not choose to do or to live with him any longer than she pleases. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, if we rightly interpret the statement of her biographer, actually had herself formally divorced from the partner with whom she intended to live and still lives, as a protest against the marriage tie.

The case of the discontented wife is evidently the one always contemplated, and it is specially, if not exclusively, for her relief that the abrogation of the marriage tie is designed. But equal justice must be meted

to both parties. There is but one way of securing that any human connection shall never become irksome, and that is by allowing both parties to break it off at their pleasure. Nor can any limit be put to caprice and changefulness without a violation of the fundamental principle that love alone justifies the continuance of union. We must be prepared for a modern counterpart of the Thelesina of pagan antiquity with her ten successive husbands, and, as her complement, for a Thelesinus with his ten successive wives. Those who deem it morally impossible that the removal of restraint should be followed by a renewal of license must remember that we are at present under the dominion of the public sentiment created by the institution of marriage.

Political and social questions can no longer be settled by a text of Scripture, but the attempt to show that Christian marriage is not an integral part of Christian morality appears totally fallacious. It is said that the Gospel recognizes marriage, and the subordination of the wife to the husband, merely in the same sense in which it recognizes slavery, as an existing institution of the period, to which it lends no sanction, but which it is not called upon directly to assail. There is no analogy between the two cases. Rightly construed, the Gospel contains not a single word in favour of slavery; while all its social precepts tend to the subversion of the institution, as speedily appeared when they began to operate on the world. But it does lend a distinct sanction to marriage and to the headship of the husband, dwelling upon the special duties and virtues incident to the relation on both sides, and comparing it to the relation between Christ and the Church. Christ pronounces marriage indissoluble in the most emphatic terms, and it must be evident to any reader of St. Paul that the doctrine of free love and the example set before us in the biography of Mrs. Wood-

hull would have appeared to him utterly subversive of his moral ideal.

It may be added that the Bible view of sex manifestly is that the man and the woman are the necessary complements of each other. Woman is created because it is not good for man to be alone. Make women "female men," and though you cannot obliterate physical sex, you will have, morally and intellectually, epicenes who will be alone.

The husband's headship appears to be as inseparable an incident of Christian marriage or of any marriage identical with the Christian in character, as the indissolubility of the tie. Indeed if there is to be unity in the family, on any theory, it would seem that there must be in the last resort a determining will, though there will be less occasion for the exertion of that will in proportion as the marriage is happy and in accordance with the Christian ideal. The state of the children at all events must be one of obedience, and if the ultimate depositary of authority is uncertain, how is the obedience of children to be secured? It has been suggested that authority over the children should be divided between the husband and the wife, and that their several shares should be defined by the marriage settlement. No specimen of such a settlement has however yet been laid before us; and the very mention of such an expedient suggests that the theorists by whom it is proposed have in their minds only the select and cultivated circle in which marriage settlements are usual, not the ordinary masses of mankind.

Perhaps this question of marriage, in common with most other questions relating to humanity, will depend in part on the solution of those deeper problems respecting the origin, estate and destiny of man to which the attention of humanity is being every day more seriously and painfully turned. If the present life is only a trial and a preparation, it may be expedient not-

withstanding the unhappiness attendant on ill-assorted marriages to retain the tie, if on the whole it is favourable to purity and elevation of character, as, even in cases which most deeply move our compassion, it appears often to be. If this life is all, it may well seem hard that two persons should be condemned to spend it in the miseries of an unwilling union.

In any case, however, it would be necessary, in the interest of the community as well as in that of individuals, to make provision for the children, to whose claims indeed, and to the subject of maternity generally, Woman's Right lecturers usually pay but little attention. If the union of the parents is to be made dissoluble, how are we to secure to the children parental, above all maternal care? And if parental care cannot be secured to children, what will the coming generations be? Certain associations in the United States recognize the difficulty frankly and offer a bold solution. Instead of merely lowering and desecrating the family they discard it altogether. With intercourse of the sexes untrammelled by marriage, they combine community of children. And they are in the right. If the permanency of the marriage tie is to be abolished, the family will no longer be able to have the responsibility of training the rising generation. Some other organization must be entrusted with that duty. Society cannot be permanently and universally organized on the footing of a foundling hospital. Moral reformers in the United States are calling, it seems, for the suppression of the Oneida community. But the Woman's Right section of them, at all events, will do well to hear the Oneida community before they strike it. Assuredly, if the family is abolished, woman will find herself in a new world.

We must bow, however unwillingly, to the fiat of nature. Man has in a certain sense an advantage over woman. To him the abrogation of the marriage tie, though

depraving, would not be otherwise fatal, it would relieve his passions from a restraint now imposed on them. To woman it would be utterly fatal. The result would probably be that to secure a permanent protection to herself and her children she would have to reduce herself to slavery indeed. Marriage must be regarded as a restraint imposed on passion for the good of both sexes, but especially of the female. And to sustain it it must be rendered tolerably attractive to that sex whose temptations to licence are the strongest. Woman's Rights philosophy tells us that the man is to have no right to complain if he comes home after his day's labour and finds a Jesuit established by the fireside; though the same philosophy would probably grant a divorce to a woman whose place in her husband's heart had been taken by a spiritual directress. But can we enforce contentment? The refined few will probably continue to prefer a regular union on any terms, trusting to cultivated sensibility and affection to set all right; but what of the rough working man, if he dislikes your terms, keep his neck out of the yoke, and being master of his own labour, make easier terms for himself, though to his great moral disadvantage? If he does, what will be left to the women's party but to make a law compelling men to enter the union prescribed by their philosophy, and to call upon the men to enforce this law upon themselves.

The blindness with which marriages are contracted, and which is the root of so much misery, is surely not wholly irremediable at least in its present extent. Perhaps an improved social arrangement, and a diminution of the dissipation and extravagance which narrow social intercourse, may in time lessen the strain laid by extreme domestic isolation on the union of any two persons of ordinary character and resources. That there are some happy marriages under the existing system will not be denied, and there seems to be no reason why

the number should not be indefinitely increased.

The question whether it is desirable that women should take part in politics is closely connected with those relating to their domestic and industrial position. It is a question not as to the relative intelligence or virtue of the two sexes, but whether politics are or can be woman's sphere. The argument that educated women are better qualified for the suffrage than uneducated men is, therefore, irrelevant and invalid. The disqualification, if there be a disqualification, is not one of intellect but of position, or at least of intellect only so far as intellect, in regard to special functions, may be unfavourably influenced by position. White women, it is often said in the United States, are better qualified for the suffrage than black men. In the same sense, many white boys are better qualified for the suffrage than many white men or woman, and they are excluded not on account of their want of intelligence, but because, as a general rule, being dependent on their parents, they are not in a responsible position. We may say that Richelieu made a mistake in meddling with the drama, and that Voltaire made a mistake in meddling with diplomacy, without disparagement to the intellect of Richelieu or Voltaire.

Supposing women to be emancipated legally, conjugally and industrially, in the Woman's Rights sense, and to have made their way completely into what has hitherto been the male sphere, the objections to their taking part in politics would obviously be diminished. At present, reigning apart in the household the woman does not directly feel those effects of good or bad government which are directly felt by the man, who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the masses of mankind. Nor would there be anything to balance the political judgment in women, as it is balanced in men, by the variety and the mutual counteraction of practical needs

and considerations. Even with a male suffrage a particular question is apt, under the influence of temporary excitement or party exaggeration, to become too predominant, excluding from view other questions of equal or superior importance and leading to the ostracism in elections of valuable public servants. But with female suffrage, the position and the practical education of women being as they now are, we should have at every general election a woman's question, very likely one of a sentimental kind, which demagogues would take care to provide and which would make a clean sweep of all other questions and of all public men who hesitated to take the woman's side. If female suffrage prevailed in England, for instance, under present circumstances, it is morally certain that the result of the next general election would turn almost exclusively on the Contagious Diseases Act, and that all the statesmen who had voted for the Act, including the men of most mark in both parties, would be driven from public life.

The abolition of the family would at once remove all objection, grounded on the fear lest political separation between man and wife should break the unity of the household. We are told, indeed, that there is no reason why domestic harmony should be disturbed by political differences any more than it is disturbed by differences of religion. But, in the first place, it can hardly be said that differences of religion do not disturb domestic harmony if the convictions of both parties are deeply seated, and if both believe that religion is an important element in the education of children; in the second place, the cases are not parallel. Difference of religion involves only separation in worship, it does not involve collision; difference in politics, where there are political parties, involves collision. Would the harmony of any ordinary marriage remain undisturbed by the appearance of the man and his wife on hostile committees, at a time perhaps of great public excitement, encountering each other

in the canvass, and launching manifestoes against each other. While the family subsists, those who regard it as equal or (as some do) superior in value to the state will probably shrink from exposing it to such a strain.

There are other objections, however, which, whatever their degree of force, will survive all changes in industrial, legal and conjugal institutions, and remain so as long as sex itself remains. The mixture of the sexes in political assemblies and elections will be liable to the same dangers which have been already indicated as likely to attend the mixture of the sexes in courts of justice—dangers on which it is needless, and would be distasteful to dwell, but the existence of which no unwillingness to refer to them on the part of theorists can annul.

The incompatibility of political duties with child-bearing is a subject on which so much poor wit has been expended that we touch it with reluctance. The incompatibility exists, however, and when we are told that the difficulty would be met by never electing women likely to become mothers, we must ask whether this would not entail the exclusion of the best women and those most fitted to represent the sentiments and interests of their sex.

Man, as the cultivator of the earth, has hitherto been and is still the great tax-payer. But if woman takes to cultivating the earth also, or to any equivalent industries, she will be equally a tax-payer, and any doubt as to her claim to a vote which might arise from the connection between taxation and representation will be removed.

The military objection to female suffrage has perhaps been pressed too far. Still it remains true that if the defence of the country is an essential part of a citizen's duty, men alone can be full citizens. The defence of Germany has recently afforded a striking illustration of the fact, which in other countries is somewhat masked by the disuse of the national force, and the almost exclusive employment of professional soldiers. The

argument that, though women do not give their own blood in defence of the country, they give the blood of their husbands, sons, and brothers, must be dismissed as for the purpose of the present argument little better than cant. That women, if invested with political power, would not be ready enough to vote for war is an allegation which no one acquainted with history could have made, and which, therefore, called for no elaborate confutation. The danger, as experience shows, is all the other way. The weak have always loved to wield the thunderbolt. No three contemporary rulers can be named who caused more bloodshed in their day than Maria Theresa, Catharine the second, and Madame de Pompadour. It is notorious that in the late American civil war the women on both sides were more passionately warlike than the men. Even among men the substitution of hired armies for the general duty of military service has greatly weakened the restraints on war, the male love of money notwithstanding.

But a still more serious doubt arises from the fact, as we believe it to be, that the supremacy of law rests at bottom on the force of the community compelling submission to the public will, while the force of the community resides in the male sex. The reason why the mass of mankind obey the law when it clashes with their individual will, is that they know that it will be upheld with a strong hand. No doubt this fundamental support is strengthened, while its coarseness is veiled, among the more civilized races by superinduced sentiments of expediency and reverence; but the fundamental support it still is, and it can no more be removed with impunity, than can the unsightly foundation of a beautiful and august edifice. Suppose women to become the lawgivers, would this connection between the law, and the force needed to sustain it, be always preserved? And if it were not always preserved, might not the supremacy of law be impaired or even cease? Suppose something which

men deemed very unjust to their sex to be carried by female votes, would the men execute the enactment against themselves? A lady in the United States proposed the other day that all outrages committed by men upon women should be punished like murder with death, forgetting, as was justly remarked at the time, that, apart from the question as to the comparative gravity of the crime, in cases of murder there was a dead body, whereas in cases of outrage there was, generally speaking, no proof but the woman's own statement, which experience did not warrant us in assuming to be invariably true. Supposing that under the exciting influence of some recent and aggravated case, the women were to carry such an enactment as this, and supposing a female jury to convict a prisoner contrary to the male sense of justice, would the men put him to death? Supposing the women by their votes to bring on a war of which the men did not approve, would the men obediently shoulder their muskets and march to their death at the bidding of the women? If not, the supremacy of law would surely be in peril, and the supremacy of law, essential as it is to the welfare of both sexes, is pre-eminently essential to the welfare of the weaker.

Public law has in great measure relieved women since the primitive and feudal times from the necessity of individual protection, and a corresponding amount of individual emancipation has followed or is following; but the sex, collectively, still requires the protection of male force upholding public law. Whether this will always be so, is a speculative question: it certainly is so now.

As the question is not about the abstract capacity of women for politics, but about their capacity under their existing circumstances, and the possibility of their taking part in politics consistently with the unity and happiness of their families, it is needless to examine the lists of queens and female regents which are presented as proofs of the

fitness of women to reign. These lists are selections made under the influence of strong prepossession, not exhaustive enumerations on which an induction can be based. In English history, the female wielders of political power are Matilda, the mother, and Eleanor, the wife of Henry II.; Isabella, wife of Edward II.; Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, Henrietta Maria and Anne.\* The personal characters of these ladies and the personal interest attaching to them are not in question. Mary was, no doubt, a good woman, led fatally astray as a ruler by her weak and bigoted submission to her priests. To the tempers of Margaret of Anjou and of Henrietta Maria, the country was indebted in no small degree for two civil wars. Anne dismissed the greatest of English ministers, and brought dishonour on the country under the influence partly of a favourite waiting-woman, partly of the fanatical clergy, and it is highly probable that had she lived much longer her weakness would have led to the return of the Stuarts and to another period of confusion. The reputation of Elizabeth once stood high; but since the recent inquiries and revelations, she has been abandoned by her former worshippers; and it is difficult to say whether the infirmities of the woman were more prejudicial to the policy of the ruler or the crimes and cruelties of the ruler to the character of the woman. The public service was starved even in the extremity of national peril and the best public servants were left unrewarded, while largesses and honour were heaped on Elizabeth's worthless lovers; we have a lady personally desiring that conspirators may be put to a death of protracted torture. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor the Queen of Edward I., the lady to whose memory the well-known crosses were erected by her husband, did much good in a feminine way; and it is certain that

\* Mary, wife of William III., though legally regent, never wielded power.

great services were rendered to the public by Caroline, Queen of George II., who quietly guided her husband in his choice of ministers, without herself ever overstepping the domestic sphere. The name of Queen Victoria has been cited as that of a great female ruler, but those who cite it must surely be aware that the government of England is now constitutional, and that Queen Victoria's virtues have been those of a wife, a mother and a head of society.\* But all these are cases of rulers under the hereditary system, placed in power without any process injurious to the female character, and surrounded by councillors who would supply any lack of wisdom in the queen. The question that we now have to consider is what the character of a woman would be when she had forced her way through the processes of popular election into a representative assembly, and was there struggling with men for the prizes of political ambition? By what kind of women is it likely that such an ordeal would be triumphantly encountered—by the grave matrons and spinsters whom philosophy imagines welcomed and honoured as representatives by philosophic constituencies, or by dashing adventuresses whose ascendancy neither philosophy nor the grave matrons and spinsters would contemplate with satisfaction?

The tone of politics under the system of party Government is low, and is always becoming lower; faction, virulence and corruption prevail and increase; therefore, it is said, let us send the women into the political arena; they are free from political vices, and they will redeem the men. But it is because women have not hitherto gone into the political arena that they are free from

political vices. We have no good reason for assuming that, subjected to the same evil influences as men, who mix in politics, women could not contract the same bad habits. Such experience as we have had points decidedly the other way. Both in the Reign of Terror and in the rising of the Commune, the frenzy and atrocities of the women rivalled, if they did not surpass, those of the men. The female agitation against the Contagious Diseases Act in England has exhibited full-blown all the violence, narrowness and persecuting rancour of the worst male faction fight. When the Crusaders took a number of women with them to the siege of Acre, it might have been supposed that female gentleness would mitigate the ferocity of the war: the result was, that a number of Turks having been captured, the women begged that the prisoners might be delivered to them, not for the purpose of alleviating their lot, but for the purpose of cutting off their heads with knives. Grant that the moral nature of women is finer than that of men—though these vague comparisons are utterly worthless—still, if it is equally excitable, or more so, it may be liable to equal or more violent perturbations. The saying may be fulfilled, that the corruption of the best is the worst corruption. Men who have always stood aloof from politics are just as free from political vices as women. In highly educated communities a most powerful and salutary influence is at present exercised by women and by the society in which women reign upon the character of politicians as well as upon that of other men; and in those untainted circles an independent standard of honour and courtesy is maintained, which even the leaders of fighting factions cannot wholly disregard. We may be told that if party government makes politics unfit for women, party government ought to cease. Perhaps it ought, and not on that account only. But at present there is no prospect of its ceasing; and in the meantime it would hardly be wise to fling woman and the family, all that

\* We are assured on somewhat partial authority, that among the native rulers in British India, the females are better than the males. In *British India* very likely: because there British power protects the native ruler against the revolutions which are the only corrections of his vices. A woman brought up in a Zenana cannot possibly be a good ruler, but she may be better than a hog or a tiger.

remains undisturbed and uncontaminated, into the gulf opened in our forum, unless we have good reason for believing that the gulf will be thereby closed.

Political influence may be really exercised without a vote, even in countries under the elective system ; and has in fact been frequently exercised by writers and by leaders of society, who have hardly ever been seen at the polls. And in a broader sense who can doubt that female influence has been felt in all legislation relative to female interests for some time past—in fact, ever since women began to bestir themselves or to express any strong feelings on the subject? We have listened in the United States to the greatest orator of the Woman's Rights party. He protested in general terms that women in the present state of the laws were suffering the most monstrous injustice, which only female suffrage could remove. But when he came to specific facts, all that he had to say was, that in a particular case, for the details of which we were to take his authority, a lady had been improperly incarcerated in a lunatic asylum by a cruel husband. We afterwards identified the case, and satisfied ourselves that the speaker's account of it was rhetoric, and not history ; but supposing that it had been history, this only proved that the community in which it occurred might, with advantage, adopt the system of inspection which has been instituted with results perfectly satisfactory by male legislatures elsewhere. That the administration of the law is at present unfavourable to women—that a female suitor is less likely to gain her suit or a female prisoner more likely to be convicted than a male, will hardly be asserted. Female prisoners, perhaps, are more likely to escape, especially in capital cases. There was much truth in the remark that if the Californian murderess was hanged she would be the first victim to Woman's Rights.

That there are public functions connected rather with the Church than with the State,

with the spiritual than the political community, suitable to women, but from which they are at present excluded in Protestant countries at least, and the denial of which produces a craving for political action, is a growing opinion which has much reason and experience on its side; though it has hitherto not taken the form of any very practical suggestion.

It was necessary in touching on the chief points of this great subject to be succinct, and in being succinct it is difficult to avoid being dry, which, however, may not be the most mischievous defect when a question involving the dearest interests of humanity is being pressed to an irrevocable solution under the influence of sentiment and rhetoric.

Sentiment has been avoided. All sensible women will desire, in the interest of their sex, that it shall be avoided, and that the voice of reason alone shall be heard. The question is not as to the value and dignity of woman in her present sphere, but whether she can with advantage, or without ruinous results to herself and humanity, exchange her present sphere for another.

In conclusion, we have only to remind those specially interested that they cannot have the advantages at once of their present position and one entirely different. The relation between the sexes at present is one not of equality but of mutual privilege. That woman has her privileges will hardly be denied : in the United States, where everything is exaggerated, they are carried so far, and their enforcement is said to be so often accompanied by a repudiation of the corresponding duties, that some of the male supporters of the present movement may be suspected of having mainly in view the emancipation of their own sex. But if equality is established, privilege cannot be retained. Woman may be man's helpmate, or she may be his competitor : both she cannot be. Nor is it possible that man should preserve his present chivalrous senti-



ments towards woman when he finds himself daily jostling with her as his rival in the rude struggle for subsistence or in the still ruder conflicts of political ambition. Sentiment survives for a time the relations on which it is founded ; but it does not survive long.

It is therefore a serious question which

women have to decide ; and they have reason to be careful how they allow a few members of their sex, under the influence of abnormal circumstances or inclinations, to compromise, as compromise they will, the position of the whole.

## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

### THREE SUMMER STORIES.—(*Continued.*)

(*Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY from the German of Theodor Storm.*)

BY TINE HUTCHISON.

#### II. MARTHA AND HER CLOCK.

**D**URING the last few years of my school life I lodged in a small, old-fashioned house, kept by an elderly unmarried woman : the only one remaining of what had once been a large family. Father, mother, and her two brothers were dead ; her sisters had followed their husbands to distant parts, excepting the youngest, who was married to a doctor in the same town. So Martha was left alone in the old house, and managed to eke out a scanty income by letting some of the now unoccupied rooms.

Yet she considered it no hardship that she could only afford herself a dinner on Sundays, for her wants were few, owing to the habits of strict economy to which her father had trained all his children, on principle, as well as in consideration of his narrow means.

Although in youth she had had but little schooling, yet the reflections of many solitary hours, joined to a quick understanding and the naturally serious tone of her character, combined to render her, at the time I made her acquaintance, a woman of much greater culture than is at all common in her class. I must allow she did not always speak quite gram-

matically, although she was a great reader, and that chiefly of biographical and poetical works on which she could generally give a correct and independent judgment ; and, what is even more rare, could always distinguish between what was really good and what was worthless. To her, all the poet's creations were living thinking beings, whose actions were not dependent on the fancy of the writer ; and sometimes she would ponder for hours, scheming what means so many beloved persons might have been rescued from a cruel fate.

Martha never found life a burden in her solitude, though at times a sense of the aimlessness of her outer existence would sadden her ; she felt the want of some one for whom she might have worked and cared. In the absence of nearer friends, her lodgers had the benefit of this praiseworthy impulse. I, among others, was the recipient of many little kindnesses and attentions at her hands. Flowers were her greatest delight, and it seemed to me symbolical of her contented and resigned mind, that white ones, and of those again the commoner kinds, were her chief favourites. It was to her always the first festival in the year when her sister's children brought her the first snowdrops and crocuses out of their garden ; then a little

china basket was taken down from the cupboard, and, under her tender care, the flowers decorated the little chamber for weeks.

Now, as Martha had very few acquaintances, and spent nearly all the long winter evenings alone, she had, by force of her peculiarly lively imagination, endowed all her surroundings with a sort of life or personality. The old pieces of furniture in her room became thus, as it were, a part of herself, and had the faculty of holding converse with her; certainly the intercourse was, for the most part, a silent one, but on this account none the less real and free from risk of misunderstandings. Her spinning-wheel, her carved oak arm-chair, were strange things that often took the oddest whims; but far surpassing all in this respect, was an ancient clock which Martha's father had bought fifty years before at an Amsterdam fair, and even then as an old curiosity. It certainly looked extraordinary enough: two mermaids, carved in lead and painted, leaned their faces on either side against the tarnished dial-plate, their scaly fish bodies, still bearing traces of gilding, surrounded the lower part of it and united beneath; its hands seemed to be in the form of scorpions' tails. Probably the works were worn out by long use; for the stroke of the pendulum was harsh and irregular, and the weights would sometimes slip down several inches at a time. This clock was the liveliest of all Martha's companions; she had not a thought in which it did not mix itself up. Sometimes when she fell a brooding over her loneliness, the pendulum would begin, tick, tack, tick, tack: growing louder and louder, and gave her no peace, ever interrupting the train of her thoughts. At last she was forced to rouse herself and look up—and lo! the sunbeams shone warm through the window-panes; the carnations on the little flower-stand smelt so sweet; and without the swallows shot twittering beneath the blue heavens. She could not but be cheerful again, the world around her was all so bright. But the clock had a strong will of its own; it was old and did not pay much attention to the modern time, therefore it often struck six when it should have been twelve; and, again, to make up for it, it would go on striking till Martha was obliged to take the weight off the chain. The strangest thing was that sometimes it was not able to strike at all, however hard it might try; then the machinery

creaked and creaked, but the hammer would not fall. This happened generally during the night, and always awoke Martha; and however bitter the cold, and however dark the winter night might be, she never failed to get up, and did not rest till she had helped the poor old clock out of its difficulties. Then, when she was in bed again, she lay and wondered why the clock had roused her, and asked herself if she had neglected any part of the day's work, and whether she had closed it with good thoughts.

It was near Christmas. A heavy snowstorm having prevented my journey homewards, I was invited to spend Christmas Eve at the house of an intimate friend. The Christmas tree had been lit up, the children had rushed in a joyous troop into the long-closed room; afterwards we had supped on carp and drunk punch according to custom—none of the old usages had been omitted. The following morning I entered Martha's room, to take her, as usual, my good wishes for the season. She sat with her arm resting on the table, her work lay apparently long forgotten.

"Well, how did you spend your Christmas Eve yesterday?" I asked.

She looked down on the floor, and answered, "At home."

"At home? And not with your sister's family?"

"Ah," she said, "since my mother died in that bed, ten years ago yesterday, I have never spent a Christmas Eve out of the house. Although my sister sent for me yesterday, too, and when it began to grow dark I did once think of going to them; but—the old clock went on in such a strange way again; it seemed to me to keep on repeating:—'Don't go, don't go; what do you want there? Your Christmas Eve has nothing to do with them!'"

And so she had stayed at home, in the small chamber, where she had played as a child, and where, in later years, she had closed the eyes of her parents, and the old clock ticked on the same as ever. Now that it had got its own way, however, and Martha had laid past her best gown in her wardrobe again, it ticked so softly, quite softly, until at length it was scarcely audible. Martha could give herself up undisturbed to the memories of all the Christmas Eves in her life. Her father sat once more in

the carved oak arm-chair; he wore his fine velvet cap and his Sunday coat; to-day, his serious eyes gleamed cheerfully, for it was Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve, many, ah! how many, many years ago! True, no Christmas tree decked the table—that was only for rich people—but in its stead, two great thick candles shed abroad such a brilliant light in the small room, that the children had actually to shade their eyes with their little hands when the door was opened and they were allowed to come in from the dark passage. Then they approached the table, but, according to the custom of the house, sedately and without loud demonstration, and saw what Santa Claus had brought for them. There were no costly toys, certainly; not even cheap ones, only useful and necessary articles—a dress, a pair of shoes, a slate, a hymn-book, &c. But the children were just as well pleased with their slate and their new hymn-book, and went in turn to kiss the father's hand, who sat meanwhile contentedly smiling in his arm-chair. The mother, her sweet gentle face beneath the close-fitting cap, tied on the new apron and drew letters and figures on the new slate. But she had not much time to spare, for she had to go into the kitchen and bake the apple-cakes, for that was a most important event in the children's eyes and might on no account be overlooked. Then the father opened the new hymn-book, and began, with his clear voice,—“Rejoice! and sing His praise,” and the children joined in and sang the whole hymn, standing round their father's arm-chair. In the pauses, they heard the mother moving about in the kitchen, and the hissing of the apple-cakes.

Tick, tack!—there it went again—tick, tack!—louder and louder. Martha started—all was dark around her—without, the snow lay in the faint moonlight. But for the stroke of the pendulum, there was death-like silence throughout the house; no children's voices sang in the little chamber, no fire crackled in the kitchen—she alone remained behind, the others were all, all gone. But what was wrong with the old clock again? Ah, it gave warning for eleven—and the memory of another, alas! a very different Christmas Eve, many years later, arose before Martha. Her father and brothers were dead, her sisters were married, only her mother

was left beside her. She had occupied her husband's carved arm-chair ever since his death, and had given up all her little household duties to Martha; day by day the gentle face had waxed paler, the meek eyes dimmer; at length she was obliged to keep her bed entirely. This had gone on for several weeks, and now it was Christmas Eve. Martha sat by the bedside and listened to the quiet breathing of the sleeper; deathlike stillness reigned in the chamber, only the clock ticked on. Now it gave warning for eleven. The mother opened her eyes and asked for a drink. “Martha,” she said, “when the spring comes and I am stronger again, we'll go and visit your sister Hannah. I dreamt just now that I saw her children—you have too little change here.” The mother had quite forgotten that Hannah's children had died the autumn before; Martha did not seek to remind her, he—nodded assent and took hold of the hand which hung by the bedside. The clock struck eleven.

And now, too, it struck eleven, but faintly, as if from a far, far distance.

Martha heard a long-drawn sigh. She thought her mother was going to sleep again, and remained silent and motionless, holding the hand between her own. At length she fell into a sort of doze. Thus an hour might have passed. The clock struck twelve!—the candle had burnt down, the moon shone bright through the window, her mother's pale face looked from among the pillows. The hand which Martha held in hers was cold. She did not relax her hold of the cold hand—the whole night long she sat by her dead mother.

And thus she sat now in the same chamber with her memories, and the old clock ticked on, now loud, now faint; it knew about everything, it had lived through it all with Martha; it reminded her of all her sorrows, of all her little joys.

I know not if Martha and her clock still keep each other company; it is now many years since I lived in her house, and that little town lies far from my home. She had a way of speaking openly of things, which those who cling to life usually avoid. “I have never been sick,” she would say, “I shall likely live to a great age.” If this belief has proved true, and should these pages find their way into her chamber, may she think kindly of me as she

reads them. The old clock will help her memory ; for it, of course, knows about everything.

### III. IN THE OLD HALL.

THERE had been a christening in the afternoon, and evening was now closing in. The father and mother of the infant sat with their guests in the large hall. Among them was the father's grandmother. The others, too, were all near relations, young and old ; but the grandmother was a whole generation in advance of the eldest of them. The baby was called Barbara, after her ; but they had given it a prettier name besides, for Barbara alone, seemed too old-fashioned for the sweet little child. Still, it was to be called by this name—at least, so said the parents—however much the rest of the friends might object to it. But the grandmother did not know that the use of her ancient name had been called in question.

The clergyman, shortly after the discharge of his office, had departed, leaving the family circle to themselves ; and then old familiar stories were brought forth, and repeated, not even now for the last time. They all knew each other, the old people had seen the younger ones grow up, and the elder had seen the old grow grey. The most amusing anecdotes were related of the childhood of all present. When no one else remembered them, the grandmother could always tell them. Of her, alone, no one had anything to tell ; her early years lay behind the birth-days of all the others—those who could have told stories of her youth must have been old indeed. While engrossed in such discourse the daylight had slowly faded. The hall lay towards the west. A ruddy glow fell through the windows upon the roses in the garlands of plaster-work which adorned the white walls ; soon this, too, died away. From afar, in the now growing stillness, was heard a low, monotonous murmur. Several of the guests paused to listen.

"It is the sea," said the young mother.

"Aye," said the grandmother, "I have heard it often, it has made the same sound for a long time."

Then no one spoke again. Without, before the window, a great linden tree stood in the narrow paved court, and they heard the sparrows going to roost among the leaves. The host took his wife's hand, who sat silent by his side ; his eyes rested on the old-fashioned ceiling.

"What are you thinking about ?" asked the grandmother.

"There is a crack in the ceiling," said he, "and the cornice, too, has given way. The hall is getting old, grandmother ; we must rebuild it."

"The hall is not so old yet," she replied ; "I remember well when it was built."

"Built !—then what was here before ?"

"Before ?" repeated the grandmother, and for a time she sat silent, looking like a lifeless statue. Her gaze was turned back on a bygone time—her thoughts were with the shadows of things whose being had long passed away. At last she said,—*"It is eighty years ago ; your grandfather and I, we often spoke of it afterwards,—in those days the door of the hall did not lead into another room, but opened on a little flower-garden ; but it is not the same door—the other was a glass one—and when you came into the hall by the front door, you could see through it straight down on the garden, into which a short flight of steps, with bright coloured Chinese railings, led. Flower-borders, edged with box, lay on either hand, divided down the centre by a broad path strewn with white shells, at the end of which was an arbour of lindens. Between two cherry trees, in front of this, hung a swing, and on both sides of the arbour apricot trees were carefully trained along the high garden wall. Here, in summer, your great-grandfather might be seen regularly at noon, walking up and down, tending his auriculas and tulips, and tying them with strips of matting and little white wands. He was a strict, precise man, with a military bearing, and his black eyebrows with his powdered hair, gave him a striking appearance."*

"Thus it was on an August afternoon, when your grandfather came down the steps into the little garden—but in those days he was far from being a grandfather. I see him still with my old eyes, as he approached with his light step to where your great-grandfather stood. Then he took a letter from a neatly-worked pocket-

book, and presented it with a graceful bow. He was a slender young man, with soft, dark eyes, and his black hair tied in a queue behind, contrasted pleasantly with his fresh face and cloth coat of pearl gray. When your great-grandfather had read the letter, he nodded and shook your grandfather by the hand, a sign of favour he did not show to every one. Then he was called into the house, and your grandfather strolled down the garden.

"In the swing in front of the arbour sat a little girl of eight years; on her lap was a picture-book, in which she was quite absorbed; the bright, golden curls drooped over the hot little face, on which the full blaze of the sunshine fell.

"What is your name?" asked the young man.

"She shook back her curls, and said: 'Barbara.'

"Then take care, Barbara; your curls are melting in the sun.'

"The little one hastily put her hand on her glowing hair. The young man smiled, and it was a very sweet smile. 'It is not so bad,' he said. 'Come and have a swing.'

"She jumped up. 'Wait; I must put away my book first.' Then she took it into the arbour. When she came back, he wished to lift her into the swing. 'No,' she said, 'I can get in myself.' Then she seated herself upon the board, and cried, 'Go on!' And now your grandfather pushed so that his queue behind flew from right to left; the swing with the little maiden went up and down in the sunshine, the bright curls streamed back from her temples; and yet it never went high enough for her. But when it flew rustling among the linden-boughs, the birds darted forth on either side, from the fruit trees on the walk, so that the over-ripe apricots fell to the ground.

"What was that?" said he, stopping the swing.

"She laughed, that he could ask such a question. 'It is only the blackbird,' she said, 'he is not usually so frightened.'

"He lifted her out of the swing, and they went together to the apricot trees—the deep golden fruit lay among the branches. 'Your friend the blackbird has left that for you!' She shook her head, and put a beautiful apricot into his hand. 'For you!' she said softly.

"Then your great-grandfather came back to

the garden. 'Take care,' said he, smiling, 'or you'll never get rid of her again.' Then he spoke about business, and they both went into the house.

"In the evening little Barbara was allowed to sit up to supper: the kind young man had begged permission for her. It certainly did not all come just as she wished, for the guest sat by her father at the head of the table; and she, being quite a little girl, had her place at the other end, beside the youngest of the clerks. So she very quickly finished her supper, and then got down and slipped round to her father's chair. But he was so deeply engrossed talking to the young man about interest and per centage, that the latter had no eyes at all for the little Barbara. Ay, ay, it is eighty years ago but the old grandmother remembers still how impatient the little Barbara of those days was, and how far from on the best of terms with her kind father. The clock struck ten, and now she had to say good night. When she came to your grandfather he asked, 'Shall we swing to-morrow?' and little Barbara was quite happy again. 'He will quite spoil my little girl!' said the great-grandfather; but, in truth, he was himself foolishly in love with his little girl.

"Towards evening the following day, your grandfather took his leave.

"Then eight years passed away. In winter time little Barbara often stood at the glass-door and breathed upon the frozen panes; then she looked through the peep-hole she had made, down on the snow-covered garden, and thought of the beautiful summer, of the bright leaves and the warm sunshine, of the black bird, which always made its nest in the fruit trees, and how, once on a time, the ripe apricots had fallen to the ground; and then she thought of that one summer day, and at last, when she thought of summer it was somehow always of that one summer day she thought. So the years passed away; little Barbara was now twice as old, and, in fact, was no longer little Barbara; but that summer day always stood out like a bright spot in her memory. Then one day, at last, he really came back again.

"Who?" asked the grandson, with a smile. "The summer day?"

"Yes, indeed," said the grandmother; "your grandfather. He was indeed a summer day."

"And then?" he asked again.

"Then," said the grandmother. "There was a betrothed pair, and little Barbara became your grandmother, who now sits among you all telling her old stories. But it was not yet so far as that. First, there was a wedding, and it was for that your great-grandfather had this hall built. The garden and the flowers were all done away with now; but it did not matter, for he had soon living flowers in their stead to amuse him in his mid-day walks. When the hall was ready, the wedding was celebrated. A merry wedding it was, the guests talked of it for long after. All you, who are sitting here, and who must needs be everywhere now, you certainly were not present; but your fathers and grandfathers, your mothers and grandmothers, and they were people, too, who could speak a word in the right place. Folks were certainly quieter and more modest in those days; we didn't think that we understood everything better than the king and his ministers, and anyone who meddled with politics was thought a silly babbler for his pains; and, if it was a cobbler, people went to his neighbour for their shoes. Servant maids were all called Molly and Betty, and all dressed according to their station. Now-a-days you all wear moustaches, as if you were so many officers and cavaliers. I wonder what ye think yourselves? Would you all govern?"

"To be sure, grandmother," said the grandson.

"And the nobles and great folks who are born to it? What is to become of them?"

"Oh!—nobles!"—said the young mother, and looked up with proud, loving eyes to her husband.

He smiled, and said, "Renounce their pretensions, grandmother, or else we must all get titles—the whole country, man and mouse. Otherwise I don't know what is to be done."

The grandmother made no reply. She only said, "At my wedding there was nothing said about affairs of State. The conversation flowed freely on, and we were just as happy over our talk as you are in your new fashioned kind of

parties. At table, amusing riddles were given and extempore verses said, and, at dessert, 'A health to my neighbour' was sung, and all the other pretty songs, which are forgotten now. Your grandfather's clear tenor voice was always heard above all the others. People were much more polite to each other in those days; all disputing and arguing was considered very unseemly in good company. Now-a-days that is all changed; but your grandfather was always a gentle, peaceable man. It is a long time since he left this world; I have stayed long behind him; now it will soon be time for me to follow."

The grandmother was silent for a moment, and no one else spoke. But she felt her hands grasped; they all wished to keep her among them. A peaceful smile passed over the dear old face; then she looked at her grandson, and said: "Here, in this hall his coffin stood; you were only six years old, and stood and wept beside it; your father was a grave, stern man. 'Don't cry, boy,' he said, and took you on his arm. 'See there! that is how a true man looks when he is dead.' Then he himself secretly wiped a tear from his face. He had always had a great respect for your grandfather. Now they are all on the other side; and to-day I have stood as godmother to my great granddaughter in this hall, and you have given her your old grandmother's name. May God grant her as happy and peaceful a life as mine has been."

The young mother sank on her knees before the grandmother, and kissed her slender hands.

The grandson said: "Grandmother, we'll pull down the old hall, and plant the flower garden again. Little Barbara, you know, has come back again. The women-folks say she is your image. She shall sit once more in the swing, and the sun will shine again on the golden curls. Perhaps, too, some summer afternoon, the grandfather may come down the steps again; perhaps—"

The grandmother smiled. "You are full of fancies," she said; "your grandfather was just the same!"

## THE POSITION AND PRACTICE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

*(From the Fortnightly Review.)*

PROFESSOR Fawcett, in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October last, does not conceal his surprise at finding himself discussing the abolition of the present House of Lords, though he acknowledges that he has long been astonished at any politician calling himself a Liberal supporting such an anomaly as an Hereditary Legislature.

His right to argue the question in his temperate and gentleman-like way has since been amply vindicated by its introduction at several public meetings, and by a solemn Conference held in one of the principal towns of the kingdom. But I must demur to his assumption that this agitation is due to the legislative action of the House of Lords during the session of 1871. With the exception of one measure, which deeply affected a considerable number of individuals in the community, and to which Mr. Fawcett makes no allusion, I cannot see that there has been any exercise of the suspensive veto which has seriously touched either the interests or the imagination of the people. The abolition of the University Tests was agreed to after the rejection by the House of Commons of amendments mainly of a theological character, and which Non-conformists were just as likely to approve as Churchmen. The demand for further information on the new Organization of the Army was natural in men who had not an absolute confidence in the military genius of the present administration; and the reception of Lord Shaftesbury at Glasgow a few weeks after his motion to reject the Ballot Bill, showed that the country perfectly understood that the House of Lords simply declined to pronounce any opinion on the subject, with no opportunity to discuss it fairly, and with no pressure of a general election at hand.

I trace this and other present political agitations to far deeper and more general causes. It is only due to Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge that he continually represented the destruction

of the Irish Church as an exceptional act of historic justice; and that he only admitted the supercession of the natural right of contract between landlord and tenant to be applicable to a form of society so peculiarly susceptible of abuse and injury to the weak as had long subsisted in Ireland. But inferences were drawn by others of which he could not be wholly unconscious. There were Nonconformist members of Parliament who openly avowed that they only valued the Irish Church Act in so far as it gave them a point of advantage from which to attack the English Establishment. And soon Miall and his hundred knights appeared armed *cap-à-pied* and ready for the fray. The old walls of mutual confidence between owner and occupier, built up of the best materials of ancient English faith, and cemented by the mutual beneficence of centuries, though likely to sustain for a long time to come many a more serious assault than Communism can now level at them, were no longer regarded as invulnerable, and the Irish anomaly was hailed in many centres of superficial and angry discussion on subjects of public economy rather as a welcome precedent than as an unhappy necessity. When the depths of our social and political existence were once laid bare, who could resist the temptation of scrutinizing the foundations of the House of Lords and of the Monarchy itself?

The inquisition into the construction of the House of Lords has presented nothing curious or interesting. We knew perfectly well before that the representative principle was something quite different from the hereditary; and it was the old boast of the English constitution that they worked well together, each in its proper sphere. The Reform Bill of 1832 affected the House of Lords very nearly as much as the House of Commons, and the transference of the proprietary boroughs from the peers to the people was a legitimate change which has worked well on both sides. Any influence which Peers

now possess is the fair result of their property and position, and can only fall with the order itself. The speakers in the Conference at Birmingham were hampered with the same contradiction which troubles the present assailants of the Crown ; they could not make up their minds as to whether they wished to strengthen or weaken the obnoxious institution—whether they wanted it cleverer or stupider, just as whether in the other case they desired more or less parade. The advocates for total destruction had the least difficulty to encounter ; but they were not agreed as to the process of annihilation—whether it was to be accomplished by popular energy or by “the happy despatch.” There was also a fundamental difference of opinion as to the use of a Second Chamber at all, and the feeling on the whole seemed to preponderate against it. Indeed, the whole tone of the meeting was that of men not attempting to remedy any practical grievance, or to give new blood to old historic forms, but of revolutionists desirous to break down any immediate barrier between themselves and the political Unknown.

No serious observer of the progress of nations can regard the Republican spirit as alien to the English mind. In years that now lie far behind, at the time when the *Democratie en Amérique* of Alexis de Tocqueville had made an epoch in the political literature of the time, it was my privilege to discuss the application of the subject-matter of the book to the immediate circumstances of Europe with that delightful writer and friend in the deep shady lanes that meet the sea-sands along the varied coast of La Manche. I remember frequently expressing my belief that, as the patient political good sense, and the habit of daily compromise of opinion, had enabled my countrymen to deal with the ages of personal and constitutional government more peacefully and successfully than any other people, so I did not doubt that, when the influences of Democracy grew strong, and the successful example of our great political Agnate beyond the Atlantic had gradually weaned our people from monarchical forms and associations by the processes he had so finely analysed, we should lapse into the new state of things by some movements of social machinery which now we did not even contemplate, and through phases of moral action which now

might appear visionary and impossible. I am compelled to confess that my patriotic confidence is considerably shaken, and I cannot now regret that the progress of Free Trade, the passage from a restricted constituency to Household Suffrage with no further confusion than the usual dramatic effects and domestic excitements of party differences, the disappearance of religious distinctions—though not, alas ! of theological acrimony—and the homely peace and virtues of the Court, followed by a sympathetic sense of domestic disaster almost out of proportion to the loss of an individual man, have checked and suspended for a considerable period those influences from which we cannot expect the mind and heart of this nation to be entirely exempt, but which we have here no more right to condemn and arrest than any other current of public opinion, provided the course be moderate and the water clear.

For, without demanding from the Republican spirit of our time the terrible austerity of Cromwell's Ironsides, it cannot be forgotten that its superiority over the Monarchical sentiment has ever been founded on its higher ideal of political duties and responsibilities, without reference to the material interests of individuals or of classes. Nothing, indeed, could be imagined less cognate to the old reverent, or later philosophical Republicanism of this country than a preference of one form of government to another, because it extended or transferred the luxuries of life, or diminished the fair proportions of well-requited labour. In the same sense it would surely never have occurred to a follower either of Sir Harry Vane or Algernon Sidney to have based an attack on the Throne on an extravagance of household expenditure. For though it is a platitude to assert that every Court must, from its very nature, carry with it much that is repugnant to the dignity of man, and that a factitious reverence is only a less evil than a sincere servility, still no one has yet devised a combination of the advantages of a continuous Headship of the State with an entire absence of pageantry, and even Republics are always on the brink of official ostentation.\* The

\* I remember M. de Lamartine in 1848, during the happy weeks when he felt sure of being elected to the Presidency, saying to me, “We are going to have a magnificent Republic, more splendid than ever the Empire imagined. No Sparta here !”



simplicity of the Presidency at Versailles has never been exceeded, and yet M. Thiers has an Aide-de-camp.

But this is not the worst symptom of our Republican demonstrations : there is so little in them of that sense of a real injury which is the sound justification of English discontent, and there is so strong a taint of that foreign disaffection which is a mingled outgrowth of old misgovernment and disorganized passions. The Greek poet Pindar wrote of Delos as of—

" A sacred Island, set apart by Fate,  
The sea its frontier, and the coast its gate ;  
Where every stranger with free foot may stand.  
May God long guard the pillars of that land !"

and assuredly it is not for us to limit or disallow this great hospitality, even though it does bring our national sympathies into contact with the impotent rage of the conquered and the horrible insanities of despair. Still more infectious, perhaps, are the generous illusions of those who will not be disabused by the most cruel collision with stern reality, and who claim credit for all their hopes and desires just as if they had been accomplished facts or heroic deeds. All these foreign elements have found their way into modern English Republicanism, and though not likely seriously to affect its actions, go far to corrupt its morality and degrade its objects.

That the feeling which existed against the House of Lords should have been less affected by this ignoble envy than might have been expected, is due to two causes, both deserving remark. The first consists in the curious and undefinable liking of the mass of the British and Irish people for the titled classes ; and the second in the nature of the superiority that is claimed. However unwilling Democracy may be to acknowledge the inference, the fact stands that in the case of two men, one titled, and the other not, competing by fair popular election for any office of honour or emolument, with a general impression of their equal fitness and equal desert, the title tells. Still more strongly is the advantage discernible where the intellectual or moral competence is not so clearly defined, and where the merit has to be taken for granted ; here, too, the probability of success is in favour of the aristocrat. This must mean that there is a conviction—and who in the present state of physiological investigation will

treat the theory with contempt?—that there is a transmission of hereditary qualities which excite admiration and respect.\*

It may, then, be assumed that in our present social institution there is believed to be something in the difference of class which promotes, if it does not ensure, higher education, better manners, and wiser self-management and that the order and condition of society especially affected to politics is likely to possess certain qualities adapted to the governance of mankind. I state this last point with a qualification, because I cannot take upon myself to determine how far the respect given to rank among ourselves is due to any legislative function attached to it. The Scotch or Irish peer, who has nothing to do with the House of Lords, has probably, in his own local circle, as much regard and deference as if he were a busy peer of Parliament, but he no doubt receives some reflected dignity from the real political position of the mass of his titled fellows. The difficulty of obliterating titles in the history of modern European political life is absolutely inexplicable. No earnestness of democracy, no fervour of patriotic sacrifice, no energy of revolution, no confiscation of property, no legal disqualification, are of avail ; the quiet force of old association seems to bear down both passion and principle ; and, at this very moment, in the midst of a people with whom civic equality is the very soul of social existence, in the very town where, near a hundred years ago, the nobility laid at the feet of the nation all privileges, titles, and distinctions, there is gathered together an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, of which a distinguished member, the Duc de Broglie, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, remarked that he had " never sat in the same room with so many Dukes in his life." Does it really much matter whether these traditionary influences exhibit themselves in the rotations of fortune and the catastrophes of history, or are in some slight degree recognized and evolved in the regular construction of a Constitution ?

In what sense, and to what extent, the House of Lords is influenced by this hereditary principle, and what is the practical operation of

\* "The greatest blessing a man can receive from Heaven is to be well born ; and there are many well born among the poor and needy."—*W. S. Lander.*

that branch of the Legislature in the daily work of the Constitution, are considerations which may seem obvious and common-place, but which appear to me to be often lost in vague declamation and uncertain generalities. It may, therefore, be not superfluous to present in a few lines its actual working in the State, and to examine its practical defects and their possible remedies.

The House of Lords consists of some four hundred and fifty peers available for purposes of legislation. Of these not above two hundred take any part in the transaction of its business. Of the rest some have never taken their seats, and the greater part profess little or no interest in politics. Thus a kind of unconscious elimination takes place without jealousy, ill-will, or personal offence, in the body itself, accomplishing, by a process of natural selection the effects which Sir Thomas Bazley and others have proposed to bring about by a competition among the peers themselves. Some few, indeed, who inherit their titles early in life, show an inclination for politics; but little encouragement is given them to force their way into public attention, and unless they obtain office, they represent a very feeble force of that hereditary power which strikes Mr. Fawcett with dismay, and they are placed at a very serious disadvantage in the political race. There is for them no training ground from eight to half-past nine o'clock, such as the House of Commons affords for several nights in every week. The great majority of the working members of the House of Lords are of two classes; those who come up from the House of Commons in mature life in consequence of the decease of their fathers, and of persons raised to the Peerage on some ground of individual distinction.

There is one characteristic which strikes the latter portion very forcibly on their admission to the Upper House; it is the complete parity among the Peers. However paramount the distinctions of rank in society, they are quite imperceptible in the Legislature. The peer of yesterday is completely on a level with the premier Duke of England; and, though the Lords, like every other public body, show most interest in the reputations of their own creation, and are somewhat jealous of specialities that come suddenly amongst them, they cannot be

accused of partiality or injustice in the presence of any decided superiority.

The Assembly exhibits a very different aspect on different occasions. On a great night,—that is, when the House of Lords are about to accept unwillingly, to reject for that Session, or to suggest serious amendments to, some important measure that has come up from the Commons, when some three or four hundred peers are collected in that lofty hall and, in the presence of all the members of present and late Governments, and the notabilities of the Lower House, with an attentive audience of diplomatists, distinguished ladies, and a quiet but interested public, the well-considered and stately debate is continued through the midnight hours, and far into the the summer's dawn,—there are few spectators who will not bear away the impression of the noblest political Council among civilized men. For the discussions themselves I do not entertain the accustomed admiration. It is the fashion to say they are better than anything in the House of Commons. This can hardly be the case, when they are nothing more than *résumés* of the best that has been spoken there, delivered by familiar voices, and with no pretence to originality. Sometimes, indeed, a fount of oratory bursts forth almost native to the locality, when you might ask, who would wish to destroy the House of Lords with the eloquence of Lord Ellenborough in his ears?\*

From such a scene to the Legislative body of which a constant record runs for weeks together—"the House of Lords met at five o'clock, did so-and-so; their Lordships adjourned at twenty minutes to six"—there is no doubt a considerable and unwelcome contrast.

But between these two forms of meeting and discussion there is another on which I should be very glad to fix the public attention, rather than on either of the fore-mentioned representations of the Upper House. That is when, in the latter half of the Session, about a hundred peers come down to consider an unpolitical Bill of grave social importance. Be the question connected with the administration of the Criminal Law, with the repression of vicious habits, with the Public Health, with the

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\* Even as I write, the voice of that greatest of English orators has passed away.

supervision of dangerous trades, processes, or occupations, with intellectual interests bearing on the deficiencies of the poor, or the possible improvement of the more educated, with this or cognate subjects before them, who that knows the value of sound and impartial parliamentary debate must not be content that there is still a House of Lords?

It is here that their independence of local politics and private interests, their long familiarity with country life, their intimate knowledge of what the labouring classes really like or dislike, fear or hope, their habits of magisterial practice, their own long experience of the obligations of Members of Parliament, combined with their present freedom of judgment and irresponsibility of action, and many other reasons which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful observer, afford them a special aptitude for the work that is before them. To this may be added the constant presence of the men most learned in the Law, ready to detect fallacies, eager to criticise vague generalities, and glad to exercise their knowledge for the public good, without any of that stint of their time which barristers in the House of Commons must in a great degree regard as stolen from their professional practice, and as an interference with their duties to their families and themselves. There is another component of this body on which I cannot look with the same unqualified approval. I allude to the parliamentary, diplomatic, and official veterans, who, but for this opportunity of prolonging their public existence under conditions of less physical labour, would be enjoying the repose of private life; and who by bringing the old authority of their names to bear on novel questions, frequently increase the difficulties of the present by combinations with the problems of the past. There seems no doubt that the last years of the Duke of Wellington were most disastrous to the organization of the British army.

Nevertheless, this tribunal so constituted is an admirable instrument for the functions of legislation that do not require the stimulus of immediate popular excitement. There seems, indeed, to have been an instinct of this fact in that curious revival of the Young England of thirty years ago—the New Social Movement. The story of this attempted league has not been told with sufficient distinctness to authorize any

censure of its motives, though we may smile at its disproportion of means to ends; but it has left clear evidence that a considerable proportion of the worthiest and most earnest of the skilled artisans of this country believe both in the good will and in the power of leading members in the House of Lords to analyze and, more or less, to remedy some of the more painful conditions of the social existence. They have certainly two palpable advantages over the philanthropists in the House of Commons. They have more time and more freedom from the personal entanglements which damage so much charitable effort to this must be added—*pace* Mr. Miall—the comparative toleration for religious differences in matters of public duty and beneficence, of which the rejection of the Prison Ministers Bill of last session was so painful an example.

But it may very fairly be asked, If the House of Lords presents all this admirable legislative machinery, why let it rust in chronic inactivity, only interrupted by the spasmodic action of party differences? Now this is the very question I desire to put to Her Majesty's Government. Of course they may reply, that though the House of Lords is good, the House of Commons is better, and that it has all the leisure and opportunities required for the purpose. But, unfortunately, the members of the Government have exhausted themselves in apologies for leaving so much undone, and have pleaded that there were obstacles of time and space that even their abilities could not surmount, and which prevented them from making three nations happy. Mr. Bruce's constituents may call out to him from the depths of the earth, and protest against the continuance of colliery accidents; Mr. Bass and Sir W. Lawson may complain, each from his point of view, that just enough has been done by the production of the Licensing Bill to worry everybody and settle nothing; Mr. Goschen may lament that he has started a great scheme of local taxation without the opportunity of expounding its principles or of testing its applicability; Mr. Stansfield may promise us all sorts of sanatory ameliorations, with the chance that every one of them may be stifled in the slough of Irish Education. Even the Scotch members, who generally manage to carry everything that they care about by their good sense and spirit of compromise, even they may speak of themselves as being reduced to a

condition of Hibernian helplessness. And yet the House of Lords, which asks nothing better than to give its ample time and recognised talents to these clamorous public exigencies, is compelled to remain an impatient and helpless spectator, and submit to be told that it ought to be absorbed or abolished because it has got nothing to do.

It might indeed seem not impracticable for some independent peers of weight and position to take some such matters in hand without reference to the Government of the day; and this was evidently the hope and intention of the parties who originated the New Social Movement. There is, however, very great difficulty in any such individual action, from the command which the Public Offices possess over the latest statistics and sources of information. Yet I do not say that such an enterprise might not succeed, and I should be very willing to see my political friends subjected to the experiment. If Lord Kinnaid, for instance, were prepared with a Metalliferous Mines Bill at the opening of Parliament, and could secure for himself such a support from both sides of the House as would outnumber the pledged official Government supporters, he would either carry his Bill or compel Her Majesty's Ministers to substitute one of their own.

There are other deep benefits to the House of Lords and the public service, that would follow the regular supply to the Upper House of interesting and important business. It would disabuse the popular mind of the pernicious notion that its functions were simply obstructive, and that it prevented the will of the House of Commons from becoming law for some mysterious object of its own. The custom of daily and thorough work would diminish, if not remedy, the only practical defect of the House of Lords in the conduct of debate. I allude to a certain habit of hurry, and a feeling that, if a particular clique of men of business are satisfied with the progress of a measure, the interference of other peers, although known to be familiar with the subject, is considered obtrusive and unnecessary. The tone of conversation in the House of Lords is essentially that of good society; and as every English gentleman is naturally reticent, it is difficult to get him to contribute his share where the atmosphere is one of discouragement or even of im-

patience. Not admitting Goethe's apothegm\* that a man has a right to be obtrusive if he only thoroughly understands his subject, English society admits no amount of knowledge as an excuse for dulness and garrulity, and in fact never looks on a man as an entire bore so much as when he is thoroughly well-informed. A more close and habitual contact with the common interests of the people on the part of the House of Lords may, too, have some indirect effect upon what we all feel to be the only serious dangers that threaten it—namely, either some act of hindrance and hostility, which personally affects, it may be, a small body of the people, but which enables any individual to point to a particular peer, and say, "That man, to whom I have done no injury, inflicts, as far as in him lies, a serious wound on the legitimate happiness of my daily life;"—or the still more perilous collective action which should refuse to confirm the strongly expressed desire, not only of a majority of the House of Commons, but of the sober second-thought of the people. The treatment of the Bill for the Marriage of a Deceased Wife's Sister is an example of the first; the rejection of a well-considered measure to secure a more free, real, and moral representation of the people, would be an illustration of the last.

In the first case, the individual peer would be giving to his own judgment of right and wrong a weight which the Constitution never intended him to possess. He is not invested with his vote to determine whether I, in my free opinion, should do or abstain from doing any act socially wise or unwise, prudent or imprudent, in relation to the domestic circle in which I live. Lord Penzance stated this order of objection as strongly as the late Mr. Henry Drummond could have done, who reproached a member with "not going in like a man and marrying his grandmother;" but,—added the experienced judge,—*"Is this a basis for legislation?"* Assuredly not; and if this opposition to the repeated decision of the House of Commons be allowed to continue, the agitation will

\* Which I have somewhere seen thus versified—

"As in this world's eternal chorus  
Some voices must be high, some low,—  
Let those who like it bawl and bore us,  
But in the things they really know."

increase to an extent quite out of proportion to the number of persons primarily interested, each of whom will become, whether he likes it or no, a focus of democratic excitement against a branch of the Legislature which is using its corporate power for the maintenance of individual crotchets and personal prejudices.

As to the obstinate resistance of the House of Lords on any question of the arrangement or balance of the powers of the Constitution, or any extension of the liberties of the people, I entertain no serious fear; but at the same time I cannot help casting forward my mind to the possible condition of things which may, at some not distant date, impose upon them certain duties of risk and defence which involve their very existence as a constituent power. The line of conduct for them to pursue under such circumstances seems to be traced out with the utmost clearness, it must lead either to substantive victory or to honourable dissolution. The simple precept to keep in mind is for them never to come into conflict with a casual majority of the House of Commons, except where it is clear that there is in the nation an earnest passive power and strong will of resistance on the same side as themselves. Hitherto the greater political self-control, which we, as a people, have exhibited, has been rewarded by a freedom from revolutionary extravagance which no other European nation has enjoyed. But there are indications of coming trouble which it would be unwise to neglect, even while we may find legitimate sources of comfort in our opponents' inconsistencies and difficulties of action. The Church of England is the object of simultaneous attack from three different quarters—from Ultramontane Catholicism, from Communistic Atheism, and from jealous Non-conformity. The Irish outworks are as good as given up to the first; the second have philosophical allies in many quarters who conceal their co-operations; and if the third avail themselves of any good opportunity to join their forces with those somewhat heterogenous allies, the temperate and tolerant spirit of the Christianity of the Church of England may find itself in considerable straits. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" may seem a strange ally for the muskets that ended in shooting down the Archbishop of Paris; but in such a cause as the destruction of the Church of England, and the

House of Lords into the bargain, we may live to see Mr. Miall and Mr. Bradlaugh directing the aggressive forces under the benediction of Archbishop Manning. If there remain in the heart of the people of this country sufficient love of free thought to resist fanaticism, from whatever side it may come, the conquest may not be easy. What may come from disruption within the Church of England itself is quite another question.

If, again, the collision were to occur on the subject of any right of property, especially in land, it is satisfactory to perceive no monopoly or privilege that attaches itself to the House of Lords, and which is not common to the whole proprietary of the kingdom. The slight distinction which exists in the devolution of realty and personalty must soon be abolished, and landed property continually loses more and more of its peculiarity as an investment. The wealth, too, of the body is every day more and more dispersed in diverse channels, and the disqualification of a peer for bankruptcy implies something more than a point of honour. Should, therefore, anything so disastrous as a revolutionary conflict between Poverty and Wealth loom in the distance, the House of Lords will only enter into it as a portion of the propertied classes, and in no way as an object of special envy, obloquy, or aversion.

Now, these, and all other advantages which accrue from the commixture and infusion of the peerage with other orders of society in this country, are derived from its hereditary character. With us aristocracy has never been a caste; there has never been a notion of any loss of right or dignity by *mésalliance*; the nobleman raises the woman of his choice to his own rank, whatever be her antecedents and their offspring, without regard to her previous position. Inter-marriages are frequent not only with the gentry but with the professional and commercial classes. All barriers against any honest employment are broken down; a cadet of the loftiest lineage is too thankful to get into a fair City business; and if there be any pretentious vulgarity connected with the order, it will not be found in the elder branches. I am not sure that the occasional poverty of the peerage has not its good side as well as the wealth; it at once lessens the distinction and increases the interest. There is no longer anything more

expected of a lord than of any one else in the intercommunication of daily life, at least if he has the courage to assert an independent position, and, if anything, he can maintain the demeanour of a gentleman ("for honour peereth in the meanest habit") more easily than others under disadvantageous circumstances.

These facts should be kept in mind when the promotion of men of great desert or special ability to the peerage is in question.\* It is difficult fully to explain the small amount of authority over public opinion which a Second Chamber, composed almost exclusively of notabilities and men of experience, has ever acquired. Whether there is something repugnant to the public vanity in an assemblage of men each presenting himself as an important unit and therefore demanding submission as a collective authority, or whether the worth of the individual is more severely scrutinised and his abilities more closely tested, or whether his independence of opinion is more difficult to secure, it is certain that all Second Chambers in Europe so constituted have failed to command public respect. But this is no reason why a hereditary Chamber should not be from time to time recruited with every form of social and intellectual eminence. Not, indeed, that much is to be always expected from the individual thus elevated; he rarely feels himself completely at home, though he impregnates the generally assembly with something of his own faculty and distinction: Lord Lytton has not spoken in the House of Lords since his appearance there, and, as far as I know, has taken no part in its business. Mr. Dodson, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, has expressed in print his surprise that so many eminent lawyers being there met together should have done so little for the digest or codification of the Law. It is the fact that, whether from inability to unite their intellectual forces, or to subordinate their diversity of judgments to one special view, there is very little hope of anything valuable being effected in that direction. But all this is no reason why men of great ability, information, or experience, should not from time

to time, be added to the House of Lords, though not in such numbers as to prejudice its constitution. At the present moment, when, owing to the direction of the public mind, aided by the pressure of certain distressing events, sanitary subjects are likely to be prominent, the accession of one or two eminent medical practitioners or men versed in the application of physical science would assuredly not be unwelcome.

It must not be supposed that the House of Lords has not been conscious of its own defects in matters of procedure. A committee on the subject of a Revision of the Standing Orders was lately moved for by Lord Stanhope (who somehow or other always manages to accomplish some object about which other people are talking),\* but with little other result than the virtual abolition of Proxies, by throwing so many formalities in their way as to make the practice henceforth almost impossible. The very desirable object of meeting at four instead of at five, which would have given three good hours of debate before dinner, was thwarted by the judicial arrangements of the Court of Appeal, which so often detain the Lord Chancellor till late in the afternoon. It may assuredly be a question whether the permanent business of a branch of the Legislature should necessarily be subordinated to the convenience of a court of justice, and it might be suggested that there exists in the Chairman of Committees an officer perfectly competent to take the seat on the woolsack on all occasions of ordinary business. If any such Revision comes again under discussion, the question of the number of peers necessary to constitute a House can hardly be avoided; for it is surely an encouragement to absence, even of official personages, that three should represent something like five hundred; at the same time there would be no use in putting gentlemen to the trouble of going down to Westminster for the transaction of formal business, if the main evil of permanent inactivity is to continue.

I have now only to apologize to the editor and readers of this highly Liberal Periodical for the intrusion of an Article so eminently Conservative. But there may be some excuse in its

\* That is to say, there is no longer the same necessity for limiting new Peerages to men of wealth, and what Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lord North's clever daughter, called "the new order not of 'Barons' but of 'Barrens.'"

\* *E.g.*, his abolition of the Occasional Services in the Prayer-Book, and his establishment of the National Portrait Gallery.

very extravagance. I admit of no possible organic Reform of the House of Lords. I fully acknowledge the Jesuit precept, *Sint ut sunt aut non sint*—if they are to be dealt with at all, it can only be by Revolution.

At the same time I cast a serious responsibility on the Government, if they persist in refusing to the House of Lords its legitimate share in the transaction of public business, and believe that they can keep up its character by occasionally foisting into it a clever man who finds himself there with nothing to do. If

neither the Licensing Bill, nor the Truck Bill, nor the Mines Bill, nor any of the sanitary measures emanating from the Poor Law Board, are referred to them at the beginning of the coming Session, a grave suspicion will inevitably arise that it is the studied intent of our present rulers to damage and depreciate an Institution which I earnestly believe the mass of the people regard with traditional affection, not less for the intrinsic worth than for the inherent limitations of its powers.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

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OUR LIVING POETS, an Essay in Criticism, by H. Buxton Forman. London: Tinsley Brothers.

THE poets criticised in this volume are Tennyson, Miss Smedley, Jean Ingelow, Robert Browning, W. Story, Mrs. Webster, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Gabriela Rossetti, Coventry Patmore, Thomas Woolner, William Bell Scott, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, R. H. Horne, Henry Taylor, and George Eliot. The first three are classified as the Idyllic school, the next three as the Psychological school, the five following as the Pre-Raphaelite group, the last six as the Renaissance group; but this classification which, even as explained in the introduction, appears to us to rest in no very solid basis, goes practically for very little in the criticisms. Mr. Forman is evidently a most profound, as well as a most devoted student of poetry and we have derived much instruction as well as much pleasure from his teaching, especially with regard to the less known of the poets to whom he accords the honour of a place in his selection. Everything in the volume bespeaks adequate preparation for the critic's task, and conscientious care in performing it. The writer is thoroughly cultivated, though a remark or a phrase which he takes for a grammatical blunder in Mrs. Webster, but which is, in fact, a well known Grecism, leads us to suspect that he has not the great advantage, as to any one treating of artistic form it must be, of reading the Greek models in the original. His sympathies both æsthetic and

moral are wide enough to embrace anything worthy of the name of art and anything which is not positively offensive to the most liberal morality. The worshippers of Jean Ingelow will find their idol broken by the stroke of a heavy hammer, but some pieces are left even for them to pick up. The poetic merits of Swinburne are fully recognized, and the fullest latitude of thought and expression on moral and religious subjects which reason and decency can concede is claimed for him, while justice is done, in words of great weight and dignity, on his gratuitous offences against rules observed by all right-minded men. Mr. Forman's personal leaning, however, is decidedly to the Psychological school, of which Browning is the unquestioned chief. Those who are not partizans of the Psychological school, who prefer something more "simple and sensuous," who think that the domain of mental science and that of poetry should be kept distinct, who in reading poetry look for high enjoyment not for hard intellectual effort, who resent metaphysical obscurity as a defect from which all really deep thinkers, including the greatest poets, are free, will not unfrequently rebel against Mr. Forman's judgments. They will think that there is something cliquish and almost pedantic in his demand of admiration for the "lark-like singing" of "Sordello," a poem which is utter darkness to men who have thoroughly mastered Æschylus and Dante, which is utter darkness, if a current anecdote has any foundation, to Tennyson. They will note his omission to explain why it is, if Browning is the

Shakespeare of Monologue, that while in Shakespeare the better, nobler and more beautiful parts of human nature stand forth in their full proportions and predominate over the evil, Browning is almost exclusively great in morbid anatomy, and the interest of almost all his most celebrated pieces is due either to the actual presence or to the brooding shadow of some horrible crime. They will see in the astounding passage, as it is to us, in which Mr. Forman finally falls on his knees before Walt Whitman, the Nemesis of an over-refined and artificial school. That which, to the simple lovers of Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley appears merely rampant bestiality, and so far from being poetry that it is not even verse, may very likely to brains racked with Sordello be welcome as a refreshing "return to nature." To Tennyson, as the central divinity of the "Pantheon," Mr. Forman, of course, uplifts a censor smoking with the choicest incense. He permits us, however, to see that there are degrees in the merits of Tennyson's productions; he even utters the sad word "decadence;" he does not place *Enoch Arden* and the *Idylls of the King* by the side of *In Memoriam*, nor does he shrink from treating with open ridicule the attempt made by Tennyson's fanatical worshippers, not without the countenance it would seem of the poet himself, to represent the *Idylls* as "a great connected poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man." He is probably right in suspecting that this theory and the efforts to give it support by rearrangement and patching arise from a desire to secure the kingship against division with other poets, who have recently produced, with success, poems on a large scale. There is one passage of Tennyson however of which Mr. Forman is particularly enamoured, but with regard to which we venture very respectfully to dissent from him, and will state our reasons for doing so, because, perhaps, it is our best way of indicating in what sense, if at all, we should desire to qualify his and other people's praises of Tennyson and the Tennysonian school. We will only premise, in case any of our remarks happen to have caught the reader's eye before that they are reproduced, not borrowed.

The passage to which we refer is the invective against the love of Peace, written at the opening of the *Crimean war*, and intended to stimulate the war passions of the nation, as it probably did:

"Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? We have made them a curse,  
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;  
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse  
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?"

"But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,  
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?  
Is it peace or war? civil war, as I think, and that of a kind  
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

"Sooner or later I too may passively take the print  
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,  
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine;  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;  
Peace in her vineyard—yes—but a company forges the wine.

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,  
While chalk, and alum, and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

"And sleep must lie down arm'd for the villainous centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits  
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,



That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap  
from his counter and till  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheat-  
ing yardwand, home—

“What! am I raging alone as my father raged in  
his mood?  
Must I, too, creep to the hollow and dash myself  
down and die,  
Rather than hold by the law that I made, never  
more to brood  
On a horror of shattered limbs and a wretched swin-  
dler’s lie?”

To Mr. Forman, and to many other people these lines seem full of the noblest wisdom, and the only reason which they can conceive for anyone’s being of a different opinion is, that his ignoble nature is stung by a just rebuke.

Let it be at once heartily conceded that, in a world where right is still to be upheld against powers of wrong of all sorts and sizes, from the Czar Nicholas down to Mr. Caleb Cushing, the Peace-at-any-price doctrine is foolishness. Let it be conceded that there are still two good reasons at least for going to war, self-defence and the defence of public right, which is self-defence with the cause of humanity and honour superadded. Still, even in the case of the Crimean war, it seems to us possible that not only the commercial meanness, but a part at least of the real manhood of the nation may have been with Lord Aberdeen, a high-minded gentleman, and a devoted servant of his country if ever there was one, in struggling to avoid the terrible responsibility of breaking the happy spell of the forty years peace and letting loose again upon Christendom the hounds of war. The commercial meanness of the nation was in fact, to a great extent on the other side. It was putting itself into a swaggering attitude, and resolving to show the world that we were not a nation of shopkeepers. Many good and brave men deemed war righteous and inevitable; but at the same time all the poltroons were declaiming against the pusillanimity of statesmen who feared less to encounter obloquy than to shed the people’s blood. Unluckily, with standing armies, though we talk about going to war, we do not really go to war, but send others to war in our place; and men who would creep under their beds if they thought that a bullet was coming within half a mile of them are at liberty, without being physically responsible, to hurl about their thunderbolts and to talk lightly of the heart of the citizen hissing on his own hearthstone. That phrase seems to us something more than Tyrtean: Tyrteus, who had no doubt seen war, would probably have shrunk from using it.

“War with a thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones” to cure the hysterical mock disease of one man! What is this but the extreme expression of unmanly, helpless, thoroughly ignoble egotism? Why cannot this hero who has compromised a woman’s character by his rather selfish imprudence, and killed her brother in a foolish duel, regain state of peace of mind as is possible under the circumstances, in some better way than by shedding more blood and bringing more misery on the world? Because he has no power of self-control or self-exertion, so that to cure him of his mental malady he must have a grand sensation at whatever cost to his fellow-creatures. Poor Alexander Smith in the same way wanted, as a cure for his dyspepsia, to head a charge of twenty thousand horse. Probably he would not have known on which side to mount his own charger. Of course we do not mean to name Alexander Smith in the same breath with Tennyson, but Alexander Smith was one of the Tennyson-unculi.

The other ground for wanting a bloody war is to cure the nation of its Mammonism. But the excitement of the violent passions unfortunately does not extirpate the mean passions. It scarcely suspends their action. The swindlers, the impostors, the adulterers of food did not change their ways when we sat down before Sebastopol. It was about that time, if we remember rightly, that the great Paul and Strachan frauds occurred. Burglary, drunkenness, and wife-beating were as rife as ever, and, to the usury-rogues, were added those of commissaries and contractors. As to Stockjobbing, which drove the father of the hero in *Maud* to suicide, and the hero himself to misanthropy, war is the element in which it thrives. The hearts of the Bulls did not beat with the same desire as those of the Bears, nor did the heart of the Opposition in Parliament beat with the same desire as that of the Government unless it was the desire of the same places. For a moral malady a moral cure, in the case of the nation and in the case of the man. Let the nation reform itself, amend its laws, choose better rulers, rigorously apply the fraudulent Trustees Act, improve the medical police. Let the man heal himself of his heart-sickness by doing good to his kind. War may, and often does, elevate the soldier who faces death; it does not elevate, it deeply degrades those who with boastful language and furious gestures send the soldier to his doom. While peasants were agonizing on the blood-stained slope of Inkerman, or dying a lingering death in hospitals before Sebastopol, and perhaps owing their doom partly to the national spirit awakened by Tennyson’s admirable lines, where was the poet of war and what was he doing? In his lines “To F. D. Maurice,” which appeared with *Maud*, we see him sitting with his friend in a charming villa in the Isle of

Wight, and chatting about the campaign over his wine, while the men-of-war sailing outwards, with many a fisherman's and peasant's son going to his nameless grave in the Euxine on board them, lend another charm to the beautiful sea-view. Suppose a Russian three-decker had come yonder round by the hill into Freshwater Bay, and suppose the battle-bolts had rushed out of the foam, would the poet have charged home with his steel pen, or would he like ourselves have sought the shelter of the nearest fortress? The passages on the Crimean war in *Maud* with their almost ferocious energy, their strongly political character, the intense interest which they show in a question of the day seem an exception to the general tenor of the poems. But they are an exception which proves the rule. They are the expression of a nature dependent on external sensations, because it is devoid of a certain kind of internal force. A few great poets have been also practically great men, and their practical greatness lends a surpassing interest to their poetry. We may number among them besides Dante and Milton, Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley, each of whom though far from being a Hercules, had strong practical sympathies and high practical aims, 'disguised in Shelley's case by his having, as some one wittily said, mistaken God for the Devil and the Devil for God. In Tennyson, as great a poet in point of art as ever lived, or as our minds can conceive, there is not, as it seems to us, this special element of interest. His character, as mirrored in his writings, seems to have been moulded by the philosophy of a sceptical age which he has comprehended with a large intellect, and to which he gives expression with a mastery of language and a power of turning philosophy into poetry never before approached. But action, sympathy with action, the power of painting action, of creating active characters are comparatively wanting in him. No discriminating admirer claims for him epic or dramatic greatness. Of the *Idylls of the King* Mr. Forman himself says "they are full of beauties in their own peculiar manner of workmanship; fine ideas abound throughout them; the music of words is heard through their varying pages in many a perfect lyric; and they possess numerous passages which for weight of thought weightily set forth, have long ago passed into the permanent station of household words. In fine, the stock of the English tongue and the tone of the English mind cannot fail to benefit from them. But the men and women—do they individually and collectively stand carved in the heart as well as shaped in the mind? Does one feel towards them as towards brothers and sisters, whether in misery or in triumph? To me they have always on the whole presented a certain remoteness totally unconnected with the remoteness of the times:

they seem too evidently to be moved by an external hand holding with a somewhat painful anxiety all their threads rather than by inner deep-down impulses such as would lead us to lay heart to heart with them and share in the burden of their woe or joy in the brightness of their joy." The pathos of the *Idylls* is in fine as Mr. Forman says, "a lyric not a dramatic pathos." The character presented in *Maud* is evidently identical with the character presented in *Locksley Hall*: so far as we know, it is the only distinct and really living character presented in Tennyson's poems, such characters as those of *Simon Stylites*, *Sir Galahad*, *St. Agnes* being merely historical generalities. The natural inference seems to be that this single character is drawn from consciousness rather than dramatically created. It is the character of a man of high intellect and exquisite sensibility keenly alive to all impressions, greatly dependent on the world without him for happiness, and apt to fall into a cynical mood when the happiness is not afforded. Scarcely indeed would it be possible for even an ideal world to satisfy a nature endowed with capacities so vast of pleasure and pain. The influence of such a character combined with our sceptical philosophy seems very often to be present in Tennyson's poems. Hardly anywhere is action or effort of any kind painted with the self-abandoning zest of one who heartily enters into it. The force of circumstances, the intellectual circumstances of the time included, predominates over that of free will. The meditated suicide in *The Two Voices* is arrested not by a moral effort but by an external impression, the sound of the church bells and the sight of happy people going to church. Mr. Forman says of Tennyson's *Ulysses* that "it is not the traits distinctive of the Greek which go to the heart of the modern Englishman but the sense of a struggling, energetic, undaunted hardihood of human endeavour as vital now as then." We have conceived a high respect for Mr. Forman's critical authority, but we confess that to us there has always seemed to be a strong contrast in this very respect between the Homeric *Ulysses*, a man of action and of definite purpose, striving vigorously through all his involuntary wanderings to regain his own home and that of his companions, and the *Ulysses* of Tennyson, who is "a hungry heart," roaming aimlessly to "lands beyond the sunset" in the vague hope of being washed down by the gulf to the happy isles, and dragging his poor homesick sailors with him. "Roaming" we said: we should rather have said intending to roam, but standing for ever a listless and melancholy figure on the shore. King Arthur leaves us, floats away over the lake in his mystic barge, and with him action departs. Perhaps one day he may return, and the time for action may

return with him. Meantime we sit down in the twilight on the lake shore. In the speculative sphere, reign doubt and the luxury of doubt. If there is little genuine sympathy with the effort which results in action there is as little with the effort which results in conviction. That which is amiss in the world is left to unriddle itself bye-and-bye. Death, not reason, keeps the keys of all the creeds. At the end of *The Vision of Sin*, when we are brought face to face with the difficult question, God spares us the trouble of attempting to solve it by "making Himself an awful rose of dawn"—words almost ludicrously emblematic of that philosophic mood of pensive expectancy from which the philosophy of Tennyson's poems springs, and which his surpassing genius has probably done not a little to propagate among young men of intellect. Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior* has really far more of stimulus to action in it than the war passage in *Maud*, though the force is latent in perfect gentleness. Compare again Wordsworth's description of a perfect woman, merely in a moral point of view (for the lines though beautiful are defective in art) with the women of Tennyson's poems. Tennyson's women, with exquisite poetic grace, are fit denizens for moated granges, fit companions perhaps for a pensive twilight stroll, hardly fit denizens of a work-day home or fit companions for a working life. The type of them is Margaret, whose own sister is the "mystery of mysteries, faintly smiling Adeline." One cannot imagine these beings moving about a house. Isabel indeed is set before us as the perfect wife, but she is only a beautiful statue with the emblems of marriage at her side. She is truly symbolized by "the mellow reflex of a winter moon," as cold, as visionary, as motionless. The chief function of woman seems to be that of casting out the demon of hypochondria from the breast of the solitary and relieving him of the melancholy which flows to him from all things round him—from his home and history, from nature, from philosophy, from science. Women are the countercharms of space and hollow sky. Marriage itself though extolled as the gate of virtue and happiness in terms which would satisfy the most ardent preacher of matrimony, seems to lead not from listlessness to activity, but from a sad dream into a happy one. In *The Miller's Daughter* we see the visionary and his wife leading the life of lotus eaters. Even children would bore them. They have had one child which has died, and become a pensive reminiscence adding the luxury of melancholy to their happy thoughts, as they sit at evening looking into each other's eyes or wander out to see the sunset.

We are not speaking of the general merits of Tennyson's poetry. If we were we should echo the

well chosen words of Mr. Forman, not excepting the epithet, "first and greatest of writers in verbal mosaic." Nor, are we speaking of Tennyson as a man in any invidious sense. He has of course himself acted on the greatest scale and in the way assigned by nature to his genius in producing a glorious body of poetry. We are speaking only of a certain ethical tendency in his poems and of their possible effect, as regards ordinary words, in indisposing to strenuous action, and at the same time disposing to occasional violence of sentiment like that expressed in the passage, poetically admirable no doubt, but in our eyes ethically and politically less admirable, which gave occasion to Mr. Forman's remarks and to our comment upon them.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE, By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain: Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.

Sir Henry Holland was bound to give us his "Recollections." He has had singular opportunities for making a note book. He is now eighty-three years old, entered the world with the French revolution, has attended six Prime Ministers, was on the field of Vittoria, and was sitting with Lincoln and Seward when news arrived of the battle of Chattanooga. Very early in life he got as a physician into good London practice, presenting almost a unique exception, so far as London doctors are concerned, to the rule that physicians begin to make their bread when they have no teeth left to eat it. His eminent social qualities, his urbanity of manner and the suavity of his temper, his union of general taste and cultivation with medical skill, gained for him at the same early age a permanent footing in the best, really the best, society. He had so firm a hold on the confidence, and perhaps still more on the attachment of his patients, that he has been able through life to take an annual tour. He has thus been in a great many places. This is not of much importance, as all London, and all New York have now been in the same places. What is of more importance is that he has seen an immense number of eminent men and women, either professionally or socially; not a few of them round his own table at breakfast, than which he says "no meal is better fitted for social enjoyment, if not impaired by those *hesterna vitia* of the dinner table which so often sadden or unsettle the temper of the ensuing day"—or, we may add by having to go to your office afterwards. In these "Recollections" a perfect throng of notabilities pass over the scene; of the men and women of the last three-

quarters of a century hardly one is wanting except Napoleon I., whom few Englishmen had a chance of seeing. Most of them, it is true, do little more than pass over the scene. But sometimes we get more vividness and detail. Murat appears "tall and masculine in person; his features well formed, but expressing little beyond good nature and a rude energy, and consciousness of physical power; his black hair flowing in curls over his shoulders, his hat gorgeous with plumes, his whole dress carrying an air of masquerade, well picturing the ardent chief of cavalry in Napoleon's great campaigns." He was "resplendent on horseback" and dwarfed all his numerous suite in horsemanship as well as in person; yet Sir Henry saw him thrown from an English blood-mare, to his great disgust. Sir Henry once rode close to him at a review in a charge on a square of infantry, within which the Queen was placed, and noted his elation and eagerness even in that petty mimicry of fight. It is something to have been at the Court ball at Naples, when a vague rumour preludeing a great event, ran through the room, and was followed by whisperings between the King and Queen, and then, the party having at once broken up, by the announcement that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. Of Madame de Stael, Sir Henry's opinion, delivered with all due urbanity and diffidence, is that "she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty." "She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration. A slip of paper often in her hand and sedulously twisted during her eager conversation, might be a casual trick of habit, though there are some who give it a more malicious interpretation." Sir Henry retains strongly in memory the picture of a Spanish Bourbon group, the King, Charles IV., of Spain, his Queen, the Infante Don Paolo and Godoy—"the old king, bulky in body, vacant in face and mind, placidly indolent in his whole demeanour—the Queen, a woman whose countenance, voice and gesture might easily in older days, have condemned her as a witch. The Infante was an ill-fashioned youth, who laughed idiotically when his mother alluded to the wine-mark on his face, and Godoy (Prince of the Peace) the shadow of a handsome man; pleasing in manner and common conversation, but showing no other quality to justify the influence he so long retained in the government of Spain." Pretty free for a Court physician! Talleyrand rises, witty but not ethereal. "Wholly absorbed in the physical pleasure of eating, he spoke little during dinner, and little in the early stages of digestion. This devotion to the single real meal of the day he did not seek to disguise. Later in the evening his eloquence, if such it might be called, broke out, and more than once I have listen-

ed to him till midnight with unabated interest. His power of simple narration was extraordinary. It was a succession of salient pictures, never tedious from being kept too long before the eye, and coloured by an epigrammatic brevity, and felicity of language peculiar to himself." In a sketch which he gave of the French marshals, Talleyrand spoke with most respect of Marshal Mortier. His memoirs, when they come, will, perhaps, tell some truths about the whole set. The portrait of Lord Melbourne is pleasing, and we believe true, "A clear and masculine understanding lightened by great kindness of temper and genial humour vested itself in language of almost rustic plainness. There was something of the *abnormis sapiens* about him in his power of reaching sound conclusions which often sounded like maxims, from the terse simplicity of their expression. Singularly handsome in the best English type he was wholly without personal vanity. He attained and retained the foremost place in political life without ambition and without party animosity. Under the semblance of carelessness about men and things, and real carelessness as to what concerned himself personally, he was deeply conscientious in all that he deemed the interests of the country. Though he could joke about the making of Bishops, and complain in somewhat homely phrase (O courtly Sir Henry, *what was the phrase?*) of the trouble they gave him by dying, no subject, as I had frequent opportunity of knowing, occasioned him more earnest thought." If the "Gates Ajar" theory of our future life is true, it must have been a great gratification to the bishops in the other world to know that they had really given the liberal Prime Minister trouble by dying. The death of Lord Palmerston is "still so recent" (compared with the French Revolution) that Sir Henry hesitates to touch upon his name. We get, however, one or two interesting traits of him from the physician's point of view. "One of these, of which I had frequent professional knowledge, was his wonderful power of mastering, I might call it ignoring, bodily pain. I have seen him under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the table of his room. As a patient he was never fretful, but obedient in every way, except as to this very point. And here, indeed, though I at first remonstrated against these unusual labours during illness, I soon learned that such remonstrance was not only fruitless but injudicious. To Lord Palmerston work was itself a remedy. The labour he loved 'physicd pain.' No anodyne I could have prescribed would have been equally effectual in allaying it, or, as I may better say, in lessening that *sense* of

suffering which is always augmented by the attention of the mind directed to it." Protected partly by his character as a physician, one of the "sacred heralds" of humanity, Sir Henry ventured in his wanderings into some rather queer neighbourhoods, among others into the den of Ali Pasha, at Minerva. On two occasions he was near dangerously provoking the tiger. Once Ali sent for him to translate an intercepted despatch of great importance from the British Government to the Porte. Sir Henry honourably refused and the tiger showed his teeth, but did not bite. On the other occasion, a conversation on poisons "designedly but warily brought on by Ali," ended in his asking Sir Henry whether he knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe, or given in coffee might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. Sir Henry answered like a loyal son of Æsculapius, and a true Briton—that as a physician he had studied how to save life, not to destroy it. The tiger's face showed that the answer was faithfully translated to him. "He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it."

The style of the "Recollections" is as distinctly impressed with the character of the Court physician as that of Louis XIV. is with the character of the great king. Its placid periods might almost soothe the gout of a patient of quality. But we wish Sir Henry would not lend the sanction of his cultivated taste to such a use of the participle as "*Though visiting* the place only once a year, it is pleasant to me to retain the old family farm in my own hands, *confessing* at the same time that my tastes and habits are little suited to the condition of a landed proprietor." We demur, also, to his introducing at Court such a *parvenu* as *antedeceded* for *preceded*—"his death anteceded but a short time the events which have just hurried the second empire to its end."

Sir Henry has just finished his third reading of the Odyssey "under a feeling of augmented pleasure", and has passed on to the *Wasps* of Aristophanes. He still walks fast, feels an irresistible propensity to pass those before him in the street, and in going through a square, takes the diagonal, though often a dirty one, instead of the side-walk. When he ceases to take the diagonal he thinks that it will be a symptom of the approach of old age, for which he promises to make timely preparation in accordance with his favourite phrase of Juvenal, *intellecta senectus*. If any man ever had, he has had a happy life. He owes it partly to propitious circumstances, and to a healthy constitution, partly to that singular placidity of temper which enables him to say that in the whole course of his long professional life, not unmixed with more public occurrences, he has only once had a quarrel, and that not one of his own making. He is naturally ready to prescribe the same placidity for

all patients whose disease is lack of happiness; but he should prescribe with it, and as a preparation for it, a good dose of early success.

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JOURNAL OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: Westerman and Co., 1871-72.

In earlier years the American Ethnological Society had its head quarters in New York, and did good service in the cause of science. Its transactions were especially enriched by valuable philological and ethnological contributions from the pen of Mr. Albert Gaitan, which are still referred to with interest by modern students. But for many years its influence as a society has ceased to be felt; and now, at length, it has followed the example of the Ethnological Society of London,—against which, however, no such charge of inertness could be sustained,—and has merged into a new association of Anthropologists. At its head is the Hon. E. G. Squier, well-known as the author of various valuable and ingenious works, and with him are associated Dr. Davis, his co-labourer in the researches among the mounds of the Mississippi Valley; Dr. J. C. Nott, one of the joint authors of "*Indigenous Races of Mankind*"; and others are well-known by their investigations in various departments of this new and popular science. The resurrection of the old Ethnological Society, under new and energetic leaders, and with more comprehensive aims, cannot fail to be hailed with pleasure by all students of science.

The first number of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute is occupied to a considerable extent with borrowed materials; but its preliminary report indicates that the trenchant mode of scientific warfare for which its president is already noted, is not likely to fail in giving vitality to its pages. Reviewing the labours of their predecessors, Mr. Squier refers, with thinly disguised irony, to "those social entertainments, which have been very pleasant but somewhat expensive pendants to their meetings," and which wasted funds, that, properly expended, might have "advanced science, encouraged and brought new inquirers into our special field of research, besides exposing and suppressing imposture." For, as he tells us, "Anthropology is no longer hazy speculation; its area is no longer the waste field into which pretenders, half-schooled philosophers, vague theorists, and Jonathan Oldbucks of all sorts may shove their inconsequent rubbish;" and so he turns aside to have his fling at the American Antiquarian Society in this fashion: "An endowed institution, in nine cases out of ten, becomes a roost for owls and

a refuge for rats and bats. Look at that ancient society in another State, established, or rather buried, in a pleasant country town, with its fine buildings and splendid endowment! What has it done for antiquarian science during the last half-century?"

Somehow Anthropology has, during its very brief existence, proved itself a very belligerent science. The late Anthropological Society of London, which has recently been merged in the new Institute, could by no means be called a roost for owls. It rather resembled a bear-garden, in which half-schooled philosophers and vague theorists played fantastic enough tricks at times. It is evident that the amenities of American science are to be ministered in a somewhat Anthropological sense, under the new regime at New York. There will be no want of life, at any rate, and that is to be welcomed with all heartiness. If, indeed, the new Institute will resolutely employ the trenchant pugnacity already manifest in its inception, in putting down crude philosophers and vague theorists with their inconsequential rubbish; and, in lieu of these, accumulate facts in physical anthropology, in archaeology and philology, it will win credit to itself, and do a work of real service to American science.

Dr. M. Paul Broca's Parisian address on Anthropology, which has already done similar service in other Anthropological Journals, furnishes a useful résumé of aims and work in the selected field of research. Another selection from the "Journal of the Anthropological Society of Paris," entitled "Trepanning among the Incas," gives a very curious illustration of primitive American surgery. The operation of trepanning is as old as the days of Hippocrates; and then, as now, it was performed by means of a circular saw, through a rotatory motion, but Mr. Squier, who has devoted great attention to the antiquities of Peru, forwarded to M. Broca of Paris, a skull taken from an Inca cemetery in the valley of Yucay, on which the process of trepanning has been performed, apparently with a gouge or bronze graver, or, as Dr. Draper suggests, with a quartz knife. With the aid of some such rude surgical instrument, a rectangular portion of bone has been removed, with very nearly the same practical results as those produced by the circular trephines of the modern surgeon. A well-executed wood-cut furnishes a front view of the skull, and supplies an exceedingly interesting illustration of this novel disclosure of the independent civilization of the Incas.

Among the original papers, well illustrated with wood-engravings, may be noted, one on "Antiquities from the Guano Islands of Peru." These islands were frequented by the inhabitants of the adjacent coasts, long prior to the days of Columbus or Pizarro;

and many aboriginal relics, of gold, silver, bronze, earthenware, &c., have been found, in the course of excavating the precious *huana*, as the Quicua designation is. Mr. Squier has brought together the most interesting accessible information on the subject, letting explorers and observers tell their own tales, as in the case of Mr. J. P. Davis, of Massachusetts, Government Engineer of Peru. His narrative is described by Mr. Squier as "perhaps the best, and only exact account of the discovery of relics in the *huana*." One of these is a wooden idol, a little over a foot high, representing a squatting female, "found on the South Guanape Island, at an elevation of about 450 feet above the sea, and on the edge of a precipice. . . . The idol," he adds, "is somewhat decayed;" as it well may be, from the further statement, made seemingly in all gravity, that it "has the appearance of having been carved about the time of the flood. It has a benignant countenance, an ample belly, and an atrocious smell."

Mr. Squier discusses the credibility of the various accounts, and discriminates between the various narrators; not hesitating to characterize one by name, as an impostor; and describing other accounts as too vague to be made the basis of rational speculation.

A paper, by Mr. J. W. Ward, on "Sculptured Rocks, Belmont Co., Ohio," we recognize as one which has already appeared elsewhere. The sculptures are curious intaglio representations of human and animal footprints, which have been the subjects of extravagant description by previous writers. They are here well illustrated by means of woodcuts, and their true value and significance discussed. A brief paper by Mr. C. C. Jones, on a canoe found in Savannah River Swamp, a few miles from the city of Savannah, discusses its age, and thus sums up the induction:—"All that we know is, that this Indian canoe is old—older than the barge which conveyed Oglethorpe up the Savannah, when he first selected the home of the Yamacraws as a site for the future commercial metropolis of the Colony of Georgia;—more ancient, probably, than the statelier craft which carried the fortunes of the discoverer of this Western Continent;"—in fact, quite as old, probably, as the *huana* idol "carved about the time of the flood."

The indefatigable president, Mr. Squier, completes the first instalment of "Anthropological Papers" with one on "The Arch in America;" for by the free—or, shall we say, the loose—interpretation of their title Anthropologists claim a right to absorb philology, ethnology, archaeology, and we know not how many more ologies, within their domain. They are undisguised annexationists. In the case of their

late London confrères, indeed, gyneology, hagiology, martyrology, mythology and theology were all taken in hand, in such a slashing, buccaneering fashion,—and clergy in general, and missions and missionaries in particular were assailed with such indiscriminate pertinacity,—that sober inquirers after truth were scandalized, and hastened to withdraw from the combative arena of disputatious savans. We trust their American brethren will take warning by their experience. What is wanted at present, is a careful accumulation of accurate, well-authenticated facts. The vexed questions of the unity of the human race, the development theory, and all else, up to our supposed Ascidian ancestry, may safely be left to the eliminating development of time. We welcome the journal of the new Institute, and trust that by its judicious management, it may accumulate the materials on which, alone, any sound theories in reference to American Anthropology can be based; that it will deal temperately with the controversies that are, we fear, inevitable; and modestly with the theories which our modern savans of the Anthropological type construct so admirably, after the model of an inverted pyramid; their basis an infinitesimal point, but crowned with a broad and ample summit, looming in the haze of its sublime altitude.

VOLTAIRE, by John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Morley is unquestionably a power in the intellectual and moral world, at least in that part of it which does not altogether refuse to near the teaching of a very extreme liberal. His knowledge is great, his grasp of it firm, his style vigorous though peculiar, his moral judgment strong, and if often based on principles to which most people would not assent, always consistent with his principles and thoroughly honest. An extreme liberal he is and something more, especially in religious questions; but his literary sympathies are catholic and have embraced Burke as well as Voltaire. His present essay is one of great power and very instructive to the student of history. It throws much light on the nature and extent of the work done (for good or evil or for both) by Voltaire, and at the same time on the better parts of Voltaire's character, such as the sincere and energetic hatred of injustice which he manifested in the affair of Calas. At the same time it does not conceal either his personal weaknesses or those of his system. That the estimate should on the whole appear too high to an ordinary reader is perhaps the inevitable fate of any special treatise on the life of a man whom the writer

believes on the whole to have rendered to humanity great services which have hitherto been misunderstood or imperfectly recognized. An historical movement once prominently identified with a movement or a system is sure, in our present stage of historical philosophy, to bring with it an entanglement of feelings and prejudices from which even so independent a thinker as Mr. Morley cannot entirely shake himself free.

One passage in the essay has for us a peculiar and touching interest of its own. It is idle to hide from ourselves the sad fact that there are now in the world many men—even good and conscientious men—who have ceased to be satisfied not only with the evidences of Christianity but with the proofs of Natural Religion; and the terrible question thus practically arises what man can be—where he can find a rule of life or comfort in death—without a belief in God. So far as we know, the question is nowhere so frankly met as in these words:—

“Above all, it is monstrous to suppose that because a man does not accept your synthesis, he is therefore a being without a positive need of a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct.

“There are new solutions for him if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter; the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be stronger not weaker when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance and advantage, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers; and he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in the ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succour from her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast, may still remain, for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if at the hour of sunset a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and

each good cause yet find worthy defenders when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men for ever."

That to a man of high intellect and one capable by his range of thought and knowledge of really taking in the idea and sentiment of humanity, such a substitute for religion and its hope, may be or appear satisfactory, we know from the case before us. But what will it be to the mass of mankind?

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THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, author of "Crumbs Swept Up," New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

It may have been a stroke of policy on the part of the writer of this book to select a title which, as it seems to promise leprous revelations, is likely to attract readers of the class for whose benefit the book is designed. No such revelations, however, will be found in the work. It is simply a series of vehement, and if vehemence of style is any proof of earnestness, earnest sermons against the vices of great cities in general, and of New York in particular. If we cannot quite endorse the statement in the preface that "the book is not more for men than for women," we may at least say that there is nothing in it which is not in spirit, and, as far as the subject will admit, in expression perfectly moral. Possibly such preaching may do good. But even those, who are least inclined to acquiesce in the debilitating theory that morality is entirely dependent on circumstances, have begun to be aware that to alter the conduct of large masses of men it is necessary to alter the conditions under which they live. From Tyre and Sidon to London and New York, great commercial cities have presented the same moral features; though at New York the case is aggravated by a constant influx of half-civilized immigration and by the unsettled and shifting character of the population generally, which is adverse to the steady influence of a wholesome public opinion. A great aggregation of young men as clerks, without homes, and in the midst of all the temptations of a great city, is almost as certain to lead to vice as the liquor which they drink is to produce intoxication. Mr. Talmage is no doubt right in designating the

winter nights as the trying season for most young men; not that young men are more immorally disposed between the autumnal and the vernal equinox, but that in the winter nights the want of amusement is most felt and the sense of loneliness is most oppressive. This source of evil is augmented in the United States by the increasing tendency of American youth to desert farming for city pursuits, which is altogether one of the great social and economical dangers of the United States. The special evil denounced by Mr. Talmage, under the name of "The Power of Clothes," that is social extravagance, with its attendant vices and meannesses, may be in some degree mitigated by the events which, though in themselves calamitous, have a tendency to diminish the social influence of Paris, which New York has hitherto servilely copied in its extravagance and vices. The fall of the Ring may also check the propensities which lead to swindling under various names and in various degrees of turpitude; at least if condign personal punishment is inflicted on the malefactors, for their political discomfiture and the loss of a portion of their immense booty would be insufficient to counteract in the minds of greedy and unscrupulous youth the influence of their dazzling example.

We trust we shall not aggravate any international difficulty by mentioning that Mr. Talmage's style is American. Instead of saying that, if anything in his book can do good, he will be glad that it was printed, he must say he will be glad "that the manuscript was caught up between the sharp teeth of the type;" and he abounds in such flowers as these:—"God once in a while hitches up the fiery team of vengeance and ploughs up the splendid libertinism, and we stand aghast"—"as the waters (of the Red Sea) whelm the pursuing foe, the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow"—"they call it Cognac or Hock, or Heidsick, or Schnapps, or Old Bourbon, or Brandy, or Champagne; but they tell not that in the ruddy glow there is the blood of sacrifice, and in its flash the eye of uncoiled adders, and in the foam the mouth-froth of eternal death." Without putting taste in the balance against morality, we must say that if Mr. Talmage were to teach the New York clerks to talk in this style, we should regard it as a serious set-off against any moral improvement which such tropes are likely to effect.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

The publishing world, necessarily, must have its agitations as well as the world of letters, of politics and of religion; and the conflicting elements in the various trade interests at stake are found no less to disturb the serenity of the publishing mind than the latest development theory exercises the scientific, or the boldest unbelief startles the religious intellect.

The innovation of publishing original novels at a price which will incite the reading public to purchase the work, rather than to borrow from the Lending Library, is the cause of commotion on the one side of the Atlantic, while the subject of international copyright is the exciting theme on the other. The opposing forces are now ranging themselves—the public interest and, perhaps, the mere desire for and *clat* of innovation *versus* conventional custom and trade privilege in the one instance, and an author's interest and equities *versus* publishers' indifference and moral obliquity in the other. Whether reason and common sense in the case of the novel-publishing, and justice and right in the matter of copyright privileges will prevail, remains to be seen. Doubtless, however, the often illogical cry of the public interest will be found to do as much harm as have the selfishness and injustice of class interests.

But leaving the arena of strife, let us see what has been the harvest of peace, during the month, in the field of literature; and in Theology, the first department we shall take up, we find a continued tendency to widen the freedom of thought on religious subjects, and an increasing desire to pull up the stakes of settled belief. The Duke of Somerset, in his little *vade-mecum* of Rationalism, entitled "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism," which has just been published simultaneously in England and the United States, affords ample illustration of this tendency. The work is a compact analysis of the learned doubt of the age; yet the attempt made in the volume to show the inconsistency of many of the doctrines of Christianity is coupled with the argument, as it is phrased, that one may still doubt dogmas of theology and remain a religious man. May it not, however, be asked: Is this mischievously prevalent habit of doubt, so permeating all subjects, in science, letters, morals and religion, not "impelled more by the desire of the people's applause than the desire of the people's good"—as a writer has put it. We find also, a further repudiation of dogma, and a wider disbelief in "The Problem of the World and the Church re-considered in three letters to a friend by a Septuagenarian," recently published by the Messrs. Longman; and of the work we shall only express our surprise that a Septuagenarian should have found so little to believe and so little to hold fast to, as the result of his long lease of life.

In "The Sunday Afternoons," we have fifty-two brief sermons, from the pen of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, of prime value as sound and eloquent expositions of Scripture. The second volume of Dr. Charles Hodge's "Systematic Theology," now ready, is an important contribution, in the departments of anthropology and soteriology, from the

learned Princeton professor, most useful to students of theology. The first annual issue of "The Preacher's Lantern," edited by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, supplies a mass of excellent and suggestive material invaluable to young ministers, and is of the same character and design as "The Pulpit Analyst," to which it is a successor. "Crumbs Swept Up," from the pen of the popular Brooklyn preacher, T. De Witt Talmage, is a collection of Essays, rather sketchy in their character, but full of point and entertainment. In "The Culture of Pleasure, or the Enjoyment of Life in its Social and Religious Aspect," the reader will find an outline of the leading conditions of happiness, and an attempt made to show how true happiness may be found in the wise pursuit of pleasure. The author of "Quiet Hours," a thoughtful Congregational clergyman, the Rev. John Pulsford, affords us the delight of a further work from his pen, entitled "Christ and His Seed, central to all things." The volume comprises a series of expository discourses in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and will be found suggestive and stirring in its quaint, tender thought.

Turning to General Literature, which, from lack of space, is the only other department, this month, we can record the doings in, we meet with "Yesterday with Authors," by Jas. T. Fields, the Boston publisher. The volume is a re-publication, with additions, of the *Atlantic Monthly* articles in the department of "Our whispering gallery," and is rich in many entertaining anecdotes and personal reminiscences of literary characters with whom the writer was on terms of friendship.

The new volume of Essays, entitled, "Character," by the author "Self Help," contains pleasant discussions on the influence of character, home power, companionship, example, &c., in Mr. Smiles' entertaining style. The work will be found a valuable incentive to the young. "Twenty Years Ago" is the title of the third issue in the series of "Books for girls," edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and is said to be the *bona fide* journal of an English girl in her teens, resident in Paris during the stirring scenes of the *coup d'état*. Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," embraces some brilliant sketches of life in the high elevations of the far west, and reveals in the writer, keen sympathies with nature and a lofty appreciation of its beauties. "The To-morrow of Death," from the French of Louis Figuier, is a natural step from the author's highly ideal representation of inanimate nature to animate life. Its speculations on man's future after death are curious and thoroughly French.

We close our brief notes by chronicling the appearance of two new novels reprinted, with permission of the authors, by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. These are "Wilfrid Cumbermede," by George Macdonald, and "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins. Their manufacture, typographically, is highly creditable to home industry, and, we doubt not, to readers, they will be found sufficiently satisfying in all the elements of plot, sensation and absorbing interest.

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## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY ALFRED H. DYMOND.

A WARM controversy, in which leading publishers both of London and New York, as well as some authors of distinction, took part, was recently carried on for several weeks in the English press on the subject of International Copyright. Although the correspondence disclosed a very wide divergence of opinion between the several disputants, the result, on the whole, went to show that there really existed no insuperable obstacles to an adjustment of this much debated question upon terms equitable and just to authors and publishers. It will be our object in this paper to notice generally the arguments and statements set forth in the discussion, and to consider the means by which it is possible an agreement may be arrived at. The question, approached from a Canadian stand-point, assumes a triangular aspect, as it is impossible to exclude Canada from our considerations with due regard to her geographical position and her own legislative action.

The laws of most, if not all, civilized na-

tions, recognize the justice and policy of according to their own subjects the protection of a copyright law. To British legislation we shall refer presently. France accords equal rights to foreigners and her own subjects in copyrights extending to twenty years after the author's death. Germany, Austria, and Denmark, concede the privilege for a period of thirty years after the author's death. Sweden gives a copyright for twenty-eight years, but it lapses to the State if the publication of the work is discontinued. Russia and Spain grant copyright extending, respectively, to twenty-five and fifty years after the author's death. In the United States, *citizens of the Union* may obtain copyright for twenty-eight years, with the right of extending it to a family surviving the holder for fourteen years more. The extension of such protection to the subjects of foreign states has also been effected by treaties between Great Britain, France, Germany, and other European countries. It is between the two great English speaking communities

that difficulties have mainly arisen, a common language and common literature being, it would appear, rather provocative of hostility to mutual concessions than influential in promoting agreement. In the American book market the British or Canadian author enjoys no legal protection whatever. The supply of American book literature is limited in quantity, and, with some distinguished exceptions, is generally of an inferior quality to that of the Old World. The demand of the most book-loving of peoples has, therefore, to be principally supplied from Europe, and no law exists to compel an American publisher to pay for the brain labour from which he derives, in the shape of cheap home-printed editions, an enormous harvest. The laws of the United States do not even reciprocate the advantages offered by the British Law to foreign authors. By the British Act of 1842 (5 and 6 Vic., c. 45) it was provided :

"That the copyright in every book which shall, after the passing of this Act, be published in the lifetime of its author shall endure for the natural life of such author, and for the further term of seven years, commencing at the time of his death, and shall be the property of such author and his assigns ; provided always, that if the said term of seven years shall expire before the end of forty-two years from the first publication of such book, the copyright shall, in that case, endure for such period of forty-two years ; and that the copyright in every book which shall be published after the death of its author shall endure for the term of forty-two years from the first publication thereof, and shall be the property of the proprietor of the author's manuscript, from which such book shall be first published, and his assigns."

Neither in this clause, nor in any other portion of the Act, is there any limitation as to the nationality of the author. It is interesting, in perusing the several legal judgments given upon the trial of copyright

issues in England, to observe in how broad and liberal a spirit its provisions have been construed by the great expositors of British Law. For our present purpose it is only necessary to state that, by the final decision of the House of Lords in the well known case of *Routledge vs. Low*, it was finally settled that, if a literary or musical work first published in the United Kingdom, the author being at the time resident within the jurisdiction of the Act, he may acquire a copyright in any part of the British dominions ; but if, on the other hand, such work be first published in India, Canada, or any other British possession not included in the United Kingdom, no copyright can be acquired in that work, excepting only such (any) as the local laws of the colony, &c., where it is first published, may afford. An American, therefore, resident for the time being in England or Canada, may make agreements simultaneously with a British and American publisher, respectively, and thus enjoy copyright privileges throughout the British dominions, as well as in his own country. It will be clear that this provision, honest and equitable though it be, can only be operative in a few exceptional cases. Still it is a national and honourable recognition of the foreign authors' rights, and relieves the Mother Country from the imputation of respecting the just claims of the subjects of a foreign nation to the protection of her laws for the productions of their genius. Nor has the great British North American dependency, so closely connected geographically with the United States, been less liberal than Great Britain in offering to the foreign author the advantages of a Dominion copyright. By the Canadian Copyright Act of 1868 (31 Vic. cap. 54) it was enacted :

"That any person resident in Canada, or any person being a British subject, and resident in Great Britain or Ireland, who is the author of any book, map, chart, or musical composition, or of any original painting, drawing, statuary, sculpture, or

"photograph, or who invents, designs, etches, engraves, or causes to be engraved, etched, or made from his own design, any print or engraving, and the legal representatives of such persons, shall have the sole right and liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, reproducing and vending such literary, scientific, or artistic works or compositions, in whole or in part, and of allowing translations to be made of such literary works from one language into other languages, for the term of twenty-eight years from the time of recording the title thereof in the manner hereinafter directed."

Further clauses enact how registration shall be effected, and that, to entitle the author to the benefit of the Act, his work shall be printed and published in Canada, and contain the name and place of abode of a publisher in Canada. An American author may, therefore, by simply crossing the frontier, and employing a Canadian publisher, be secured in the enjoyment of copyright over the whole Dominion. We shall have occasion to refer again to this statute, but meantime notice it for the purpose of showing how completely the advantages as between the United States and Great Britain and her colonies, lie with the former.

It will be evident that the Imperial legislation we have quoted is chiefly applicable to standard works, those, in point of fact, upon which the largest outlay of time and labour has been expended, and, consequently, on whose authors the absence of copyright protection must press most cruelly. It was stated in one of the numerous recent articles in the London press on this subject, that Mr. Erichsen, the author of an English work on "The Science and Art of Surgery," had discovered that, up to the end of 1866, no less than 5,370 American reprinted copies of his book had been purchased by the American Government for the use of the army. Had the books been bought from Mr. Erichsen's English publisher, the profit to the author on the sale would, it is alleged

have amounted to three thousand pounds sterling. His sole and proud reward, however, has been to see an American edition, of the result of years of toil and study, adopted as a text book of surgery throughout the Union. The author of a standard work on seamanship tells the same tale of flattering appreciation unmingled with the grosser but more substantial compliment of a publisher's cheque. Had these authors been Americans we can readily imagine how eagerly they would have complied with the Imperial Act of 1842, or the Canadian Act of 1868, in order to secure copyright in Great Britain or the Dominion of Canada.

We have now to pass from the consideration of the legal aspects of the question to enquire what is the general practice of the trade, either in Great Britain or the United States, with respect to authors' copyrights. The illustrations we have just mentioned clearly show that in the absence of an international copyright treaty the author may have, and does have, frequently to submit to great injustice. But we are assured, not only on the authority of Messrs. Appleton and other well known American publishers, but by the confirmatory statements of English contributors to the late controversy, that the harshness of the law is, to a very great extent, ameliorated by the honourable liberality with which British and American houses respectively pay for authors' advance sheets. This practice is, there can be no doubt, carried so far on both sides as to condemn the application of such sweeping and offensive terms as piracy and fraud, so freely hurled to and fro by the more angry of the late disputants. In point of fact, as we shall see when we come to notice the relations of the United States and Canada in this connection, British-Canadian legislation even gives a quasi-sanction to the reprinting of English books by Americans when it provides for the importation into Canada of American reprints at a small duty, designed, it is true, as a remuneration to the author,

but of which, it is equally certain, he rarely receives the benefit. On the other hand, we must distinguish between the competitive generosity, if such a phrase is justly applicable to the case of the great British or American houses, and the practices of a multitude of less honest traders, who not only reprint without scruple, but issue imperfect, and at times spurious, travesties of the originals. Nor is the system, adopted we will assume generally by the larger firms towards authors of high repute and popularity, by any means universal in its application. Messrs. Appleton declare that not on novels merely, but on grave works of science, philosophy, and history, they have paid many thousands of pounds, and that for a dozen years they have been endeavouring to extend this arrangement amongst British authors willing to accept remuneration upon terms similar to those the publisher in the States could afford to pay to native writers. But whilst Messrs. Appletons' statement is frankly accepted as true with respect to their own good intentions, and probably may be taken as fairly representing the policy of many other firms, there will always, in the absence of legal protection, be a great many exceptions to the rule, if, indeed, the general rule be not the converse of theirs, and such honourable regard for unprotected private rights the exception. Even in Messrs. Appletons' own defence there occurs a statement which, by implication, admits this view of the case to be correct. Mr. Mortimer Collins complained that one of his novels had been reprinted by the Appletons. He was coolly told in reply, that "the book was probably one of those picked up at a slack time to keep the men at work," and Messrs. Appleton "trusted the author did not flatter himself that international copyright could ever help in the case of such books." In other words, if Mr. Collins had announced to Messrs. Appleton that he was about producing a new and popular novel, they would have entered the lists as competitors for advance sheets

and paid him handsomely. Trade rivalry would have kept them true to their avowed policy, but failing that moral corrective, the author's book was "picked up to keep the men at work," without one thought as to whether its appropriation was in accordance with a due regard for his interests. We are at a loss to conceive how it can be argued that an international copyright law would fail to reach such cases as this. Had such a law existed, a professional book-maker like Mortimer Collins would most assuredly have availed himself of its protection; and Messrs. Appleton, with the fear of the law before their eyes, would have found some more righteous method of employing their spare hands. Was it the mere temporary exigencies of the composing room that presented Mr. Enchsen's standard work, already mentioned, to the Government and surgical profession of the United States? It is, however, asserted that, under existing arrangements, the author obtains a larger remuneration from the foreign publisher than he would receive by the sale of his copyright. We may, no doubt, easily find illustrations in proof of this statement from the dealings of publishers with authors of high standing and world-wide fame. But even voluntary liberality must find its level. Wealthy firms may, from motives of policy, endeavour to attract the crowd of book-wrights to their mart by an occasional show of free-handed dealing. But it will hardly be alleged, we imagine, that the aggregate sum paid to British authors by American houses, or *vice versa*, is larger than it would be if all were equally protected by copyright laws. It might be worth while to enquire to what extent, in certain cases, a few popular authors benefit by the fact that the ability of the foreign publisher to pay them handsomely for their advance sheets is enhanced by the supply—for which he pays nothing—of books picked up to keep the men going during slack seasons. It is quite possible that, under the present system, the British publisher, reckoning on a heavy pay

ment down from the American house, can afford to give the author a higher fee than would be the case if he had his own trade only to calculate profits upon. Under an international law the author would have to make two bargains, and, possibly, might sometimes find that he was in the end less satisfied than under the present system. We have only to repeat, however, that where the conditions of all are equal a standard of value must ultimately be found, and that the duty of governments is, not to legislate in the interest of exceptional cases, but in accordance with those of the whole people.

As the opposition to an international copyright treaty comes almost entirely, if not altogether, from the American side, it may not be unfair to consider whether the American book maker would be prejudiced or benefited by protection being granted in the United States market to his English competitor. It is incontestible that the scale of remuneration for literary labour in the States is lower than in Great Britain. Some of the discontent shown by British authors with American houses may be attributed to the fact that they are paid, if paid at all, according to an American standard rather than an English one. The cause of this cheapening of the grandest of all commodities in a country where other descriptions of work are better remunerated than in Europe, is obvious. The American is handicapped in the competition with European rivals. His works are reduced in value simply because there is an inexhaustible supply of the foreign article which costs nothing to the importers. It is too late to enter into the general question of authors' rights, under any circumstances, to protection. Our controversy turns solely upon the claim of authors to copyright in a foreign country, and it is from that point of view we have to regard the probable effect of such international arrangements as may be needed to secure that end. Mr. Macmillan asserts that during his travels in the United States he found the

desire of American authors for an international copyright law all but universal. If the American publisher is compelled to pay for the use he makes of foreign authorship, it needs no argument to prove that, by the simple operation of an economical law, the native author will be the gainer. Nor need the most pronounced free-trader start with alarm at this concession to the principle of protection to native industry. We have already repudiated any desire to use terms harsh or offensive in relation to existing practices. But putting our case hypothetically, we need cause no irritation by asserting that even the most extreme application of free trade was never intended to place honest traffic in competition with petty larceny. A case parallel to the wholesale appropriation of foreign books by publishers in the United States, which places the native producer at a disadvantage with a foreign rival, would be found in a buccaneering expedition, undertaken in the interest of New York or Boston bread-eaters, to despoil the granaries of Europe to the obvious injury of the Illinois corn-grower. The truest political economy is compatible with the purest justice. The results of thought, study and genius, have the same moral claim to the protection of law as material products. The old Common Law of England recognized this principle long before the statute of Anne fixed the limits and defined the extent of copyright. American authorship can never become hardy, vigorous and prolific, unless it enjoys the just stimulant of commercial profit. For a country that, for the express advantage of home producers, taxes foreign imports to the highest point the consumer can bear, to permit the whole world to be ransacked and its literary treasures brought to market not merely duty free but with the brand of "STOLEN" plainly marked upon them, is, certainly, an anomaly against which the American author may well lift up his protest. It is not from him that the opposition to an international copyright treaty will come.

That the boon is denied purely in the assumed interest of the trader is clear from the fact that, whilst no legal restriction is placed upon the reprinting of foreign books in the United States, the originals are subject to the heavy customs duty of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. If the refusal of copyright to the foreign authors were a concession to the presumptive claims of popular education, there would be no logical consistency in maintaining the tax on imported books.

The opposition to an international copyright is really a publishers' question, and in that sense it is, even at the time we write, the subject of trade caucuses, debates in Congress, and articles in the American press. The great firms are not altogether in accord as to the measure proposed to be submitted to the House of Representatives at Washington. It is warmly supported by the Appletons, but opposed by the Harpers and others, and, having regard to the peculiar influences often brought to bear upon the decisions of Congress when important trade issues are involved, no one can safely predicate with any degree of certainty what may be the fate of the scheme formulated in the Bill referred to. The most complete proposals, out of two or three that have been printed, appears in the *Weekly Trade Circular* of January 25th, 1872. In the first clause of that Bill the main intention and scope of the measure are set forth in the following terms :

"Any person or persons, being a citizen or citizens of any foreign country, or residents therein, who shall be the author or authors of any book, map, chart, dramatic work, or musical composition that may be first published in any foreign country after this Act shall go into operation, or who shall invent, engrave, work, or cause to be worked or made, as a work of art, from his own design, any print or engraving that may be first published in any foreign country after this Act shall take effect, and the

"executors, administrators or legal assigns of such person or persons, shall have the same exclusive right and liberty to multiply and sell copies of such works in the United States, that now are, or may hereafter be granted by the laws of the United States to authors and artists who are citizens of the United States, subject to the same conditions, regulations and limitations."

It is, however, provided that the benefits of the Act shall not be extended to authors and artists whose books may first be published in any foreign country wherein the laws do not secure equal copyright privileges to the citizens of the United States. The Act requires, further, that "the book or other work of the kind specified" shall be wholly manufactured in the United States, and be issued for sale by a publisher or publishers who are citizens of the United States. The third section makes provision for the reservation of the right of translation, and a subsequent clause for the deposit, in the Library of Congress, of the best foreign edition of the work, as well as for the registration of the title page "within three months after its first publication in such foreign country." No author will be entitled to the protection of copyright unless these stipulations be complied with and

"Unless within three months after such first publication an arrangement shall have been made in good faith with some American publisher or publishing firm for the immediate publication of the work in the United States."

In the case of translations a period of six months is allowed for their disposal by the author to an American publisher. The Bill discussed at the late convention of American publishers differs in terms, but not in spirit, from the foregoing. The latter is confined strictly to books and serial publications. Articles in foreign newspapers and contributions to foreign periodicals are expressly excepted, but the author of a contribution "known as a serial" may, if he makes an

arrangement with an American publisher at its first issue, secure the privileges and benefits of copyright. The second section contains a paragraph to which some exception may, we think, fairly be taken. It says :

"If an American publisher shall neglect, for the space of three months, to keep the book so published by him on sale, or obtainable at his publishing house, then it may be imported or reprinted, the same as might have been done before the passage of this Act."

There is an element of sharp practice in this stipulation that seems to be a contradiction of the general principle of the proposed measure. The object to be attained is, as we take it, to secure the foreign author in what are now conceded to be his rights, and to place him on the same footing in the United States as in his own country, where no such restrictions are imposed. If a book is in large demand, it is true such a lapse in the production is not very likely to occur, and, therefore, the necessity for the proviso can scarcely exist. But it might happen that, where laborious revision is required by the author, or commercial embarrassments supervene on the part of the publisher, not to speak of many other possible temporary hindrances to the issue of a new edition, it would be most unjust to peril the copyright by enforcing so stringent and exceptional a rule. Before noticing further the terms of the bills we have above described, it may be well to observe that the conference was far from unanimous in adopting the last named measure. According to the *Tribune* "The whole body of Boston and Philadelphia publishers, as well as those of New York, had been invited. No one appeared from Philadelphia, the tradesmen of that city having declared themselves opposed to all international copyright ; and only fifteen prominent city houses were represented, the Harpers and nearly all the school book publishers being absent. All the gentlemen in attendance were desirous of an international

copyright law, but their opinions differed widely as to its construction. Mr. W. H. Appleton presented the report of the Committee of five appointed to frame a bill, which was approved by all members of the committee with the exception of Mr. Seymour, of the firm of Charles Scribner & Co." From this statement we may safely conclude that the question of granting the foreign author the protection he demands at the hands of the American Government and people is still of very uncertain accomplishment. The dissenting member of the committee presented a minority report strongly combating several of the provisions of the bill, which he declared "was not an international copyright law at all, but an Act to protect American publishers such as they have no right to demand, and one that the British Government would not recognize as giving any claim to reciprocity." The report of the majority was adopted by nine to five, two delegates refusing to vote, and others, while favourable to the general principle, suggesting amendments. We now know, therefore, what is the utmost extent of the boon that, if Congress be not far more liberal than the traders most directly interested, the people of America may be expected at present to grant to the foreign authors—to whose labours they are so largely indebted, and for which they have hitherto paid so little.

It is strictly and exclusively an authors' copyright that is proposed to be conceded. But if, whilst offering a tardy measure of justice to the English author, the Bill erects a "Chinese wall" between the American and the foreign publisher in the interest of the latter, such a course is not without a certain degree of justification. At the conference we have just mentioned a letter was read from a number of eminent English authors in which a very strong argument was presented in favour of the position assumed by the American publishers. After expressing the opinion that the interests of the British author and those of the British publisher are



separate and distinct, and that they should be so regarded in any attempt at negotiation, the writers go on to say:—"Americans distinguish between the author, as producing the ideas, and the publisher, as producing the material vehicle by which these ideas are conveyed to readers. They admit the claim of the British author to be paid by them for his brain-work. The claim of the British book manufacturer to a monopoly of their book market they do not admit. To give the British author a copyright is simply to agree that the American publisher shall pay him for work done. To give the British publisher a copyright is to open the American market to him on terms which prevent the American publisher from competing. Without dwelling on the argument of the Americans that such an arrangement would not be free trade, but the negation of free trade, and merely noticing their further argument that, while their protective system raises the prices of all the raw materials, free competition with the British book manufacturer would be fatal to the American book manufacturer, it is clear that the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author." To this important document, amongst many other distinguished names, are appended those of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, G. A. Lewes, J. A. Froude, Thomas Carlyle, and John Morley.

The broadest application of free trade does not go further than to place the home and foreign producer on an equality. Its advocates certainly never demanded that the foreigner should be secured in a monopoly of the home market. The most practical argument, however, for the limitation of the right of protection to the author is the essential difference between the book manufacture of the two countries. The publisher in Great Britain manufactures for the libraries, the publisher of New York for the

people. The English are the greatest book-borrowers in the world, the Americans the most eager book-purchasers. To place the monopoly of the American market in foreign hands would be, it is argued, to ensure the introduction of a higher priced article (even leaving fiscal imposts out of consideration) thus circumscribing the sale and actually limiting the educational advantages derivable from a cheap literature. An objection to excluding the foreign publisher from copyright privileges has been put forward on the ground that, where the books contain expensive plates and illustrations, a considerable loss would be incurred by the production of duplicate editions. The author must suffer, it is said, if the initial expense of illustrations, setting up the type, and possibly stereotyping, is repeated in each country. As the ability of the publisher to pay the author depends on the margin of profit between the cost of production and the selling price, by doubling the former you reduce the chances of the author's remuneration. But is not the probability in favour of the author receiving more under such circumstances than he does at present? If the work is so unique in its costliness and beauty as to defy reproduction, it will carry on its face its own copyright; if, on the other hand, it can easily be reproduced and its illustrations imitated, even though perhaps coarsely, the author will receive all the benefit of the article being adapted to the foreign market and pushed with that energy the interest of the foreign publisher will induce him to bestow upon it. It may seem hard to the British publisher that he should be "left out in the cold" in these arrangements. But the bargain is not wholly one-sided. It is true that the American publishers will be the largest gainers, just as it is they who are making at the present time the largest payments, prompted on either side by a spirit of fair dealing and justice. With the author, however, lies the vested right in the commodity which is the object of negotiation; he is

entitled to make the best terms for himself that he can, and, with some modifications in detail, may be very well contented to accept such a measure as that before Congress.

We have, lastly, to notice the position, in regard to international copyright, of the Dominion of Canada. The existing Copyright Law of the Dominion has been already mentioned, and we have incidentally referred, in passing, to the special arrangement by which American reprints of English works are allowed to be imported into this country. By the Act of 1847 (10 and 11 Vic., c. 95) Her Majesty was enabled, by Order in Council, to suspend the enactment contained in the Copyright Act of 1842 against the importation into any part of Her Majesty's dominions of foreign reprints of English copyright works. But such Order in Council was not to be made as to any colony, &c., unless, by local legislation, such colony had, in the opinion of Her Majesty, so far as foreign reprints were concerned, made due provision for protecting the rights of British authors there. The Legislature of the Province of Canada at once passed an Act, still in force, admitting foreign reprints on payment of a duty of twelve and a half per cent. on the published price of the works, such duty to be paid over to the owners of the original copyright who might take the trouble to register their works in Canada as being entitled to share in the benefits of the Act. It has sometimes been contended that the Act of 1868 was an evidence of colonial selfishness, whilst, on the other hand, the wholesale introduction into Canada of reprints which paid the author nothing, was held to be a glaring illustration of the unfair advantage taken on this side the Atlantic of British authors and publishers. Certainly the Act of 1847, under which those reprints are admitted, is a most powerful argument in favour of such a measure as we have in our foregoing remarks been advocating. Here was, as we have seen, legislative sanction to a presumptive right on the part of the Am-

ericans to reprint British books; but with it an acknowledgment of the paramount claim of the authors, as shown by the toll levied in their interest on the works the publishers, often without payment, had appropriated. But in practice the Act is all but a dead letter. The necessary steps to secure the exactation of the duty are seldom taken by the authors; there is no check on a slovenly or partial performance of its duties by the custom house; book parcels are generally mixed, and the number of copies of a particular work may be so small as hardly to repay the trouble of charging them with duty; and, lastly, it is idle to expect the Canadian publisher to be a ready assistant in carrying out the law in the face of the system prevailing on the other side of the line, to which we have been adverting. The Canadian Act of 1868 has been in certain cases invoked as a protection against the reprints. The validity of that statute, however, has not been tested, and a nice point might be raised as to whether it was competent for the Canadian Parliament, by its statute in 1868, to override the Act of the Provincial Assembly of 1847, with the consequent Imperial Order in Council, having itself the force of an Act, under which reprints were admitted. Canada has lately been promised, by certain American journals of bellicose tendencies, the exhilarating sensation of becoming a battle-ground for the settlement of a great international quarrel. She is already the battle-ground of British and American editions of works imported from either Great Britain or the United States, the former having lawfully paid the author for producing them, the latter possibly having paid nothing. Yet, if the American reprints *do* pay the twelve and a half per cent., and the originals only five per cent., the reprints win the day. The fiscal legislation of Canada is liberal enough, and no one can complain of a five per cent. *ad valorem* duty as a serious grievance. Under it there is an enormous importation of British books into the Dominion. The growth of the book

trade is one of the most remarkable and gratifying circumstances in the social history of the country. If the author desires to obtain copyright in Canada, the Act of 1868 gives it him. If Canada were geographically isolated, the British author need with her have literally no grievance. But Canada is not isolated; her relations with the neighbouring country are close and intimate, and it is simply a necessity that, in any negotiations between Great Britain and the United States on this question, the position of Canada towards the latter should be fully recognized.

We have said that the validity of the Act of 1868 may be called in question. The power to make laws affecting copyright is expressly conceded to the Dominion by the British North America Act of 1867. But it is contended by some that this would apply only to native productions, and can have no force against the Imperial Act of 1842, especially in a retroactive sense. If this view be correct, the Canadian publisher who reprints an English copyrighted work is liable to all the pains and penalties of the Act last mentioned, whilst he is compelled to see, under the authority of the joint legislation of Great Britain and Canada, American reprints, with which he could often successfully compete, flooding the country, and practically paying nothing, either in New York or at the frontier, for the privilege. The contrast is made all the broader by the fact that, in the very year (1868) which saw the Canadian publisher, as he imagined, protected by an Act of his own Parliament, another Act was passed at Ottawa giving the Executive power to increase the duty on American reprints to twenty per cent, which is just as much a dead letter as its predecessor of 1847.

Business ingenuity and energy, however, are generally equal to the occasion, and they are likely, in this instance, to solve the difficulty more promptly than appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Nearly opposite to Montreal, on the Ameri-

side of the boundary line, which there approaches very near to the St. Lawrence, lies Rouse's Point. At this place Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, one of the most honourable of Canadian publishers, has set up a press and the other machinery and appliances needed for book printing. Thither he sends his types, prints the sheets of British copyright works, pays the twelve and a half per cent. duty on "American reprints" at the custom house, and, having thus complied with an Act passed in the interest of the British author, can circulate the book in Canada with safety and profit. There has been some outcry at what is called this evasion of the law. We fail, however, to see the transaction in that light. It is more than probable that Mr. Lovell might print many of the books in question at Montreal and circulate them in Canada with impunity. We doubt much if, in the present anomalous state of legislation on this subject, a Canadian jury would sustain an action or prosecution against him. But he does well not to infringe upon any Act, local or imperial, that may be fairly construed to impose restrictions upon him and his *confreres* of the publishing trade. His arrangements appear to be not merely in honest compliance with the law, but positively advantageous to the British copyright holder. His experience tells him what style and price of book are best adapted to the Canadian market: the sale is, therefore, correspondingly large, and, on the whole, he pays a very fair royalty to the author or the author's representatives, not one dollar of which would they probably obtain if the books were imported into Canada by an American bookseller. It may be well for our countrymen at home to take this illustration of the effect of the present state of the law into very serious consideration. What Mr. Lovell is doing at Rouse's Point a Toronto publisher may do at Buffalo or elsewhere. We may depend upon it that the Americans will offer all possible facilities for arrangements that bring any class of productive in-

dustury across their lines to spend capital in the form of wages and local taxes. Would it not be far better at once to allow Canadians to reprint all British copyrights on the payment of a royalty ? A delusive method of protecting the interests of British authors would then be exchanged for a substantial reality wherever the holder of the copyright preferred to accept a royalty instead of selling it to a Canadian publisher. Ordinary books can be produced more cheaply in Canada than in the States ; we have seen that the condition of the book trade in Canada is altogether different from what it was in 1847. A people enjoying self government can hardly allow Imperial legislation to inter-

vene in questions affecting local rights of property and social progress. An ardent supporter of the political connection existing between Great Britain and the Dominion must desire to see every question set at rest that may prejudice Canadians in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen in the Mother land. Authors are a sensitive race ; they have often a keener appreciation of an injustice than an accurate knowledge of the means that may secure its removal ; and the pens they handle may prove instruments of mischief and misrepresentation, if fair and equitable legislation fail to come to the settlement of their claims on a just and practicable basis.

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“ SIC EST VITA.”

BY CHARLOTTE GRANT.

REJOICING in his strength, the Sun  
 Espied on earth a lovely child ;  
 He stooped, and kissed the winsome one—  
 The maiden, Spring, looked up and smiled !  
 He played with her, and with his arms  
 His shining mantle round her drew.  
 Her beauty warmed to wondrous charms,  
 And bloom'd in modest radiance through ;  
 He gave her flowers ; she gave him song ;  
 Full gladsome grew her merry voice !  
 He wooed her well, nor wooed her long,  
 Ere his sweet love was her sweet choice.  
 Ah, then ! behind the clouds he crept,  
 And hid his face from her in play ;  
 But when the Spring, forsaken, wept,  
 He came and kissed her tears away.  
 When gambol-wearied, happy-flusht,  
 She laid her down to rest awhile,  
 The lover saw her, slumber-husht,  
 And brought the moon to watch her smile ;  
 And plac'd the stars about her head  
 In varied clusters, that their gleam

Might play, a-twinkling, round her bed,  
And give unto her joyous dreams !  
Then, o'er the wolds to waiting lands,  
With lightsome footsteps sallied he—  
His glorious locks, in golden bands,  
Adazzling others fair as she !  
They hail'd his coming—brought forth fruits—  
And laid all at his feet, so bless'd !  
They danced, and sang to echoing lutes,  
And sought by him to be caressed !  
Rememb'ring Spring, his sleeping bride,  
He quieted them, lover-wise.  
She woke and found him by her side,  
Though tear-lash'd were her opening eyes.  
Thus loving, lived the beauteous Spring ;  
Thus loving, early passed away ;  
The Sun came close to hear her sing  
Her last sweet, trembling roundelaye.  
The claiming shades about her drew—  
She kept her eyes on *him*, and smil'd !  
And, as they bore her from his view,  
She gave him *Hope*, their living child.

The playful breezes missed her fun,  
And, softly seeking, went and came :  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Soon met the Summer—stately maid !  
With ardent eyes and reigning flush—  
His locks, thro' all her regal braid  
Entangled, showing bright her blush !  
Beneath his fervent touch, her heart  
Did eager leap, and own his power !  
Oh, well he play'd the lover's part,  
While crowning her with leaf and flower !  
And trustful lived she, blest and bright,  
Till lustrous eyes grew still and mild ;  
And passing gently out of sight,  
She bore him *Faith*, their comely child.

The breezes missed so fair a one,  
And, sadly sighing, went and came :

Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Lo ! bowed in prayerful grace he saw,  
With hands outspread benev'lently,  
A form so grand he gazed in awe,  
And veiled his boldness reverently !  
Eyes wisdom-fraught, grave Autumn turned,  
Beheld him where he gazing stood—  
Her dusky brow before him burned !  
His presence thrilled her womanhood !  
He glided forward, silent, still  
All burnishing her dark, dark hair !  
And lingered near her heart, until  
His image bright was mirrored there !  
Oh, gen'rous proved her love, and deep !  
But soon the noble soul within  
Grew troubled, when she could not keep  
The love which thus her heart did win.  
To stifle all her yearnings wild,  
Long-suffering, brave, she vainly tried—  
Then brought forth *Charity*, their child,  
And moaning, laid her down and died.

The wondering winds thro' woodlands dun,  
Awaiting weirdly, went and came :  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Now Winter hurried, stern and chaste,  
The daughters of the earth to hide,  
That he their loves no more might taste,  
Nor conqu'ring, lure them to his side.  
In vain—the Sun, with spangling touch,  
Turned Winter's night to Summer's day,  
And flushed the Earth with glory such,  
That white-faced Winter fled away.

The wild winds, fierce at what was done,  
In loud wrath, raging, went and came :  
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun  
Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Again he wandered, bright to view,  
The children of the earth among :

To each his endless charms were new,  
 To each he seemed forever young ;  
 And some to whom he deigned not grace,  
 In lonely woe grew pale and dim ;  
 And some that knew his gracious face,  
 Grew beautiful beholding him ;  
 And some, unhappy, by his might,  
 O'ercome and crush'd, lay sorrow-dried ;  
 But all ! and all ! or wrong, or right,  
 Lived, loved, and laughed, and wept, and died !

The mourning earth sobbed forth her cry—  
 " My generations pass away !"   
 The measureless illumined sky  
 Triumphant sang—" Love lives for aye !"

LONDON.

## DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART TWO.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. MAXWELL BUTLER.

AFTER an interval of eighteen years I must again introduce my readers to Mrs. Dormer's home in Galway. Ten of those years she has been a widow, supported by her nephew, Maxwell Butler, now a clergyman, having recently been admitted to the order of priesthood. For the last year he had been residing in Dublin, performing the duties of Deacon in one of the Episcopal churches to the entire satisfaction of his rector and the congregation among whom he ministered. The high hopes Mrs. Dormer had entertained of her nephew during his boyhood were not disappointed. He grew up noble in purpose and strong in spirit, admirably fitted for the profession he

had chosen, not from motives of worldly interest, but because he felt in this walk of life he could best promote the honour of God by ministering to the spiritual wants of his fellow-creatures ; for even in boyhood Max had been deeply impressed by the godly example and religious training of Aunt Amy, and as he advanced in years these serious impressions deepened.

"The Dublin mail arrived an hour ago. I wonder what keeps the postman so late to-day, Josephine?" These words were addressed by Mrs. Dormer to a beautiful girl who was seated at a piano, practising some operatic music. She is the foundling adopted by her some eighteen years before. She has grown up singularly attractive. Her figure below the medium height, slender and graceful, her face a perfect oval, the features small and regular, the complexion fair, a soft

roseate hue tinging the rounded cheek, the hair rich, sunny brown, and the eyes dark grey, with a bewitching archness gleaming in their liquid depths. She was simply dressed; yet in her plain attire she looked more stylish than many clad in costly array, for there was a native elegance about her which made Winny often remark to her mistress that "it was asy seen she come of a good stock of rale genthry, no doubt, if oue only knew where to find them."

"The postman must be here soon, mamma," and rising from the piano, the young girl approached a window and looked out. "Here he comes!" she added joyfully, and she hastened to the hall door to receive the expected letter from Max.

"What news?" she resumed eagerly, on perceiving Mrs. Dormer's face brighten as she perused her nephew's letter.

"Good news, darling! Max has been presented with a small living at Carraghmore, through the recommendation of his college friend, Sir Gerard Trevor. He was leaving Dublin when he wrote. He desires us to prepare for an immediate removal to Carraghmore. Our home must be again with him, he says. Dear Max! how glad I shall be to see him, after our long separation. He has not been much at home since he entered college, and now we shall have him always with us."

"What kind of place is Carraghmore, I wonder!" was Josephine's thoughtful observation. The idea of moving from Galway to some out-of-the-way country village did not seem very inviting to the young girl.

"It is a maritime town. Sir Gerard Trevor passes much of his time there, Max says," observed Mrs. Dormer.

Josephine's face brightened. She felt some curiosity to see this college friend of Max, who he said was so very handsome, and generous, and noble-minded—quite a hero he must be, she thought. The next few days was a time of pleasing bustle to the Dormers, but the preparations for a removal

were at length completed, and full of pleasant expectation they set out for Carraghmore.

The parsonage at Carraghmore was sadly in want of repairs, and the new clergyman determined to spend some money in making it a comfortable dwelling before removing his family into it. As it would not be ready for several weeks, a temporary home was selected in a romantic spot, half-way between Carraghmore and Barrington Height. This was a cottage of unpretending appearance, placed near a small creek, land-locked by rugged cliffs which broke the wild force of the Atlantic. From its sandy beach, glistening with the white foam of the swelling waves that broke upon it incessantly, the land rose gradually into a rocky acclivity shadowing the present home of the clergyman's family, which nestled at its base. Half-way up this moss-covered height was a picturesque-looking summer-house, a favourite retreat of Mrs. Dormer and Josephine on account of the extended prospect it commanded. On one side rose Barrington Height, with its mansion of grey-stone, on the other the picturesque ruin of the Friary of St. Bride, and in front the surging waters of the Atlantic, with its misty headlands and white sail gleaming over its green expanse. It is a few evenings after the arrival of the Dormers at Carraghmore; Mrs. Dormer and Josephine are seated in the summer-house enjoying the cool breeze from the ocean—for the day has been unusually sultry, and the Rev. Max Butler—returning from a fatiguing round of parochial visits which he had been making all the afternoon, has just joined them, and throwing himself wearily into a rustic arm-chair, is evidently enjoying the salt sea breeze as it fans his heated, flushed face. A handsome face it is too, with its grave beauty of expression, its large, lustrous blue eyes, and broad intellectual brow, shaded with rich brown hair. The figure is well proportioned and manly, though not much above the medium height, and the clerical dress—the tight fitting cassock—shows it off to advantage.



"Your long walk has tired you, Max ; how do you like your new parishioners ?" Josephine asked.

"There are not many wealthy people among them. They are chiefly of the poorer class, I suppose," put in Mrs. Dormer, without giving him time to answer Josephine's question.

"The congregation of St. Mark's is a small one ; the people about here are chiefly Romanists, but the respectable part of the community belong to me, and the Lady of the Manor, the heiress of Barrington Height, I am glad to say, is one of my flock. By the by, I had the honour of an introduction to her to-day," Max continued with animation, as if the event had given him considerable satisfaction. "I met my friend, Sir Gerard Trevor near Barrington Height, and he insisted on my accompanying him to the house to be introduced to his mother, Lady Trevor, and his cousin, Miss Barrington."

"What kind of looking girl is she, Max ?" asked Josephine eagerly. "Is she a beauty as well as an heiress."

"She certainly is very handsome, and strange to say, wonderfully like you, Josephine."

"Like me !" repeated the young girl in surprise.

"Yes, like you, although her complexion and hair are much darker, still you both have the same dark grey eyes, oval face, and chiselled features. In figure, however, you differ ; you are petite and graceful ; she is tall and commanding—a Juno-like figure that suits her haughty style of beauty."

"How did she receive you, Max ?" inquired Mrs. Dormer.

"Oh, graciously enough ! Still there was a certain hauteur in her manner which, I suppose, is natural to her. She is an heiress, and proud of her wealth and station. She is very young too, about Josephine's age. Perhaps as she grows older she may learn not to attach undue importance to the worldly advantages she possesses. There is the

lady we are speaking of," added Max hastily, as his eye caught sight of two equestrians riding along the public road, which passed near the cottage.

"Speak of an angel, and you see her wings," said Mrs. Dormer, smiling.

"I am afraid there is very little of the angel in Miss Barrington."

"There are no angels among our fashionable young ladies, aunt," was the clergyman's rejoinder.

The equestrians had now approached near enough to be seen distinctly by the little party in the summer-house, and the eyes of all were bent admiringly on them.

"What a graceful horsewoman Miss Barrington is !" exclaimed Mrs. Dormer, "and that riding habit of dark blue cloth displays her fine figure to great advantage ! She certainly is a handsome, imperious-looking girl. I cannot see much resemblance to Josephine in that haughty countenance, Max."

"What a handsome, distinguished looking man !" was Josephine's observation, in a low voice, as she looked earnestly at Miss Barrington's companion.

"That gentleman is Sir Gerard Trevor, I presume," remarked Mrs. Dormer. "The expression of his face is very prepossessing, there is something so frank and noble in it."

"And he is just as good as he looks !" broke in Max, warmly ; "the best fellow in the world, not a bit proud, though his bearing is so aristocratic."

As the equestrians approached the steep upon which the summer-house stood, their eyes were attracted by the little group within it, and Sir Gerard Trevor's gaze lingered on the beautiful face of Josephine. The young men exchanged nods and smiles, and the Baronet raised his hat with graceful courtesy to the ladies, while Miss Barrington bent her head with haughty grace on recognizing the Rev. Max Butler.

"I think you said Lady Trevor is Miss Barrington's aunt," resumed Mrs. Dormer,

as the heiress and Sir Gerard passed out of sight. "Does she always reside with her?"

"Yes, she has lived at Barrington House for several years. Her brother, Major Barrington, left his daughter to her care at his death, which occurred when she was a child. Lady Trevor's jointure is small. Indeed the Trevor rent-roll is not large, owing to the extravagance of the late Baronet, and it is thought Sir Gerard will marry his cousin, whose fortune will enable him to pay off the mortgages on his estate."

"Is it not near tea time?" Max continued, abruptly changing the conversation. "My long walk has given me an appetite. Do go, Josephine, and see what Winny is about, and hurry her in getting tea ready."

"So he is to marry his cousin!" thought Josephine, as she descended the cliff-path to the cottage, and a little sigh of envy escaped her. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw!" was her next mental observation. "How much to be envied in every way is this beautiful Miss Barrington! Surely some get more than their share of the good things of life! Some highly favoured children of earth pursue a pathway from the cradle to the grave fragrant with flowers and glittering with sunshine. Will there be any compensation in the next world, I wonder, for those whose walk in life is dark and rugged, and uninviting, and who pass along to the gloomy end weary and worn, and wounded!" While the young girl was thus soliloquising, a newly awakened feeling of envy shadowing her usually pleasant thoughts, Mrs. Dormer had renewed the conversation about the heiress, asking Max if she was very wealthy.

"Yes, the estate since her father's death has been well managed by the agent, Mr. Crofton, one of my parishioners,—and a shrewd, clever man in his way—and her money invested so as largely to increase her income. Her father left the property somewhat encumbered at his death. He was a dissipated, bad man, I have heard."

"And you heard the thruth for onct in your life." These words came abruptly in deep harsh tones, making the aunt and nephew look around in eager surprise. A singular-looking woman in the dress of the peasantry stood in the door of the summer-house, the soft moss which carpeted the rock having prevented their hearing her approaching footsteps.

"You heard nothing but the thruth," she repeated, her dark sunken eyes gleaming with angry excitement, "for a blacker villain never drew the breath of life than that same Major Barrington."

The hood of her blue cloak was drawn closely over her head, partly shading the dark, hollow-worn face, but the restless passionate eyes recalled to Max Butler's mind an elderly woman whom he had that day met in the house of a sick parishioner, and whom he understood was a well-known character in the neighbourhood.

"How did you get here?" he asked, in surprise. "I did not observe you coming up the path from the cottage."

"I came a shorter cut; I climbed up the rocks from the road below."

"Rather a difficult ascent," observed Mrs. Dormer, eyeing the stranger curiously; but as her eye rested on those stern features, so deeply lined either by sorrow or passion—perhaps both—a strong feeling of compassion stole into her heart, and she asked kindly if she could do anything for her.

"I didn't come for help. I'm not a beggar," she answered stiffly.

"Then what did you come for?" asked Max, sharply, displeased at her ungracious reply to his aunt.

"I come to ax your riverence for a bit of advice about a thing that's bothering the life out of me, but sure if you can't spake aisy to a body it's no use saying more about it. Parsons should be able to keep their timper, and not snap the head off one."

"I stand reproved," said Max, with a

pleasant smile, amused at the strange manner of his new acquaintance.

"May I ask your name?"

"Dinah Blake, at your service," was the curt reply.

Mrs. Dormer now left the summer-house and proceeded towards the cottage, supposing the woman would prefer a private conference with her nephew.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### DINAH'S TETE-A-TETE WITH THE PARSON.

**I** DIDN'T think you belonged to my flock," remarked the clergyman, as he motioned his visitor to a seat near him.

"Nor do I. I'm a Roman, as all my people was afore me, and you're a Protestant." There was a slight ring of contempt in her voice.

"I am a Catholic," hastily interrupted the Rev. Max, who was imbued with High Church notions, and resented the idea of being called a Protestant.

"A Catholic!" repeated Dinah, in surprise. "Aren't you the new parson that's come lately to Carraghmore?"

"Yes, but I call myself a Catholic; I don't mean a Roman Catholic though," Max added by way of explanation.

"Och, that makes all the differ! You're one of the New Light, may be, for I hear that every day there's some new religion starting up, but it would be better for you if you belonged to the Ould Church."

"And so I do!" put in Max, decidedly. "I'm a minister of the Apostolic Catholic Church."

A scornful light flashed from Dinah Blake's keen dark eyes. "I didn't come here to discourse about religion," she said, coolly. "Sure, all you could say till doomsday wouldn't make me believe that your church is as ould as mine, come down to us from the Holy Apostles themselves, besides all the Saints and martyrs. It's no use

wasting talk upon that, and as I see you're a new hand at the business, take me advice, and don't be thryin' to convert any of Father Burke's flock. It'll be worse for you if you do. The ould parson never done it."

"I am not trying to convert you," said Max, with a good humoured smile. "I know well the devotion of the Irish peasantry to the faith of their fathers, and have no intention of interfering with their religious belief."

"And where would be the use of it?" asked Dinah, bluntly. "Sure, they'd believe what the priest tells them agin at the praching of you Prodestants, even with the Lord Primate of all Ireland himself at your head."

"I quite agree with you there, but let us drop this discussion, and tell me in what way I can be of service to you. I think you said there was something troubling your mind."

"And so I did, your riverence! The Lord be good to us, but it's a world of trouble anyhow. It's happy for that that's well out of it. I wondher what the half of us miserable craythurs was ever sent into it for?" the woman added, with gloomy bitterness.

"To serve God and prepare for a better and happier world," was the clergyman's grave rejoinder to this passionate outburst of discontent.

"It isn't one in a hundhred does that, and small blame to them, when one thinks how hard it is!" she retorted vehemently. "What wid the divil tempting us," she continued, with a defiant look at Max, "and the bad passions in one's own heart, and the trouble and disthress, and poverty, sure it's few of God's craythurs will ever see the light of Heaven."

"Why do you take so gloomy a view of this matter," asked the clergyman, compassionately.

"Och, parson dear! isn't the gloomy view the throe one?" she asked, with touch-

ing pathos—"at least for one like me," she hastily added, "that has one great sin to answer for."

"And it is that which troubles you?"

Max remarked, interrogatively.

Dinah nodded an affirmative.

"It seems strange you should come to me for advice instead of Father Burke."

"The rason is just this, the priest wouldn't advise me unless I tould him all in confession, and it doesn't suit me to do that."

"So there is a secret. Does it concern others as well as yourself?"

"To be sure it does! and it's on that account I don't want to tell it."

"But how can I give you any advice in the matter unless I understand more about it."

"Thru for you! and I'm going to make it as plain as I can to your riverence without telling all. Well, the truth is," Dinah continued, after a short pause, "I did a revingeful act onct in me life, and it was owing intirely to that bad man yourself and your aunt was talking about when I come up."

"Major Barrington!" repeated Max, in surprise.

"Himself, and no other! as wicked a man as the divil ever got into his clutches, and he has him now fast enough anyhow!" Dinah added, with the fiendish glitter of gratified revenge in her passionate eyes.

"You shouldn't rejoice in the ruin of an immortal soul," remarked the clergyman reprovingly.

"Shouldn't rejoice!" she exclaimed, hissing the words through her set teeth. "Shouldn't rejoice that the divil has got his own, when the black-hearted rascal was the ruination of one belonging to me! And it was on account of that I revinged meself on him."

"On account of what? Pray speak more to the point."

"Och, but it's hard to insinse you into the maning of it!" she exclaimed, with an impatient gesture. "Can't you undherstand

it was bekase of the great wrong he done one belonging to me."

"In what way did you carry out your revenge?"

"That just what I can't tell, but I want to know if I ought to make aminds for it."

"Certainly, if it is in your power," was the clergyman's prompt answer.

"Aisy, your riverence. Now, suppose by remedying it as you say, I do another great wrong to an innocent craythur, what then? Two wrongs won't make a right; so I'm puzzled intirely."

"I really cannot advise you unless you are more explicit," observed Max, rather impatiently. "I think the best thing you can do would be to reveal the secret in confession to your spiritual guide, Father Burke; he will no doubt be able to make your way clear before you."

"Faix, it's dark enough now at any rate!" remarked Dinah Blake, moodily. "I can't make up me mind to do as you say, bekase I know Father Burke would ordher me to right her by all manes."

"Right whom?" enquired Max eagerly.

"That's part of me saycret, your riverence."

"But why can't you decide upon doing right to the one you have wronged," he asked, his curiosity now fully aroused by the woman's strange communication.

"For the very good rason that in doing so I would be bringing ruination and disgrace to one who isn't to blame at all at all."

"It does seem a singular case," remarked the clergyman thoughtfully, but as I do not thoroughly understand it and you will not explain it fully, I really can give no other advice than what I have already given. How long is it since the evil act you regret was committed?"

"About eighteen years; a good while back your riverence."

"And is it only now it troubles your conscience?" Max enquired, with a look of surprise.

"Well, the thruth is, whilst I had health and strength it never bothered me at all ; I was so glad to be able to circumvint *him* you see."

"Who ?" enquired Max.

"The Major ! Who else ! Sure, I tould it to him on his dying bed, and had the joy of seeing him dhruv near out of his mind with the grief and rage, bekase he couldn't do nothing to remedy it then, being just in the clutch of death. Och, it was a glorious revinge !" and the restless black eyes flashed with cruel brightness as memory presented that death-bed scene in Barrington House, some eighteen years before.

"I am afraid you do not feel very penitent," observed the Rev. Max Butler, with grave rebuke.

"Sorra bit !" she answered curtly, a grim smile flickering over her stern features. "But you see I'm getting ould, and it's time to be thinking of makin' me sowl. The dhread of purgatory is afore me night and day. Bedad, it'll put me in me grave soon, if something isn't done to aise me conscience. Your Church does not believe in purgatory, your riverence."

"No ; we believe in an earthly purgatory, a purification by suffering here on earth, not after death, you know."

"Yes ; I know what you mane well enough, but that docthrine won't hould good in all cases, parson. It might for the poor and the sorrowful, for them that's steeped in poverty all their life—but what purgatory have the rich and the great in this world ! What purgatory had Major Barrington, the villain," she continued, an impetuous angry tones. "Wasn't all the blessings of heaven showered upon him here below ? and do you mane to say there's no fires of purgatory awaiting him in another world. Yes there is !" she added, with fierce vehemence. "I couldn't believe in the eternal justice of God if there was not. And he is up to his neck in them now ! and if one little prayer of mine could get him out I'd never say it. Not if I lived till Doomsday !"

"You should not cherish such intense hatred towards this man," said Max, sternly, shocked at the woman's vindictive outbreak.

"And why not ?" she demanded fiercely ; "didn't he bring disgrace and death to me door."

"Was he ever punished," asked Max, on whom there dawned some suspicion of this strange woman's grievance.

"Never ! What punishment does the law of the land allow to the black-hearted desaver, who leads an innocent girl astray ?" demanded Dinah, with wild excitement in her look and manner ; "and the raison is the men make the laws to suit themselves. Sure it would be different if the women had the upper hand, but that's what they'll never have ; the men will hould their own agin them to the end."

"And it is right they should," broke in Max, hastily, "for Adam was first formed, then Eve."

"Och, bother, parson ! do you mane to tell me that the Almighty ever intinded that the purtiest craythur he made should be kept down like a slave, and betrayed, and wronged, and kilt intirely just bekase she wasn't made afore the man. And it's a mane sneak that same Adam was," she continued, with a gesture of contempt and a ring of intense scorn in her voice. "Afther ating the apple, and injoying it as much as his wife, didn't he, the spalpeen, put all the blame upon her, instead of standing up bouldly and confessing his sin afore his Maker. Bedad, afther that, there isn't a man among ye ought to hould up your heads ! It ought to take the consate out of ye !"

"You have not a high opinion of mankind, I see," said Max, with a hearty laugh.

"Thrue for you, parson dear ! not but that I'll allow there is some good men to the fore, although it's a pity the number isn't greater. But I must be going, its gettin' late, for there's the sun sinking down behind the mountains, and I have a good piece of

the road between me and Pat Sullivan's, where I'm going to spend the night."

"I hope you will make up your mind to see Father Burke," observed Max, as Dinah rose to go away."

"I'll think about it," she answered coolly. "Faix, meself can't yet see the sinse of doing a great wrong to one in ordher to do right to another. It's mighty puzzling intirely, and bothers me a good dale when I think of dying."

"You should attend more to your religious duties, Dinah, and try to crush out of your heart the bitter hatred you feel towards a man long since in his grave," remarked the clergyman earnestly. "How can you expect God to forgive your sins if you don't forgive those who have injured you?"

"That's aisier said nor done," she answered doggedly. "Sure I have the bittther revingeful nature of me people, descinded from the Spaniards, they say."

"But, Dinah, you should remember you are getting old; death may take you away suddenly."

"Thru for you, parson dear, and I'm afear I'll never see the light of glory," she replied, with mournful pathos and a quiver of emotion about the stern mouth. "It's the onchristian life I have led, sure enough, for many a long day, nursing the cruel malice and revinge in me heart's core, and now repentance doesn't come aisy to me, and worst of all I can't go to confession bekase I'd have to make a clane breast of it, and that's what I hate to think of. Bedad, it'll break me ould heart to bring disgrace on Nora's child!" This concluding remark she muttered, as if speaking to herself, but it caught the quick ear of Max, startling him with a sudden suspicion.

Just at this moment Josephine Dormer's graceful figure was seen at the cottage door, calling Max to come to tea.

Dinah Blake gazed at the beautiful girl with a strange look in her dark flashing eye.

"They are mighty like one another," she remarked, thoughtfully; "only she is fairer and more like him. She is mighty purty, that young cousin of yours," she continued, turning to Max with a significant look, and emphasising the word cousin.

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"They might aisily pass for sisthers; they're as like as two pase," Dinah continued, still eyeing Josephine with no loving look.

"You mean my cousin and Miss Barrington," remarked the clergyman, interrogatively.

"Av coorse I do."

"They certainly do resemble each other; the likeness struck me forcibly."

"So it might; any one with an eye can see it; the only differ betune them is the young heiress is taller and darker-skinned. And you call that girl your cousin!" Dinah resumed after a short pause.

"She is my cousin," was the short, half-irritable answer.

"I wondher how you, a parson, can tell such a barefaced lie!" said Dinah, as she faced the Rev. Max Butler indignantly. "And to tell it to me, too, who know all about her!"

"What do you know?" burst eagerly from Max, as the colour mounted to his face at the woman's blunt censure.

"This much anyhow, that she is not any kin of yours, and that she was left a foundling in the streets of Galway a good many years ago."

"How do you know that?"

"Aisy enough," was the evasive answer. "Wasn't I in Galway at the very time?"

"Do you know anything more about her?" asked Max, with eager curiosity. "Can you tell who her parents are?"

"How should I know!" but there was a gleam of intelligence in Dinah's quickly averted eye.

"You do know!" broke impetuously from Max.

"And—if I do know I'll keep it to me—

self," was the cool rejoinder, and she moved hastily away, as if anxious to avoid further enquiries. But Max was not to be put off so easily now that his curiosity was aroused. Springing after her he clutched her cloak with a strong grasp.

"I cannot let you go until you tell me all you know," he exclaimed with subdued vehemence.

"If you keep me here till Doomsday you'll get nothing more out of me," Dinah said, with cool determination.

"But I will compel you to speak out." Max was getting angry now, and spoke with unusual excitement.

"A purty timper you have for a parson, to be sure," Dinah observed, with cutting irony. "But ye are all alike, priest and parson, firing up, and ready to snap the head off one on the least provocation. Can't you spake aisy to a body?"

The clergyman calmed down at this sarcastic remark. "Tell me what you know of Josephine and her parents," he pleaded.

"I didn't say I knew anything about them. What put that in your head? And even if I did where's the use of telling it. Such stories are betther hid nor brought to the fore."

Max seemed to think she was right, for he suddenly released her from his detaining grasp, and walked thoughtfully back to the summer-house, while Dinah, chuckling at having evaded his importunity, strode down the cliff-path and took the road to Carraghmore.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A STARTLING SUSPICION.

AT the tea-table Max was unusually silent, pondering on what had occurred during his interview with his new acquaintance. Mrs. Dormer noticed his abstraction, and felt curious to know what had

passed between him and the singular-looking woman who called herself Dinah Blake.

After tea, she followed her nephew to the summer-house, whither he had retired to think the matter over, and abruptly introduced the subject by inquiring why he looked troubled and thoughtful.

He gladly confided to her what had been said relative to Josephine, anxious to see whether the same suspicion which had pained him would flash upon her mind. She heard him with deep interest, and he saw by her face that she thought as he did on the subject.

"Josephine must be the daughter of Major Barrington—her likeness to his legitimate child is, as you say, remarkable," Mrs. Dormer observed in tones of deep regret. The thought seemed a very painful one.

"I think we must come to that conclusion, unpleasant as it is," rejoined Max moodily, "but who is her mother? Can't be the relative of whom Dinah spoke, the girl she called Nora, who sleeps in a dishonoured grave? Good Heavens, how painfully humiliating to think our Josephine is connected by the ties of blood with that woman!—her granddaughter, perhaps!" he added contemptuously.

"That is not the worst feature in the case," said Mrs. Dormer, quietly, "the illegitimacy of her birth is more to be regretted, and yet the discovery of that should not really surprise us; it is only what we might expect to learn, knowing what we do that she is a foundling deserted by her parents."

"Still, I did hope that the mystery of her birth might be cleared up some day more to our satisfaction. It is dreadful to learn she is so base-born as to have to connect one like her with sin and dishonour."

"She need never know it, Max, and, of course, this painful discovery will make no change in our feelings towards her," said his aunt earnestly.

"She must never know it!" exclaimed

Max, vehemently, "the discovery would render her wretched, and darken her bright young life. To one of her pure, refined nature, the knowledge of her parents' sin and her mother's shame would shut out the light of earthly happiness forever."

"Dinah Blake evidently wishes to keep the secret," resumed Mrs. Dormer, "therefore the unpleasant revelation is not likely to come from her."

"I suppose not. She is a woman, it seems, who can keep a secret. But what can the evil act be which she is so unwilling to disclose, and which she said embittered the last moments of Major Barrington's life?"

"Did she tell you that?" asked Mrs. Dormer, with a look of intense surprise, as a strange thought flashed through her mind.

"She certainly said so," and Max now related the rest of the conversation between him and Dinah Blake.

It seemed to strengthen the startling suspicion which had seized upon his aunt. "It could not surely be that!" she said, as if speaking to herself, in a bewildered way.

"Could not be what?" he asked eagerly.

"A change of children," she replied.

"Bless me, I never thought of that!" burst from Max, excitedly. "Really, that is jumping at an absurd conclusion, Aunt Amy."

"I don't think it is absurd, Max. When we think of Dinah's assertion that the evil act was committed through revenge on Major Barrington, and that it was only revealed to him on his death-bed, suspicion points to that solution of the mystery."

"And you think Josephine is the legitimate daughter, and the true heiress of Barrington Height, Aunt Amy?"

"That is my supposition, Max, and I believe I am right. Did not Dinah speak of righting some one, and, in doing so, of bringing disgrace on an innocent person?"

"Yes, that was her chief difficulty—she felt unwilling to bring disgrace on Nora's

child. Really, you have thrown considerable light on this strange affair, aunt," and the clouded face of Max Butler brightened as he saw the dark shadows of a shameful birth roll away from Josephine's horizon.

"If Dinah Blake said that, the thing is plain enough in my opinion," remarked Mrs. Dormer confidently.

"I wonder that idea did not strike me," said Max thoughtfully. "It takes the acuter feminine mind to grasp it though. And now what is to be done in the matter? What steps can we take?"

"We can do nothing at present. I think Dinah's awakened conscience will make her do all that is necessary. We can only wait and watch, and hope that our dear Josephine will some day regain her own."

"And that poor girl, Miss Barrington, how I pity her!" resumed Max, sympathetically. "To think of the disgrace hanging over her head, ready to descend and envelope her in its mantle of shame! I do not wonder at the woman hanging back, unwilling to crush her with the heavy blow she has it in her power to give. And she will feel it keenly, too, in her intense pride of birth and station. Really, aunt, I have no wish that this shameful secret should be made public." Max continued, in his great sympathy with the beautiful heiress, "Josephine is quite happy and perfectly contented in her present sphere, believing herself your daughter. Why then should she be exalted to a higher station at the expense of an innocent girl's happiness, and by bringing her down to the depths of a bitter humiliation?"

"It does seem very hard certainly, but still Josephine is dearer to us than this Miss Barrington, Max, and we must not forget her interests in our sympathy with the one who unconsciously has usurped her rights. However, we will do nothing in this matter, but let things quietly take their course. If it is the will of Providence to bestow worldly advantages upon Josephine, I do not think



we should regret it, or throw any obstacles in the way from motives of compassion to one who is a perfect stranger to us. You seem to have taken quite a fancy to this haughty heiress, Max," Mrs. Dormer added with an arch smile.

"I admire her exceedingly, but admiration is not love, aunt," and Max gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"But it may become love, Max, and I fear the poor parson of Carraghmore would have little chance of winning the proud mistress of Barrington Height."

"She may not always be the heiress, aunt."

"No," she said, coldly, "but, in that case, what a stain would rest upon her birth!"

The Rev. Max winced at this, but made no reply, and Josephine now joining them, the subject was dropped.

Some weeks passed on very pleasantly for the Dormers, especially for Josephine, before whom a bright new path in life had opened. At the request of Sir Gerard Trevor, Max had introduced him to his aunt and cousin, and he became a frequent visitor at the cottage. Lady Trevor and Miss Barrington made a formal call on the clergyman's family, and this acquaintance with the heiress was extremely gratifying to Josephine and particularly pleasing to Max. In their intercourse, however, the proud girl was often too supercilious, making them feel her condescension in noticing them, and the difference in their positions. This was rather exasperating to Max—suspecting what he did—in spite of all his admiration for the haughty beauty, and he prepared to exorcise the demon which had taken possession of her. Therefore one Sunday morning he preached an eloquent sermon on the sin of pride, describing in forcible language its sinfulness in the sight of Heaven. Eva Barrington listened with profound attention, as she always did, to the handsome clergyman's clever discourses, and he, in his simple faith

in the power of preaching, hoped he had made the desired impression; but on glancing towards her near the conclusion of his sermon, this illusion was dispelled, for he detected a gleam, half scornful, half defiant, in the brilliant eyes fixed on him so intently. The sermon, like most others, did no good. The demon of pride retained possession of Eva Barrington; there was the same chilling hauteur in her manner, the same imperious look in her dark, handsome face, and Max felt that his oratorical display was in vain. However, in all his plans for doing good in the parish, she was his able supporter, for purse was ever open to the claims of charity, for, with all her pride, she was kind to the poor.

It was about a month after the arrival of the Dormers at Carraghmore that Josephine received an invitation one morning to spend the evening at Barrington House, and to take part in some *tableaux vivants* got up by Sir Gerard Trevor and his cousin. This was a great event in the quiet life of Josephine, and the evening was looked forward to with intense excitement, in which Max participated not a little, for he, too, was an invited guest. The pony carriage was kindly sent by Miss Barrington for the clergyman and his cousin, and as it drove slowly up the steep approach to the house they had leisure to admire the magnificent view its elevated situation commanded. At the pillared entrance stood Lady Trevor and her son, looking seaward through a telescope, watching some outward-bound vessels gliding in full sail over the calm ocean. Lady Trevor's reception of the Rev. Maxwell Butler and Miss Dormer was very courteous. She seemed much struck with the singular beauty of Josephine, and Max observed that her eyes dwelt frequently on her with a wondering expression. Once he heard her whisper to Sir Gerard: "The likeness is certainly striking, but she is handsomer than Eva."

Among the guests was a young lady who,

as well as Josephine, had only lately arrived in the neighbourhood. She was the daughter of Mr. Crofton, the agent of Miss Barrington's estate. He also had other agencies in the county, and one of a very large property belonging to Lord Arranmore, an Irish absentee, who resided chiefly on the continent, travelling from one European city to the other in quest of pleasure, living in a constant whirl of gaiety and excitement. Miss Crofton had been residing with an aunt in Dublin for the benefit of her education. That was now said to be completed, and she had recently returned to her father's handsome home—situated a few miles from Carraghmore—highly accomplished, report said, and certainly very attractive, graceful and lady-like. She was about the same age as Josephine and Eva Barrington, but her style of beauty was different from either. Her hair was of the palest gold, her eyes a grayish blue, clear and brilliant, lighting up with every change of feeling; her complexion was clear, white and red, but the features were not regular, the nose was a little *rdroussé*, and the mouth rather large, the lips well-shaped, disclosing, however, when she laughed, teeth of glittering whiteness. Her laugh, too, was very pleasing, its ring so merry yet so musical. The bright joyous nature of the girl had not yet been depressed by sad influences. To her "life's bitterness was still untried," and the happiness she felt showed itself on her fair young face. She was tall, with a lithe grace of movement, her rich costume—the work of a Dublin *modiste*—showing off her fine figure to advantage. This was Miss Crofton's first appearance in public since her return home, and she attracted considerable admiration. The Rev. Maxwell Butler was quite taken with this new face; though it had not the statuesque beauty of Josephine, or the haughty loveliness of Miss Barrington, still it possessed an indescribable charm for him. He was rather impressionable, this young clergyman. He had been very near falling in

love with the Juno-like heiress, but had been repelled by the chilling hauteur of her manner, which told him as plainly as words could do, that she was only to be worshipped at a distance, and he had too much good sense to pour out his homage before an unattainable idol. As there was no chance of winning the affections of the proud mistress of Barrington House, he turned his attention towards this new and less radiant star which had just risen upon the confined horizon of the little world of Carraghmore. Miss Crofton, unlike the heiress, seemed quite flattered by the attentions of the handsome parson. The evening passed pleasantly, the *tableaux vivants* were a great success, and Miss Barrington and Josephine looked peerless in the characters they respectively selected. But Max was not permitted to see the close of the entertainment. A summons to attend the bed of a dying parishioner obliged him to leave rather early, and he bade a reluctant adieu to the festive scene, thinking solemn thoughts as he walked along quickly in the summer moonlight, for the painful contrast between that scene of gaiety and the house of mourning he was about to enter struck him forcibly. Sir Gerard Trevor escorted Miss Dormer home, secretly rejoicing at the absence of Max, which gave him this opportunity of enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Josephine. The night was one of summer beauty. A cloudless moon was flinging its brilliant light on wooded steepes and secluded glens and wild sea-coast, while the restless ocean shimmered beneath the radiant beams. Slowly the baronet drove the pony phaeton in order to prolong this delightful *tête-à-tête*. His attentions to Josephine during the evening had been marked. There was a charm in Josephine's *naïve* conversation to this young man accustomed to the society of fashionable young ladies. She had cast a spell around him by the witchery of her manner as well as by her singular beauty, and forgetting her want of birth or fortune, forget-

ting everything except his own passionate love, he was ready to lay himself and title at her feet, withheld only by the wish first to gain her pure, innocent affections. He wanted to be loved for himself alone—not accepted simply on account of the rank or station in society which a marriage with him would confer.

On reaching the cottage they met Max, just returned from fulfilling his painful duty at the death-bed to which he had been so hastily summoned, his manner completely sobered by the solemnity of the scene he had recently left, and his mind full of perplexing thoughts whether he had done right in being present at the gaieties at Barrington House in the previous part of the evening. Surely the life of a clergyman should be one of greater self-denial, he told himself repeatedly. Had he not felt how unprepared his mind was to face death, when called suddenly from a place of amusement to administer a solemn rite to the dying. It was the first time that anything of the kind had occurred, and Max determined it should be the last. He would accept no more invitations to scenes even of innocent recreation, but would come out from the world and devote himself to the sacred duties of his profession. Only in that way could he hope to serve God and win souls; for what influence for good can a clergyman have whose life is not unworldly and full of self-denial?

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE INTERVIEW ON THE SEA-SHORE.

IT was the evening after the festivities at Barrington House. Winny, Mrs. Dormer's faithful old servant, had gone down to the beach to gather shell-fish. She had filled her pail, and, feeling tired after the labours of the day, seated herself on a low rock to enjoy the quiet beauty of the summer eve, as she listened to the deep boom-

ing of the waves along the shore. The sun was setting, and lighting up with crimson glory the broad expanse of ocean, and touching with golden lustre the rugged summits of the tall grey cliffs.

"It's a beautiful evening, ma'am, glory be to God!"

The sudden salutation, and steps crunching the pebbly shore, made Winny turn eagerly round. A woman of respectable appearance stood near her. Winny recognized her as one of the servants from Barrington House, Nurse Lynch as she was called. Having been Eva's nurse, she was now her most privileged domestic, as the nurse is in most Irish families. On the preceding evening, Nurse Lynch had assisted at the toilet of her young mistress and Miss Dormer when preparing for the *tableaux vivants*. Josephine's necklace having become unclasped, she had asked this woman to fasten it for her. As she did so, the peculiar mark behind the girl's shell-like ear caught the nurse's attention. A low exclamation of astonishment escaped her, and her hands trembled so she could with difficulty render the little service required of her. She, as well as others, had noticed the striking resemblance between Miss Dormer and Eva Barrington, and this little discovery had given that resemblance a strange importance in her eyes. A deep feeling of curiosity was awakened in the woman's mind, and it was with the hope of having it gratified, and her suspicions either confirmed or removed, that she sought this interview with Mrs. Dormer's servant.

"It's mighty pleasant by the sea-side this warm evening," she continued, taking a seat beside Winny.

"Thru for you, ma'am," was the laconic answer.

"They had fine doings up at the house last night; and your young lady was the belle of the party." This was said in Nurse Lynch's most insinuating tones.

"Sure there's nothing shtrange in that,

and she so mighty purty," was Winny's cool rejoinder.

"She's from Galway, I believe?"

"Yes, we come from there."

"Have you lived long with Mrs. Dormer?"

"About twenty years."

"She's a kind mistress no doubt?"

"Sorra betther from here to Dublin."

"Is Miss Dormer her only child?"

"No, she had another, but it did not live."

"Then Miss Josephine is her only living child?"

"Maybe she isn't her child at all!" said a voice, suddenly, near them; and an old woman, wrapped in a blue cloak, came from behind a huge rock, at the foot of which she had been sitting, before unnoticed.

"Do you know who we're talking about?" asked Nurse Lynch, eyeing the stranger with mingled curiosity and surprise. Winny, too, stared at the woman, having a dim perception that she had seen her face before, but where or when she could not recollect.

"Is it know what you're talking about?" asked the new comer, with a contemptuous curl of her thin lip. "Maybe I do, betther noryourself, Nurse Lynch. You came down to palaver *her*—with a significant nod towards Winny—"you wish to find out all about it. It's mighty puzzling, isn't it, ma'am?"

"Blessed Virgin! who are you at all?"

The old woman smiled grimly at Nurse Lynch's astonishment. "You'll know one of these days," was the curt reply, as she turned abruptly away.

Both women watched her tall figure till shewas out of sight. Then Winny remarked she had seen her before.

"Where?" eagerly demanded the nurse.

"In Galway, about ten years ago. I couldn't remimber at first where it was I seen her, but it's come to me quite sud-dint."

"What's come to you? Arrah, spake plain, woman."

"All about her, av coorse," retorted Winny, rather indignantly.

"Sure, I know that, but what was it?" The tones were now more conciliating.

"Well, one day she called at our house in Galway, and axed lave to light her pipe."

"And is that all ye have to tell me about her?" interrupted Nurse Lynch, in a disappointed voice.

"If you have the patience to listen and not be snapping the words out of one's mouth, you'll hear more, ma'am," rejoined Winny, with an important air. "Well, as I was saying, she axed lave to light her pipe; and while she was smoking it, Miss Josephine come into the kitchen, and when the woman saw her she started and axed so many questions about her bedad, that me tongue was tired answering them. She's a cute one, I tell ye. She got round me so with her palaver, that I tould her widout maning it."

"Tould what?" was Nurse Lynch's eager question.

"Faith, then, I'm not going to bethray the saycret the second time," said Winny, with determination; and, rising suddenly, she took up her pailful of shell-fish.

"Stop a moment! where's the hurry!" and Nurse Lynch laid her detaining grasp on Winny's arm, the eager curiosity to learn more gleaming in her gray eyes. "Sit down again, woman dear, and let us have a confab together. That's a good young man—the parson I mane. He's a kind masther, no doubt; he'll be for marrying Miss Josephine, maybe?"

"No, he won't. They're too much like brother and sister for that," was Winny's blunt answer, as she seated herself once more, yielding to the wishes of her new acquaintance.

"Miss Josephine will look higher, perhaps?" observed Nurse Lynch, significantly. "The young baronet is greatly taken with her, they say; but I'm afeard there's no chance of his marrying her."

"And why not?" asked Winny, sharply. "Isn't she good enough for him?"

"Purty enough she is, anyhow," was the cautious rejoinder.

"Ay, and good enough, too, why not?" said Winny, with an offended air.

"But, you see, there's a saycret about her birth," put in Nurse Lynch, quietly, with a meaning smile.

"Who said there was," asked Winny, testily.

"Yourself, woman alive; sure there's no use in getting so angry about it."

"Well, if there is a saycret, it's none of your business, ma'am," retorted Winny, stiffly, as she rose to her feet; and bidding Nurse Lynch a cold good evening, she turned abruptly away.

"She's cuter than I thought," was the nurse's mental observation as she stood watching Winny's sturdy-looking figure hastily retreating in the direction of the cottage. She felt irritated at being baffled in her attempts to get at the truth about Miss Josephine's birth. "There was a saycret in it, anyhow, that was plain enough," she told herself, exultingly. Winny had let that out unknown to herself. Her suspicions were not groundless. That conviction was so much gained, at any rate, and she hoped yet to ferret out the whole affair. That strange woman in the blue cloak had said she would know all about it some day. But who was that woman, and what had she to do at all in the matter? what concern was it of hers? It was all mighty' quare intirely, and as she returned slowly to Barrington House, she pondered deeply upon all that had been said on the sea-shore that summer evening.

On her way home she stopped to rest awhile at a cabin on the roadside, and have a chat with Nance Dillon, the "dacent" woman who owned it. Nance felt herself highly honoured by a visit from Nurse Lynch from the big house. The best chair was carefully dusted before it was offered to the welcome visitor, and the pig was driven from

the door, and kept at bay by a gossoon with a stout stick, lest it should dare invade the kitchen while it was honoured with her presence.

"Sure it's glad I am to see you intirely, ma'am; and how is the young mistress at the quality up at the house?"

While Nurse Lynch was replying to this question, the gaunt, weird figure who had so abruptly accosted her on the sea-shore passed the cabin door, and she eagerly inquired who she was.

"That's Dinah Blake, the Lord be good to her, the craythur!" was Nance Dillon's pathetic answer.

"She's a sthranger in these parts. I never remimber seeing her afore."

"Och, she isn't a sthranger at all, ma'am. She used to live here onct in her life—she was afore your time, Mrs. Lynch. Indeed, she was a sarvint up at the big house while the ould masther lived there long ago. But when the black throuble darkened her doot, she left the counthry all of a suddint, and never showed her face here for many a day. She is come back agin, but I'm thinking she won't stay long. She'll be off on the throuble agin in no time. The grief about poor Ned turned her head, and sure no wondher."

"Who was Nora, and what happened to her?"

"A young daughther of Dinah's that went to her grave in shame and sorrow. She lies beyant there in St. Bride's this many a year."

"And what became of her child?—sure she had one, I suppose?" asked Nurse Lynch with eager curiosity. A new light was dawning upon the mystery that perplexed her.

"It died, Dinah said; and sorra word more could anybody get out of her about it."

"Are you sure it died? Can the woman's word be depinded on?"

"Faith, I dunno; but that's what she said, anyhow."

"How long is it since she left here?" was Nurse Lynch's next query; the subject seemed to interest her.

"Nearly twenty years, as near as I can count. It might be a year or two less or more, I can't say for sartain."

"And she has not been in the counthry since until now?" This was said interrogatively.

"Only onct since ; and that was when the major died ; you remimber the time yourself, ma'am, whin you was sint off with the young heiress to Ennis, to be out of the way of the sickness, the spotted faver that sthruck him down so suddint. Dinah Blake came back then, and bedad she helpt me to nurse him awhile, just afore he died, bekase I was worn out intirely for want of sleep."

"It was mighty kind of her, to be sure, but maybe she had a motive in it," remarked Nurse Lynch, thoughtfully. "Who was it

led Nora asthray?" she asked, abruptly, after a short pause.

"Sorra one ever knew except Dinah herself."

"And did she never tell it to anybody?"

"Never ! you daren't spake to her about it. The grief and shame near dhruv her out of her mind, and faith no wondher ! for isn't the black disgrace the worst throuble of all. Sure there's nothin' so bad as that, the saints betune us and harm !"

Nurse Lynch made no reply to this pathetic observation. The twilight was deepening fast, and as she had still some distance to walk, she bade Nance Dillon a kind good night, and continued her way to Barrington House, thinking deeply.

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## MY MESSENGER BIRDS.

BY F. A. DIXON.

SEA-gulls, flying to me,  
Have you a message to tell  
From my love, my dear love at sea,  
Say ! sweet birds, is he well ?

### I.

I have a message for thee,  
From thy dear love far out at sea ;  
First it was told to the wind,  
But the wind, playful wind, stays behind,  
And scatters the wavelets in play,  
As hay-makers scatter the hay.  
I have flown home on swift wing,  
And this is the message I bring—  
"I am well, love, and think but of thee."

### II.

I bring a message for thee,  
From thy dear love far out at sea ;  
First it was told to the wind,  
But the wind, faithless wind, stays behind,  
And drives up the waves as a flock,

Till they break on the decks with a shock,  
 And the topmast is hidden in clouds ;  
 But a voice came from high up the shrouds.  
 I have flown home on swift wing,  
 And this is the message I bring—  
 " I fear, love, yet think but of thee."

## III.

I bring a message for thee,  
 From thy dear love far out at sea ;  
 First it was told to the wind,  
 But the wind, cruel wind, stays behind,  
 Rending the sails from the mast,  
 While waves fall heavy and fast,  
 And strike the poor ship till she reels.  
 Her bulwarks are splintered and shorn,  
 And her cordage is broken and torn.  
 Alas ! for the poor ship at sea,  
 And the voice which came floating to me !  
 I have come home on swift wing,  
 And this, its last message, I bring—  
 " Good-bye, love, I think but of thee."

## THE LATE SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

BY A BYSTANDER.

OUR article on the recent struggle in the Parliament of Ontario drew from the organs of both parties some comments, the friendly tone of which we acknowledge with pleasure, accepting it as an indication that our article was, in spirit at least, not otherwise than impartial. We will only venture to remark that, while an anonymous writer refrains from any abuse of his privilege, it is better, in the general interest of the press, to respect his incognito. In the United States it is the rule to break through the incognito, and to give every discussion as personal a character as possible ; but this rule, in our humble judgment, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The moral influence of the press, like all moral influence, will ultimately depend upon

its submission to necessary restrictions, among which, as we believe, are the preservation, for legitimate purposes, of the anonymous character, and of the impersonality of discussion.

We noticed as questionable the censure of the last Parliament involved in the amendment to the address which was carried by the Opposition. It has been replied that we must have overlooked the fact that the Railway Subsidies Act, at which the censure was levelled, had been condemned by the country at the polls. We, however, did not overlook this fact, which was indisputable, and was clearly proved by the secession of some of the Ministerialists from their party on the Railway question. But a Parliament formally assembled is not at liberty to exercise the

freedom of the hustings ; it is bound by rules intended for the preservation of its own dignity and the maintenance of the sovereign authority, of which it is the depository for the time being. A vote of censure on the Legislature which had passed the Railway Subsidies Act, implied a vote of censure on the Lieutenant-Governor who had signed the Act, which few would contend to be in accordance either with the forms or with the spirit of the Constitution. Without imputing any wrong intentions, we remain of opinion that an error was in fact committed, and one which, if Parliament wishes to preserve its authority and dignity, should be avoided for the future. No harm can result from the restriction, since it is always open to the Opposition to move no-confidence in the Government, and the motion will be carried if the policy of the Government is on any ground condemned by the majority of the House. Or if an Act of Parliament, carried under the influence of the Government, is the special object of reprobation, the repeal of the Act may be moved, and the Government, if its policy is identified with the Act, will, upon its repeal being carried, be compelled to resign. Should a Parliament ever exceed its legal powers, its successor will, of course, be called upon to vindicate the law, and in doing so will condemn the Legislature which broke it. But it cannot be contended that, in passing the Railway Subsidies Act, Parliament and the Lieutenant-Governor had exceeded their legal powers. Nor could anything be founded on the use of the vague term "unconstitutional." The legal act of a constitutional legislature, however impolitic, cannot be unconstitutional, at all events where there is a written constitution. In England, where there is no written constitution, the term unconstitutional has a substantive meaning, denoting that which is contrary to the unwritten law.

After such a storm as that which raged at the opening of the Session, the waves for a time will continue to run high ; and it was

almost inevitable that a great amount of the public time should be consumed in recriminations. Such recriminations are not the less to be deprecated. The lavish use of them, and of mutual imputations on character, has done as much as anything to reduce public life in the United States to its present low level, and to make the name of politician in that country almost incompatible with the reputation of a man of honour. When charges of roguery and corruption are bandied to and fro, though there may be but little foundation for the charge on either side, both sides are to some extent believed by the people. Members anxious for the reputation of the House, and for the dignity of public life, will interpose to check these affrays, and to relegate the discussion to the party press, unless one of the combatants takes upon himself the responsibility of putting his charge in form and demanding an investigation. In the present instance investigation took place in two cases. In one of the two—a charge made against the new Prime Minister of having used improper means to bring about the secession of a member of the late Cabinet—the tribunal having been constituted, the accuser declined to appear. His ground for refusing was the form which the investigation had taken, and which was different from that desired by himself. But if the connection of his own name with his charge in the resolution appointing the committee was the point of his objection, he was certainly in error. When facts, forming a case for inquiry, are before the House, it is open to any member to move for a committee without assuming the personal responsibility of an accuser ; but when, as in the present instance, there are no facts before the House, he who impeaches the character of another member must not refuse to connect his own name with the impeachment. The liberty of moving for a fishing committee, to collect the materials of an indictment, would be liable to the gravest objections.



Altercations, renewed till the public was more than weary of them, and inquiries instituted with little prospect of a definite result, have brought to light just enough to confirm us in the conviction that public life, if it is the highest of all callings, is the lowest of all trades, and that while there are some public men who embrace the calling, there are others who ply the trade. It is for the youth of Canada, at this most critical moment of their country's history, highly to resolve that they will shun and discourage the trade, and that, so far as in them lies, the nation shall be ruled, not by venal adventurers, but by patriotism and honour.

In these skirmishes, and generally through the Session, the new Opposition appeared in a very unorganized condition. The allegiance of the party having been withdrawn from, or declined by, its former chief, the lead was assumed, though not very definitely, by a member universally respected for his integrity and conscientiousness, but who, as a tactician, failed to carry the party with him. His tactics appeared too forensic for a political assembly. Extreme tenacity in fighting every possible point, however secondary and however doubtful, may be the duty of an advocate and may gratify a client, but it never fails to produce a bad effect on statesmen. A prudent leader will carefully select the issues on which victory is attainable or battle unavoidable, and will husband the pugnacity of his party for the decisive field. Such caution is especially necessary at a time when the party is discouraged by recent defeat and mistrustful of the strategy of its chief.

One of the most fruitful themes of recrimination was the acceptance by the late Speaker of a place in the new Ministry, which was alleged to have imparted to the Government the odious character of a coalition. What the ties of this gentleman may have been to his former associates, and whether his acceptance of office was a violation of those ties, are personal questions, which a by-stander

does not presume to touch. But when we are called upon to determine whether a Government of Ontario or Canada is a coalition, formed in disregard of party principles, we must ask ourselves what the principles of the parties in Ontario or in Canada are. The question is a serious one for the community; for party without party principles inevitably becomes faction; and faction is inevitably supported itself by intrigue, demagogism, and corruption.

Burke has declared party divisions to be inseparable from free government, and in another well-known passage he has thus defined party—"Party is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them to be of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced to practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ them with effect. Therefore every honourable connexion will avow its first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution, with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for these situations. Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things, and by no means for private considerations to accept any offer in which the whole body is not included, nor to suffer themselves to be led, or to be controlled, or to be overbalanced in office or council by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connexion must stand. Such a generous

contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from "those nameless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude."

It is remarkable that the very man who penned this classic apology for party, himself held office under the exceptionally odious coalition of Fox and North, and afterwards broke away in the most open and violent manner from the party with which he had acted all his life. But not to dwell upon this *argumentum ad hominem*, it will be observed that Burke assumes, as the foundation and justification of party, agreement in some particular principle, for the promotion of which the party is formed. This, he distinctly implies, is necessary to prevent the "generous contention for power" from becoming "a mean and interested struggle for place and emolument," to keep a "fair connexion" distinct from a gang of impostors with professions above the level of humanity, and a practice below that of the vulgar, to save the "philosopher in action" from degenerating into a low-caste politician. And in England a particular principle, to form the basis of agreement and united action, has always existed and still exists. Every one knows the characteristic sentiments and objects of a Cavalier, Tory or Conservative, on one side, of a Roundhead, Whig or Radical, on the other. The history of British party is a series of struggles between rival principles in relation to great questions, such as Prerogative, the power of the House of Lords, the conflict with the American Colonies, the War against the French Republic, Religious Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform. And still, in England, the Conservatives have something to conserve, the Reformers have something to reform—the House of Lords, the State

Church of England, the English Land Law, the remaining limitations on the Franchise, Denominational Education. But in this country, now that responsible and Parliamentary government has been fully conceded, the franchise extended almost as far as anybody wishes to extend it, and religious equality established by the secularization of the Clergy Reserve, what is the particular principal agreement which holds either of the two parties together? What is there for Conservatives to conserve or for Reformers to reform? What but mere personal fidelity to connexion binds together our public men, the chief of whom have in fact for the most part appeared in every sort of combination? What is there to preserve our parties from gradually becoming mere factions, and our country from becoming the unhappy scene of a perpetual struggle of factions for place, and being infested with the corruption and all the other evils which the conflicts of unprincipled ambition produce, and which have infested even England whenever the conflict of principles has slackened, as it did in the time of Walpole, and in the early part of the reign of George III?

In Dominion politics there is evidently still, if not a dividing principle, a dividing interest, which was involved in one of the two questions chiefly raised at the polls in Ontario—the assassination of Scott. The other question, the Railway Subsidies Act, was merely administrative, and contained nothing in itself indicative of any party principle, though it may be supposed that the agitation about it was not unconnected with the agitation about the Scott murder, and that both were parts of an effort to overthrow a Provincial Government which was subordinate and auxiliary to a Dominion Government based on the French interest.

We repeat that this is a serious question. Original as we pride ourselves on being on this continent, we do in fact import our fashions rather blindly in politics as well as in building, food and dress. Party, apparently,

has its justification, and its sole guarantee against corruption, in the circumstances of the old country, which are such that a man of honour may there sink his individual opinion on minor points to support the leader with whom he agrees on the main question; though even in the old country the unwillingness of independent minds, especially on the liberal side, to bow to party discipline, is every day increasing, and giving more trouble to the party "whip." In Canada, so far as we can see, party can have no permanent justification, no lasting guarantee against corruption. But as party principle dies away, faction, with its system of caucuses, wire-pullers and tickets, practically depriving the people of the free exercise of the franchise, will probably increase, and we may at last fall under the domination, to use once more the masterly language of Burke, "of those nameless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude." Unhappily, however incensed the public may be, its ire, when faction is once in the saddle, will be vain; the wire-puller becomes all-powerful, and freedom of suffrage is gone—gone past redemption—for individual effort is utterly powerless against the tyranny which has in its hands the party organization, the nomination of all candidates, and the press.

Under a reign of organized faction, men of pure mind may, perhaps, continue to enter public life in the belief that they can purify it by their influence, but they will find themselves compelled to pay homage to the wire-puller, to become his accomplices, though at first with averted eyes, in the use of corrupt agencies, and ultimately to descend to his level.

To those who are strongly impressed with the existence of these dangers, the election for North Simcoe of a candidate who professed allegiance to neither of the two organizations, was welcome as an instance of the

free use of the suffrage, and a proof of unabated independence of spirit among the people.

The most important measure of the Session was the abolition of Dual Representation, moved and carried by the new Government in honourable fulfilment of a pledge given by them in opposition. It appears certain that this measure was desired by the people. In its first aspect it belongs to a class of self-denying ordinances well known to students of political history as equally popular and unstatesmanlike. Some positions are radically incompatible with each other, as those of a party politician and a judge. But with these exceptions, able men do an injury to the State when they preclude themselves from serving it in any way or number of ways in their power; and the people, however they may be gratified by the appearance of self-abnegation and hostility to pluralism, are really wronged when good objects are withdrawn from a choice which is not too often exercised aright. It may be too much for most men to sit both in the Provincial and in the Dominion Legislatures, though the united sessions are not equal in length to a session of the British House of Commons. But this difficulty would settle itself in each individual case. That there will be a sufficiency of able men, at least of able men who can command seats for both legislatures, is a pleasant assumption, but unfortunately not agreeable to experience. The gist of the matter, however, and the real ground for the measure, no doubt lie in the following extracts from the debate:

MR. SINCLAIR asked who in this House was endeavouring to take away the people's rights? Every man in the House had consulted his constituents on the subject, and his (Mr. Sinclair's) constituents had pronounced in favour of the Bill. There was one reason why this Bill should pass: it was this—during the last four years the shadow of the Ottawa Government had rested on this

House. This was peculiarly the case in reference to the murder of Thomas Scott. The House could not speak out on the matter because their action might interfere with the action of the Ottawa Government. The same remark might apply with respect to the question of the Nova Scotia Subsidy. He hoped that the House would for ever rid itself of the emissaries of the Ottawa Government. For these reasons he would cordially support the Bill, for it would prove of great benefit to the Province. The passage of this Bill would create an Ontario feeling in this House, and make every member of the House feel as proud of his position as if he were a member of the Federal Parliament.

MR. BLAKE (*President of the Council*).—The position of the Reform party in regard to the Federal Government was, that they argued against alliance as well as against hostility. Their position was this, that the Local Government should be perfectly independent of the Central Government, and should neither be entangled by alliance nor embarrassed by hostility. And he spoke for this Government when he said that it was prepared to defend itself as against hostile efforts; but when Dual Representation was abolished, then there was also abolished the danger of entangling alliances as well as of embarrassing hostilities. Cases might occur at Ottawa in the future, when the interests of Ontario might be at stake, and in this event it would be of the highest moment that party alliances should not be brought into play; for her interests might be sacrificed to party considerations. If we desire to preserve the independence of the Province, we must abolish Dual Representation, and the independence of each of the Provinces was necessary for the working of the Federal system.

The object here stated is clear enough, but it may be doubted whether it is attainable. In the United States, though there is, we believe, no legal restriction on double election, the State Legislatures are in prac-

tice quite distinct from the Federal Legislature; yet the influence of Federal party pervades the State Legislatures, and not only the State Legislature, but the smallest municipal election. And so it will always be under party government. The great organizations will everywhere be present, and make everything subservient to themselves. If, indeed, the politics of Ontario could become the chief object of interest to her citizens, and the offices of her Government the chief aim of their ambition, the complete severance of the legislatures might have the desired effect. But the departure of the two leaders of the Government party, and the two foremost men in the House, from the Provincial to the Federal Legislature, which is the first consequence of the measure, at once demonstrates that Ottawa, not Toronto, is the centre, even to Ontario politicians; and this being the case, it may be taken as certain that parties, and the leaders of party, at Toronto, will continue to be subordinate to the leaders at Ottawa.

The framers of our constitution do not seem, if we may judge from the debates on Confederation, to have very clearly forecast the practical relations of the Federal and Provincial Legislatures to each other under a system of party government. It is a subject which invites the attention of those interested in the working of the Constitution.

The policy of subsidizing railways has been continued on an extended scale. This is a question, to some extent, of local experience, and one which, on that account, a by-stander scarcely presumes to approach. Yet an experience widely based and applicable to all localities assures us,—first, that the attempts of a government to stimulate private enterprise are apt to lead to improvident undertakings, and thus to a misdirection of capital peculiarly injurious in a young country; and, secondly, that though the constant control of Parliament may prevent the corrupt action of Government, we have no security that Parliament itself will not be-

come the scene of corruption. No legislature can be placed by wealth and general character more above corruption than the British, yet it is notorious that both Houses of Parliament were the scenes of great corruption during the early period of railway legislation. We may add that the phrase "opening up of country," so current in connection with this subject, is one of the many popular phrases which have a tendency to mislead. The great object of economical legislation should be to induce the incoming population to settle close and to farm high; close settlement being, besides nearness to markets and other material advantages, an almost necessary condition of high civilization. The rapid opening up of large tracts of country has an opposite tendency in both respects. Some parts of the Western States have been opened up till the farming is about the worst in the world, and corn, in default of purchasers, is sometimes used as fuel. Meantime the land is undergoing a process of exhaustion which, it is to be feared, even in Canada somewhat threatens our ultimate prosperity as an agricultural nation.

These questions have been raised by the existence of a large surplus. The existence of a surplus, generally speaking, is a proof that too much has been taken by Government from the people; and the most obvious, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the best, course, is to return the balance by a remission of taxation, or by providing out of the surplus for objects which would otherwise necessarily call for taxation in the future.

The Government model farm formed another topic of discussion. In England, where scientific farming pays better probably than in any other country, the scientific education of farmers has, nevertheless, been far from a marked success; and in the United States the result, so far as we can gather, has

been pretty much the same. Farming is mainly practical; enough of science comes to the farmer through associations and journals, or in the concrete form of improved implements, and better bred stock. In Canada, still more than in England, energy and endurance are the farmer's science; and the withdrawal from the scene and the habits of actual labour necessary for attendance at an agricultural college would, probably, in nine cases out of ten, make the farmer no farmer at all. But in a country where there are no large proprietors with long purses to lead the way in agricultural experiment, Government may do good by practically demonstrating that good farming pays well; and if the model farm serves this purpose it will be a most useful institution.

The new Government has honourably endeavoured to guard against corruption, which is our great and besetting danger in these democracies of the new world, by extending the operation of the law against the acceptance of lucrative appointments by members of Parliament. A high tone of public sentiment alone can effectually preserve us from the pestilence which rages with so much virulence to the south of us; but legal restraints are not without value.

An interesting question was mooted with regard to the constitution of the University of Toronto; but this question awaits its solution in the next session.

The operation of the Act against Dual Representation will deprive the Parliament of Ontario of a good deal of its oratoric power. But a sufficiency of practical ability will remain; and we shall continue to be well governed if members can only learn to dismiss from their minds the feuds, in the prosecution of which so much time and energy have been wasted, and to devote their undivided attention to the business of the country.

## "IT IS PEACE."

II. KINGS iv. 26.

Forth from her mansion in the East,  
 With downcast eye and burdened breast,  
     Rode the childless Shunammite:  
 Bending beneath the chastening rod,  
 She flew to seek the "man of God"  
     On Carmel's towering height.

Elisha saw her from afar,  
 And forward sent his messenger,  
     Her tale that she might tell :  
 She paused not, not one moment stayed,  
 But to his questions simply said  
     In answer, "All is well."

So when the Christian's faith is tried,  
 His heart, like silver, purified,<sup>1</sup>  
 By loss of children, husband, wife,  
 Of all that may have gladdened life ;  
     When health and strength decrease :  
 Should it be asked, "How is't with thee?  
 Is all well with thy family?"  
 The answer still may meekly be,  
 "Aye, thanks to Him who died for me,  
     All *is* well, All is Peace!"<sup>2</sup>

B. A.

NORTH DOURO, Feb. 13th, 1872.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xii. 6.<sup>2</sup> The Hebrew word *shalom*, translated, in the 26th verse, "well"—"It is *well*,"—signifies primarily, "Peace."

## OLD COLONIAL CURRENCIES.

BY S. E. DAWSON.

HOWEVER true it may be that the history of European nations is merely the biography of a few great men, such an assertion cannot be made concerning the history of America. Hence the history of the New World, though it may lack the strong personal interest which attaches to the record of great kings, statesmen, or generals, has the surpassing interest of being the record of the experiments, political, social and religious, of some of the most highly gifted races of Europe, made under conditions of singular freedom, both from the straitened forms of old-world society, and from the dominating individuality of great men. Social experiments in America have succeeded or failed in consequence of their inherent virtues or defects, and have not been strained by outward pressure beyond their natural limits. Our present purpose is to chronicle some of the experiments which have been made in the New World in the important department of finance. We do not hope to establish any theory of money, or elicit any new principle. Experiments are still being made, and, doubtless, the true theory will in time appear.

In America, within a comparatively short period, every conceivable form of currency has been tried. The accounts of the New Netherlands (now New York State) were, in 1662, kept in wampum and beaver skins. That currency does not appear to have been more stable than others; for, in that year, complaints were made of its increasing depreciation, and the Chamber of Commerce at Amsterdam credited all its colonial officials with twenty-five per cent. additional salary in beaver skins to cover their loss, a precedent too seldom followed in later and more progressive times.

During the earliest period of the history of the English colonies whatever exchanges were not made by barter were made in a specie currency, consisting mainly of French and Spanish coins. These, being much worn and depreciated by constant clipping, were often weighed out in primitive style, and settlements were made, and salaries fixed, in ounces of silver-plate. Curious complaints were made to the Home authorities, and recriminations were frequent between the colonies regarding the clipping and defacing of coins. The dollar, or piece of eight reals, passed at a different rate in each colony, and the colonial legislatures fancied that the best way of attracting money was to raise its nominal value. Competing traders, even in the same colony, vied with each other in giving the highest nominal value to the dollar. Pennsylvania endeavoured to draw money from New York by calling the legal value of a dollar 7s. 6d. New York had previously made the same attempt on Massachusetts by fixing upon 6s. 9d, and New Jersey got the better of both in the current opinion of that day by allowing 7s. 8d. for the same coin. These rates varied by colonial enactment from time to time, and Governor Hunter, of New Jersey, writing to the Board of Trade at London, "doubts if it be in the power of men or angels to beat out of the heads of the people of this continent a silly notion that they gain by the augmentation of the value of pieces of plate," (*i. e.*, dollars.) This notion is held to the present day in Prince Edward Island, where it is still supposed that money stays upon the Island because the nominal value of the shilling sterling is 1s. 6d. currency. The Boston people of those days were not, however, so easily

beaten, although they kept the value of the dollar below the rate in the other colonies. One of the Governors of New York makes earnest appeal to London against them, because "having the main foreign trade, they "bring goods to New York which they will "sell only for good heavy money, which they "carry away and clip, and then send "back this light money to New York for "breadstuffs, which they ship to the West "Indies and undersell the New Yorkers "there in their own productions." The indignant governor calls loudly for the interference of the Mother country to check those singular financial operations of the lively Bostonians. Throughout all the correspondence between the colonial governors and the Mother Country the necessity of one general standard of value was continually urged, and the efforts of the Home Government and their officers to that end were as continually and pertinaciously thwarted by the colonists in their various assemblies.

Still at that time, the currency, such as it was, was of gold and silver. Schuyler and Dillon, who made an expedition into Canada in 1698, report with apparent surprise that there the currency consisted of paper only, but the power of a paper currency was shortly after discovered by the English colonists, and Massachusetts, as usual, took the lead. Although the need of it was not so much felt in the town of Boston, which had a large foreign trade, the people elsewhere were often in great straits for the want of some medium of exchange. The colonists could live in a rough sort of abundance—they had no need for food or shelter; but the pressing wants of existence being easily satisfied there soon arose a demand for manufactured goods—the luxuries of the old world. Moreover the settlers were continually extending their boundaries—and subduing new land, and their capital was thus being fixed as fast as acquired, consequently they were always heavily in debt to the Mother country, the exportable money was

incessantly swept away to England by the adverse balance of trade, and large communities were frequently reduced to barter, for want of a common measure of value.

The Navigation Laws, so far as they were observed, tended greatly to increase this inconvenience by compelling, or seeking to compel, the colonies to trade with England alone, and thus aiming to centre in England all the profits of both sides of the American trade. The staples of America, such as tobacco, indigo, and (from the West Indies) sugar, could be exported to no other European country but England; they might be sent to other British colonies, but only on payment of an export duty. The colonists could legally import manufactured goods from England alone, thus paying the price demanded by the English merchant, while their own exports could not bring in the often glutted English markets their fair value in the markets of the world. No wonder, then, that the available money of America always gravitated towards England, and, if it had been possible to have enforced these laws strictly, the Americans could never have had any money with which to eke out their remittances in produce.

These laws were, however, in practice almost wholly disregarded. There grew up between the commercial colonies and the foreign West Indies and Spanish Main a large and lucrative traffic. The Boston merchants pushed their ventures everywhere, and the surplus produce of the colonies—the lumber, fish, and grain, found a near and ready market in the Spanish colonies of the Gulf of Mexico. There they were exchanged for specie—the gold and the silver, which were the staple exports of Mexico,—and hence the coins of Spain, the doubloon, and especially the dollar, became the standard coins used in American trade, although the nominal currency was calculated in pounds, shillings and pence. With the money so obtained remittances were made to England; for the Spaniards had lit-



the colonists stood in need of. The English trade was thus fed by a systematic infraction of English law, connived at by everybody, so long as the French power remained unbroken in Canada. When that fell the latent divergence of interest became apparent, and the attempt of Parliament to stop this illicit trade by enforcing the Navigation Act was the real cause of the American Revolution—the Stamp Act was the pretext.

The specie thus obtained and the heavy tobacco remittances from Virginia could not pay the debts of the colonists and leave sufficient money for domestic use. The colonists were always pushing their settlements westward, and the drain of money to England was continual. Moreover the incessant wars with the Canadians and with the Indians often demanded great exertions from the Colonial Governments. Then the wonderful power of paper money was called into requisition. The various Governments (Virginia excepted) issued Bills of Credit for five shillings and upwards; with these they tidied over great emergencies, and, as they became accustomed to them, they paid with these the current expenses of Government. It seemed to the colonists that they had discovered a new El Dorado. In some colonies loan offices were opened by Government, and these bills loaned to private parties on landed security at interest. In Rhode Island the interest might be paid in hemp, flax, or other produce, so that in appearance the Government derived an ample revenue without imposing a tax. The bills were made a legal tender, and as fast as one set of bills matured, others in increased amount were issued. The Government and the people were mutually accommodated, the currency passed readily from hand to hand, satisfying all the domestic exchanges, and causing for years a great apparent prosperity; but the inevitable result followed. There was no limit to the issue but the moderation of the people who were the

issuers. In 1738 one specie dollar in Massachusetts would buy five, in North Carolina fourteen, and in South Carolina eight paper dollars. Massachusetts, ever in advance, was the first to push these issues to the utmost, and the first to abandon them. The great efforts made by that colony in 1745 in fitting out the expedition which resulted in the capture of Louisbourg, brought the currency and credit of the Province to the lowest ebb; and the evils of unrestrained paper issues became so apparent that when England, exulting in the prowess of her daughter colony, refunded the cost of the expedition, the grant was used to place the currency upon a specie basis, which continued until the Revolution. The Government bought up all its outstanding bills by paying one Spanish dollar (six shillings legal value) for every 45s. of the older, or 11s. 3d. of the more recent issue. This somewhat sharp financial operation was justified by the consideration that, the bills being no longer in possession of the original holders, and being largely depreciated, to pay their nominal value would be to impose a tax upon the people, to which the "people" generally objected.

The other colonies (Virginia excepted) never afterwards obtained a specie currency. Pennsylvania in 1723 issued a small quantity of paper at five years date. In 1729 Benjamin Franklin was one of the most strenuous advocates for a further issue. His pamphlet "Considerations on the necessity and value of a paper currency" largely influenced public opinion, and the printing of the issue which was entrusted to him probably tended to strengthen his convictions. Writing in his later years he confesses, however, that his views had changed, and that paper money might be abused. But the current theory among the people then was, that as gold was a representative of value, so paper was a representative of gold, and of value, by a double substitution. So firmly wedded did the people become to

paper money that even in Massachusetts, when the Assembly were making efforts to return to a specie basis, riots occurred among the country people, who fancied that it was a plot of the rich Boston merchants to sweep up all the money for their English remittances.

Paper money being, as before stated, a legal tender in most of the colonies, strange feats of finance were performed. Instead of remitting to England, payment was often made to a resident agent, who would be compelled to receive the amount in paper at its nominal value. Sometimes the debtor class would get the control of the issues, then money would be abundant, and mortgages, contracted in more unpropitious times, would be paid off. Again other interests would get the upper hand, issues would be checked and money would become scarce; then mortgages would be foreclosed and property brought to Sheriff's sale, when all who had ready money might buy to advantage. Specie was at a premium, varying in each colony with the amount of paper-issue, and differing at different times in the same colony. The injustice became so great that in the year of the Stamp Act, Parliament passed a law forbidding Colonial Legislatures to make paper a legal tender, a law which caused great bitterness in the Middle Colonies, and which is alluded to among others in the Declaration of Independence, where the king is arraigned for "having refused his assent to laws the most wholesome, just and good."

Putting aside, however, for the present all considerations of the fluctuations caused by paper money, it must be observed that there was all the while a legal par of exchange, differing in each colony, based on a value of the pound sterling. Thus in Massachusetts £1 stg. = £1 6s. 8d. currency. In New York £1 stg. = £1 15s. 6¾d. currency. In Pennsylvania £1 stg. = £1 13s. 4d. currency. In South Carolina £1 stg. = £1 0s. 8¾d. currency. The sterling pound

had four different values in as many West India Islands, and a yet different one in Nova Scotia and in Newfoundland. The exchange book of Colonial days "Wright's American Negotiator," was a thick octavo, giving the rates of premium up to one thousand percent. These old currencies even now linger in the speech of the country people. In Massachusetts 16⅔ cents is now often called a shilling, for it was the sixth part of a Spanish dollar, which used to pass for six shillings. In New York a shilling still means 12½ cents, because the Spanish dollar was eight shillings at legal par in colonial days; and in Ontario the same usage, inherited from the U. E. loyalists, still prevails.

In all this chaos of currencies it is pleasant to find one fixed value which endured during nearly all the period we have been concerned with, and which, although it has disappeared in outward form, is yet present latently in every exchange calculation made even at this present day—we mean the old Spanish dollar. We have already seen how it became the almost universal coin in America, and during nearly the whole Colonial period, namely, up to the year 1772, it contained the same quantity of pure silver.

There were in circulation four kinds of dollars, viz.:—"Seville pieces of eight," "Mexican pieces of eight," "Pillar pieces of eight," "Peru pieces of eight." These pieces, of the value of eight reals Spanish "old plate," were all called "dollars," and were all of the same weight—17 dwts. 9 to 12 grains of silver, of a standard fineness of 11 parts pure silver to one of alloy. But the legal par at which they passed differed very much in the colonies. At the time of the Revolution it was 6s. in Massachusetts, 8s. in New York, 7s. 6d. in Pennsylvania, and 4s. 8d. in South Carolina. Very early in Colonial history the inconvenience of a varying par was felt by many, and the governors especially urged the Home authorities to put a stop to it. Accordingly in 1707, the

sixth year of Queen Anne, an Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, declaring the value at which foreign coins should pass in the colonies. This enactment was based upon careful assays, and fixed the value of the Spanish coins as follows :—

Seville pieces of eight "old plate."	4s. 6d. Stg.
Mexico " "	4s. 6d. "
Pillar " "	4s. 6½d. "
Peru " "	4s. 5d. "

It was also enacted that in future the dollar should not be accounted for in any of the colonies above the rate of 6s. currency. This statute was utterly disregarded in America, and like most other Imperial Statutes, became a dead letter. Some attempt was made in New York by the governor to enforce it, but the proclamation was withdrawn, because, as the governor alleged in excuse, "it was injurious to the trade of New York to cry down the value of the dollar while the neighbouring colony of Massachusetts treated the Statute with contempt." The letters of the New York officials of those days are very plaintive concerning the misdeeds of the Boston people, who seems always to have done as they liked, and to have paid no more attention to an Imperial statute which might not meet their approval, than to a Papal bull. This statute had, however, the effect of placing an authoritative value in sterling money on the coin most in use in America.

The value of the Spanish dollar was based not only upon its weight and fineness, but, of course, upon a comparison with the weight and fineness of the British silver coins then in use. The standard remained unchanged for silver in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the year 1816. One pound of silver of the fineness of 11 oz. 2 dwt. was coined during all that period into £3 2s. od. stg. There were therefore 5,328 grains of pure silver in 62s. stg., and the dollar contained 385 grains pure. The proportionate value of the dollar is then easily seen to have been 4s. 5½ precisely, and as, at that time, the

standard value of silver was in reality less than its commercial value, 4s. 6d. was fixed upon by the Statute. This was practically underrating the dollar, and as fast as they arrived in England they were sold as specie and exported.

It thus happened that the par of 4s. 6d. stg. to the dollar became a fixed standard to which all American values could be referred. And such it has continued during 164 years down to the present day, for this is PAR, or \$4.44 to the £ sterling. It is sometimes called old par—it is the par with which all our books of exchange tables commence—the par upon which all our calculations are based, from Montreal to New Orleans. The present legal par in Canada is a 9½% premium on that par. The Spanish dollar has changed, the British silver coins have changed, and the currencies of America have fluctuated, but the par of 1707 remains yet as the one fixed point in this sea of confusion.

We come now to revolutionary times. The extraordinary expedients of the Revolutionary Congress are among the best known incidents of history. The war was fought on the American side with paper money up to the time when the French expedition under Rochambeau landed, and brought the specie which was as necessary to success as bayonets. It would be tedious to narrate the steps by which the Continental money depreciated to 1000 to 1—until it finally disappeared. The leading spirits of the Revolution saw the necessity of laying a direct war tax, but they could not obtain the consent of Congress. "Do you think," said a member of Congress (quoted by Greene ; Historical Studies) "that I will consent to tax my constituents, when we can send to the printers and get as much money as we want?" The farmer who refused to take this money for his produce was treated as a traitor, and had his property taken from him for his disloyalty, but no enactments could keep it from depreciating. Meantime

the presses of the different States teemed with issues of their own during the war, and up to the period of the full consolidation of the Union in 1790. Their paper added to the volume of the currency and to the utter confusion of values.

Immediately after peace was declared the efforts of all thinking men were turned towards consolidating the Union, and for several years the proposed Constitution was discussed in every town and hamlet. But even then the lurking attachment to paper money was evident. Some of the States were unwilling to resign the right of issue, and it was not until 1790 that Rhode Island joined the Union, and its citizens finally relinquished their cherished habit of paying their debts in paper. The State Governments were forbidden by the new Constitution to make anything but gold and silver a legal tender, or to issue Bills of Credit. Inconvertible paper money from that period disappeared in America, until the Federal Government, exercising a power not apparent in the Constitution, repeated, in our own times, the experiment with happier results.

So soon as the new Constitution began to work, it was, of course, necessary to provide a revenue, and to fix values. The first Congress in 1789 passed an Act imposing Customs duties. By this Act the pound sterling was valued at \$4.44, or 4s. 6d. stg. to the dollar. Thus the old par of Queen Anne was restored, and the rate was called *Federal currency*, to distinguish it from the various State currencies. Still, there was no Federal coinage, and coins from all parts of the world were taken at the Custom Houses at a statutory value. In 1792 Congress organized the United States mint, permitting the circulation of the foreign coins for three years longer, until the new national coinage should be ready, and establishing the national standards—the Eagle to be counted at \$10, and to contain 270 grains of gold of

the fineness of 22 carats, and the dollar to contain 416 grains of silver 892.4 thousandths fine.

Changes in the currencies of Spain, of England, and of America now concurred to disturb the par of \$4.44. In 1772 the fineness of the Spanish dollar had fallen from 11-12ths to 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -12ths. In 1774 silver had ceased to be a legal tender in England (in sums over £25) excepting at the rate of 5s. 2d. an ounce. The exchange between America and England was thenceforward regulated by the intrinsic value of their gold coins alone, a change which became more apparent in 1816, when England adopted the gold standard exclusively, and made her silver coins tokens only by coining the same weight of silver into 66s., which had previously (since the year 1666) been coined into 62s. The average value of the dollar of Spanish and American coinage in 1795, 1798 and 1803 was 4s. 4d. stg., calculated at the Mint rate of 5s. 2d. sterling per ounce. In other words the par of exchange on the basis of the dollar was 3 $\frac{7}{8}$  premium on old par. The Federal dollar remained unchanged until 1837, when it was reduced. The weight was made 412 $\frac{1}{2}$  grains, and the fineness  $\frac{9}{10}$ ths; since that time the dollar has not been altered. In 1853 the half dollars and smaller coins were still further reduced, but without affecting the exchanges, for, as before stated, all estimations of exchange after 1793 should be made on gold and not on silver standard.

In order then to ascertain the various changes of new par since the revolution, the gold currency of England must be considered. This had been fixed by advice of Sir Isaac Newton in 1717, and has ever since remained unchanged. One pound of gold, of 22 parts pure to 2 alloy was, and is yet, coined into £46 14s. 6d.; but the Eagle, the standard American gold coin, has undergone three changes as follows:—

VALUE OF THE EAGLE COMPARED WITH THE SOVEREIGN.

Date.	Weight.	Fineness.	Weight of Fine Gold.	Value stg.	Par.	Value of Sovereign in U. S.
1792.	270 gr.	Same.	247½ gr.	43s. 9d.	2½	4.57 £ stg.
1834.	258 gr.	$\frac{900}{1000} \frac{1}{4}$	232 gr.	41s. ¼	9½	4.87 £ stg.
1837.	258 gr.	$\frac{900}{1000}$	232.2 gr.	41s. ¾	9½	4.87 £ stg.

It therefore clearly appears how the present par of exchange became fixed at so large a premium upon the old par of Queen Anne.

These changes in the value of the United States coinage affected in course of time the legal par of the loyal colonies. The currency of Canada was for a long period in great confusion, for having no Colonial coinage, the coins of all nations passed at values fixed by Statute with little apparent relation to intrinsic value. The first Statute is that of 1777. In 1795 the Customs Act declares that £5,000 stg. is equivalent to £5,555 11s. 1½d. currency. The old par of 1707 was evidently then the legal par. In 1808 a Currency Act was passed enumerating the most common coins—these were French coins, remaining from the period of French rule, Spanish and Portuguese coins, British coins, and United States coins. The guinea (21s. stg.) was valued at 23s. 4d. currency, the 1s. stg. at 1s. 1d., the Eagle at 50s, and the Spanish and American dollar at 5s. Thus the attempt was made to keep the currency at old par when reckoned in English coins, and at 2⅞ prem. (or American par) when reckoned in United States coins. For if the guinea (21s.) was worth only 23s. 4d. currency, the eagle, which at that time was of intrinsic value for 43s. 9d. stg., could be worth only 48s. 7d. currency, instead of 50s. as enacted. The shilling sterling was undervalued as regards the dollar in the same ratio. This seems to have had the very

natural effect of driving all the British coin out of circulation, and in 1825 an Imperial Order in Council was issued, fixing the value of the dollar at 4s. 4d. stg. in British silver coin, and making provision for the introduction into the colonies of British silver in large quantities, by means of the Commissariat, and ordering that such coin should pass at its nominal value as in England. These regulations do not appear to have had much effect, for in that same year the value of the shilling was raised in Upper Canada to 1s. 2d. currency. In 1836 the same Province again raised the value of the shilling stg. to 1s. 3d. currency, and also fixed the value of the pound sterling at 24s. 4d., assimilating the legal par to the change of 1834 in the United States par, but overvaluing the sterling shilling.

An effort was made in 1839 by both Provinces to remedy this anomaly, but the bills passed failed to receive the Royal assent, and it became one of the first duties of the Parliament of United Canada in 1841 to remedy the confusion. The par of 24s. 4d. to the £ stg. was retained, but the silver was reduced to its proper proportionate value, and could only be used as a legal tender to the amount of 50s. currency. The convenience of easy reckoning and the competition of traders still kept up the current value of the British shilling to 1s. 3d. in spite of the Act, and the currency gradually became overloaded with British silver.

The subsequent changes in our currency

are too recent to require much notice. The dollar which in 1841 had been raised to 5s. 1d. was reduced in 1850 to 5s. And in 1851 the decimal system displaced the intricate and cumbrous denominations of pounds, shillings and pence. Every reader will recall the circumstances which led to the pouring of all the United States silver coinage into our already overloaded silver currency, and the various expedients vainly resorted to for relief until the effectual remedy of the present finance minister was applied. The Act of 1854 fixed our currency on its present basis, confirming the par of 1841 of  $\$4.86\frac{2}{100}$ , or 24s. 4d. currency to the £ stg. or  $9\frac{1}{4}\%$  premium on the par of Queen Anne.

The Confederation of the British North American colonies and the consequent extension of the Canadian par has left but two anomalous currencies among the English-speaking people of this continent. In Newfoundland the par of 4.80 to the £, or 8% premium prevails, and the little Island of Prince Edward still rejoices in the enormous premium of  $35\frac{1}{8}\%$ , or 30s. to the £ stg. We may surely hope that the time will shortly arrive when, not only these anomalies will disappear, but when the mother country will adopt a decimal system which will facilitate computation, and thus increase trade with all her children throughout the world.

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“NEVERMORE.”

Merrily, merrily over the sea,  
 Came he, my true love, a-courting to me ;  
 Came with the spring-time and blossoming tree ;  
 Came with the murmuring hum of the bee ;  
 Came with the throstle to pipe on the lea,  
 Sweet words to me.

\* \* \*

Wearily, wearily pace I the shore ;  
 Wearily hear I the cruel sea roar ;  
 Wearily seek for him ; vainly implore ;  
 Weary this heart beats, so tender, so sore ;  
 Wearily wind-whispers sigh on the shore  
 A dull—nevermore.

ALFRED JAMES.

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## MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XI.

"LOVE THE GIFT IS LOVE THE DEBT."

THE next day, when Maurice awoke from the heavy slumber into which he had fallen, after a night's restless agitation, he was at first tempted to believe that all the strange, contradictory, intense emotions—the exquisite delight, the sharp pain he had felt a few hours before, had all been suffered in a dream. But there rose up before him, distinct as reality, that fair vision in the garden, that bright enchanting face, with its sunny tresses, its soft smiling eyes, its ineffable harmony of loveliness, which had penetrated his heart with such subtle and instantaneous power. And then, passing from the sunshine into the shadow, growing dimmer and dimmer every instant, he seemed to behold the dark pale face of Marguerite filled with a deep sadness he had never till now seen it wear.

"It is madness!" he exclaimed. "I will not believe that I can be so weak and wicked. I will go to Marguerite, and this nightmare will vanish before the glance of her true eyes, the touch of her faithful hand."

But even as he walked through the streets that shape of beauty which had taken such complete possession of him seemed to glide before him, drawing him towards her with her haunting eyes, and when he entered the house and stood again beside her, he knew, as he had known the night before, that he loved her with a wild resistless passion, such as he had read of in story and song, and had sometimes dreamed of, too, but which he had long since told himself he was never destined to feel.

Day after day the spell grew stronger, but he struggled hard, if not to subdue his feelings, at least to conceal them, and for some time he succeeded. Marguerite was too steadfast herself, and her faith in Maurice was too strong, to let the slightest doubt enter her mind, nor could she have believed, if an angel had spoken it, that her young sister, whom she loved so well, whom she had nursed in sickness and watched over in health, and cherished with a mother's fondness, was thus fated to destroy her happiness. But this state of things could not long continue. As time passed, and Maurice's passion grew stronger, his power to hide it grew less. True love has ever the power of divination, and gradually Marguerite felt that Maurice was changed. His words, his manner, were as kind as ever, but there was a subtle, indefinable difference. It was as if the perfume had left the flower, or the essence in which lay the elixir had escaped from the crucible, leaving only dull matter behind. The word, the act, were there, but the soul which once inspired them, the love which gave them life, were fled forever, and only the worthless form remained.

At first Marguerite shrank from her fears as those to whom life is sweet would shrink from the doom of death. Passionately she strove to repel the conviction which every day grew stronger, that Maurice no longer loved her, and when some half-spoken word, some furtive glance, would force upon her the truth which Maurice desperately sought to hide, she hated herself for the doubts which she could not resist, and accused herself of the meanest and most contemptible jealousy. In this struggle of feeling her face grew darker and paler than ever, her eyes

lost their brightness, and if she smiled it was resolute effort, not gladness, brought the semblance of gaiety to her lip. It was little wonder then, that Maurice, when he looked at her, marvelled how he could ever have found a charm in those sallow irregular features, those quiet melancholy eyes. Every day she grew graver and stiller; all those nameless graces which happy love bestows on its favourites, and which had once diffused their charm over all her looks and motions, now faded away as if they had never been; and there are few who would not have pardoned Maurice for preferring the bright loveliness, the bewitching gaiety of Claire to the deeper feelings and higher mind of Marguerite.

And besides that joyous beauty, that winning playfulness which gladdened every eye that beheld it, like summer sunshine, there was an ever-varying charm about Claire which seemed to invest her each day with a new attraction. Sometimes shy, sometimes saucy, full of playful and innocent coquetry, but always soft, gentle and yielding, her pretty vanities and affectations only served to make her, in Maurice's eyes, more truly woman, and to throw a more irresistible fascination round her.

But to know and feel all this was no balm for Marguerite's pain. She uttered no reproach, made no complaint, betrayed no suffering, but she did not endure the less because she endured in silence. She had given her heart for love and love alone, and she could not accept in its stead a shadow springing from compassion. She was proud as well as loving, and would have died rather than receive kind words or caresses prompted by pity or any other feeling than the heart's own impulse; and when Maurice, in spite of himself, had suffered some proof of his passion for Claire to escape, and immediately after would try to atone to Marguerite by all the tenderness of manner and words he could assume, she would endure it sometimes with a sad quietude, often with a painful shrink-

ing which puzzled and irritated Maurice, and almost made him believe that he had been as much mistaken in thinking Marguerite's was a love which could never change, as in giving his calm affection for her that passion's name.

As for Claire, her vanity was flattered by the deep impression she soon saw she had made on the handsome young painter, nor would it have been easy to find any one more largely gifted with all those qualities of mind and manner best fitted to charm the fancy and win the heart of a young girl than Maurice Valazé. Claire loved her sister, and would not have deliberately made her unhappy, or robbed her of her lover, for all the world; but admiration was even dearer to her than Marguerite, and the homage expressed in every word and look of Maurice was far too delightful to be long resisted. She told herself that he could not help admiring her beauty, nor could she prevent him from showing that he did so; Marguerite herself had said that every true artist must worship the beautiful, and it would be absurd to suppose that this artistic admiration could at all interfere with his love for his betrothed bride. And so she looked, and listened, and laughed, like a child playing on the edge of a precipice, unconscious of the danger to which she was drawing nearer and nearer, till all power to escape seemed gone.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A PICTURE AMONG THE VINES.

ONE evening Maurice found Claire by herself in the garden gathering grapes. Marguerite, she said, had gone into the house, but was coming out again immediately.

"In the meantime," said Maurice, "let me help you to gather the grapes."

While they heaped a basket with rich purple and white clusters, Maurice described



to Claire a day he had spent among the vines at Tivoli in the vintage season.

"Do you recollect a drawing I showed you one day of a young fellow in a cone-shaped hat and red vest, with a green sash round his waist, holding down the topmost festoon of a tall vine to two girls in blue petticoats and red stomachers who are picking the grapes?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Claire. "one of the girls was very handsome."

"Did you think so? It was the picturesque figures and attitudes of the group tempted me to sketch them. There is really very little beauty of a high order among the Italian peasants. They have nearly all finely formed figures and magnificent black hair, but their swarthy complexions and strongly marked features, however favourable to artistic effect, have nothing of that ideal softness and grace without which there can be no true beauty."

"Don't you think one tires of always seeing the same coloured hair and eyes," said Claire.

"Yes, especially if they are dark. But very lovely blondes are often seen among the higher ranks in Florence and Venice. You remember how many Italian heroines had golden tresses, and what lovely golden hair the old Venetian masters have painted. I saw a Florentine Marchesa with fair hair and blue eyes, whose face I then thought the most beautiful I had ever beheld. But I have seen one far more beautiful since!"

"Oh, I have dropped the finest bunch of grapes on the tree," cried Claire. "Take care you don't step on it, Maurice."

She stooped to pick it up, and so did Maurice, and her lovely shining hair, which the vine branches had caught and loosened, fell in a glistening stream over his hands.

"Petrarch's Laura never had such hair as this," said Maurice, "nor the divine Beatrice herself," and he pressed it passionately to his lips.

Claire, laughing and blushing, drew it

away, and began winding it round her head.

"You have painted Beatrice," she said, "I wonder what hair you have given her."

"Like yours, only not so beautiful—half so beautiful."

"What nonsense," cried Claire; "we only say so because the picture is at Rome where I shall never see it."

"Oh, if I might only show it to you," said Maurice, and then checking himself stopped. "Claire," he resumed, "do you remember that green silk net which you used to wear, and which I hated so much?"

"Yes, I remember it very well. But my hair is so long now I don't think any net would hold it."

"Such glorious hair ought never to be confined except by some slight ribbon," said Maurice.

"Since you admire it so much, perhaps I will let you paint it some day," said Claire.

"Only genius like Titian's or Giorgione's could paint such woven sunbeams," said Maurice. "As I look at you among the vines, raising your arms to reach the grapes above your head, or bending down to put them in the basket, some lovely nymph or gracie that I have seen in Venetian pictures seems before me."

"Oh, how charming," cried Claire; "do I look like a picture now?" and, coming forward to an opening in the trellis, she stood and looked at Maurice; the green leaves and purple fruit twining round her with a wild natural grace, as if some Oread had wreathed the picturesque frame to set off her beauty.

"More beautiful than any picture," said Maurice. "Don't stir—don't move—stand just as you are!"

There was a little pause, while Claire looked beautifully conscious of Maurice's admiring gaze; then she moved hastily away.

"There, now, the picture has vanished," she said, "and I must finish gathering the grapes."

"It has not vanished," said Maurice. "I see it still ; I shall see it as long as I live. Claire, have you forgotten that when I was going to Italy you told me you intended to grow beautiful before I came back ?"

"Did I ? I always told Marguerite that Dame Fortune had given all the genius which ought to have been shared between us to her, and that it would be very hard if she did not give beauty to me. But the blind goddess has not made a fair division after all, for Marguerite is not without beauty, and I have not a spark of genius."

"Do you know what genius is ?" asked Maurice.

Claire laughed. "Not very well, but it is something that Marguerite has, that you have, and that I have not. That sounds like a riddle, does it not, but I am sure you can understand it much better than any other definition of genius I could give."

"I am not jesting, Claire," said Maurice. "Listen to me and I will tell you what it is."

It is a feverish desire, a passionate longing for the beautiful, a craving to possess it in some visible, tangible shape and form. For this reason genius ceaselessly strives to create for itself images of the beauty for which it yearns, but which it so seldom finds on earth. But those who have in themselves that glory of the universe, full, perfect, complete, like you, have no need to waste their lives seeking for it, as a genius seeks perhaps never to find it, or to find it too late—like *me*."

At this instant some lines which Marguerite loved came to his memory with strange power, and he almost thought he heard her voice repeating them:

"But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit

Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all: it loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower,  
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;

It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full—  
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful !"

The next moment Marguerite joined them, and though she answered his hasty and embarrassed greeting as sweetly as ever, and he could not detect any change in the gentle quietude of manner which of late seemed never to alter, he felt certain that she had heard his last words, to which his voice and look had given a passionate meaning that still suffused Claire's cheeks with blushes.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Such a Lord is Love,  
And Beauty such a Mistress of the World !"

A FEW days after this, Marguerite was at work in her *atelier*, while Claire, seated on a low stool near her, was busy with her embroidery, in which she was very skilful, and Maurice turned over a portfolio of Marguerite's sketches—often, however, glancing away from them to the graceful head and lovely face bending over the wreath of violets and lilies of the valley growing under Claire's delicate fingers.

During Maurice's absence in Italy, Marguerite had not been idle. The great painter whom she had met in the Luxembourg had invited her to visit his studio whenever she chose, had examined and criticised her drawings, and given her the kindest and wisest advice and assistance. He had also encouraged her to attempt a large original painting, which was now nearly finished, and which he had promised to see favourably placed at the next great exhibition at the Louvre.

She had chosen for her subject Clymene listening to the music of Apollo's lyre. She had painted as lovely a sea-shore as her fancy could conceive, covered with glittering sand and pebbles and tangled shells ; its margin softly kissed by the blue *Ægean* sea.

Bright-coloured rocks, hollowed into caves and grottoes, and fringed with flowering shrubs, came down to the beach, and in front of one of these grottoes, wreathed with myrtles and rose-laurels, the god was seated, playing on his lyre, his bow lying at his feet. On a ledge of rock a little above the spot where Apollo reclined, the nymph Clymene was kneeling, her cheek supported on her hand, and her long fair tresses falling round her sweet young face, which was turned on the glorious minstrel with an expression of the most rapt and blissful attention. Over all the evening sunlight was streaming, gilding the scene with such a glory as it might have worn in the golden ages.

To the execution of this picture Marguerite had devoted all her powers, and she had been rewarded by the warm approbation of her friend Monsieur Delacroix, who had seen it several times since its commencement. He had especially praised the Apollo, and Marguerite was not the less gratified at this praise that she had given to the god a subtle indefinable likeness to her lover.

There was silence in the *atelier* for some time; Marguerite painting, Claire working at her embroidery, and Maurice slowly turning over the leaves of the portfolio. It was broken by Mère Monica showing herself at the door, and calling Marguerite out of the room to consult her on some household matters. Then Maurice, with an impatient sigh, threw down the sketches, and going up to the picture Marguerite had just left seemed to examine it attentively.

"What a lovely expression there is in the nymph's face," he said at last.

"Yes," said Claire, "but the Apollo is much more beautiful. I wanted Marguerite to give Clymene the same sort of resemblance to herself that she has given the Apollo to you, but she would not. She said Clymene must have golden hair. I wonder why all poets and painters think there is something celestial in fair hair and blue eyes!"

Maurice turned and looked at her, and as their eyes met, half ashamed of her coquettish speech, half agitated by his look, she blushed a bright beautiful blush.

"They *are* celestial," said Maurice. "Do we not look up to the cloudless blue of the skies as the abode of supernal beauty, purity and joy, and what can so vividly image the divine glory as the golden radiance of sun and star? Byron compares the dark eye of a woman to the beauty of night and storm and darkness, but in eyes of heaven's own colour we see angelic love, and light, and joy, and all the brightness of the seraphim in tresses which seem woven out of sunbeams!"

"Isn't there something in Shakspeare about 'a shadow like an angel with bright hair, dabbled in blood'—what is it?"

But Maurice did not hear Claire's hurried words, spoken in a wild effort to seem unconscious of his passionate gaze. Passion's tide had overwhelmed him, and he had ceased to struggle against it.

"Claire," he said, in a low agitated tone. "I am going to tell you something that seems very strange. Something I never told to any one, but which to-day I *must* tell you. Will you believe that in the picture of Beatrice sending Virgil to the aid of Dante, which I painted at Rome, the Beatrice is so like you that if I were to paint your portrait now I do not believe there would be any difference between the two!"

"It is very strange!" said Claire.

"Yes, but not more strange than true. As I look at you now, I see my vision of 'Beatrice with the lustrous eyes and radiant smile' before I tried to paint it,—I see my picture, except where my hand faltered and marred the perfect image. Do you recollect how disappointed Marguerite was when I told her I had lost all my sketches and studies for that painting? I had not lost them. I have them all. Oh, do not blame me. I dared not let her see them, for in Beatrice

she would have seen *you*, and read my heart too truly."

"But how could you in Rome have painted me as I am now?" said Claire.

"I cannot tell how it could be, except that in Beatrice I tried to paint my ideal of perfect beauty, an ideal of which I have dreamed ever since I can remember, but which I never thought to have seen in living shape. And now—Oh, Claire, at first I thought it hopeless to fight against the fate that had mocked me so cruelly. I believed I must be forever miserable. But to-day I know not what delicious hope gives me courage. Beautiful Claire! more beautiful, more beloved, than Beatrice, than Laura, than any poet's dream! look at me, speak to me; tell me you love me! Tell me it is not too late!"

He bent over her as he spoke, and she, leaning towards him, half met his embrace, when a voice, well-known, yet strange and unfamiliar, made them start asunder and spring to their feet, to see Marguerite, pale as a ghost, a wild unearthly light shining in her eyes.

"No, Maurice," she said, "it is not too late. I thank God that it is not, or we might all have been equally miserable."

Maurice grew pale, too, as he looked at her, but his face assumed an expression of fixed determination, and he said not a word. But Claire rushed to her sister in an agony of terror and remorse, and throwing her arms about Marguerite's neck, she exclaimed, while tears almost choked her voice—"Oh, Marguerite, don't look so—it is nothing—Maurice does not mean it; I know he does not!"

Marguerite clasped her sister closely, and after a brief struggle for self-command, turned to Maurice, who still stood, silent and motionless, striving to control the passionate emotions that seemed driving him to madness.

"I cannot talk to you now, Maurice," she said, in the same unnaturally forced and

tuneless voice, "you must have patience with me till to-morrow. Just now Claire and I will be better by ourselves."

And, firmly supporting the weeping Claire, who clung to her like a child, she led her from the room.

Maurice followed the beautiful, drooping figure of his idol with despairing eyes till she disappeared, then, catching up the embroidery at which she had been working, and which had fallen on the floor, he pressed it to his lips again and again. A skein of purple silk which he had watched trembling in her agitated fingers as, startled, bewildered, fascinated, she had listened to his passionate words, still clung to her work, and putting it as tenderly as if it had been part of herself, into his breast, he left the house, tortured with doubt and uncertainty, and bitterly at war with himself—dreading to meet Marguerite again, yet longing for the morrow, when, whatever followed, he would surely see Claire once more.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"Giv'st thou me red roses?"

"Tis my heart's blood makes them red."

THAT night Marguerite drew from Claire a confession that she loved Maurice;—a confession broken by many sobs and tears, by wild wishes that she were dead, and passionate entreaties for Marguerite's forgiveness.

"But I will not care for him any longer," she sobbed out, weeping more violently than ever. "I did not know what I was doing. I would rather die a thousand deaths than make you unhappy, my darling sister! And I know Maurice does not really care for me. How could he? There is no one in the world so good and so noble as you are, and Maurice knows it well. He has often told me so. What he feels for me is all nonsense. And I did not want him to be false to you, though sometimes I have been vain

and foolish enough to try and make him admire my beauty. Oh, Marguerite, I hate myself when I think of my folly and wickedness."

Marguerite tenderly kissed and soothed her, bathed her hot forehead and hands, made her go to bed, and sat beside her with one arm thrown round her, as if she had been a troubled child her fond nurse was hushing to rest, till at last, worn out by her tears and agitation, Claire fell asleep.

But Marguerite had yet much to do before she could be alone with her grief. Her father had been surprised and annoyed at Maurice having taken himself off so suddenly without even coming to bid him good-night, and Marguerite had to listen to his half jesting, half earnest complaints, that Italy had spoiled Maurice, and he was not half as good a fellow as he used to be,—and smile and stifle her bitter pain. When supper-time came, she had to sit down at the table and appear to eat, though the sight of food made her sick; to talk, and laugh, and seem gay and at ease, when her heart had been so cruelly bruised and wounded that no conscious feeling was left but one of hopeless anguish. At last it was her father's hour for going to bed; then Mère Monica locked the outer doors, and went to her room, and Marguerite was alone.

Taking up her candle, she went softly into the chamber where Claire slept, and carefully shading the light, stole to the side of the bed. Claire was sleeping the deep sleep that follows exhaustion. Her rich golden hair, loosened by her restless tossings, streamed over the pillow; long eye-lashes, darker than her hair, fringed her closed lids; her cheeks were flushed, like the heart of a damask rose; a smile seemed hovering round her lips. The coverings had partly fallen off, and Marguerite could see one little white hand pressing a little bunch of purple and white pansies, which Maurice had gathered for her in the garden that afternoon, against her breast. Beautiful she looked as Psyche when she

first wept herself to sleep after Cupid had flown, and the memory of her lost bliss still lingered in her dreams. It seemed to Marguerite she had never known half her sister's loveliness before, and turning away, she met the reflection of her own dark, pale face in a looking glass that stood near, with a smothered sigh. Then she stooped over Claire, softly kissed the smooth, innocent brow, and disappeared as noiselessly as she had come. Going into the studio, she locked the door and put out the light. At last she was alone, no mortal eye to see, no mortal ear to hear. Now she might take out the grief she had kept hidden away in her heart, and look at it in all its terror. She might let herself feel all the weight of the burden that had been laid upon her to bear, and teach herself, if she could, calmly to renounce love, and hope, and happiness on earth.

There was a narrow, latticed window, at one end of the room, with a broad window seat, and throwing herself on her knees before it, Marguerite opened it and looked out. All was still in the street below, and scarcely a murmur reached her ear from the more noisy and crowded parts of the city. Nothing was to be seen but the quiet sky and a few pale stars. The night was calm and mild as if it had been summer. There seemed peace without, but in Marguerite's heart what a tumult of passionate pain! Deep tenderness for Claire and jealous bitterness against her; a wild yearning love for Maurice, and something that was almost contempt for his fickleness and weakness, contended with each other; and the struggles of wounded pride and slighted love, of anger and pity, of hopeless regret and conscious wrong, were renewed again and again through all that long night. There are dark chambers in the soul, of which only misery holds the keys, and into these poor Marguerite got fearful glimpses now.

At last the night passed. She watched the stars fade out, and the gray morning twi-

light brighten into the golden flush of the coming sun. Then she rose from the kneeling attitude in which she had remained all night, and went into a little room which served her for a dressing-room. She roused her stagnant energies with cold water, dressed herself carefully, and brushed and arranged her hair, anxiously trying to banish all traces of her sleepless night, her tears and mental struggles. Then she sat down and wrote a note to Maurice. A very few words sufficed.

"DEAR MAURICE,—Will you come to me immediately?"

"Your sincere friend,

"MARGUERITE."

She knew that Maurice was always early in his studio, and going down stairs to Mère Monica, whom she had heard stirring in the kitchen, she begged her to take the note at once.

"*Mon Dieu!* not this minute," said Mère Monica, beating the eggs, with which she intended to make an omelette for breakfast, more rapidly than ever.

"Yes, *ma mère*, this minute."

"*Mon Dieu!* why, he will be sure to be here by and by. Cannot you wait till then?"

"I am afraid he will not come if he does not get my note," said Marguerite; "that is the reason I want you to take it to him."

Now Mère Monica turned hastily round and looked at Marguerite. "There is something the matter, *ma mie*," she said, putting down her dish of eggs. "I remember he went away last night before supper. What has he been doing?"

"Oh, *ma mère*, how can you vex me by such nonsense!" said Marguerite, "why are you so cross to me to-day?" and she looked up at her faithful old nurse and smiled.

The smile did not seem very satisfactory to Mère Monica, for she shook her head gravely. "Well, well," she said, "I suppose I must take it, *ma mie*, but it seems very queer, and I never knew you do a queer thing in my life till Monsieur Maurice began to

come here. *Ma foi*, the longer I live the more I see that lovers are nothing but a trouble. A good, sensible husband that will provide well for the house, and never scolds or grumbles as long as his meals are well served, and his house *comme il faut*, is not to be despised; but your fine, fanciful lovers are another matter; there is no chance of making good husbands out of them."

After thus giving indirect expression to the growing dissatisfaction which she, as well as Christian Kneller, had lately felt with Maurice, Mère Monica arranged her gown and her cap, and set off with the note.

For a while Marguerite tried to quiet her impatience by making herself busy in the kitchen. She felt sure that Maurice would come the moment he received her note, but the time she had to wait, short as it was, seemed intolerably long. Now and then she went to a window from whence the street could be seen, to look if he were coming, and when at length his handsome figure came in sight, her heart sprang to meet him as fondly as ever, and for a moment she believed that the passionate words and adoring looks she had heard and seen him give to Claire the day before were only the creations of a dream. But the next instant the cold, stern expression into which his face had hardened when he saw she was in the room, came back with all the force of the cruel reality, and she felt strong again, and able to go through the bitter task she had set herself.

Maurice, too, had passed a sleepless night, and when Marguerite opened the door the sight of his pale, agitated face pierced her heart. But she had fought a fearful battle with herself during the last few hours, the victory had been hardly won, and had left her mind still wrought up to the desperate tension with which we strive for life itself, so that no pain just then could have shaken her self-control. Thanking Maurice for coming so soon, she led the way into the parlour, and Maurice followed.

"I wished you to come now, Maurice,"

she said, "because we are less likely to be interrupted than at any other time, and I thought it was right we should understand one another at once."

"Oh, Marguerite," exclaimed Maurice, impetuously, "forgive me. Forget what has passed. I must have been mad. Forgive me, and let everything be as it was before."

"How can everything be as it was before, Maurice? You no longer love me, and you do love Claire."

"But I have no right to love her—I will not love her—"

"Stop, Maurice," said Marguerite; "let me not have to believe that you can be false to her as well as to me—that you care for no woman's heart except as it affords a triumph to your vanity."

Maurice coloured painfully: "You are severe, Marguerite, but you do me wrong—Claire does not care for me."

"Are you sure of that, Maurice," said Marguerite, "I think you must have thought differently yesterday."

"Marguerite," cried Maurice, with a sudden change of tone, and a bright flash from his eyes, "do not mock me! does she care for me?"

Marguerite felt her emotion almost choke her, but she subdued it after a moment's struggle, and answered gently, "You must ask herself."

Maurice started up and moved restlessly about the room, then coming back to Marguerite, he leaned on a table beside her, and looked earnestly into her face. Marguerite was glad that it was a dull, gray morning, and that there was not much light in the room.

"Marguerite," he said, "since I have seen you this morning I have felt as if I were nothing better than a vain fool. I was such an idiot as to think it would make you miserable to lose me, and I had determined to sacrifice everything in the world sooner than destroy your happiness. But I ought to have known that you are too wise and strong to grieve for a fickle lover," and he smiled.

Marguerite smiled, too, but if Maurice had not been thinking more of himself and Claire than of her, he would have felt that smile more painful than any tears. "You are quite right, Maurice," she said, but again the choking agony stopped her voice.

Maurice did not see the quivering of her lip, the quick sudden shudder that shot through her frame. He had done all that it seemed to him his honour required; his sacrifice did not appear to be needed; and Claire might yet be his.

"And Claire?" he asked, timidly; "when may I see Claire?"

"Come at your usual hour this evening," said Marguerite.

"But your father?"

"I will explain everything to him. You may trust to me."

"I do, I do trust you altogether, Marguerite. You were always good and great, far too good for me. I always felt that you were."

"Because you did not love me," said Marguerite.

"Marguerite, we both deceived ourselves—you will know how much when you find some one whose nature is really suited to yours. As for me, I never knew what love was till I saw Claire. Oh! Marguerite, if you knew how madly I adore her, you would forgive me!"

"I do forgive you, Maurice, most truly."

"And you will promise me that I shall see her this evening?"

"Yes, you shall see her this evening. And now, Maurice, I think you had better go."

"Good-bye, then, Marguerite," and he moved towards the door, but a sudden impulse made him turn back.

"Marguerite," he said, "we are friends still, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, Maurice, I hope we shall always be friends."

"And you are quite happy to be released from me—quite content?"

"I cannot bear this torture much longer."

thought Marguerite, but she nerved herself to answer, not quite untruly, "I am content, Maurice. Farewell."

She held out her hand, and, as he grasped it, its icy chill made him start, and, with a sudden thrill of remorse, he glanced at her pale, sad face, released her hand, and left the room. But this feeling was gone in a mo-

ment. "She is noble, and good, and kind," he said to himself, as he walked away from the house, "but she is too proud and strong-minded to care for any one who does not care for her. If I could only hear Claire—my beautiful Claire—say she loves me, I should be the happiest mortal on earth."

(*To be continued.*)

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"ONLY."

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

ONLY a touch of her jewelled hand,  
As we met in the whirling dance ;  
Only a smile from her deep blue eyes—  
Their colour might rival the azure skies—  
And my fate was sealed in that glance.

Only a clasp of her tiny hand,  
Then a smile and nothing more ;  
A smile from her eyes and a clasp of her hand,  
But she threw athwart me the magic band,  
Then I felt I was treading an unknown strand,  
With the world of love before.

Only a touch of her little hand,  
Only a smile from her eye ;  
One touch and and one smile as she past in my sight,  
A vision of life and beauty bright ;  
Before I met her my heart was light,  
Now I can only sigh.

Only a few short lines to read,  
Only a marriage that met my eye ;  
Only a line, but it told a tale—  
And my heart grew faint and my cheek grew pale,  
And I longed so much to die.

Only a hope I have left me now,  
That when we shall meet once more ;  
Meet in that far off better land,  
That I may be able to clasp her hand—  
Till then will my heart be sore.



## THE ROMANCE OF THE WILDERNESS MISSIONS.

## A CHAPTER OF OUR EARLY HISTORY.

## PROLOGUE.

THE writer does not propose to propound a new historical theory, or to set forth any new or newly discovered historical facts. He proposes simply to run over with the reader one chapter in the early history of Nova Scotia and of Canada proper, containing the record of the rise and progress of the early missions, and of the lives, labours and deaths of some of the missionaries. The chapter will be new to some. It may be familiar to many; it ought to be interesting to all. For surely it is not too much to claim that the Canadian reader shall have a kindly and deep interest in the men who began the history of our country. It is a history to which we look back as the Greek looked back to the Homeric heroes, or the Roman to the dim figures which fill the epoch of his country's foundation, and which will ever be the prologue to the recital of the most splendid developments to which these colonies may in the future attain.

What, if in our case, the figures are those of Jesuits?

I do not know any one so little as to turn away from the contemplation of the labours of these fathers in North America. They stood alone, in that early time when their labours began, the only champions of our Christianity in the savage regions of the North-west. They opened up the way for all who came after them. If the roads of the north-west all the way to British Columbia have become familiar to the feet of the traveller, it was the Jesuit who laid the first trail across the country. It was Jean de Brebœuf—dead two hundred and fifty odd

years—who smoothed a Canadian governor's path to Fort Garry.

When the missions were first established in the Acadian forests, and in the dim regions about the lakes, not a very great deal of interest was taken in the things that were passing in this uncared for corner of the world.

It must be remembered that it was a full century and a half before the true value of the newly discovered continent was understood. As a road to the fabulous magnificence and lavish wealth of the East, as a preserve for furs, or minerals or precious stones, were the new regions alone looked upon for a long time. It was not till life had been lavished and treasure wasted, and energy misapplied to impossible purposes, that it was seen where the wealth of the new lands lay, and that an acre of land properly cultivated was worth more than the average gold mine in the long run. Merchants and politicians had lost hope a little in the new country about the time of the establishment of the missions. It was, however, looked upon as a treasure-house—of souls—by those who felt themselves divinely called to labour among the heathen for their salvation. If the general world took thought of the missionary scheme at all, it looked upon it as the impossible dream of visionary men—looked upon it as the average Spaniard may have looked upon the enterprise of Columbus; looked upon it as the average Roman might have looked upon some scheme of the pagan priests to overturn the Druidical altars, and rear up the temples of the Roman gods in the far-away monster-haunted fastnesses of Britain. What manner of me

were they who undertook the spiritual conquest of a continent? A dozen descriptions might be given from a dozen different points of view, and not one of them right perhaps. The conventional "Jesuit" is a familiar figure. A dark, mysterious, unreliable, intangible, terrible person, with ten tricks at hand, and ten times ten in a bag, fond of going, like the equally conventional "devil" of the middle ages, to an excruciating amount of trouble to compass an end that one sees could be got at with very little trouble at all—do we not most of us know that grotesque figure; the orator's never-failing resource, the dreadful delight of romantic young ladies, the terror of pious spinsters of both sexes. And truly there is something to excite wonder, if not awe, in the history of the almost omnipotent Order founded by the dreamy chivalrous soldier, whose campaigns were cut short by a hound at Pampeluna. Beginning at Rome, it grew till it had compassed the world by sea and land in the prosecution of its enterprises, and long before it had reached the meridian of its glory and its power, it had sounded the deeps of all human nature, had conquered for its own the almost boundless realm of human science, and had roused all the passions of which our nature is capable for its enthusiastic support or its speedy destruction.

Of such an order were the men who came from the cornfields and vineyards of pleasant France to the inhospitable wastes and forests of this new world. The task which they had set for themselves was one of the most hopeless ever attempted—the conversion of the North American Indians to Christianity. These Indians were among the worst of their kind. The cruel conditions and inexorable laws of life had well nigh killed all humane instincts, and awakened in them all the cunning of the fox and all the ferocity of the tiger. Governing themselves within each tribe by rigorous rules, for all their neighbours they had but one rule—death and confiscation. The manner of their

lives had bred among them the most horrible diseases, which, gathering up all their venomous forces, periodically swept off the savages thousands at a time. Their moral lives were no less loathsome and destructive. The dragons that tore each other in the prime were civilized and moral beings composed with these savages when the savage instinct was once aroused. It is a too common belief that advancing civilization has swept away the Indians; but it is said by some who have studied the question that in reality it has preserved them from an earlier extinction. For between wars and private feuds, immorality, disease and famine, they were, when the missionaries came, being killed off with a rapidity to which the destruction wrought by such calamities and crimes in a civilized country bears no proper comparison.

Their religious lives were not more promising. Sentimentalists have had too much of their own way with the Indians, and they are commonly thought to have had a settled religious belief. There was no such thing, it is said, among them. There was no word among them meaning God as we understand the word. Oki or Manitou might mean anything adopted as sanctified by the savage—it might be some unknown spirit who spoke in the sighing of winds, or the melancholy moan of the forest; or it might be a skin or an old tobacco pipe; a good meerschauum might have ranked as a Manitou of the first order, and even a T. D. might have taken place as a Tutelar Deity. To inculcate the Christian doctrine, to bind together in one common religious bond this wild and wayward savage people, was the task of the missionaries. Therefore they leave behind them the centres of civilization, the comforts of civilized life. They forsake the dim quiet cloisters in which their youth had sweetly been passed. They pass from the portals of the churches where from childhood they had assisted at the magnificent solemnities of their religion. They close

their eyes to the galleries where the art treasures were hung, to the well-beloved libraries where the collected volumes of ages were close at their hands. The stout ship bears them over seas. The perils of ocean are passed. They clasp hands with their fate and their duty upon the shores of a new land.

#### ABENAQUI MISSIONS.

It is in Nova Scotia that the history of the missions properly begins. Henry IV. of France had all the unbounded zeal of a convert thinking of the spiritual dangers from which he thought he had escaped; he was filled with horror at the thought of the dangers of the strange races over whom the sceptre of his authority stretched. He burned with zeal to signalize his conquests and his acquisitions by an offering of converted souls. His zeal was duly encouraged and inflamed by his director, who was soon instructed by the King to select fit agents for the mission. The men chosen were of the Jesuit Order, Enemonde Masse and Peter Biard. I pass advisedly over the difficulties which delayed their departure. Suffice it to say that at length, through the energy of their superior and the distinguished generosity of Lady Guercheville—who stands out in the history of these very early times as only a blameless and beautiful woman can stand out amid a worldly throng, moving through all the scandals and dangerous temptations of the time like the lady in *Comus*, entirely serene and pure—they departed from Dieppe and arrived at Port Royal on the 12th June, 1611. They found there one other French priest, F. Jesse Fleche, and with him began to study the Mic-Mac tongue. They received much assistance from that Sagamore Memberton who is so prominent in the early history of Port Royal, and whom at length they converted and baptized. Their hopes of success through his influence were soon dissipated by his unexpected death, and thenceforward their work had to go on unassisted under the trees and in the smoky wigwams

of the people, where they chiefly dwelt. The death of the influential Sagamore was not their only cross. Speedily quarrels arose with Biencourt, with whom they had come, and with whose father, Poutrincourt, they had been made, by liberal purchase, partners in the expedition. So violent was the anger of Biencourt that the missionaries resolved to return to Europe, having no proper means of carrying on the mission nor of assisting the Indians, on whom the inevitable rigours of a northern winter began to press. They had indeed embarked, and were about to sail, but were compelled to disembark on the eve of their departure.

This state of things was reported to Lady Guercheville and the Queen in France; and it was determined that if it was impossible to make Port Royal the seat of the mission a new and more favourable spot should be chosen. Père Biard had visited the region of the Penobscot, and knew the country and the people; and in this region the new mission was to be founded. The expedition arrived in due time at Port Royal, took on board the tormented missionaries, and, with Fathers Quentin and Lalement as a reinforcement, sailed for the mouth of the Penobscot. Here they landed on the east side of Mount Desert Island, and, having planted a cross and offered the Holy Sacrifice, they founded the mission of Holy Saviour.

Their first adventure, as related, was a most lucky one for their future relations with the natives. Penetrating into the forest with a Lieutenant of the ship, Biard heard a great sound as of some assembly shouting, and soon the two came across an Indian, who told them that a child was dying. Biard and the Lieutenant pushed forward, and soon came upon a village, where, at the head of a long line of sorrowing savages, stood an Indian with a dying child in his arms. At each manifestation of suffering in the infant the Indian gave out a yell, and the long line took it up, and echoed it till the forest rang with the terrific mourning. Father Biard advanced

and asked the Indian, whose dialect he knew, if he did not wish to have the child baptized. The Indian laid it in his arms. Water was procured, and the missionary knelt and prayed for some signal manifestation of the Divine power to the Indians. He baptized the child, which soon recovered and was handed to its mother: and great was the wonder of the savages at the power of the black-robed man, who had apparently performed a miracle. Auspiciously as the mission was thus begun it was destined to have but a brief existence. The forts planned by the expedition were well nigh completed, the vessel was ready to depart, when a sudden and fatal blow was dealt them. Some English fishing vessels, commanded by the well known Argall, were driven on the coast, and, hearing that a European colony was established in the neighbourhood, they determined to attack it. When the English vessels came the French ship had but four persons on board, the commander, de la Saussaye, being at the fort. A short defence was made, but the enemy was too powerful. The ship and fort were taken, and in the contest the mission received its baptism of blood in the death of the lay brother, Gilbert du Thet. On his departure from France he had prayed that he might meet death in the service of the mission. And behold, his wish was accomplished. They buried him at the foot of the cross he had helped to raise. And there they left him, in the quiet forest, under the sacred symbol, as nearly alone with God as the resting-place of mortal might be. His death was significant. The flowing of his blood was the first startling intimation to the missionaries that the labour of their lives was to be done in defiance of the bullet and tomahawk; and it might have prophetically revealed to them the fate that was in store for those who were to carry the Cross through the wilderness, through danger and disaster to death. Such is the story of the beginning and the end of the first independent mission in Acadia.

Père Biard returned to France, where he died in 1622, quietly teaching theology at Lyons. Masse was to labour again and die in the service of the missions. For the future, all the missions were to have origin and centre at Quebec, which was well protected, and whither, in times of danger or trouble, the missionaries might repair for safety and assistance.

#### QUEBEC MISSIONS.

##### I.

The missions of Quebec owed their origin to the religious enthusiasm of the heroic and devoted Champlain. Finding so great a field for missionary labour, he induced some members of the Recollet Friars, a branch of the Order of Franciscans, to come to Quebec. In 1615 there came, at his request, two years after the failure of the Acadian mission, to Quebec, Fathers Jamet, Dolbeau, Le Caron, and du Plessis. Their first acts on landing were to select a site for their convent and to offer the mass. There, under the shade of the forest, the hope of New France was gathered, and the cannon from the ships on the river, and from the ramparts of the fort, saluted and proclaimed the inaugural celebration of Christianity. No time was lost in beginning to work. Father Dolbeau went to the Montagnais, and Le Caron to the Hurons; Jamet and Du Plessis remained at Quebec. As this narrative does not propose to include a history of the doings of the Recollet Friars, I shall not follow them into the forests. Their labours were not destined to be long. They were not equal to the work. They found themselves unable to surmount the difficulties of the situation, and called in the aid of the Jesuits, whose missionary success had been great; and fourteen years after Biard and Masse had landed at Port Royal, Canada first received the famed Jesuits in the persons of Fathers Brebœuf, Masse (who now returned), and Charles Lalement, who arrived at Quebec in

1626. A great work was before them. They had to accustom themselves to the climate and to the habits of the people ; and, above all, they had to master the most difficult of languages and their dialects. For this purpose they went among the Hurons at once. Brebœuf was very portly in figure, and found trouble in getting passage in the frail canoes, but at last he succeeded, and partly by his imposing presence, partly by his winning manners, and partly by the charm of the strange and new doctrines he preached, or rather hinted, to them, he succeeded in winning the enthusiastic admiration of the Hurons. But this first attempt at establishment among the natives was destined to an early termination. Some of the missionaries found it impossible to overcome the difficulties of the Indian tongue, and returned for instruction to Quebec. Brebœuf remained three years among his Hurons, and when he was ordered to return to Quebec it was a great grief to the Indians. Crowding around him they said "What, Echom!" for so they called him, "dost thou leave us? Thou hast been here now three years to learn our language, to teach us to know thy God, to adore and serve Him, having come but for that end as thou hast shown. And now, when thou knowest our language better than any of the French, thou leavest us. If we do not know the God thou lovest we shall call Him to witness that it is not our fault, but thine, to leave us so." He could not stay. An order from his superiors was as a "voice from Heaven" to him, and he went. The missionaries had gathered at Quebec in consultation when once more, as at Holy Saviour, a blow from the enemy struck them down. Three days after the arrival of Brebœuf the English under Kirk captured Quebec. The Recollet Friars were in favour with the English ; but even out here in the wilds the sight of the Jesuit was odious, and they were treated rigorously as captives. Thus was the second attempt to plant a mission in Canada brought to grief. It was the fortune

of war. Kirk carried off Champlain and the Jesuits. The latter made their way into France from England.

For four years the wandering Indians will wait for the black-robed men who were wont to instruct them. Four or five times will the forests of the fall turn red and the fields of winter wax white, and the green of the woods and the silver of the rapid rivers be glorified by the golden summer ; the infants that were baptized will learn to prattle the sacred words that were left them as a legacy, and many changes will take place among the tribe, ere "Echom" comes again.

The result of the mission had not been brilliant, but it had been encouraging. The introduction of the missionaries among the Algonquins and among the Hurons had, so far, deeply impressed the natives with the character of the "black-robos." The "black-robos" were so patient, so winning, so cheerful ; they were so brave ; they were so bold in denunciation, and so fervent in instruction, that they could not but impress the Indians. That was a point gained. But some more decisive work had been done. Some converts had been made who promised well for the future. A chief or two had been gained. Here and there a missionary like Brebœuf had won the esteem of a whole village. The people had become familiar with the "black-robos," and had lost some of their old superstitions, and had lost their old faith in their medicine men to some extent. And, on the whole, when the second blow came on the second structure and shattered it, there yet remained a foundation sound enough for a third attempt.

#### QUEBEC MISSION.

#### II.

We now begin the story of the third mission—the second from Quebec—the most successful of all, and the most disastrous, the great mission to the Hurons. Peace had been declared in Europe ; and, on Cham-

plain's representations in London, Quebec was ordered to be restored to France. So, in 1632, back from France—Brebœuf foremost—came the missionaries to the fields they knew, the labour they loved, and the deaths that were surely in store for them. In 1634 the new mission was begun.

In the Residence mission house of Our Lady of the Angels, were gathered together Brebœuf, Daniel, Davost, Masse, de Noue, and le Jeune, the Superior. The result of their deliberations was that Father le Jeune remained at Quebec as Superior, while, at different times, the others went out into the distant and dangerous missions. Let us remain for a little with the Superior to see how he goes about his work. "I have commenced," he says, in his Relation of 1633, "to call together some children with a little bell. The first time I had six, then twelve, then fifteen and more. I made them say the Pater, the Ave, and the Credo. We finish with the Pater Noster, which I have put into rhyme in their language, and I make them chant it; and, in conclusion, I give them each a little porringer of peas, which they eat with much appetite." All his spare time was given to the study of the Algonquin tongue; and in this study he was greatly assisted by an Indian named Pierre, who had been to France, and who had cultivated, with the piety of the people, a strong affection for the wines of the country. As Lent came on, however, Pierre went off, and left poor Father le Jeune to fast at once from meat and from Algonquin. To pursue his studies he determined to go off with a hunting party. It was winter. He did not know the difficulties in the way. His provisions were a temptation to the Indians, and, not understanding the eagerness with which he was requested to go, he went. Pierre had a brother called Mestigoit, and another who was a medicine man. Seeing with the keen eye of a savage of more than ordinary intelligence that the success of the Father meant his own downfall, the sorcerer hated le

Jeune and determined to work him evil. It was perfectly natural, and the missionaries were to find out when their star was dark, and their churches in flames, and their deaths at hand, that the revenge of the sorcerers was bitter and certain.

So le Jeune set out. His first experience was not encouraging. He had brought with him a small keg of wine in case of sickness or accident. Pierre found it and tapped it, and, it is quite needless to say, went even so far as to drink it. He became half mad, of course, and manifested a strong desire to do mischief. His amiable brother Mestigoit poured over him a kettle of boiling water which removed a good deal of his skin but did not improve his temper. He playfully resolved to annihilate the poor missionary who only avoided trouble by sleeping on the ground in the winter forest. The journey to the hunting-grounds was an awful one for the Father. Through the difficult obstructions of the winter woods he was compelled painfully to wend his way. Slipping and falling, yet wet and weary, tearing his clothes and his limbs, he toiled along. "Figure to yourself," he says, in one of the Relations, "a person burthened like a mule in addition to these (the afore-mentioned annoyances), and then judge if the life of these savages is sweet." And all his misery was aggravated by the malicious sorcerer, who not only persecuted him with gibes when he was well, but when he grew ill was still more malicious in the persistency with which he practised his noisy heathen rites for the missionary's recovery. For six months this sort of life continued, alternating between feasting and famine, so far as food was concerned, and steadily barren so far as conversions were concerned. The utter foulness of the Indian life presented greater difficulties to conversion than their mere heathenism. At last he accepted a chance to get back to Quebec. The Algonquins did not prove so easy of spiritual conquest as had been expected. They were too predatory and too unsettled.

It was impossible to do anything with them till they had been gathered together in villages ; and, as this was impossible, it was determined to penetrate further into the country of the Hurons, who were more settled. After a solemn council with the Huron chiefs who had come down the river, it was agreed that they should receive the missionaries. A dispute deferred the enterprise for a year, but when a year had passed Fathers Daniel, Davost, and Brebœuf were sent out to the Hurons. It was a toilsome journey. Barefoot, cramped in the canoes, laden like mules in the forest, separated at times, robbed and ill-treated, at last they all reached the Huron towns. Brebœuf had been deserted by his guides at what is now known as Thunder Bay. He hid his sacred altar vessels, and went in search of the town Ihonatiria. Soon he found it, and the crowd came out to receive him with rejoicing for they knew the familiar figure, and were glad that "Echom" had come again. Soon, also, came Daniel and Davost. If they only knew to what they had come ! If some divine revelation of the not very distant future had been given them in some vision of the noonday, or in some midnight dream, would they have remained ? Knowing what we do of their fate, and knowing the feebleness of humanity, does it not seem to us that then their hands would have fallen helpless, and terror have come upon them like a thunder-clap ! But there was no revelation, and they remained.

#### THE PESTILENCE.

At this time the missions had attracted some attention in France, through the accounts of those who had returned and the Relations of those who remained. Other missionaries soon came, in time to share in the danger and the toil—Fathers Jaques, Chaletain and Garnier. They were received with rejoicing ; and, just as they had recruited their energies, the periodical pestilence broke out among the people. Pre-

vious to this some converts had been made among the adults, though for fear of backsliding the missionaries had been chary of baptism ; now everything was jeopardized. Those who were thoroughly converted were confirmed by their trials. Those who were not relapsed to the Okis and Manitous of their youth. The whole mission was now depending on any slight accident. The Indians, in their dread of the pestilence began to look black upon the missionaries at the instigation of the sorcerers, as its probable cause. But still they went on with their work—and the small-pox went on with its work also. Now ensued a scene of horror and dismay and death on one side, and of sublime devotion to a sacred duty on the other, which has seldom been equalled either in the plague-haunted streets of London or Lisbon in the olden time, or when the frieze-clad friars were busy with the burying of the dead in the stricken city of the Adriatic. The small-pox raged from cabin to cabin, from village to village. From every wigwam over a vast space arose the cry that never fails to raise sympathetic feelings in human bosoms, the cry of people sorrowing for its dead. All the stores that the missionaries had were lavished in aid of the stricken people. Daily as they went their dangerous rounds they exhorted, consoled the adult, and secretly baptized the dying infant whose parent would have slain the missionary had he seen the act. The sorcerers continued their insinuations with effect. It was the black robes that brought the small-pox. It was contained in their cross, in their weather streamers, in the secret places of their dwelling. Ill-feeling rose high against them. They walked in danger. The tomahawk was over their heads. They were threatened and assaulted. At last a council was called to condemn them. They escaped condemnation through the influence of Brebœuf, but it was given them to understand that their death was certain at last.

So far the missions had got to be systematically arranged. The Huron towns had all been visited, and each had been named after a saint. They were partitioned into four districts. To these the Tobacco nation was added as a fifth, and Garnier and Jaques had been sent thither. The position and condition of the missions was now this:—The districts had been arranged, and the missionaries were systematically at work in the wilderness. At Quebec changes had taken place of an important nature. A seminary for boys, a convent for girls, and an hospital for the sick, had been built. Madame de la Peltrie, the recital of whose romantic career is almost needless for the reader, had arrived from the Convent of the Ursulines at Tours, with Marie de St. Bernard and Marie de L'Incarnation, and they had begun that system of conventual life and education which is now so familiar to us all. They had taken, these delicate women, their share, and more than their share, in the labours of the missionaries at Quebec among the pestilence-vexed people, spending night and day in their terrible duty. Surely we yield them the tribute of our loyal admiration. Le Jeune and others are at Quebec; Brebœuf is among the Hurons; Jaques is among the Mohawks; Bressani is among the Iroquois. The missions are doing fairly well. The harvest is great, but the reapers are few though they are untiring. With Heaven's help a strong Christian Church will raise itself among the heathen, and New France shall be an honour to Old France, and all the labour shall not have been in vain! Such hopes might have animated the breasts of the Brethren in France, but those who were at Quebec were looking grave, and they had cause to be grave.

#### THE CONFLAGRATION.

There is a great smoke in the west. On the wind comes borne a confused tumult nearer and nearer. Stragglers come in faint, bleeding, dying. They tell an awful tale.

The Iroquois have declared war—the most powerful and bloody nation in the North-West are on the war-path, and all the missions are at their mercy. The last act, the consummation of the growing tragedy, has come.

Father Jaques was the first sufferer. He had gone to Quebec for altar service and supplies, and was on his way to his mission along the winding river in the shade of the silent forests. There is a yell and a volley from the rushes! The Huron guides fly before the Iroquois, who bear down upon them in canoes. Jaques' companions are captured. He escapes, but seeing his companions in danger he returns in the midst of the enemy. They beat him with war clubs; they tear him with their teeth; they drag him along with a load on his back, and dying almost with unspeakable pain, and he as tender and delicate as a woman; they run him through the gauntlet of two hundred warriors with clubs; his thumbs are cut off with shells; and at night they stretch him on the ground, his limbs extended between stakes. But they do not kill him. He is in evil case; but still he goes on with his labours; his breviary he reads in the forest till the cold pierces his heart; and he stands up to rebuke his captors when they mock at his God. Shortly to sketch his career at this time, it suffices to say that he escapes through the kindness of the Dutch; and months afterwards the doors of a College in France are knocked at by an emaciated and mutilated man whom the Rector admits, and who falls at the Rector's feet to ask for a blessing on the head of Father Isaac Jaques! The day of his triumph is come. The king sends for him; queens and fair court ladies kiss those mutilated hands that, unless a dispensation is granted, will never offer sacrifice any more. That dispensation is granted; and after a period of rest Jaques is once more on his way to Canada, and we pass to scene the second.

The war cloud is getting blacker. All



over the country the Iroquois have spread. The Huron nation is melting like flax before fire, before the wrath of the banded Iroquois; and the second scene in the last act of the tragedy closes with the picture of Joseph Bressani, with his fingers split up into his hands, his hair and beard torn out by the roots, his body burnt with live coals; and with Père Anne de la Noue bewildered in the snow-blinded forest, kneeling in a space he had cleared for his grave, with his hands and eyes upraised to heaven, frozen dead.

Peace had been patched up for a time, and the third scene opens with Jaques appearing once more among the Mohawks. Busily he plies his vocation, exhorting, rebuking, baptizing, for he feels his end is near. It is indeed near. The peace is broken, and Jaques is seized again. His treatment is too terrible to dwell on. At last he is brought to his death feast; and as he enters the lodge a hatchet is buried in his brain. Broken body, thou hast rest at last! Patient soul, thou hast now thy reward! Noblest of men, thou hast entered into thy nobility!

The missions ripened as the end drew near. The Hurons, in deep terror at the ruin of their nation, flung themselves at the feet of the missionaries, and claimed their aid. But the end was coming. Conversions were rapid and baptisms many. There were churches with bells at St. Joseph, St. Ignatius, St. Michael, and St. John Baptist; and morning masses, and frequent ceremonies and sacraments. But the Iroquois were coming. It is at St. Joseph; it is July in the woods, balmy and beautiful. The mission house is crowded to the door. Antoine Daniel is at the altar. Suddenly there is a confusion in the distance. Then there is a wild cry "the Iroquois! the Iroquois!" They are coming across the clearing. The warriors offer a faint resistance and fly. Daniel stands clad in the brilliant vestments of his office. Then a volley of

arrows tear through him, a ball pierces his heart and he dies. The savages bathe their faces in his blood and rush to finish the ruin. What had been begun by a massacre is finished by a conflagration; the mission of St. Joseph is in ruins.

The deceptive and precarious Indian peace follows for a time; but eight months after war leaps again out of hell. The great heart of the mission, Brebœuf, giant in frame and martial in bearing, with the refined and gentle Lalement, are at St. Ignatius, and upon St. Ignatius the fire falls fiercely. The smoke and flames tell to those at St. Mary's, almost as soon as the fugitives, how fearful the ruin is being. A party is sent out to examine. They find a staring horror. Scorched and violated at the stake are the mangled remains of Brebœuf and Lalement. The Indians had known how great and brave the soldier-missionary was, and had taxed all their devilish ingenuity for tortures. They had beaten and scorched him. They had poured boiling water upon his head. They had hung round his neck a collar of red-hot hatchets. They had torn away his lips and his tongue. Then they killed him. The effort to keep collected had nearly burst his heart, and he failed early in the torture; his companion, gentle as a woman, had, like a woman, lasted long under the agony.

#### — EPILOGUE.

Thus one by one the missions were done to death, with what accumulation of horrors it is needless to say. The tide of Iroquois war was not to be checked, and it overflowed nearly all the north, to the ruin of the missions for the time. The Huron nation was broken up; and the remaining missionaries gathered at Quebec. And thus closes one imperfect chapter in the history of our country. Men who yield no sort of submission to the claims of these missionaries' religion may not love their Order, and while acknowledging its magnificent achieve-

ments, its energy, and its power, may find fault with its policy and its principles. But no man who reverences heroism in the form of self-sacrifice, can help yielding a tribute of admiration to the memories of the men who, under burning summer suns and bitter winter skies, in doubt and danger, toiled in the beginning of our history ; and who, whether friends failed them or not, whether hope comforted them or not, whether fate favoured them or not, looking straight to

their one object, through yelling enemies and charred villages, through weary miles of wilderness, and the barriers which winter had piled in their track, saw only that souls, as they believed, were to be saved, and above all saw, shining in the heavens, the crown of glory that was to be the reward of the labours of their lives, and the consolation of their disastrous death.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

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GENIUS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE inspiration which by God is given,  
 Born of the light, like light belongs to heaven ;  
 The eagle soaring to the noon of day,  
 Meets with unblenching gaze the solar ray,  
 His light of life, and, basking in its sheen,  
 Sweeps on strong wing along the blue serene.  
 The inky billows of the storm may rise,  
 And roll a gloom of terror through the skies,  
 Onward and upward still he proudly cleaves,  
 And far below the murky vapour leaves ;  
 The thunders crashing through the shadows dun,  
 Vainly impede his progress to the sun ;  
 Sailing through heaven's wide space on pinions free,  
 He only feels the present Deity,  
 The thrilling ecstasy absorbs his sight,  
 And bathes his spirit in the fount of light.

BELLEVILLE.

## THE LEGAL INTERPRETATION OF THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON

BY JAMES BEATY, JR.

THE Washington Treaty is a document of such special importance in the interests of peace and humanity, that its contents cannot be too carefully examined or its meaning too critically elucidated. The interpretations already given to it; specially with reference to the character or extent of "the claims" submitted by it; have not in all points done justice to its true import. We will not now detail the events preceding the appointment of the Joint High Commission, to put all the questions arising out of the "Alabama claims" "in the way of a final and amicable settlement." The history of those facts will no doubt be sufficiently fresh in the minds of our readers.

We will at once enter upon an examination of the treaty, with the view of ascertaining the meaning which a disinterested tribunal—say the Tribunal of Arbitration—ought to place upon the document as to the claims submitted by it; the satisfactory determination of which may involve consequences of such serious import as the maintenance of peace and cordial relations between two great nations, who ought to cherish common sympathies arising from their community of race, language, literature and laws.

In pursuit of this object, the first enquiry would be, what must be understood by the recital in the first paragraph of the treaty, where it is said:—"Whereas differences have arisen between the Government of the United States and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, and still exist, growing out of the Acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the *claims generically known as the Alabama claims*"; and also that portion of the third paragraph where it is stated that in order to *adjust all*

*claims* on the part of the United States to provide for the speedy settlement of *the claims*"; the "High contracting parties agree that *all the said claims* growing out of the Acts committed by the aforesaid vessels and *generically known as the Alabama claims* shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration"?

To ascertain what matters were contemplated by those words and what "claims" were "referred" to the "Tribunal," the Arbitrators are to "proceed impartially and carefully to examine and decide all questions that shall be laid before them." The High contracting parties have since the appointment of the Arbitrators laid before them their "cases" respectively; which occupy large volumes and involve a complete history from the standpoint of each side of the whole controversy.

If the arbitrators were asked to determine this question, they would require to consult these paragraphs calmly from an "impartial standpoint, and regardless of the vociferated views of plaintiff and defendant thrown upon such ponderous tomes at their selected heads. From this point of view we will as far as possible examine this treaty. With our present object in mind, a brief review of facts with respect to "the claims" will not be out of place, to enable us to arrive at an intelligent conclusion.

The Alabama escaped from England on the 29th of July, 1862, after constructed there, but without fitting out or equipments of any kind of a warlike character, except the build. The Florida departed from England on the 22nd March, 1862, under the name of the Oreto. She was designed for warlike purposes, and was duly registered as a British vessel. No tangible evidence

however, of her destination or ownership was provided before her departure. The Georgia and the Shenandoah were never "in any manner or degree within the dominions of Her Majesty, fitted out, armed, or equipped for war, or specially adapted to warlike use."

In the American case, "the cruisers for whose acts the United States ask this tribunal to hold Great Britain responsible" are detailed in what purports to be chronological order, as follows:—"The Sumter, the Nashville, the Florida, and her tenders, the Clarence, the Tacony, and the Archer; the Alabama and her tender the Tuscaloosa; the Retribution, the Georgia, the Tallahassee, the Chicamauga and the Shenandoah." The "depredations committed by those vessels," as the treaty words it, "have given rise to the claims," which were referred to the tribunal, and which in the literature of this controversy, if I may so term the despatches between the two governments, have been "*generally known* as the Alabama claims"; and recognized in the treaty in this their common and general acceptance.

These "claims," it must be observed, are not claims by the Government of the United States, as such; but claims of citizens of the United States who suffered the destruction of their property by the depredations of those vessels. The Government of the United States stood as an intermediary in prosecuting "the claims" presented to them by their own citizens. This is the position assumed by Mr. Secretary Fish in his letter of February 3rd, 1871, in reference to "other and further claims of British subjects or of American citizens, growing out of acts committed during the recent civil war," that "only such claims of this description" were to be considered "as may be presented by the Governments of the respective claimants."

During the whole of this controversy, from the time the first "depredation" was committed by the Alabama until the close of the war, and ever since up to the time of the

appointment of the Joint High Commission, those claims only were contemplated by either party, which were filed by citizens of the United States in the archives at Washington, and which resulted from the destruction of private property by the acts of these vessels. The figures in which these claims were expressed never reached twenty millions of dollars. Fourteen millions were probably the highest figure they had ever attained during all this period. No other class or character of claims was ever contemplated or expressed by the responsible controversialists during the whole intervening nine years.

The immediate correspondence that preceded the appointment of the Joint High Commission will forcibly aid us in illustrating the meaning of the treaty. In this correspondence the first mention of the "so-called claims" was by Mr. Secretary Fish on the part of the United States. In his letter of Jan. 30th, 1871, to Sir Edward Thornton, it is said:—"He (the President) thinks that the removal of the differences which arose during the rebellion in the United States, and which have existed since then, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims *generally known as the Alabama claims* will also be essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two Governments." Here "the claims" are identified as the claims "*known*" as of a certain class; those "*known as the Alabama claims*." We may enquire, by whom were they so "*known*"? by the correspondents, or by the governments they represented, or by all interested? Surely a practical and astute statesman of Mr. Fish's calibre would not for a moment use such language without knowing what he meant by it, and if he knew what he meant by it, he must have assumed that Sir Edward Thornton would attach the same meaning to his description that he did himself, from the very terms in which he expressed it, because he calls

them "the claims *known* as the Alabama claims." Sir Edward Thornton on the other hand, an experienced and wide-awake diplomatist, would certainly have asked explanation if he had not fully understood the language, or if he had been aware that it was ambiguous and indefinite in meaning. He shows, on the contrary, that he considered it unambiguous and definite, when in his answer of February 1st, 1871, and in reciting Mr. Fish's letter he transfers the meaning into the words:—"the claims *generally known* as the Alabama claims." In direct terms he also says in the same letter, "that it would give Her Majesty's Government great satisfaction if *the claims commonly known by the name* of the Alabama claims were submitted. In this letter we have two words of identification added to the list, the words "generally" and "commonly" known; one of which Mr. Fish adopts in his letter of February 3rd, 1871; and adds a new one for him when he expresses the President's pleasure at "the disposition to be made of the *so-called Alabama claims*." What "claims" were "so-called"? were they uncertain, unknown, unascertained before that? If so, what could be the meaning of the terms "the so-called Alabama claims"? What claims were "generally," "commonly," "generically known" by the "name of the Alabama claims," if they were not some claims previously and then clearly and distinctly known and understood by all parties concerned in the negotiations. It would be, to say the least, disrespectful to the two Governments and the gentlemen who conducted this correspondence, to suggest that they did not know what they were writing about all this time; and yet if there is any pretence for ambiguity or doubt about the language of either, that is what is suggested when it is claimed that those words included references to "differences" which previously had never been authoritatively mentioned.

It was under these circumstances that the Joint High Commission commenced their

labours as expressed in Her Majesty's commission, "for the purpose of discussing in a friendly spirit the various questions on which differences have arisen," and "of treating *for an agreement as to the mode of their amicable settlement*." The President's commission thus expresses the purpose of the appointment of the High Commissioners on the part of the United States to be, "to meet the Commissioners" of Her Britannic Majesty, "and with them to treat and discuss *the mode of settlement* of the different questions." During this friendly discussion, on the 8th March, 1871, for the first time a new style of language was introduced in the "treating" of this question. The protocols state that the "history of the Alabama and other cruisers" and "the operations of those vessels showed extensive *direct losses* in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditure in the pursuit of the cruisers, and *indirect injury* in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag, in the enhanced payments of insurance, in the prolongation of the war, and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion; and also showed that Great Britain, by reason of the failure in the proper observance of her duties as a neutral, had become justly liable for the acts of these cruisers and of their tenders; *that the claims for loss and destruction of private property which had thus far been presented* amounted to about fourteen millions of dollars, without interest, which amount was liable to be greatly increased *by claims* which had not been presented; that the cost to which the government had been put in the pursuit of cruisers could easily be ascertained by certificates of Government accounting officers; that in *the hope of an amicable settlement* no estimate was made of the *indirect losses*, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made."

New terms are in this statement for the first time brought into the discussion. These new terms are "indirect injury" and "indirect losses," and are expressly contra-distinguished from the "direct losses," and "the claims for loss and destruction of private property" previously well understood under the terms, the "so-called Alabama Claims." These new phrases had never before been introduced into the controversy or negotiations; why? because what they represented had never been thought of as a claim, and had never been formulated in language. If they had been in the mind of those who had previously discussed these subjects they had never found expression.

The terms themselves, from their distinctness and certainty show a marked difference in comparison with the language heretofore used. "The claims" are clearly understood also; not all claims, any claims, or every claim; only "the claims." The words "damages," or "losses," or "indirect," or "consequential," or any of their equivalents, were not used in the negotiations at any time antecedent to this. The reason of this style is clear, the thoughts had not existed, and the language did not express it. There were no "losses" or "injuries" of the Government of the United States ever under consideration; "the claims" only, which had been presented to the Government of the United States, and which had arisen from losses or injuries suffered by private citizens, in "the destruction of private property" were the matters considered.

The despatches of the Secretaries of State in controverting these questions and in negotiating for their "amicable settlement," never did name these "losses," "injuries," "damages," "indirect," "consequential," or "inferential," because they only knew them as "claims" against the United States Government, or for the recovery of which the aid of the Government was sought. In

that sense they always treated them, wrote about them, negotiated about them, and finally referred them. This too, notwithstanding the introduction of this new phraseology at a stage of proceedings preceding the final reference, which affords another and if possible more conclusive reason that they were never "referred," seeing that after this time the new style was not introduced into the Treaty. It was in fact abandoned, and the old adopted by both parties and the Treaty concluded in the very terms commonly and generally known, and clearly and definitely appropriated by common consent to a class of "claims" well understood and ascertained by both Governments and by the people of both nations.

The argument deduced from the pretence that they are not expressly excluded, to show that they are included could with equal propriety be urged with respect to the Fenian claims concerning which there is not a word of exclusion in the whole Treaty. It is true they were discussed and were not introduced into the Treaty, and are therefore necessarily abandoned; but if so, the "indirect losses" were by the same mode of reasoning as clearly abandoned by the United States Government, and should never have been presented in their "case." One of the reasons given by the British Commissioners why they "would not urge further that the settlement of these (Fenian) claims should be included in the present Treaty," was "that they had the less difficulty in doing so, as a portion of the claims were of a *constructive and inferential character*."

If "indirect losses" are admissible at all, the United States might as well at once make out a "case" for the value of four millions of slaves liberated, or the value of the labour of two or three millions of able bodied combatants diverted from industrial pursuits for the various years of the war. The latter would be about as reasonably included in the "so-called Alabama claims" as

some of the former. The British Government might on similar grounds make a "case" for "losses" certain and undoubted to their people in the destruction of the cotton trade with the South and the bartering in other products of the then Confederate States; and the prevention of commercial intercourse with them by the blockade. Article XII of the Treaty would admit a plausible case to be made out of this character, for for not only "all claims on the part of corporations, companies, or *private individuals* subjects of Her Britannic Majesty," which "have been presented"; but "any other such claims which *may be presented*," shall "be referred to three Commissioners." If this should be done, however, would not every citizen of the United States say, and say reasonably, this business which is a serious one and ought to be so treated was attaining the proportions of a broad farce; and would not the whole matter in the estimation of reasonably disposed people, the world over, be regarded as having reached an unenviable caricature? Yet this approximates the position in which the matter is even now placed by some one, whether responsible or not.

It may be, however, that it will turn out to have been done, in the way an extravagant bill of particulars might be drawn in an attorney's office. A clerk is told to draw it, he takes the instructions and sits down to write his bill. He has been ordered to write and he writes, he has a bill to make out and he makes one, whether it is consistent with anything that has gone before or anything to follow after he cares not. He will "claim enough" so that the jury will have room enough to oscillate between the minimum and maximum amounts, and decide the question either by guessing at a verdict or determining it by the turn of a tossed cent. In such case the client will not suffer by reason of preferring too small a claim and making the case appear shabby or mean. It is possible the American "case" in this

respect was prepared in some such way without sufficient consideration as to what had previously transpired or the consequences that might follow from mistake or wrong in this part of the proceedings.

It is a peculiar fact, however, that no figures are stated as to the extent of these "indirect losses." Mr. Gladstone in one of those masterly speeches which distinguished him, delivered in the British Parliament about the middle of February in answer to a lucid and eloquent history of the question by Mr. Disraeli, says, "It is perfectly true that the American case does not state any figure of the indirect losses, but it supplies data from which figures may be computed, by no very elaborate process," and he admits, as Mr. Disraeli suggested, that the amount would equal, if not exceed, the war indemnity payable by France to Germany, or about one thousand million of dollars.

It has been urged with some earnestness that the treaty admits of the presentation of the indirect losses, and that it is for the arbitrators to say whether they will be allowed. In this connection an interpretation has been put upon the statement of the American Commissioners on the 8th March, 1871, already quoted, that is not warranted by the facts and documents. They said that "in the hope of an amicable settlement no estimate was made of the indirect losses, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made"! It has been therefore urged in justification of the presentation of the "indirect losses" that the suggestion that no estimate being made of them was "without prejudice" to indemnification "in case no "amicable settlement" was made; and that such settlement was confined to an acceptance of the liability for fourteen millions of dollars by the British Commissioners and by payment thereof without the arbitration; and that if such settlement were not then and there made they reserved the right to bring for-

ward such claims in the discretion of their Government. There is nothing in the statement of the American Commissioners to warrant this interpretation. It might be asked, too, Is the arbitration an inimical, an unfriendly settlement? Mr. Secretary Fish has interpreted it as an "amicable settlement," in those very words. He alleges in the first reference to the Alabama claims found in the correspondence between him and Sir Edward Thornton, that the President directed him to say "this subject also may be treated of by the proposed High Commission and may *thus be put in the way* of a final and *amicable settlement*." So that whatever way the Joint High Commission would devise for the settlement of this question would be "amicable," just as well as a settlement made by the Commissioners themselves with the sanction of their respective Governments; if indeed such a settlement was contemplated when such statement was made. On the contrary, the whole correspondence and the authority of the Commissioners show that they had no right to settle anything only "*the mode*" of settlement; to "put" the question "in the way" of a settlement; and they acted within the scope of their power in the reference to arbitration. Her Majesty also gives the same character to the acts of the Joint High Commission, as Her Commissioners are authorized to treat "for an agreement as to the mode of their amicable settlement." It should also be observed that at this time the question of arbitration had not been discussed at all by the Commissioners. The conclusion is inevitable that referring "the claims" to arbitration, and entering into a treaty to abide by the decision of the arbitrators without the unfriendliness involved in a war, was "a mode" adopted for an "amicable settlement."

Hence by the terms of the "statements," the "indirect losses" were waived and abandoned; and it was in fact substantially agreed that they should not even be brought

to the consideration of the "Tribunal of Arbitration." The American Commissioners thereby undertook that in the event which has occurred, their Government would only urge the claims for the "direct" losses; or, as the Treaty demands, for the claims arising out of the "depredations committed by the Alabama and other vessels in the destruction of private property," or "the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes," being, in fact, neither more or less than "the so-called Alabama claims," the only claims "referred" to the tribunal. The Treaty in terms does not include the second class of losses urged by the American Commissioners, namely, "the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers," amounting to about seven millions of dollars, and which they represent to be "direct" because, up to that time they were never "known" as the "so-called Alabama claims," and were not included in the negotiations between Mr. Fish and Sir Edward Thornton; and, consequently, did not come within their powers, and could not be referred by the Treaty. It was on this ground that the American Commissioners resisted the introduction of the Fenian claims, and certainly what was a good rule in this case for the Eagle, cannot be a bad one for the Lion.

The simple fact is, the introduction of this new claim for "indirect" losses at the time, might be very readily interpreted to be in the nature of a gentle threat to press the British Commissioners to an "amicable settlement"; "because," say the American Commissioners, "if you do not come to such a settlement now, we will hereafter not only look for the 'so-called Alabama claims,' but we will also seek to recover these 'indirect losses,' which we never before made any ado about; but if you come to friendly terms, we will forego urging these henceforward, and be content with whatever amount we can charge upon you of 'the claims commonly known as the Alabama claims.'"



The Treaty itself is in complete harmony with all that was said and done before its ratification. The paragraphs already cited, interpreted in the light of the facts briefly noted, tend to show but one meaning, that "the claims generally known as the Alabama claims," were the only claims "referred" in that branch of the Treaty. Article VII has been brought into requisition very gravely, to warrant the reference of the "indirect losses" to the "Tribunal of Arbitration." In the first place, "indirect losses," or any equivalent terms, are not once named in the Treaty. The duty of Great Britain "as to each vessel separately," was first to be determined by the Arbitrators, guided by the Rules adopted; and in case it was found that "Great Britain had failed to fulfil any duty or duties," the Tribunal might, if it thought proper, "proceed to award a sum in gross, to be paid by Great Britain to the United States *for all the claims referred to it*." These words which are again the well understood words of the negotiation, and the adopted words of the Preamble, cannot be held to mean more than they meant in the previous history of the question; in the correspondence leading to the appointment of the Joint High Commission; in the deliberations of the High Commission; in the Protocols; in the Commission of Her Majesty, appointing the High Commissioners; and in the recital of the Treaty. On the contrary, whatever meaning they had in the Preamble, where the claims are "referred," they have in this Article, as it includes only "the claims *referred*" to the Tribunal. The "gross sum" can only apply to "each vessel separately," and is limited by the terms of the treaty to "the *depredations committed*" by each vessel; and not to "indirect losses," "arising out" of, or "growing out" of matters which cannot be said to be the subject of "depredations" of a vessel.

Article X is then added, in case a "gross sum" is not awarded; Assessors are to be appointed "to ascertain and determine *what*

*claims are valid, and what amount*, or amounts shall be paid by Great Britain to the United States, on account of the liability arising from such failure *as to each vessel*." This also maintains the harmony of thought and expression we have found to exist throughout. The Assessors are to proceed to the investigation of *the claims* which shall be presented to them by the Government of the United States, and shall examine and decide upon them *in such order and manner as they may think proper*;" and "they shall be bound to hear on *each separate claim*, if required, one person," or agent of each Government. The "decision of these Assessors shall be given on *each claim* in writing. Examine also the wording in subsequent parts, such as: "every claim," "amount of claims," "further claims," "any claims," and all are in consonance with what precedes.

Article XI says, that the "High Contracting parties engage to consider the result of the proceedings of the Tribunal of Arbitration, and of the Board of Assessors, shall be such Board be appointed; as a full, perfect and final settlement of *all the claims* heretofore referred to;" and "further engage that *every such claim* shall be considered and treated as finally settled, barred, and thenceforth inadmissible," when the proceedings of the Tribunal or Board are concluded. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone is right in regarding the Treaty as "unambiguous," and certain of meaning. Indeed it would be difficult to suppose it possible, and it is a consideration that awakens curiosity to ascertain if it is the fact, that Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville, the law officers of the Crown who must have advised on it, the Commissioners including the Dominion Minister of Justice Sir John A. Macdonald—than whom there is no better constitutional lawyer on the continent, nor a mind more acute in practical legal formula—could all have been mistaken as to the meaning and intent of this Treaty.

The "charges of negligence, slovenliness and other faults, which have been freely made against" the British Commissioners, as Sir Stafford Northcote expresses it in a late letter, concerning the distinction of Marquis conferred on Lord Ripon, the chief Commissioner, are not well founded. Sir Stafford may well say that, although they have not answered those charges, "their reticence is due, *not to any doubt of the force of the answer they have to give*, but their belief that it is better in the interests of peace and friendship, that they should say nothing to complicate the unfortunate difficulty."

I must notice briefly the present attitude of the two Governments. The American Government has presented its "case," and includes in it this new, and at the same time once abandoned, claim for "indirect losses." Mr. Gladstone, in a late speech, said of it: "I frankly own that, whether rightly or wrongly, when I first heard of the American case, my belief was, that it was an exact counterpart of the British case; that is to say, a dry, dull, but most able and close argument upon the points connected with *the Alabama* and her consorts; and I imagine that all those who gradually became possessed of the Volume, underwent the same sentiments of *surprise as myself at the entire novelty* of an important portion of the contents of the Volume." The portion about the "indirect losses" was to him an "entire novelty," in that connection; and, therefore, he was obliged to protest. These "losses" were "referred" or they were not. We have seen, satisfactorily enough, they were not "referred"—were not even "estimated"—in the hope of an "amicable settlement;" that only "the generally known Alabama claims" were referred.

When this novel feature presented itself the only course left open was either to go before the arbitrators and consent to discuss a matter over which they had no jurisdiction; or to say at once "such matters were not referred, and we will not consider them at all.

We cannot go before the Tribunal and be called upon to answer as to matters which the submission did not contemplate." The latter course was the one adopted, and, indeed, it was the only one open in reason or common sense; law or equity.

The Commissioners on either side did not make a mistake. The Governments had pre-determined that a settlement should be made. They appointed the High Commissioners to determine "a mode of settlement," to put this vexed question "*in the way* of a settlement. It was no part of their duty to settle, to close up the dispute by any arrangements or compromise as to the liability in the first place, or admitting the liability, as to the money question in the second place. Theirs it was to establish a "mode of settlement." That they did; they deserve, too, the highest credit for industry, patience and equanimity in the disposal of the vexed question upon which they treated. If, however, any one is disposed to blame any of the Commissioners, the American Commissioners are obnoxious to blame, and not the British Commissioners. If it were intended by the United States Government to have included in the treaty "these indirect losses," it is quite certain they did not accomplish it; and the charge of negligence if made at all should be laid at the door of the White House.

Since they were not included, and no doubt intentionally so; as a settlement was a foregone conclusion on both sides, and the spirit of concession wisely ruled the hour; each conceded their share of grievances, and these "indirect losses" were clearly a part of the concessions of the American Government. That being the case nothing further should ever have been said about them. The situation should have been accepted, and no new embarrassments created. As it is claimed now; these losses not being "referred" on one hand or abandoned on the other, the award of the tribunal, it might be said afterwards, did not dispose of them,

and the conclusion of their labours would not render such claims "inadmissible" thereafter, and thus the very "complaints" intended to be "removed," and "the claims" intended to be "adjusted," instead of being settled would only be open for renewed controversy and continual dissatisfaction and irritation.

Nothing can be done under such circumstances but stop the machinery of arbitration until it will be seen that the end aimed at will, undoubtedly, be obtained. What, then, it may be asked, is to be done as things stand? The proper answer is, the American Government ought to withdraw this portion of their "case." If it were a mistake, let it be acknowledged as freely as the British Government did when the High Commissioners were authorized to "express in a friendly spirit the regrets felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the Ala-

bama and other vessels from British ports and for the depredations committed by those vessels." If it were a wrong, let not the wrong be perpetuated. No matter what the circumstances under which this claim was made, intentionally or inadvertently, let a proper acknowledgment be made promptly and magnanimously. Let this peaceful and happy mode of settling international difficulties be inaugurated by the two nations of all the earth in the van of general intelligence and Christianized civilization. Let a new era of harmony and peace dawn upon the world under the ægis of the moral weight of two peoples whose influences are felt to the remotest parts of the earth;—mutually abandoning the slaughter of one another and the destruction of property as acts necessarily precedent to the rectification of an error or the adjustment of a wrong, imaginary or real, inflicted by one upon the other.

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## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

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### THE CANON'S DAUGHTER.

*(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY from the French of Edmond About.)*

THE following story was related to me by one of the most honest men of Strasburg. On a certain occasion, a few winters ago, I was invited to join in one of those large hunting parties which, in the country around Baden, make such a havoc among the rabbits. The gentleman who gave us this treat, was a Mr. Louis Frederic Zimmer, a notary of Strasburg. He was a man of high standing in the town, and exercised over his equals that friendly authority, which an unerring good sense accompanied by an irreproachable character always

commands. All those who think freely, and there are many such in this noble corner of France, sought his advice and followed his example. No intelligent work of benevolence was ever undertaken without his assistance. He was the very soul of the worthy and patriarchal city. A republic might have been founded, far superior to any Athens and Sparta ever boasted of, if a million of men, such as he was, could have been brought together. This citizen of the golden age did not, however, disdain the present time; his tolerance embraced all works

of contemporary art and literature. He would go to the theatre, read all new books, never failed to praise whatsoever was good, and always looked charitably upon all public or private shortcomings.

As the meeting place for the chase was a considerable distance from town, we had time to exchange many ideas, and talk about various people. Mr. Zimmer's criticisms, though always just and sober, seemed to me, however, defective in one respect. "One of your greatest mistakes," he said to me, "you novelists, dramalists, and comic authors of the day, is to study the exceptions of life only. The theatre and the novel live by nothing else. What are adultery, crime, suicide, but exceptions to the general rule? The *Demi-Monde*, that masterpiece of Dumas' son, the brazen faces, Giboyer, Master Guérin, the Natural Son, the Faux Bonshommes, are all exceptions; the whole of Balzac is a vast museum of all sorts of exceptions, deformities and moral monstrosities. Is it impossible to interest the reader or spectator at a cheaper rate? Life is fruitful enough in varied combinations, and natural events; sober sentiments, every day actions and actors, taken from amidst the crowd, might produce, with the help of art, the comic or dramatic effect you are trying to bring about at so great an expense."

I remarked to him that, in choosing from amidst the crowd, personages who had distinguished themselves by enormities, we only followed the example of the masters. Since the days of Homer, both romantic and dramatic art have lived on nothing but exceptions. Ulysses, Agamemnon, Achilles, have not been taken at hap-hazard from among the Lefebvres and Durands of the war of Troy. The heroes of ancient tragedy—(Edipus, Jocasta, Orestes, Clytemnestra, Etioles, Poly-nices, are all exceptions. The dramatis personæ of Shakespeare, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, are exceptions; the Orlando of Ariosto, is an exception; Don Quixote is an exception; Don Juan an exception. Art is subject to a law of optics, which obliges its votary to choose from among the characters that present themselves, those that are the more striking—and even to exaggerate these a little. The portrait of a person neither handsome nor ugly, and taken at random, is not interesting. The ordi-

nary man with his half-vice and half-virtues, his small contentments, and small troubles, is not worth a pen full of ink. With whatever art you may season his commonplace, you cannot force him upon the attention of his contemporaries, and still less upon that of posterity.

"I am a man like any other," replied the old gentleman, and I sympathize with every thing human. Let me quote you Terence, who never put an exception on the stage. I should consider it a real service done to the reading public, and to me in particular, if some one would bring to life again, the simplest, the most modest, the least exceptional of the men that lived in Strasburg five hundred years ago. I should like to compare his ideas and sentiments with ours, and see what, on an average, we have gained or lost since then."

"We have gained much in ideas, and have lost considerably in vigour; but this is not the question now. We are talking about literature and not about moral archæology. You think that we writers, are wrong in imitating the masters, to try to cultivate and bring before the public that rare plant called exception. I maintain that our art would be contemptible if it treated only common-place subjects—those uniform, indifferent specimens of humanity that vegetate throughout life as plants in a garden. We write to be read, and the reader would not open our books if he did not expect to find in them types better or worse than himself."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, allow me now to submit this question to your own experience. Let me relate to you a story exceedingly simple, whose heroes, nay, whose personages are all commonplace people of the middle class, of ordinary powers and very homespun morality. I tell you beforehand that they are all equally interesting, because they are all good, sincere, and considerate, and no more; there is no violent passion, no sublime devotion in the whole case; nothing exceptional whatever. Let us see now whether a picture without lights and shadows, can hold the attention of an experienced amateur.

And thus he related the following story:—

"Professor Henry Marchal was, at the age of

thirty-five, one of the best physicians of our town. I may call him by his name, and the others too, for the event which concerned them happened a long time ago, and they have all long since died or disappeared. Professor Marchal was neither an Adonis nor a Quasimodo. He might have walked for hours together under the trees of the Broglie without being noticed. His passport said: 'nose ordinary and *idem* for all the rest.' He was neither tall nor short, his hair neither dark nor light, his beard I remember was somewhat reddish, his eyes soft and smiling, his person solidly built and slightly stout, but without any signs of obesity.

"He was a Strasburger by education, and spoke German without being exactly an Alsatian. His father, a French captain, had died in the service, leaving his two sons, one grown and the other still in his teens, without fortune, as foundation-scholars in our lyceum. The elder, who had a taste for business, went straight to Paris, entered a broker's office and became rich; at least rich enough to pay the inscription fees, and subsequently the diploma, in short, to meet all Henry's expenses, for five or six years. The younger attacked the profession of medicine, as a man who wants to make his own living, and that as soon as possible. He was not any better endowed than the generality of martyrs, but he had a correct mind and a determined will; after obtaining the doctor's degree he sought a fellowship in the University, and at thirty-five he was Professor in our faculty of medicine, which, thank God, is not one of the lowest in Europe. His practice had increased with his reputation, as is always the case. Professor Marchal attended the best families of the town and suburbs. He was, by appointment, the physician of Mr. Aytman's foundry at Hagelstadt; there was in all Alsatia no important consultation without him. As he was orderly and saving, he soon bought a house on the *Quai des Bacheliers*, and I assure you that he felt no little pride in his proprietorship. He bought also new furniture, and then everybody of course began to suspect that he was going to get married.

The general sentiment in the town was that he had a right to choose, and that no mother would think of refusing him her daughter. Besides his position, which was in every way a

desirable one, he enjoyed a good reputation. His conduct had always been, if not an exemplary one, at least a decent and proper one. He had enjoyed himself like all young men, but had never been guilty of debauchery. All the gossips in town, and there are many in Strasburg, busied themselves therefore in finding out to what heiress the professor was going to offer his hand and name.

The thing was not hard to guess: it was the only daughter of Mr. Lauth, professor in the Protestant Theological College, and Canon of St. Thomas' Church. Adda Lauth was then about seventeen years old. Picture to yourself an agreeable, light-haired, well-shaped, healthy young girl, of a playful disposition, pretty well educated, and you have Adda Lauth. Those who prefer grace to beauty would have thought her perfect; but the details of her person did not altogether bear examination. Her intelligence was of the common order; she was nothing more than a sensible, good-natured, right girl.

Whether right or wrong, people fancied that Marchal was more in love with the frame than with the picture. The fact was that the Lauth family had an irresistible attraction for all men. The Canon and his wife, who had married at twenty, looked almost as young as the daughter. A sister of Mrs. Lauth, the wife of a substitute Miller, lived in the Canon's house with her husband and four children. Old Mr. Lauth and his wife, a fervent churchwoman, occupied the second floor: their eldest son, Jacob Lauth, a highly esteemed tanner, lived near by; he also was married and the father of a fine and numerous family. The little tribe lived thus in close intimacy like Noah's children in the Ark. A stranger, suddenly introduced to the Canon's family, would have been struck by the collective character of its physiognomy. The whole household was of neatness, regularity, dignity and cordiality. The sentiments, ideas and habits of these people, made up a peculiarly worthy and kind group. The usual expression of their face was a grave and frank smile, a little proud perhaps, but nevertheless quite winning: a smile which could have been translated into—"We are old citizens of Strasburg; we have not a drop of blood in our veins that is not respectable; we have not a sou in our pocket-

that has not been earned by work. We honour God, we practice the Gospel, we love each other, we are perfectly happy, we have need of no one, but our homes and hearts are opened to the neighbour, if he wishes it. Come all honest folks and take a seat among us ; we are quite enough ourselves, but you are not one too many."

Be assured the neighbours did not hesitate to accept. The best men in town considered it an honour to be on a familiar footing in that house. Mothers would take their daughters there of an evening ; the young men generally gave to the Canon's parlour the preference over the brewery of the Three Kings. I still remember how carefully I fixed my cravat in the dressing-room, the first evening I was to be presented there. There were two whist-tables in a side-room ; the drawing-room hung with gray-white paper, was modestly lit up by two lamps. Mrs. Holtz, the judge's widow, was performing on an immense piano of the Empire style ; Mrs. Lauth, junior, was preparing coffee in the dining-room ; about twenty young girls in high-necked dresses, beautiful because of their candour and simplicity, were dancing. The first that caught my eyes, was Adda Lauth, tenderly encircled by Professor Marchal's arms. Their looks told me that they loved each other, or at least that there was much sympathy between them. Like every body else, I concluded from this that we should soon see a wedding.

This belief became so general amongst the friends, patients and colleagues of Mr. Marchal that he had to suffer all sorts of persecution from their allusions. The most considerate were satisfied with delicately hinting at the thing ; others, less civilized, would come flat out with it. The professor at first pretended not to heed their insinuations ; but, when called upon directly to answer, he would become angry, maintain that there was no such thing as marriage in his mind, and request all those busy-bodies to let him alone. The men were soon silenced, but it was not so easy to get rid of the women. One would say : "What are you waiting for ? The Lauths cannot surely offer you their daughter ; why don't you go and ask for her ? They will be but too happy to have you for their son-in-law." Another would reproach him with procrastination, and tormenting uselessly a poor girl that doated on him.

A third took him aside, and whispered to him : "They say that you dare not ask for Adda Lauth because she is too rich. Don't you believe that. I know for certain from the notary of the family that her dower and outfit does not exceed twenty thousand francs. The position you hold allows you to expect twice as much."

One evening, when this gossipy inquisition had tried him more than usual, he resolved to question himself on the subject, and examine his feelings. I want to get married, that is plain enough ; I want to get out of this hollow bachelor life before it is too late. A few years more and I shall be a confirmed egotist. No, I have still enough youth and health in me to found a family, and I will do so. Miss Lauth is, of all the young ladies I have met, the one that suits and pleases me most. Do I love her now passionately, as they do in novels ? I do not know ; but it is certain that for the last year all my feelings and thoughts tend towards her. I have the highest esteem for her father, her relatives, the whole household : I should be both proud and happy to be one of them ; but does Adda love me ? Setting modesty aside, I think that she sees me with pleasure. I never enter the parlour, but her face brightens up ; she comes to me as I to her, by a sort of impulse ; my eye never seeks hers but it meets it ; in the dances where the lady chooses a partner she invariably selects me. If any one happens to speak about marriage, she frankly expresses herself before me as wishing for a sensible and learned husband. The day I came to announce to the family my nomination to the chair of clinical pathology she had tears in her eyes. Last summer, at the foundry of Hagelstadt, when we had a dance on the river side, she almost betrayed herself. Young Axtmann was hanging paper lanterns on the lower branches of the lindens, Lieutenant Thirion was getting his horn ready, and lawyer Pfister his violin, I saw Adda dropping her black veil over her face, so I asked her if she was cold ? "No," said she, laughing, "it is merely a precaution that I may not be seen blushing when you talk to me." "Heaven forbid," I replied, "that any word of mine should ever cause Miss Lauth to blush !" I know it, Mr. Henry ; I was only jesting ; will you forgive me ? "Forgive ? we forgive anything in those we—respect." Respect ? yes, I am quite sure I

did not use another expression. Never did there escape me one word, gesture or look that could trouble the peace of her soul. If it is true that she loves me, my conscience does not reprove me for having done anything towards it. And if I tried to please her now? If I went about it resolutely at once to-morrow? If I seized upon the first opportunity to open myself to her, to say to her: 'I love you; will you accept me for your husband?' Could I be blamed for doing so? Perhaps. It would not be a violation of any moral law, for my intentions are the purest in the world; but I should run against French customs, and people might esteem me less for it. Morality is universal, but custom varies in different countries. In England, loving Adda, I should first try to obtain her heart from herself, and should afterwards ask the approbation of her parents. In France it is not right to talk of marriage to a young girl unless the parents authorize one to do so."

He considered the idea in all its bearings. The French custom seemed to him brutal and despotic; it looked like an abuse of paternal authority; the heart, he thought, should go before any family considerations. However, there was nothing to be done. Whether blame or praise-worthy, the established custom had to be submitted to.

"Well," said he, "I will observe the rule. I will ask of Mr. Lauth the permission to love and be loved. What have I to fear? These good people have always sought my friendship; why should they refuse me as a son-in-law? I will make a clean breast of it, and that no later than to-morrow. I have reached such a point that the sooner I do it the better. Let us go to bed!"

He went to bed, but did not sleep much; a thousand dreams beset him. Mr. Lauth would give and refuse him his daughter according to the right or wrong side he fell asleep on. The first rays of the morning found him anything but refreshed, and the more resolved, therefore, to carry out his intention. The students at the hospital winked at each other, and whispered: "There is something in the wind. The professor is himself more feverish than any of his patients." After his regular rounds, hospital and town patients' visits, he went home. He meant to stick to his purpose; still, as the de-

cisive moment approached, his courage began sensibly to fail. He dined slowly, dressed more slowly, took time to correct some papers, sheets which might have been put off—anything to retard the fatal instant without breaking the promise he had made to himself. At last, towards three o'clock, he took courage, went resolutely to the Canon's house, but, as he put his hand on the door-knocker, he stopped. It occurred to him all at once that Mr. Lauth might not be alone; that Adda might be there, which would render the visit useless, that to come so abruptly upon a father and ask him if his daughter was rather a brutal sort of thing. Were it not better to come to the point step by step, to sound first substitute Miller, or Mr. Lauth, junior, or some other relation of the young lady? This decision seemed to him preferable, as it somewhat put off the difficulty. As Mr. Marchal was going back and turned towards the tannery, the tanner himself, who had dined at his brother's, came out of the house, his pipe in his mouth, and seeing the professor, cried out gaily:—"Hail, Mr. Marchal, are you studying architecture now? I should not wonder. This house of ours is certainly one of the oldest, handsomest and most substantially built in the town."

"Mr. Lauth," stammered the Doctor, "I was not looking at the house; I was rather looking within myself. But I am glad I have met you, for I am greatly perplexed; I was just thinking of calling on you. Can you spare me a few minutes, and will you take a little walk with me?"

The Tanner did not refuse, but his countenance fell somewhat, and he replied "I am at your service, and glad to do anything for you." He took Mr. Marchal's arm, and walked a while with him, smoking his pipe.

"Dear Mr. Lauth, what I have to say to you concerns myself and another person, whom you well know—Miss Adda."

"Yes, yes," murmured the little fat man, in a tone which meant "that's what I feared." The Doctor continued!

"I hope that the family does not take ill part the frequency of my visits at the house?"

"No, sir, the house is open to all good people, and the society of persons like you cannot fail to be welcome."

"I was a little afraid, because—because the gossips in town begin to talk, and—and—"

"Let them talk, doctor, let them talk, and go your way."

"Miss Adda is very pretty."

"No, no, there are three or four hundred much better-looking girls in town than she is."

"I do not think so, and have not seen any. She is so graceful and so bright."

"You think so, perhaps, but I, her uncle, beg leave to tell you that she is nothing more than ordinary."

"But, suppose I love her, Mr. Lauth, would my asking her in marriage of her parents give any offence?"

"No, Mr. Marchal; they would, on the contrary, feel greatly flattered by it. I fully appreciate all you have said on the subject; but my niece is not the wife for you. Now, don't get into a fluster, but listen to me. You surely could not suppose that we are all blind in the family, and that we have not seen what you were aiming at these six months. We know, also, that Adda, if she had her own way, would prefer you to many others. But why, think you, did my sister-in-law, and my sister, and my wife never encourage you when you complained of loneliness, when you asked them to find you a wife, and so on? It is because they could not speak to you on this subject as you hoped and wished they would. The family esteem you highly and love you, but we have made up our minds in regard to Adda, and fully determined that she shall not become Mrs. Marchal. We know your position, your character, your fortune; we are certain that you would make your wife happy. But there are two insuperable reasons which forbid my ever having the honour and pleasure of being your uncle. The first is your religion; you are a Catholic, we are Lutherans; and, although my brother has blessed many mixed marriages, he should not, as Canon, give an example of such a compromise. Even if he should wish to do so, my old mother, whom God preserve, and who is a living law to her children, would positively oppose it. You may say that you are hardly more a Catholic than a Protestant. I know it; you practice the universal religion, whose temple is the world, and whose creed is good works. I feel quite certain that it would be a matter of perfect indifference to you in which of the two

persuasions your children were brought up; but your own tolerance does not remove the obstacle. Besides there is a second reason, my niece is only seventeen years old, and you are thirty-five; more than twice her age. You might almost be her father, for the Canon is only three years older than you. I know that in the eyes of many people this would be a trifling consideration, that in a society somewhat less patriarchal than ours your marriage with Adda would be perfectly proper. Dear me! the fashionable prudence of the present day requires even that a man's position and fortune be fixed and made before he thinks of marrying, and one can hardly accomplish that before thirty-five; but we are people of former times; our father married at twenty-two, the Canon at twenty, and I at nineteen. It is a family tradition, not a theory. You may dispute it as a physician, but we, the old Lauths of Strasburg must respect it. From times immemorial, in our very modest house, husbands and wives have led their quiet, well regulated lives without interruption. We marry youth with youth, ignorance with ignorance, poverty with poverty. It seems hard at first to make both ends meet, and the first-born baby's outfit becomes quite a problem to solve; but the old grand-parents are not far off, and they come at the right moment with full hands. Comfort comes gradually with the years, and it is the more appreciated for the work it has cost. Then the young couple grow old, side by side—the wife a little faster than the husband; but it is not perceived, for all gradual change is invisible to those who are never separated. Besides, they have the consolation of bringing up their own children, of seeing them grow, of being able to say to a big thick-bearded fellow; 'look here, youngster, see what a fine, holy, complete thing a family thus moulded is!' It has a thousand more advantages, one especially which the Christians of the present time do not sufficiently appreciate: I mean the certainty of a past life as pure with the man as with the woman. Think of some of those poor young girls in Paris, who, at a vast expense, buy some old worn-out debauchee, or are sold to some decrepit millionaire! This is not meant for you, however, Mr. Marchal: we all know what sort of man you are, but there is no science in the world that can subtract ten years from your thirty-



five. It is therefore impossible for the Canon to give you his daughter's hand, even if you should abjure the faith of your fathers, which I should certainly advise you not to do."

The poor Doctor was as much stunned by this speech as an ox by the butcher's mallet.— "Come now, cheer up," continued the Tanner. "show yourself a man. Don't look so crest fallen; the world is not at an end. Consider the matter coolly: there is no cause for despair. You want to get married, very well, you are in the very best condition to do so. Your fortune, your rank, your looks and your name make you a desirable match for the best families in the country; there is not one in a hundred I could name that would refuse you their daughter. Bless me! this is but a little penance for your lesser sins, that the first girl you fancy you cannot get. Why, look elsewhere; I bet ten ox-hides against a rabbit skin, that you will not have to look a long time! Dear me, I had to hunt a good while before I got a wife! Just think, I was not a gentleman like you; my two arms, my apprenticeship certificate, and ten thousand francs from papa Lauth, was all I had. The first girl to whom I offered my heart, answered me by throwing a glass of beer at my head. It was Miss Christmana, the youngest daughter of the brewer at the Grape Vine. I went after another one, and another one, and another one still. Now when I think of it, I am but too glad that Providence crossed all these loves, till I found my Gredel, my darling Gredel; the best fitting wife that ever was. She was as exactly cut out for me as the lining for the coat. Do you understand? No! Well, never mind, Mr. Marchal we shall see each other again when you have got over this a little."

The doctor bowed sadly: "No one, dear sir, is quite sure of himself, and time has shaken resolutions as firm as mine. However, I think I know myself sufficiently to affirm that no other woman will ever take the place of the adorable Miss Adda in my heart. Do not be afraid that your niece will ever know my feelings for her. I shall at once mark out for myself a plan of conduct that will defeat any evil interpretations the world might make of my absence from your house. Miss Lauth's future must be considered before anything else! I hope, or rather you oblige me to hope, that her heart

has not conceived any serious attachment for me."

"Oh no, just make yourself easy about that. Young girls prefer half a dozen gentlemen, one after the other, and never love any except the last, their husband; he sweeps away the memory of all the others."

"Thank you sir, thank you. One word more, and you are free to go; may I hope that this conversation will remain a confidence between you and me?"

"No sir, indeed; I am going this very moment to tell my brother of it. Surely the thing is worth the trouble, and the proposal coming from such a man as you, deserves at least a moment's consideration. I have told you what the feelings of the family are, but in reasoning as we have done, we have not yet been formally asked for a yes or a no. It seems to me, however, quite unlikely, that their sentiments should change from one day to another; yet must the Canon be apprised of the fact. I myself have no right to refuse you my niece."

"What does it matter whether it is you or her father that refuse her to me?"

"It matters this much, dear Doctor, that a message should reach its destination. I know what I am about, and I have your interests more at heart than you think perhaps. You are a conspicuous man, and we must not allow your enemies to take advantage of this."

"How so?"

"Just now all Strasburg marries you to Adda. To be sure, (and I do not reproach you for it) you have courted her a little. To-morrow the wind will have changed; you will be seen to turn away from the Canon's house, and soon after to pay your addresses to Miss Louisa, Theresa or Dorothea; next, you will order a new coat to take one of them to the altar, and . . .

"No."

"Yes you will; you are bent upon marrying, and when a man has once come to this point, he will marry any time—famine, the plague or war, rather than remain single. You are on the edge of the precipice; no one knows exactly when you will jump, but jump you will and the further back you step to take a start, the better will be the leap."

"Suppose this to be the case, what then?"

"Well, what I want to say is, that when that day comes, and your enemies taunt you with

fickleness or breach of promise to Adda, a man of authority like the Canon may silence them at once. Do you understand ?

"The precaution is useless, but it comes from a kind feeling, and I leave the matter in your hands and thank you. Good bye, Mr. Jacob, who knows when we shall see each other again ?"

"Why, very soon I hope, and as soon as you like ! My niece is not made of tinder and will not catch fire at the sight of you."

They parted, and the Doctor went home to conceal his disappointment. His house seemed a Sahara since hope had deserted it. He had been plunged for an hour or more in the most lugubrious meditations, when suddenly a big body, all dressed in black, stood before him with extended arms. It was the Canon ; the excellent man had come to offer a bit of consolation to the discarded and inconsolable lover.

"Adda cannot be your wife, but she shall always be your sister in God. Certain considerations worthy of all respect will not permit your becoming my son-in-law, but I beg you to look upon me as your spiritual father," etc., etc.

Good Canon Lauth was not a very successful consoler, and eloquence has made considerable progress since his time. He concluded his consolatory address by a few paternal and rather awkward remarks such as—

"The companion you want is a lady from thirty to thirty-two, of a matured mind, or a young widow already experienced in household matters and the education of children. Seek within these two categories of persons, and above all make haste, for every new year hurries you towards old age."

The Doctor listened politely, but did not think the remarks very obliging, and the canonical wisdom somewhat irritated his nerves.

He asked the Canon whether he meant to communicate the affair to Miss Adda ?

"No," he replied ; "it is not proper to awaken children's imagination by confidences of this kind."

"And yet she may wonder at my absence. I should like to keep the esteem of so dear and accomplished a lady."

"My daughter has been too well brought up to ask any indiscreet questions ; she may notice your absence at first, and even perhaps be

troubled about it, but time will here also do its kind work, and a regular and sensible love will soon fill the place of all the purposeless reveries she may indulge in for the present. I am quite sure that in a few months, Mr. Marchal, you can come and dine again with us as usual."

So disdainful a security all but exasperated the Doctor. He suffered intensely, and like all people given to analysis, he dissected his feelings and watched their painful writhings. He perceived that the answer of the Tanner had left him in a state of lethargic melancholy, but that the remarks of the Canon threw him into a disorderly state of mind, into a downright fury. After the visit of Mr. Lauth he behaved wildly, raved till midnight, formed a thousand projects and fell a prey to all sorts of contradictory ideas and sentiments. He brought his very delicacy of feeling and good nature into question ; thought of braving the whole family, and appealing to Adda's own feelings.

She looks upon me kindly, I am sure of it, her eyes tell me so ; I could in no time change this timid inclination into a strong and true love. She will then open her heart to her parents ; they may disapprove ; they may present her one, two or three suitors ; she refuses ; they insist ; she declares boldly that she will remain single or become Mrs. Marchal. I seize upon the occasion, I reiterate my request. Do we not constantly see at the theatre, in novels, in real life love crossed by the whims of families, and triumph in the end nevertheless ? And I, upon a simple refusal, should yield in this way — take my hat and cane and get discarded elsewhere again ! No ! I am going to show these stubborn people that I am a man and one not so easily put off.

Upon this basis he laid out a regular plan of battle. He was acquainted with Miss Lauth's habits, knew when to meet her every day, and at every hour ; the friends of the family were his, the house even of the Canon was left open to him, he was the physician of all these people. One scruple, however, held him back, he feared he had cut off all retreat by accepting the sentence without protest. Both the Tanner and the Canon had received his double resignation as suitor. Was it not too late now to revive the matter ? The poor man saw that his ready submission had spoiled his case ; he felt himself bound by his own assent, and turn-

ed his anger upon himself. In order to relieve his mind from this self-dissatisfaction, and call back some serenity, he tried to evoke the image of Adda; but by a strange effect of moral reaction, Adda appeared to him less pretty and attractive than the day before. Naturally enough, the preceding day he had seen her through a prism of joy and hope, and now the image of that lovely girl was enshrined in numberless rebuffs.

I should impose upon your patience if I took you through all the oscillations of a disconcerted, restless, unhinged mind. The Professor's agitation was a spectacle to all Strasburg for a number of weeks, and, heaven knows, there was no lack of commentaries of all kinds. But it must be said in praise of the Lauths that nothing transpired of the truth, they kept the affair secret and let the people talk. Besides, what did these know? That Mr. Marchal visited no longer at the Canon's house, that the Lauths avoided mentioning his name, that the Doctor and the young girl looked like two souls in purgatory, and that the marriage so much talked about was broken off. If you know anything of provincial life you may surmise all that was said. Enough stories were invented to prevent a thousand fellows from getting wives, and a thousand girls from getting husbands. As for Adda, who lived within her family as in a fort, she heard but little of all this, but the Doctor, not so well protected, had all the benefit of it.

His anger developed into a firm determination to get married at all hazards. Rich or poor, handsome or ugly, he did not care provided he got a wife. He longed to silence the silly talk, to show to the Lauths that they were by no means indispensable to his happiness, in short he had come to that happy moment, predicted by the Tanner, when a man would marry all the plagues of the earth rather than remain single.

There lived in Strasburg at that time a Miss Blumenbach, a piano teacher, and something of a match-maker. She was the daughter of a colonel, and was thus admitted into society. She was a good sort of girl, had been quite pretty in her younger days, but had missed matrimonial opportunities, and was consoling herself in her celibacy by contributing to the happiness of others. She would never accept

any presents from the young couples she brought together, and only enjoined upon them to make haste and have daughters that she might not lack pupils.

It was this Miss Blumenbach, that our friend Marchal met one evening at the house of the Rector of the Academy. They took instinctively to each other, and the good creature after a few games at *écarté* appeared radiant as the sun. This transfiguration gave again rise to suppositions, and the next day Judge Pastourian, a Parisian, gave out that Mr. Marchal, out of sheer despair, had offered his hand to Miss Blumenbach.

People were still laughing about the matter when the public papers announced a promise of marriage between Marchal (Henry) Professor of the faculty of medicine, and Sophie-Clara Axtmann, daughter of the wealthy foundry proprietor of Hagelstadt.

Clara Axtmann was nineteen years old. she was well educated, pretty, if not handsome: a nice fat pigeon sort of a girl, full of captivating ways. The professor did not know her, although he had met her a thousand times, perhaps, because he had met her so often, and she had so to say grown up under his eyes. For the same reason had the attention of the young miss only glided over the Professor without resting on him. She had danced with him as with many others, but her heart had never beaten any faster for that. Sometimes she had allowed herself to recommend to him some workman's household or some one living at a distance from the foundry and in whose welfare she was interested, and the doctor out of courtesy or kindness of heart would spare neither his time nor his legs to do the errand: but that was all the acquaintance these two souls, whom the Mayor and the Pastor of Hagelstadt were going to unite for life, had ever had.

Henry Marchal's indifference, or rather inattention to the young lady had, however, an honourable excuse which it is important to mention. Miss Axtmann, although she had a brother and two sisters, was considered one of the richest heiresses of the province. Her dowry, twice that of Miss Lauth, represented scarcely a fourth or fifth of the inheritance she had yet to expect. Now the Doctor was not a man to aim higher than his head. He had

looked forward merely to a suitable match, and the good fortune in which Miss Blumenthal played the part of Providence, was but the just reward of his modesty. Mr. Axtmann had cordially declared that he was as much delighted as honoured by the proposal, and Mrs. Axtmann was almost beside herself with joy at the idea of her daughter marrying a professor and being a professoress. The young people, (for every one becomes young again when about to take a wife,) the young people saw each other every day, and their love increased according to that curious progression which mathematicians have never yet been able to calculate. Since Clara and Henry knew that they were destined for each other, a million winged and indefatigable weavers, wove around and about them invisible golden threads. They would have wondered indeed if any one had told them that they had not known, loved and sought each other since the creation; and if any sceptic had dared to maintain before them that Clara might have fallen as violently in love with any other man, and Henry with any other woman, his philosophy would indeed have cost him a bitter moment.

All Strasburg confessed that Doctor Marchal had grown ten years younger. As he hurried through the streets you would have thought that he had wings. He was seen to enter the handsomest shops and buy the most expensive articles. At the hospital he was charming to the patients, nurses and sisters of charity, saw everything on the bright side, became most indulgent on the subject of diet, prescribed wine, chickens, cutlets to any that wanted them. At his lectures he professed the most consoling theories, denied any sickness to be incurable, could not see why a man wise, happy and married should not live a hundred and fifty years! The people listened, smiled and yet confessed that the Doctor had never shown more talent. His pupils would bring down the house in applauding him. They once waited for him before the college intending to give him an ovation; but he slipped off, got out by a back door, and was soon seen travelling as fast as he could on the road to Hagelstadt. His future connexions promised to pay him a visit at Strasburg whilst he was yet in his bachelor-quarters. Mrs. Axtmann and Clara were to improve the occasion by announcing the good news to their intimate

friends; they intended also to make some complementary purchases for the trousseau, for a trousseau is never complete, and one might keep on buying till doomsday if one listened to mamma. The Doctor obtained by much intriguing that they should all take dinner with him. He was a whole week getting ready for the event. Not only did he put into requisition all the fish, poultry and game to be found in the markets of the town, but he bought so much furniture that his two servants, Fritz and Berbel, did not know where to put it; he had the front side of his house painted white, but either the painter took one pot for another or the devil got into his paints, for the newly painted front looked positively pinky, one would have been blind not to see it.

What a dinner, too, goodness gracious! A real wedding dinner before the wedding! The salmon was as big as a shark, the crabs like lobsters! All the wines of Alsatia and Burgundy paraded before father Axtmann who smacked his lips *en connoisseur*. The mother and her three daughters only moistened their lips—to clear the way for words. Clara told of all the calls she had made, the many compliments that were paid her, and the praises, ah the praises she had gathered from all around for her Henry.

"I am ~~only~~ sorry," she said, "that I could not meet Adda any where. She was neither at her father's, nor at her aunt Miller's, nor at her grandfather's, nor at uncle Jacob's. I should have liked so much to kiss her, and tell her how happy I was! You know Adda, Henry, don't you?"

The Doctor replied without the least embarrassment, and his serenity was nowise a feint. His heart was so full of Miss Axtmann that everything not her was indifferent to him. Adda Lauth seemed so far from him that he perceived her only as a mere speck on the horizon of his thoughts.

A week later the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at the foundry of Hagelstadt. The festivities were not only sumptuous, but also cordial and touching. The Mayor of the village had been a former domestic in the family; he had known Clara as a child, had been the confidant of her little secrets, her almoner as it were. The good man shed heartfelt tears in pronouncing the irrevocable words

that unite two hearts until death. The Pastor, who owed his living to Mr. Axtmann's bounty, had for a long time been the teacher of the three young ladies. He, better than any one, knew what a delicate and tender soul was given in marriage to the Doctor. The man of God distrusted somewhat science and learned men, those idol-breakers. He confessed his fears with such good natured frankness, recommended so artlessly to the husband to respect his wife's holy ignorance and prejudices, that Marchal would surely have kissed him, if his face had not been all besmeared with tobacco. The workmen of the factory had a thousand reasons to respect and love the Axtmann family. Mr. Axtmann was one of those Alsatian manufacturers who exercise over their workmen a paternal patronage, and weigh in a just balance the rights of capital and labour. Besides, the Doctor did not come as a stranger into that colony. Men, women and children had all had to do with him, and knew from experience his devotion to, and respect for, the human machine. These good people exerted themselves to the utmost to add something to the general rejoicings and family festival where-to they were invited. Their employer gave them a ball, they returned the compliment by a concert; they were asked to dinner, but they furnished the fireworks; in short the happy equality between work and capital was sustained to the last.

The upper ten of Strasburg shared, of course, in the festivities of the occasion. The dear, good Blumenbach was not forgotten, but Clara deplored most sincerely the absence of Adda. The Canon and his wife came early in the morning with some other members of the family; but Miss Lauth, who was to be bridesmaid, sent an excuse—"she was not well, had a sick headache," "and surely it must be so," remarked Clara to her husband, as she showed him the blurred writing. And blurred it was, indeed, but Henry Marchal listened as composedly to it all as if he was not the least concerned in the matter. The most important thing to him just then was the post-chaise that was to take him and his wife away that evening. The Doctor had a leave of absence for a month; the newly married couple visited Germany. These wedding-journeys are very pleasant, except that they are generally of very little profit. You go

through cathedrals, picture-galleries, theatres, without seeing any thing but yourselves. In vain the richest and most varied panoramas spreads before you; the attention of the spectators is all rivetted on a little imp, Love, who fills up the whole foreground. When the Marchals returned to Strasburg they were not very well posted on the merits of the royal gallery at Dresden or the Glyptotheca of Munich, but they knew each other and adored each other. The every day contact, friction, even the jolts inseparable from travelling, had thoroughly mixed their natures; in short, these two beings had become one. It is useless to add that they had no secrets from one another.

However, the Doctor did not tell his lady of his little misadventure with the Lauths, the story of that love, crushed in the bud by well-meaning parents. Not that he feared to make her jealous by it, or that he had himself suffered some spite against it in his heart, but because he had well-nigh forgotten it. It had lasted so short a time, his heart had been so slightly touched by it; besides, how many things had happened since! The pitiless brutality of present happiness drove all such memories into fabulous distances. Adda Lauth? What Adda? It was a century of three whole months since he had seen this young lady.

But Adda Lauth had not forgotten. These, to them so blissful, months had been to her painful enough. Time had seemed long, indeed, for she had counted its instants by her anxiety and her grief, and wondered that in so few months one could shed so many tears.

We have not enough pity for young girls. Here is now a pretty little thing, sincere, gentle, loving, who allowed herself to yield unresistingly to the inclination of an honest sympathy. She loves, or very nearly so, has reason to suppose herself loved in return; but custom does not allow her to show her preference or to ask the question on which depends her future. Her lot is to watch, to wait, to be silent. Her very parents would accuse her of effrontery if she opened herself to them. All conspire in making her inert, passive, without any will of her own: they would almost wish to make a fool of her. Young men indiscriminately are allowed to be about her; she is seen to fall in love, or nearly so, with Professor Marchal. Pshaw! the thing is not worth noticing, nothing risked but a heart.

But when this same Mr. Marchal comes forward like an honest man and asks to marry her whom he loves, ah, that is quite another thing. "How, sir! and so you were in earnest when you courted our daughter? You really think of marrying her? Oh dear, dear, that must not be; you must leave the house, and stay away, and not come back till you are called again! You are too poor, or too old or too something else; our daughter cannot be your wife." "But 'I love her!'" "Can't help that." "Suppose she loves me too?" "Impossible!" "But I have courted her; what will she think of me if I leave her thus abruptly without explanation?" "She will think nothing, sir; are young girls allowed to think?" "But will you, at least, let her know that I have asked for her hand, that it has been refused me, and that I deeply grieve about it?" "No, no, no sir; why, Mr. Lover, what do you take us for, to suppose that we would, under any consideration, fill our daughter's head with such romantic notions? Either she loves you not, and then your eclipse will not the least disturb her, or she loves you, and then all that she will have to do will be to try to forget you. If it were absolutely necessary to assist her in that we should take her travelling and thus divert her mind. There is nothing good parents would not do when the happiness of their daughters is at stake.

This is not an exception I am describing. Alas, no! there is hardly a father or mother, in France at least, that does not conceal from his or her daughter offers of marriage, which the family has rejected beforehand. It is feared that these young hearts might catch fire at the first proposal; that their sympathies may be wasted on a man discarded from motives of self-interest, caprice, or prejudice. And this false and unreasonable prudence is constantly followed up by some such misunderstandings as the one I am about to relate.

Adda, who, like all girls in love, spent a good deal of her time at the window, in constant expectation of some message from the outside, whether by dove or raven, had seen the meeting between her uncle and the professor. As soon as she spied Henry Marchal she was filled with the presentiment of an important event. His dress was unusual, there was emotion in his face; young girls have the genius of observation as soon as their hearts are in question. She

had seen Jacob Lauth accost her dear Henry; she understood from their gestures and the expression of their faces that the conversation was of a grave character. The two men walked on and finally disappeared, and the poor child remained alone with her surmises and the violent agitation of her heart. Fortunately, she was alone in her room; she could weep and pray without being tormented by questionings. Her anxiety lasted the eternity of an hour; she was all impatience against her uncle who had taken possession of her Henry at such a moment. The knocker of the front door brought her again to the window; alas, it was her uncle coming back, not Henry. She ran to meet him. He kissed her in a hurry, and went into her father's library, the door of which he decisively shut after him. She goes back to her room, and holds herself in readiness to answer the first call; it seemed impossible they should not come for her, whose destiny they were now debating. Yet she was not called, and saw again from the window her father go out with her uncle. They are going for Henry, she thought, and will bring him back with them. I will dress. The two Lauths, however, separated—one went towards the tannery, the other turned towards the *Quai des Bacheliers*. All is right surely; one is enough to go after Henry.

But he came not; poor Adda waited for him the whole day long. The family supper passed off as usual; nothing particular transpired; they talked of rain and sunshine; the father was in his usual mood; everybody felt natural except poor Adda, who laughed nervously at everything to dissemble her anguish. They rose from the table; soon the evening friends were heard in the hall, putting out their lanterns and hanging up their cloaks. They come in. Adda had not the least doubt that the doctor would be one of the first, and, perhaps, if he had come, she would have been imprudent enough to ask him, "what news?" But he alone came not, and by an odious fatality there was not a single remark made about his absence. The poor child groaned in her heart: Heaven! how selfish the world is! will no one pronounce that name?

Why did she not pronounce it herself? Because she was a young lady well brought up, and thoroughly trained from her childhood to repress her natural feelings.

From that evening up to the time when the professor's marriage became known through town, Miss Lauth spent weary and solitary days. She reads, she thinks, she weeps, she tries her piano, works at some tapestry, dances in the evening with the young men from town, and answers to their compliments with a pale and lifeless smile. The friends of the house suspect something, and question discreetly the Canon; the Canon replies as discreetly, and the matter is dropped. But as he is a kind father he makes it a duty to amuse Adda. He takes a season ticket at the theatre. Adda goes any where, but it is too plain that she is happy no where. Her health is not exactly threatened, but her colour has vanished, her cheerfulness is gone, and people say:—"There is another girl pining away."

It was during a round of visits, and in company with her mother that she heard the news.

"Well, ladies, do you know? Professor Marchal marries Clara Axtmann; quite a fortune for a physician!"

The blow hit her full in the heart; she fell flat down like a soldier struck by a cannon-ball. Her friends busied themselves about her, unlaced her, fanned her, opened the windows; it is the parlour stove that is too hot! these wretched stoves are always playing tricks like these.

When she was brought to, her countenance was fearful to look on; her eyes shot wrath, and she murmured in a strangled voice, hardly audible to any one: "The villain."

This word was a summing up of all the passionate contempt which unrequited love, wounded dignity, crushed hopes, violated honor could inspire. Up to that fatal moment she had endeavoured to justify that man; she had still hoped in him. Her honest heart would not believe the appearances that went so against him. In her mind Marchal was still faithful; some obstacle or other had made him hesitate, she thought, or foolish friends had advised him to try her faith. But now, no more doubt, he had betrayed a sacred, though silent engagement; the motive for his desertion was among all those that drive men into wrong-doing one of the basest: interest, cupidity, love of money! Oh! it was too infamous! She wished he stood before her, that she might utter to his face all the contempt she

felt for him, and at one stroke take back again all the esteem he had won from her.

This vigorous indignation did her good: her face regained its former freshness, her buoyancy returned. A just anger sustained her under the trial. She began then to hate Marchal as energetically as she had loved him. Now, according to our customs, an honest girl is no more authorized to show her hatred than her love. All passions are equally forbidden her; they must be repressed, cost what it may.

Miss Lauth's heart shuddered at the thought of meeting again the infamous professor. There was no avoiding the thing. He was the family physician; he had married a friend of the family; they frequented the same houses. What torture to be obliged to suffer his presence, and not to be able to give him his due: for there are accounts that cannot be settled before witnesses.

Meanwhile Clara's visit could not be avoided. Clara had betrayed no one; Adda had never entrusted her secret to her: she could not therefore make her answerable for her husband's crime. Yet did all her feelings turn cold towards that friend of her childhood, and she avoided meeting her by all possible means.

She succeeded in escaping the betrothal visits, in avoiding the journey to Hagelstadt on the wedding day; in short, she put into use all the little stratagems current in the province, whereby disagreeable or agreeable guests are denied or allowed entrance.

Miss Lauth's tactics were, however, innocently defeated by a pretty counter-movement on Mrs. Marchal's part. She had scarcely returned to Strasburg, when she hastened to her friend, caught her in her morning attire, and fell on her neck. It was so suddenly done that Adda had no time to parry the embrace. But as soon as the first fire was over, she intrenched herself in a peevish and cruel indifference. The good Clara was so astounded and taken aback, that she did not tell her a tenth of what she meant to say. She returned home all confused and hurt, bringing back the little presents she had intended for her friend, and which the latter would not give her a chance to offer, and all in tears related the event to the Doctor.

This incident revived Henry's memories, and

as he had no reason to dissemble with his wife, he told her all ; the little love story, his marriage proposal and the refusal of the Lauths. Clara, of course, judged the affair in the light of a wife's love, thought the Lauths absurd people, and denied flat that there was on earth a man any younger than her husband.

"But if they did not want you, these stupid folks, what are they angry with us for?"

"The family is not angry, it is Adda alone; they thought proper to conceal from her my offer, and she thinks probably that I have forsaken her out of caprice, or for some other foolish reason, in order to marry Miss Axtmann, here present; do you understand?"

"But that is dreadful!"

"It is very disagreeable at any rate, and if you please we will undeceive her, for I do not like to be ill-judged for having been too discreet."

"Do you care so much for her opinion?"

"It is not very pleasant to have one's good intentions misinterpreted."

"I should think it still more unpleasant to enter into any explanation with her about it. She might think you still courted her retrospectively."

"Pshaw, as if it were not plain to every one that I love you alone, darling!"

"Still, she might; I have learned to know her better this last hour; she would cry from the house-tops that you married me because you could not get her."

"Oh no!"

"Yes, she would. Let us drop the matter, and be content to avoid her as much as possible."

On this they agreed, and the agreement was sealed with a kiss.

But social necessities are often stronger than any resolution one can make. The young couple were obliged to accept the round of festivities generally termed wedding returns. Every where they met the Lauths and the implacable Adda. A family dinner was even forced upon them by the latter, and, whether it was through a freak of destiny or through revengeful premeditation, the poor Doctor was assigned a seat by his enemy. Every one felt the awkwardness of the situation, and suffered under it. Mr. Marchal was ill at ease, Clara was jealous and Adda felt probably as uncomfortable as all the rest. The poor girl was not made to

carry out deep laid plots or violent schemes. She succeeded, however, in insulting the professor in two instances, and in so direct and provoking a manner as to call upon herself the attention of all the guests, and deserved in consequence a severe reprimand from her parents. This circumstance became the means of breaking up the intimacy that had heretofore existed between the two families. The Doctor reproved Mr. Lauth for the course he had taken, and Mr. Lauth insisted that any father would have pursued the same. This rupture did not, however, put an end to hostilities. Wherever Miss Lauth met her former suitor, she persecuted him with a feline animosity; not by direct and coarse attacks, society would not have suffered it, but by an infinity of invisible stings, malicious epigrams and pointed witticisms. The poor Doctor on entering a drawing room where she was, was sure to be assailed. His sense of dignity would not allow him to conceal himself or to withdraw, yet was it a constant mortification to be thus subject to thrusts he could not parry, and the prolonged torture told gradually on his temperament. His wife would at times sympathize with him, but at others again would interpret his absent mindedness to thoughts about Adda, and reproach him with being absorbed by the revengeful sprightliness of their common enemy.

What most irritated Clara, was to see Adda so much courted and admired. The secret fire that devoured her, had strangely sharpened her wit, and animated her countenance. Judge Pastourian declared she had quite a Parisian style about her. In addition to this, and whilst the spiteful beauty was reaping so much admiration, poor Clara's face was suffering from the first effects of maternity: she had a tired, wan look about her which set the dashing Adda still more advantageously off, nor did her being a mother make her gain any ground over her fierce antagonist, for Adda would insult her even in her child, stopping the nurse whenever she met her, and making all sorts of ill-natured remarks upon the babe.

Things were going on thus, when in the course of the same year the papers on the other side of the Rhine announced that the little town of Hochstein was decimated by an epidemic of severe quinsy. There were neither physicians nor nurses left in the community;



all that were wont to attend the sick had perished in the attempt. Two physicians who had come to the rescue from Munich, had been brought back within forty-eight hours in a hearse. Mr. Marchal thought himself in possession of a certain specific against quinsy; his first attempts had been successful, but he had not had as yet an opportunity of experimenting on a large scale. He set out for Hochstein despite the remonstrances of his friends and the tears of his wife.—“If I was in the army,” said he to Clara, “you would not forbid my going to war; well my dear, the enemy is at Hochstein, and I should be there to fight him. He was six weeks absent and returned in perfect health, after having saved all that remained in the town to be saved. An act of courage performed in so simple a manner was much noised about in the world. The king of Bavaria wrote an autograph letter to Mr. *de* Marchal, conferring a title upon him and offering him a pension of six thousand francs from the state. The professor replied in respectful terms that the prefix *de* could not well be adapted to his name, and that the money would be better employed in helping the convalescents and orphans of Hochstein. About the same time the prefect of the department sent Mr. Marchal a letter of congratulation, saying that he had presented his name to the minister for the cross of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Marchal requested that the favour should be bestowed on old doctor Laugenhausen, who had, he said, an older and more national right to this honour than he.

This noble conduct obtained from the public the praise it deserved: all Strasburg felt itself honoured by the professor's conduct. One person alone protested against the general admiration. Miss Lauth could not understand how the same man could be alternately good and bad, loyal and treacherous, sublimely disinterested, and basely sordid. In one word, she could not admit that one could be guilty towards her without being so towards the whole world: woman's logic. Thus, without actually incriminating Henry's last actions, she tried to find a dark side to them, and not finding any, endeavoured to invent one out of spite. As Mr. Marchal had become something of a prophet in his country, she could no longer slander him as before without incurring the general

blame; she therefore changed tactics and began celebrating the hero of the day with ludicrous extravagance. She invented so grotesque a mode of admiration, travestied so perfidiously the praises which circulated from mouth to mouth, that little more was needed to turn the liberator of Hochstein into a ridiculous buffoon.

The Marchals escaped this danger, however, through a family misfortune which again drew upon him the general attention. Henry's eldest brother had for some time been in business difficulties. But luck had turned against him, so much so that the poor man had not even been able to attend his brother's wedding. For a long time he struggled bravely, but succumbed in the end. Henry received on the same day the intelligence of his death and the detailed account of his debts together with a list of some creditors poorer or more interesting than the rest. The doctor and his wife after five minutes' deliberation, wrote to the parties that they accepted all the liabilities of the deceased.

At those times a bankruptcy did not assume the monumental proportions we admire nowadays; people were less enlightened and lived more plainly. Clara's dowry, and the house on the quay sufficed to cover the whole debt; it was a matter of two hundred thousand francs. Mr. Axtmann, who had not been consulted till all was over, protested vehemently at first; he declared that his daughter and grandchild were reduced to beggary and foretold all sorts of dire consequences. But when Henry gave him to understand that he owed to that unfortunate brother all that he was worth, that their domestic comfort would not suffer by it very materially, as he should always be able to provide plentifully for the little family, and that as to what regarded his son, he would much rather leave him an unspotted name than a large fortune, Father Axtmann being a worthy man finally gave in, and promised even to assist in mending matters.

When this last event became known, (and everything is known in a provincial town. Miss Lauth began to open her eyes. She recollected from a child how the doctor had always been known for his extreme delicacy of conduct, she embraced at a glance the whole situation of things, and saw that delicacy in the light of heroism. The only unworthy action

she thought him guilty of stood out from this pure life like a monstrous contradiction. Adda for the first time wondered whether she could have been mistaken, and that doubt alone racked her whole soul, for, if there was a mistake, she had persecuted an innocent man, and Henry's resignation, the patience with which he bore so many public insults, were in that case simply sublime.

It was whilst making a visit with her aunt Miller to the wife of the President, that the light broke overpoweringly upon her. The Marchals' voluntary sacrifice had been carried over town by a Mrs. Mengus, whose husband had been commissioned by the Professor to dispose of all their goods and to forward the proceeds to Paris. As Mrs. Mengus entered into the details of the affair, the complete impoverishment of the little family, their future modest home, Adda became more and more uneasy. Unable to bear it any longer, she hastily took leave, hurried home with her aunt regardless of the calls that remained yet to be made, and the purchases the evening ball at the prefecture required, and bursting upon her mother, just then engaged with two laundresses, the biggest gossips in town, she asked in a tone which took the unsuspecting lady all by surprise: "Mother, upon your eternal welfare, tell me if Mr. Marchal has ever sought me in marriage?" There was no chance of eluding the question, or consulting her husband. Adda pressed her for an answer, and allowed not her piercing eyes to wander a moment from her mother's countenance, watching anxiously its every expression. And as Mrs. Lauth hesitated, "Answer, answer," she said, in so excited a manner, that the good lady, fearing a nervous crisis replied, stammering: "It is so long ago! You were so young! Besides, what do you care now, since he is married to another?"

Adda burst into tears, fell on her mother's neck, and after a nervous, "Thank you, thank you," fled to her room, where she gave free vent to her grief. Mrs. Lauth and Mrs. Miller found her there a short time after absorbed in the Bible.

For some time Adda's mental condition gave her parents considerable uneasiness. Her manners and language went beyond all the limits even of eccentricity, and the family became seriously alarmed about her reason. Grand-parents, uncles and aunts, father and

mother, came together to hold a council as to what was to be done. Some thought her mind should be diverted, and proposed amusements; others advised travelling and a journey to Italy, others again marriage. But how marry her if she herself would not consent? There was no lack of suitors: she had discarded about half a dozen within one year. Only the day before, a friend of the Canon had proposed, a certain Mr. Courtois, a fine fellow, good dancer, counsellor at the prefecture, and only son of a wealthy family. But Mr. Lauth had been so distracted by his daughter's late demeanour that he had not even acquainted her with the offer. It was, however, thought proper by the family to acquaint her with the fact, and to persuade her to accept. They were all prepared for resistance, and expected to find her as usual, irritable and peevish on the subject. But Adda, contrary to all expectation, astonished them all by an unusually respectful submission. She commenced by getting ready for the ball, took, contrary to her habit, a hearty supper, paid special attention to her toilet, and showed herself that evening extremely attractive. Her entrance made quite a sensation. Although she was aware of the general admiration she was creating, she heeded none of the praises whispered around her, and only satisfied herself, her eyes wandering over the ball-room, that certain persons were present. Mr. Courtois, her late suitor, showed himself duly attentive, and engaged her for the first dance. She danced divinely, but when her partner was going to take her back to her seat, she requested him to go a little further, to the place where Doctor Marchal was standing. Mr. Courtois knowing the invincible dislike the young lady had always manifested towards that gentleman, was getting ready for combat, to show off his championship, when he was strangely taken by surprise by the following dialogue:—

"Mr. Marchal, will you allow me to take your arm for a moment?"

"My arm, Miss Lauth."

"If you please."

"I am at your service."

"Thank you, sir; I expected no less from you," and, making Mr. Courtois a slight bow, she walked the whole length of the drawing room on his arm. The whole of Strasburg was amazement; every eye was fixed on them; Clara could not believe her senses; those who wore

spectacles took them off to wipe them ; the orchestra stopped playing.

As they had reached the end of the room, Mr. Marchal said "If this is a wager, Miss Lauth, you have surely won it."

"It is no wager, Mr. Marchal,"—and, after a pause, "What do you think of the gentleman I was dancing with a moment ago?"

"I? why, nothing."

"Do you think he would make his wife happy? He seeks me in marriage; my parents like him, and are ready to accept him; but I do not know him, and I have no means of knowing him. You are acquainted with him. If I were your sister instead of being your enemy would you advise me to become Mrs Courtois?"

"No, Miss."

"Why?"

"Because this gentleman, besides being dissipated, is also a gambler and a hypocrite. He would begin by ruining you, next would beat you, and would finally prove to the world that all the wrong was on your side."

"Thank you, Mr. Marchal. And among my other suitors, Mr. Marchal, is there one who, in your estimation, deserves full confidence?"

"Yes, Miss—Captain Chaleix, a man of talent and of exemplary conduct. You have discarded him, I believe?"

"Yes, but he loves me still; he will come back if I recall him. He shall be my husband. I accept him from your hand, Mr. Marchal, and I beg of you to consider this mark of confidence and esteem as a reparation for the many wrongs I have done you. And now take me to Clara, if you please."

The good notary Zimmer had reached this point in his story, and I was listening with undivided attention, when the horses stopped. We had reached the place of our destination, the Swan Inn. Our comrades were alighting from their several vehicles, applying themselves with arms and legs to restore the circulation of the blood, whilst the coachmen were handing them their guns, one by one. Twenty-five or thirty peasants, staff in hand, were confusedly grouped in a corner of the yard, under the orders of an old game-keeper. Two pointers, in a leash, whined impatiently like children. The host of the Swan appeared on the door steps, his fur-cap in his hand, and bade us welcome:—"The wine is drawn, the soup on the table, the omelet on the fire—to

breakfast." There was no time to lose, it had struck ten o'clock, and it was night at four. Every one hastened to the summons, drank, ate, filled his flask, buckled his cartridge-box, lit his pipe or cigar, raised the collar of his coat over his ears, and away!

Professor Marchal and the Canon's daughter were forgotten a while amongst the troupes of rabbits bounding before the hunters. My friend, the notary, was all engrossed by his duties of head hunter, and by thoughts of his guests. I succeeded, however, in getting near him, and between two beats, asked him for the rest of the story.

"Why, I thought I had finished it. You can guess the end. Adda Lauth married Captain Chaleix, and lived as Christian a life with him as Marchal with Clara. The Canon's daughter and the honest Professor found out by certain signs that they had not been intended for each other since they lived so happily apart."

"Well, and what has become of all these good people?"

"They lived a long time as good neighbours in pleasant intimacy. What more can I say? You know what the course of the things of this world is, and that all lives whether merry or sad, calm or stormy, come to the same end—old age, sickness and death. I must, however, tell you of a curious remark the Professor made once as the two couples were coming from the theatre, and were discussing an old stage-saying, 'I forgive you, but you shall pay for it. Adda maintained that it was impossible for a woman to forgive unreservedly.'"

"For example," said she to the doctor, "if you had made me suffer but a hundredth part of the affronts I heaped on you, I should never have forgiven you. Does not the remembrance of these things sometimes trouble you?"

"Sometimes."

"And then, don't you hate me?"

"No, on the contrary, I rather feel grateful to you and thank you."

"Now, that is strange!"

"It is so. It was at that time that I took a vigorous resolution, and accomplished perhaps the only meritorious acts of my life. I hardly think I could have summoned up sufficient energy for these acts if you had not put me in a condition that obliged me to force your esteem, my dear Mrs. Chaleix."

THE END.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, Author of "The Life and Times of S. Wesley, M.A.," (Father of Revs. J. and C. Wesley). London: Hodder and Stoughton.

When we read a life of the founder of the Methodists we stand beside the source of a mighty river. Methodism, assuredly, is one of the great religious movements of history. More than twelve millions of persons, as Mr. Tyerman tells us, are now either members of Methodist Churches or receiving Methodist instruction. Vast missionary agencies are employed in the work of propagating the Church, and Methodist doctrines and sentiments are disseminated far and wide by a great Methodist press. The indirect influence of the movement upon other Churches, even those which have been most in collision with it, and upon society at large, has also undoubtedly been extensive. In the United States, Methodism is now waging a momentous war with Roman Catholicism for the allegiance of the masses, Methodism enlisting the people, while Roman Catholicism subjugates them. In his day Wesley, though acting on a national, not on a European scene, was practically the grand antagonist of Voltaire. His Church is now the grand antagonist of Loyola, whose spirit, finally predominant in the Papacy, is once more wrestling hard for the dominion of the world.

Mr. Tyerman's work is most valuable as a collection of facts and documents. Nor is it wanting in literary power. It might, perhaps, without detriment to its accuracy, have been somewhat more picturesque, but picturesqueness is so apt to run into sensationalism, and sensationalism is so fatal to veracity, that a lack of picturesqueness is not the fault which we should be most extreme to mark. Mr. Tyerman is a Methodist of the most primitive type, and evidently views with dislike some recent developments of his Church. His spirit is especially grieved by the growing architectural beauty of the Methodist Churches, and the increasing æsthetic attractiveness of the Methodist services. He regards all this as a falling off from the stern simplicity of the first Methodist Chapels and the primitive worship of the Church. But why should Beauty and Harmony be forbidden to serve their Maker? If they are forbidden to serve their Maker will they not serve the

enemies of their Maker? The true philosophy of the matter seems to be contained in old Rowland Hill's saying that he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes. When a church is in its apostolic and martyr state, enthusiasm supplies the place of every other incentive to devotion. The rudest upper chamber is then perhaps the most congenial of all temples, except the open air. Mr. Tyerman tells us of Wesley preaching in the house of a mechanic, where he had to stand on the ladder which led from the lower room into the loft, so as to address at once those who were in the loft and those who were below. We have no doubt he preached to a rapt audience, no one among whom was sensible of the grotesqueness of the arrangement, while the zeal of all was enkindled by the material difficulties against which they had to contend. But then that was the primitive age of Methodism and the preacher was its founder. An ordinary preacher in the present day would hardly venture to preach in the same position. The founders of Methodism lived in a spiritual atmosphere in which miracles seemed not incredible, and extraordinary influences were certainly at work. But when human nature subsides to its ordinary level, its ordinary needs must be recognized, and among those needs unquestionably is a certain congeniality of the mode of worship and the surroundings to the mental act of devotion. In the same way in the vital hour of a Church enthusiasm is the highest organization, but more settled times bring with them the need of a regular government. It is not to be supposed that the life of a church is failing because she adapts herself to the needs of the present time.

The general facts of the life of Wesley are as well known to the whole English-speaking race as the general facts of the life of Luther. Both Luther and Wesley rose to meet the pressing needs of a generation sunk in religious infidelity and practical immorality. Both are classed among the historical characters known as Reformers. But with regard to both the name *reviver* would be more adequate, for each of them was not a mere assailant of abuses, but the leader, and humanly speaking the author of a fresh outburst of spiritual life. Wesley's special scene of action was among the poor, whom the wealthy but torpid church establishment of those days had left absolutely without vital religion, and whose morals and habits are too familiar to us from the pictures of

Hogarth and the other hideous records of low life in the eighteenth century. The most loyal Anglicans in the present day are the first to deplore the total failure of religious life in their church, and the indolence of the clergy in those times. It is needless to repeat the history of clerical indifference, sinecurism, pluralism, and even vice. The highest offices of the church were part

worldly politicians. The best and most active-minded of the Anglican divines occupied themselves with writing dry logical or historical apologies for Christianity, of which it was justly said they proved the truth but hardly knew what to do with it when they had proved it. A fair type of them was Poley, who, as the Cambridge tutor said, "had the credit of putting Christianity into a form which could be written out in examinations." With such an establishment, bound hand and foot as it was, and precluded from self-reform by political and social influences, the leader of a great movement of spiritual regeneration was inevitably destined to part company at last. Wesley clung with all the desperate tenacity of early affection, and perhaps also of professional sentiment, to the church, whose orders he had received; but the necessity was too strong for him, the old bottle would not hold the new wine, and, though unvowedly and perhaps half unconsciously, he became before the end of his life practically the founder of a new church.

Not only was Wesley a churchman, and a very loyal one, but he was a High Churchman, and to the end retained a decided tincture of the asceticism belonging to the character. It was natural that before abandoning the Anglican system, or bringing himself to work outside it, he should prove to the uttermost the system itself. Luther, in like manner, proved Catholicism and Monasticism to the uttermost before he thought of striking into a new path. Wesley's movement, in its Oxford phase, in fact, was very nearly a prototype of that afterwards led by Dr. Newman. But Dr. Newman was a refined and eloquent intellectualist, who flattered the reactionary sentiments, both political and ecclesiastical, of the rich and fastidious, without, as we venture to think, any great force of practical conviction, and certainly without producing any extensive change in the hearts of men. His logic at last forced him without his being prepared for it, or desiring it, to take a leap, his accounts of which are mere bewilderment, and which terminated his course as a religious leader. Wesley was originally a man of far more practical force and capacity than Dr. Newman, but happy circumstances also drew him away from his Oxford seclusion, and from the genteel to the practical world and to the service of the poor. His visit to America, unlucky in other respects, was fortunate probably as the means

of cutting him more completely adrift from the Oxford and High Church moorings of his youth.

Mr. Tyerman is not aware of a fact which has special interest to Wesley's connection with Lincoln College. That college was founded by Fleming and Rotherham, two Catholic Bishops who were great enemies of the Wycliffites, and who specially dedicated their foundation to the holy war against that heresy. The fellows of the college were specially enjoined by the statutes to devote themselves to the suppression of "the novel and pestilent sect which threatened all the sacraments and all the possessions of the church." One of the Fellows admitted under those very statutes was destined to do a good deal more than Wycliffe for the novel and pestilent sect.

Voltaire owed his immense influence over his generation in a great degree to his longevity and to the long retention of his intellectual powers. His antagonist had the same advantage, which, in this case, was all the more vital, because he had not doctrines to propagate, but a society to organize. Had Wesley been weak and short-lived, with all his fervent qualities and powers, Methodism might have been buried in his grave. As it was, he not only retained his intellectual faculties, and even his power of preaching, almost unimpaired to the age of 88, but underwent through life, in his career as an itinerant preacher and organizer of his church, in the face of difficult locomotion, exertions and trials of his constitution which may be almost literally called superhuman. He is on horse-back, with but an hour and a half's intermission from five in the morning till nine at night. Five hours after he sets out again, and rides ninety miles. At midnight he arrives at an inn and wishes to sleep, but the woman who keeps the inn refuses him admittance and sets four dogs at him. Again he rides five hours through a driving rain and furious wind, wet through to the soles of his feet, but he is ready to preach at the end of his journey. The frozen roads oblige him to dismount, but he pushes forward on foot and braves the snow-storm, leading his horse by the bridle for twenty miles, though tortured by a raging toothache. At the age of 69, he encounters winter storms, with his mid-leg deep in snow, is bogged by the badness of the roads, preaches in the midst of piercing winds in the open air, delivers sometimes as many as four sermons a day, yet makes no entry in his journal indicative of failing health. The amount of preaching which he went through, besides all the work of governing his Church and that of writing a good many books and tracts, would kill any preacher of the present day. This wonderful strength was partly the gift of nature, but it was preserved and confirmed by most careful attention to health—early rising which ensured sound sleep, extreme temperance in diet, abstinence from

stimulants, even from tea. Mr. Wesley's mother also deserves gratitude for a system of bringing up her children directly opposed to that of most American and Canadian mothers, who seem to think it the first of maternal duties to ruin the stomachs, and with them the constitutions and the tempers of their children. The immense fruits of Wesley's healthiness and longevity are a lesson to all who affect to disregard physical health and to be indifferent to the length of life provided it be useful, as though the usefulness of a life did not, in great measure depend upon its length and upon the exercise of the mature powers. At the same time there was nothing about Wesley of the muscular Christian; if he took great pains to keep his body sound it was not for the sake of bodily soundness, much less of athleticism, but for the sake of a sound mind and of the great objects which that mind was to serve.

The amount of persecution and mal-treatment undergone by Wesley and his principal disciples was astounding. We might fill columns with details culled from these pages. The lower orders in England at that time were neither Christian nor civilized till Wesley diffused among them Christianity and civilization with it. They baited a Methodist preacher as they baited bulls or badgers. The soldiery were, perhaps, a shade more brutal than the mass of the common people, as Hogarth's *March to Hounslow* indicates, and it is a signal proof of the power of Methodism that it should have numbered among its earliest and sincerest converts soldiers who faced death at once like Christians and heroes at Fontenoy. No one acquainted with the manners of the time will be surprised to learn that magistrates and clergymen, in some cases, abetted the persecutions. Beau Nash tried to turn the vulgar intruder out of his realm of Bath, but was confronted by Wesley with a tranquil firmness before which the despot of the world of pleasure ignominiously recoiled. From the bishops, who, though appointed by political influence, and of the "Greek play" type, were superior to the mass of the clergy, Wesley does not seem to have met, on the whole, treatment which, considering the irregularity of the movement, could be called unkind. Bishop Lavington, of Exeter, who seems to have been a great blockhead, as well as a bad man, took a more hostile course and received severe chastisement at Wesley's hands. Sympathy in high ecclesiastical quarters was not to be expected. As we have said before, the final independence of Methodism was unavoidable.

The least agreeable passages in the life are those relating to Wesley's love affairs and his marriage. These incidents are dark specks in a life of uncommon brightness. After all, however, the sum of the matter is that a man like Wesley living a life of

wandering labour without a settled home, was at once most sure to crave for domestic happiness and most certain not to find it. His lingering Oxford fancies about ecclesiastical celibacy add just another shade of absurdity to these affairs, and this is as much as can be said. Wesley's opportunities of observing female character in society had been so limited that he is not much to be blamed for having been taken in by the detestable woman who, in an evil hour, became his wife, and whose temper was such, that a friend going into the room one day, actually found Wesley on the floor, and Mrs. Wesley with locks of his white hair in her hands.

The biographer does not shrink from doing his duty with regard to these incidents. Nor has he any reason for shrinking. Wesley was the founder of Methodism, but he was not its origin, nor is he its life.

The size and cost of Mr. Tyerman's work, even in the smaller and cheaper edition, will prevent its being ever very popular; but it will take its place in our book-cases as the most complete and authentic account of the origin of one of the most important movements in history.

#### CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY AND MODERN SCEPTICISM.

By the Duke of Somerset. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The appearance of the Duke of Somerset in the field of religious polemics has probably caused considerable surprise. The head of one of the greatest Whig families, the Duke has hitherto been known, and very favourably known as the active and hard-working head of the department. During more than one Administration he was First Lord of the Admiralty, with credit to himself and advantage to the country. The greater part of the vessels now forming the iron-clad navy of England were built under his auspices. Since the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government he has played the part of an assiduous, honest and somewhat acrid critic.

Though he now writes theology it is still as a politician, with a politician's object and in a politician's style. He observes that for many years past, religious questions have incessantly interfered with the social and educational improvement of the community, and that the disturbance seems to be increasing. A politician, he says, would gladly avoid touching these thorny subjects, but religious teachers never cease from intermeddling with politics. "The Church of Rome, as in olden times, pours imprecations on our heads; and the Roman Catholic clergy, in the United Kingdom, administer the same balm in a more inconvenient form. The Established Church distracts us with so many doctrinal disputes

and perplexing doubts that we almost wish she would slumber again, as she did during the greater part of the last century. The non-conformists appear to be exasperated, and threaten to upset, from the village school to the cabinet, unless they are to have their own way." The Duke accordingly proposes to administer a sedative to the Protestants at all events, and it is impossible, notwithstanding the gravity of the subject, to abstain from smiling at his business-like and almost grim fulfilment of his intention. Within the compass of 182 pages he has condensed, besides a preface, index and introduction, no less than thirty-nine chapters, each treating of a distinct branch of the inquiry, the whole being written in the terse, incisive style of an official *précis*. The bulk of the work is on the sceptical and destructive side, presenting against the existing forms of historical and dogmatic Christianity critical arguments mainly derived from writers of the Tübingen school, to which the Duke's intensely practical mind naturally inclines rather than to the more speculative and imaginative theories of Strauss and Renan. The constructive part of the work is comparatively limited and weak. The Duke, however, believes that he has preserved to Faith one unapproachable sanctuary—faith in God. "Here at last the natural and supernatural will be merged in one harmonious universe under one Supreme intelligence. In affliction and in sickness the thoughtful man will find here his safest support. Even in that dread hour when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight and the human faculties fail, when the reason is enfeebled and the memory relaxes its grasp, Faith, the consolator, still remains soothing the last moments and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave." The Duke also looks forward to "better days," when irrational dogma and sectarian distinctions having been eliminated, there will emerge a purely rational Christianity common to all Protestants, when the clergy will again become the teachers of the people, when the open Bible will irresistibly lead to the open Church, and the Church will without any violent commotion become the Church of the whole Protestant people. From the ascendancy of such a Christianity he expects inestimable benefits, moral, social and intellectual, as well as religious. It would be idle to attempt to discuss within the compass of a review the multitudinous questions raised by the critical portion of the work, which states, with apothegmatic brevity, almost every objection made by a certain school of sceptics. The Duke is well read for a layman, and a man of business, but he is not profoundly learned, or qualified to appear as an original and independent inquirer. He is hard-headed, but he is wanting in intellectual compre-

hensiveness, in largeness of sympathy, and generally in those qualities which are most essential to an appreciation of what are commonly called the moral evidences of Christianity. On the other hand, he is transparently honest, and his rank, though it could lend no weight to his arguments, is a sufficient guarantee that his aims are not those of a mere religious agitator or a political demagogue. The doubt which he gives expression to, it would be idle to deny, widely prevalent among the most intellectual classes, and disturb breasts far different from those of the sensual or scoffing sceptics of former generations. It is too true, as the Duke says, that "with our clergy are insisting on dogmatic theology, scepticism pervades the whole atmosphere of thought, leads the most learned societies, colours the religious literature of the day, and even mounts the pulpits of the Church." There is but one rational, but one effective, but one Christian way of dealing with such doubts. It is the way indicated by Bishop Watson in his reply to Gibbon: "I look upon the right of private judgment in every concern respecting God and ourselves as superior to the control of human authority. \* \* \* Never can it become a Christian to be afraid of being asked a reason for the hope that is in him, nor a Protestant to be stupefied of enveloping his religion in mystery or ignorance, or to abandon that moderation by which she permits every individual *et sentire quae velit et quae non dicere*—to think what he will, and to speak what he thinks." A higher than Bishop Watson had taught the same lesson before. The apostle who doubted the Resurrection was answered not with unreasoning anathema, but with convincing proof. "Reach forth thy finger and behold my hands; and reach forth thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be thou faithless but believing."

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THE LIFE OF JESUS, THE CHRIST. By Henry Ward Beecher. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The world is now full of Lives of Christ, each of which is, in fact, the shadow of the writer projected across the Gospel. M. Renan's *Life of Christ* is the shadow of a French philosopher, not without a touch of the Parisian *coiffeur*. *Ecce Homo* is the shadow of an English Broad Churchman; and so with the rest.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in "Our Girls," says:—

"A great many people rather fancy a dyspeptic, ghostly clergyman, and can hardly bring themselves to listen to a prayer from a preacher with square shoulders, a big chest, a ruddy face and a moustache. The ghost, they think, belongs in some way to the

spirit world ; while the beef-eating, jolly fellow is dreadfully at home in this world.

"The ghost exclaims—

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Oh ! how I long for thee,  
When will my sorrow have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

"The other, like Mr. Beecher, enjoys a good dinner, a nimble-footed horse, a big play with the children and the dogs, seems joyous in the sunshine, and, wretched sinner, does not sigh to depart."

And here is an account of one of Mr. Ward Beecher's sermons :—

"Henry Ward Beecher last Sunday evening, in discoursing on death, said that it was no evidence of special Christian grace to be willing to die. It was far better to be willing to live and do the duties of life. In the course of his address he mentioned that his brother Charles, who was always in a dying mood, once congratulated their father, old Dr. Lyman Beecher, on the fact that he couldn't live much longer. "Umph," said the old man, "I don't thank any of my boys to talk to me in that way. I don't want to die. If I had my choice, and, it was right to choose, I would fight the battle all over again." Old Dr. Beecher, as his son adds, 'was a war horse, and after he was turned out to pasture, whenever he heard the sound of the trumpet he wanted the saddle and bridle.'"

Mr. Ward Beecher, in fact, like his rival, in ability and popularity, Mr. Collyer, of Chicago, is a preacher of "The Life that now is." His sermons are not so much religious discourses as lectures on the formation of character and the rule of conduct in the present world, with as little as possible of the "ghost" in them, delivered in a good platform style, enlivened with plenty of references to mundane interests, and not unfrequently seasoned with a humour broad enough to make the congregation laugh.

We were very curious to see what sort of a Life of Christ would be produced by the projection of this shadow across the Gospels. What would Mr. Ward Beecher make of that part of Christ's history and teaching, not the smallest part in bulk or importance, which belongs so emphatically, not to the life that now is, but to that which is to come? What would he make of the closing discourses, the agony, the passion, the resurrection? How would all these and the character revealed through them be made to harmonize with the robust philosophy of the Plymouth Church and the hygienics of Dr. Dio Lewis? We confess that we opened the book more with the hope of finding an answer to these questions than in the expectation that the great popular orator would be able to throw much light on the deep problems of theology, which, in connection with the Life of Christ, are pressing on all minds and hearts.

Our curiosity, however, as yet remains, to a great extent, unsatisfied. The present volume does not present the problem in its full force, since it embraces only the early part of Christ's Life and Ministry, concluding with a discourse delivered on the shore of the sea of Galilee. Over this period of the Life Mr. Beecher is able to throw a congenial hue of cheerfulness and even of joyousness. "It was the most joyful period of his life. It was a full year of beneficence unobstructed. It is true that he was jealously watched, but he was not forcibly resisted. He was maliciously defamed by the emissaries of the temple, but he irresistibly charmed the hearts of the common people. Can we doubt but his life was full of exquisite enjoyment? He had not within him those conflicts which common men have. There was entire harmony of faculties within and a perfect agreement between his inward and his external life. He bore other's burdens but had none of his own. His body was in full health ; his soul was clear and tranquil ; his heart overflowed with an unending sympathy. He was pursuing the loftiest errand which benevolence can contemplate. No joy known to the human soul compares with that of successful beneficent labour. We cannot doubt that the earlier portion of this year, though full of intense excitement, was full of deep happiness to him." "Besides the wonder and admiration which he excited on every hand, he received from not a few the most cordial affection and returned a richer love." "It is impossible not to see from the simple language of the Evangelists that his first circuits in Galilee were triumphal processions. The sentences which generalize the history are few, but they are such as could have sprung only out of joyous memories and indicate a new and great development of power on his side and an ebullition of joyful excitement through the whole community. 'And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee ; and there went out a fame through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.' (Luke iv. 14—15)." We are not so sure that the simple language of the Evangelists will bear the sense which Mr. Beecher has put on it, and which he tries to fix and intensify by his italics, as we are that Mr. Beecher's own words express the joyous excitement of a successful popular preacher with a body in full health.

A slight turn is given throughout to the Gospel teaching in favour of muscular, or at least, of robust Christianity. Thus the comment on "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is "Not poverty of thought, nor of courage nor of emotion, —not empty-mindedness, nor any idea implying a real lack of strength, variety and richness of nature,—was here intended. It was to be a consciousness of moral incompleteness. As the sense of poverty in this world's goods inspires men to enterprise, so the consciousness of poverty of



manliness" might be expected to lead to earnest endeavours for moral growth." And in reference to the baptism of Jesus by John, it is said: "That which repentance means in its true spirit, namely the rising from lower to higher moral states, Jesus experienced in common with the multitude; although he had not like them any need of the stings of remorse for past misconduct to drive him upwards. Repentance is but another name for aspiration."

As a set of Essays on the Life of Christ from this special point of view, the work has unquestionable merits. The style is fresh and vigorous, though occasionally marked by what seem to us faults of taste, among which we should be disposed to number certain touches of rhetorical woman-worship, such as "there was no circle of light about His head except His mother's arms." The effort to give human colour and vividness to the Life by painting the local scenery and surroundings, appears to us to be carried to a considerable length; but this is the fashion of the day. The most successful passage in the work in a strictly biographical sense is, we think, that in which a conception "not of Christ's person, but of his personality," is deduced fairly enough on the whole from what the Gospels tell us directly or by implication of his personal habits, bearing, look and gestures; though here again there is a tendency to exaggerate the social aspects of the character and to give the quality of "free companionship," an undue prominence and significance.

This work like *Ecce Homo* is totally destitute of the critical basis necessary to give any work on the subject a permanent value. The critical questions are totally ignored. The Gospels are taken without

scrutiny as "the collective reminiscences of Christ," the most impressible of his disciples," and the miraculous element is accepted, we might almost say, swallowed in the lump, the author sheltering himself rather ominously under the saying of Jesus: "State truths of sentiment and do not try to prove them. There is danger in such proof; for an inquiry it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic: now that which we have custom ourselves to treat as problematic, ends by appearing to us really doubtful." The tremendous mystery of the incarnation is encountered; but the attempt to find, obviously for a practical purpose, a middle passage between conflicting theories ends as might have been expected, in a purely arbitrary solution.

Renan, Pressensé, the author of *Ecce Homo*, and Mr. Ward Beecher, all men of more or less ability and all working upon the same materials, with what all of them are thoroughly familiar, bring out four widely different Christs, each deeply coloured by the writer. Other writers again, especially those of the Ascetic School, bring out from the same Gospel a Christ totally different from the four. The natural inference seems to be that the attempt is chimerical. You may have Diatessarons and Harmonies of the Gospels, you may have commentaries and sermons on Christ's acts and discourses, you may have topographical and antiquarian illustrations of the Gospel History. But as to Lives of Christ—there is a Christ in the Gospels and there will never be another.

## LITERARY NOTES.

CONTEMPORARY poets, are not, it appears, to have it all their own way. We have already noticed a criticism in the *Contemporary Review* on "The Fleshly School of Poetry." The paper was originally published under a pseudonym, but ultimately acknowledged by Mr. Robert Buchanan. On that occasion Mr. D. G. Rossetti was the chief object of attack; but in an article in the last number of the *Quarterly*, Messrs. Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris are pilloried together as the chief exemplars of "The Latest Development of Literary Poetry." In the previous number, the same critic, if we mistake not, treated his readers to a comparison between Byron and Tennyson, in which the laboured eulogy pronounced upon the one was as palpably factitious

as the studied depreciation of the other. The mission of a satirist is, at best, a dangerous legacy; that of Gifford has made uneasy the shoulders of his successors. He cannot exactly imitate the savagery of the old prophet, but the mission of both is substantially the same—to assail every assertion of nascent talent in the current age. Critics of this stamp are always a little too late. If Gifford had lived in the Elizabethan period and the living critic had adorned the reign of Queen Anne, all would have been as it should be. Falling, however, upon evil times their mission was, and is, to take up their parable against the feeble degeneracy around them. Into the controversy between the *Quarterly* and the so-called "Literary school," we have neither space nor inclination to enter.

but a remark or two on what appears to be a singular method of criticism may not be out of place. Our readers will ask what is a "Literary" poet? Are not all poets literary, who are not illiterate? The critic says, No. Literary poets are those who select their subjects from the past, failing to appreciate the active life of their time; they also err in choosing their own style and diction, instead of merely employing the methods of their predecessors and the language of the prosaic world in which they move. They owe their origin immediately to John Keats—a name rather out of place in the mouth of a *Quarterly* reviewer. Keats is said "to have died from the hostility of the critics," but his writings have "done more to determine the subsequent course of English poetry than those of any other poet." The self-complacency with which Keats' death is referred to is perfectly wonderful. As everybody now knows, however, the *Quarterly* had not the slightest share in the poet's early decease, for he never took its attack to heart. The testimony to the influence its supposed victim has since exerted by his works is a striking proof of the impotence of its criticism, either for good or evil. Spenser, it appears, was, to a very large extent, a literary poet; but he was saved by connecting his literary theme with the time in a dedication to Elizabeth. If Milton had written "Paradise Lost" only, he would have fallen under the ban; but then in his minor poems, there are "the most enchanting descriptions of English scenery." Dryden and Pope were of course non-literary, because they dealt in party politics and personal satire. We suppose that Shakespeare, had he rested his fame on Hamlet, Othello, As You Like It, and The Tempest, would also have been one of the literaries. Mr. Swinburne, for writing *Atalanta in Calydon*, has incurred the imputation and so, we presume, would Shakespeare if he had published "Venus and Adonis," without a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. This style of criticism may mean a great deal, but it is far out of the range of contemporary understanding and ought, therefore, to be stigmatized as "literary" for similar reasons.

Our attention has been called to a literary organ of Bostonian opinion, from which we find that we hardly did justice to Mr. Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy." It seems this drama is the first part of a "trilogy" of which the two other parts are "The Golden Legend" and the "New England Tragedies." A drama in three parts, of which the first part is the history of Christ, and the last and crowning part an outburst of Puritan fanaticism in Massachusetts! This, we are told, "is Mr. Longfellow's contribution to the Christology which is so prominent a study throughout the religious world of to-day." Surely it is the strangest contribution ever made to any "ology" of our day.

We omitted to mention last month a case of unblushing piracy on the part of an American newspaper. In *Frank Leslie's Illustrated* appeared an engraving entitled "Sportsmen in Camp among the Adirondacks," from a sketch by T. S. Jameson. Will our readers believe that this picture is merely a tracing of one of Messrs. Notman's photographs, transferred to a wood-block, without even the merit of limning? We have examined both the photograph and the engraving, and can testify to the fact of the appropriation without the slightest doubt. The original forms one of a series—"Moose Hunting," produced by Wm. Notman from designs and details

by S. A. Fraser and Col. Rhodes, and was taken in 1866.

The Religious literature of the month is as varied as usual. In the controversial department, the most prominent as well as the most numerous are works written with a view of reconciling science with revealed truth. Three of these may be mentioned as especially note-worthy:—"Moses and Modern Science," by J. Elliott; "Physical Facts, and the Scriptural Record," by W. B. Galloway; and "The Agreement of Science and Revelation," by the Rev. Dr. Wythe. The Athanasian Creed which has been denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Peterborough, still finds defenders. The Rev. Mr. Brewer in his reply to Dean Stanley, even defends the damnatory clauses:—"If error," he says, "shall not perish everlastingly, then will error be everlastingly saved; and there is no essential difference between truth and error but both are originally pleasing in God's sight"—a species of logic, which partly evades and partly begs the question at issue. "The History of the Literature of the Israelites, according to the Old Testament," by C. and A. Rothschild, a valuable work from the Jewish point of view, has recently been published in an abridged form. "Illustrations of the Old Testament," by the Rev. G. Rawlinson; and "Moral Difficulties of Old Testament History," by Dr. Hesse, are useful little volumes, issued under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. The Rev. Dr. Macmillan is a popular writer, and we have no doubt his latest work just announced—"The Garden and the City, with other contrasts and parallels of Scripture," will command a wide circle of readers. The publication of a revised edition of Canon Westcott's "Introduction to the Study of the Four Gospels," and the appearance of an American edition of Naville's "Problem of Evil," an able work on an inexplicable subject may be mentioned. "Christ in Modern Life," a series of sermons by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in ordinary, has also achieved sufficient attention to warrant republication. Dr. Cuyler, of New York, has just published a work entitled, "Thought Hives," which, from the reputation of the author, should be worth reading. Two books from the High Church may be noted:—"The Two Estates, that of the Wedded in the Lord, and that of the Single for the Kingdom of Heaven's Sake," by Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity, New York. The other a laboured vindication of "Praying for the Dead," by the Rev. Dr. Lee. Dr. Dollinger's "Fables concerning the Popes of the Middle Ages," a very valuable and interesting contribution to Church History, has just been reprinted at a reasonable price in New York.

In Mental Philosophy, we may mention two works: Dr. Calderwood's revised edition of "The Philosophy of the Infinite," by Sir W. Hamilton and Dr. Mansel, and the issue in separate form of the Preface, Supplementary Dissertations and conclusion of Sir W. Hamilton's work, collected by the late Dean Mansel. In Politics and Sociology we have the promised volume of "Essays and Lectures on Politics and Social Subjects," by Professor and Mrs. Fawcett. We take advantage of the appearance of an American edition of Arthur Helps' "Thoughts on Government," to commend it again to the notice of our readers; like all the author's works, it is interesting as well as instructive. Mr. Macdonell's "Survey of Political Economy," the

latest treatise on the subject, we observe is now ready.

The works of John Hookham Frere may be noticed in this place, although his most substantial claim to remembrance rests upon his admirable translation of Aristophanes. But he was an M.P. and a diplomatist, the intimate friend of Canning, and one of the chief contributors to the parody and satire of the *Anti Jacobin*.

In Physical Science, the chief work to be noted is Prof. Huxley's "Manual of the Anatomy of the Vertebrated Animals," which will at once take its place as the best text book on the subject. "The Forms of Water in Clouds, Rain, Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," by Prof. Tyndall, is the first of the International Scientific Series to be published simultaneously in London, Paris, Leipzig, and New York. A list of contributors has been announced; amongst the rest Prof. Huxley, Bain, Quetelet, Ramsay, Dr. Carpenter, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. "Corals and Coral Islands," an illustrated work by Prof. Dana will shortly appear. "A Manual of Anthropology," by Charles Bray, author of the "Philosophy of Necessity," is an eclectic work, instructive in character and abounding in humour and feeling. Sir Jno. Lubbock's valuable work, "Pre-historic Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," and Tylor's "Primitive Culture," a learned and candidly written view of human development, based upon the theory of Evolution, have both been reprinted in the United States. In Archaeology, "Rude Stone Monuments of all Ages," by Ferguson, the author of the History of Architecture, and "Ancient America, in notes on American Archaeology," by Mr. Baldwin, M. A., are note worthy. We may add that Mr. Timb's useful Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, with a portrait of Sir W. Thomson, President of the British Association, has just made its appearance. In Art, may be mentioned the issue of the third part of Gustave Doré's "London, a Pilgrimage." "The History of the Gothic Revival," by Chas. L. Eastlake, is an attempt to show how far the taste for mediæval architecture was retained in England during the last two centuries and has been re-developed in the present. "The British School of Sculpture" is a handsome and valuable illustrated work published by Messrs. Virtue. Hamerton's "Etcher's Hand Book" may also be commended as useful, both as a practical and a critical guide. The Rev. Mr. Haweis' work, "Music and Morals," which is most delightful in style and matter, has been reprinted by the Harpers; we shall probably notice it at greater length hereafter.

"At Home with the Patagonians" is a very curious record of Travel, by Mr. Musters, a retired Commander of the Royal Navy. The author gives a curious account of his "year's wandering over untrodden ground." It seems that he actually proposed to marry and settle there, but the match was broken off, on a demand on the part of his betrothed's friends that his revolver should be made over to them. "South Sea Bubbles," by the Earl and the Doctor, is an exceedingly racy narrative of a yacht-cruise amongst the Islands of the Southern Pacific. The Earl is understood to be the young Earl of Pembroke. Dr. Edward Prime's "Round the World," is interest-

ing enough to reward perusal, and so is Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Switzerland," although the amount of fresh information contained in them is not large. Taine's "Notes on England," translated by Mr. W. F. Rae, a well known contributor to the high-class periodical literature of England, ought to command general attention in their revised and collected form. "New Homes for the Old Country," is a book on Australia and New Zealand by Geo. S. Baden-Powell, a son of the celebrated Savilian Professor. We only mention it, to give expression to our regret that no Canadian Colonist has yet been fomed to do a similar service on behalf of this Dominion.

In Biography and History we have the usual abundance. The Duc D'Anmale has made his appearance in the literary field with "Lives of the Princes of the House of Condé. Carl Elze's Life of Byron" has been reprinted, on this side, and although it contains no new information and errs in several important particulars, it will repay perusal as a foreign estimate of the poet. Wm. Chambers' Memoir of his brother Robert is a healthy book, in every sense—the record of struggling aspirations and untiring perseverance with their ultimate reward. Thomas Cooper, formerly known as the Chartist, and author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," has issued an autobiography. The second series of Miss Mitford's delightful letters will appear shortly. The fourth volume of Ernest Curtius' History of Greece, extending to the death of Epaminondas, has appeared in England. Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," to which we have already referred, is now complete. Mr. Nassau Molesworth's "History of England since 1830," is a useful record of the events of the last forty years. Mr. Longman's "Edward III." is not to be the only Historical work by a publisher. Mr. Adam Black has taken the field with a "Political History of the Times." "Our Empire in Asia; how we came by it, a Book of Confessions," by W. M. Torrens, M. P., is a very severe attack upon the annexation policy in India, and urges that some independent court of arbitration should be established to decide equitably between the Crown and the native princes. Another war history has appeared "In France with the Germans," by Col. Otto Corvin. We may note the re-issue of Taine's "English Literature" (Vols. I. and II.) by Holt & Williams, New York, and the announcement, in England, of a second series of Earl Stanhope's "Historical Miscellanies."

In Belles Lettres, so far as poetry is concerned, there is nothing worthy of special mention. Mr. Tennyson was said to be engaged on a poem on the illness of the Prince of Wales; and Mr. Browning is also reported to be writing a popular poem on a popular subject. The most popular and commendable novels of the month, we shall merely name:—Jeaffreson's "A Woman in spite of Herself"; Bruna's Revenge, by the author of "Caste"; Lord Kilgobbin, a Tale of Ireland in our own Time, by Charles Lever; Cast Away, by Edmund Yates; Cecil's Tryst, by the author of Lost Sir Massingberd; Poppies in the Corn, by the author of The Harvest of a Quiet Eye; and Miss Braddon's Lovels of Arden, just reprinted in New York.

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THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN COMMERCE.

BY JAMES YOUNG, M. P.

NOTHING more truly indicates the condition of a nation than the rise or fall of its commerce with other countries. As its commercial tides ebb and flow, so may the nation be said to prosper or decline—advance or retrograde. A contracting annual commerce indicates “something rotten in the state of Denmark”; an expanding commerce tells not only of important resources, of national industry and enterprise, but of growing wealth, power and influence.

Looked at from this point of view, the condition of Canada, especially since the Confederation of the Provinces, may justly be described as satisfactory and hopeful. Our progress may not have been so rapid as that of particular States of the neighbouring Republic, or of one or two of the Australian Colonies, whilst under the first stimulus of the gold excitement. But it has been less fitful than the latter, and the volume of our annual commerce has been marked

by a steady, and, since the Union, a rapid expansion.

The “blue books” issued by Parliament each year have very few students. They are, it must be confessed, not very attractive to the general reader; but the facts which they contain are highly important, and deserve more consideration than they generally receive. Let us see if they cannot tell us something interesting about the extent and character of our commerce, the different nations with which we deal, and the exchanges which annually pass between us.

The Union of the Provinces, on the 1st of July, 1867, naturally divides our commercial, as it does our political, history. Prior to that time, our public records contain only the Trade Returns of Ontario and Quebec; since then, we have those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick included. Taking these divisions in their order, we find that the annual commerce of the late Province of Canada rose from a mere trifle in 1841,

when Upper and Lower Canada were first united, to nearly \$100,000,000 before that union terminated in 1867. To prove this, and show the steadiness which marked its growth, we need not go farther back than the year 1850, from which date up to Confederation, the total value of our annual transactions (imports and exports added) was as follows:—

YEAR.	TOTAL TRADE.	YEAR.	TOTAL TRADE.
1850.....	\$29,703,497	1859.....	58,299,242
1851.....	34,805,461	1860.....	68,955,093
1852.....	35,594,100	1861.....	76,119,843
1853.....	55,782,739	1862.....	79,398,067
1854.....	63,548,515	1863.....	81,458,335
1855.....	64,274,630	1864 (½ year)	34,586,054
1856.....	75,631,404	1864-5.....	80,644,951
1857.....	66,437,222	1865-6.....	96,479,738
1858.....	52,550,461	1866-7.....	94,791,860

From these statistics, it will be observed that, with the exception of a few years succeeding the great commercial crisis of 1857, which swept over this continent like a flood, the growth of the trade of the late Province of Canada was generally steady, and at times, even rapid. Between 1850 and 1856, our annual transactions rose from the value of \$29,703,497 to the handsome sum of \$75,631,404—an increase of over 250 per cent! This result was largely due to the unusual stimulus of that wise and liberal measure negotiated by the late Lord Elgin, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and it could not, therefore, be expected that such a large *percentage* of increase would long be kept up. Taking the whole period quoted above, however, the result will be found satisfactory. The highest amount reached during any twelve months was \$96,479,738 in 1865-6—the year the Reciprocity Treaty terminated—and by comparing these figures with those for 1850, it will be seen that our commerce increased within a fraction of 325 per cent. in fifteen years, or, in other words, doubled the original amount every five years.

We are now in the fifth year of Confederation, and the “blue books” give us the result of four years’ experience. Of the

political fruits of that measure, more time may be necessary to enable an intelligent judgment to be formed; but the experience we have had, comparatively short as it has been, goes far to establish its success from a commercial point of view. This will appear by an examination of the imports and exports of the Dominion since the union, beginning with the year ending the 30th June, 1868, and ending with that of the 30th June, 1871:—

IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.	TOTAL.
\$71,985,306.....	\$57,567,888.....	\$129,553,194
67,402,170.....	60,474,781.....	127,876,951
74,814,339.....	73,573,490.....	148,387,829
86,661,145.....	74,173,613.....	160,834,758

\$300,862,960    \$265,789,772    \$566,652,732

The returns of the first two years after Confederation, it will be noticed, were nearly equal, but since then the Dominion has bounded quickly forward in the race of commercial progress. During 1869-70 the value of our trade increased \$20,510,878 over the previous year, during 1870-1 there was a further expansion of \$12,446,929, and the current year promises to equal, if it does not surpass, them both. Our total transactions last year reached the handsome sum of \$160,834,758, and it will be seen that the Dominion’s first four years’ business amounts to no less than \$566,652,732. These facts we need not enlarge upon. They go far, as we remarked before, to establish the commercial success of Confederation, and point hopefully to the future.

Next in interest to its extent, we may set down the character of a nation’s commerce, and the countries with which it deals. The nature of our exports are familiar to all. The great bulk of them are comprised under three heads: produce of the forest, animals and their products, and agricultural productions. Through the courtesy of John Langton, Esq., Auditor General, we are enabled to give in advance a complete return of the exports of the various Provinces comprising the Dominion, for the year ending 30th June, 1871:—

## EXPORTS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA FOR 1870-1.

	ONTARIO.	QUEBEC.	NOVA SCOTIA.	NEW BRUNSWICK.	TOTAL.
Produce of the Mines .....	1,994,280	256,633	797,997	172,551	3,221,461
Do Fisheries.....	89,479	678,162	2,852,255	374,379	3,994,275
Do Forest.....	6,107,733	12,138,510	1,063,140	3,042,828	22,352,211
Animals and their products.....	5,786,552	6,319,351	405,568	71,454	12,582,925
Agricultural products.....	4,978,668	4,588,473	232,489	53,516	9,853,146
Manufactures.....	313,869	784,677	295,320	807,465	2,201,331
Miscellaneous.....	256,133	79,950	32,289	19,173	387,554
Ships.....		558,144			558,144
Total.....	19,526,714	25,403,909	5,679,058	4,541,366	55,151,047
Coin and bullion.....	1,261,598	5,325,402	20,350	83,000	6,690,350
Goods net produce of Canada.....	428,475	7,713,475	817,519	893,564	9,853,033
Estimated short returns.....	1,869,748	578,920			2,448,668
Manitoba.....					30,520
Total.....	23,086,535	39,021,706	6,516,927	5,517,930	74,173,618

The value of articles exported last year, which were the actual growth or produce of the Dominion, was \$55,151,047, as will be seen by the above table. Of this amount, the productions of our farms and forests make up no less than \$44,788,282, or considerably more than three-fourths of the whole. Less than one-fourth is contributed by our fisheries, mines, manufactures and shipyards, but it is gratifying to know that these branches of trade are fairly prosperous, and that the returns manifest a moderate annual increase.

The imports into Canada from Great Britain and foreign countries, during 1870-1, amounted to \$86,661,145, and embraced so many different articles that the publication of a complete list of them would take up too much space. They are chiefly composed of manufactures and tropical productions, of which the principal articles are Cottons, Woollens, Teas, Sugars, Hardware, Iron, Coal and Fancy Goods. The Trade and Navigation returns for the last year are not yet published, but we have gone over those for 1869-70, and we find our principal imports and their values in that year, to have been as follows:—

Cottons.....	\$7,270,927
Linens.....	768,828

Silks, Satins and Velvets.....	1,282,132
Hats, Caps, &c.....	632,088
Woollens.....	6,893,424
Fancy Goods.....	1,426,460
Glass and Glassware.....	549,029
Hardware.....	2,335,391
Iron.....	1,786,647
Railroad bars, axles, &c.....	917,283
Iron—pig, scrap, &c.....	1,134,001
Teas.....	3,646,977
Sugars.....	3,618,304
Molasses.....	1,429,275
Cane juice, melado, &c.....	549,898
Coal and Coke.....	1,455,936
Wines and spirits.....	1,557,339
Carpets and rugs.....	436,408
Cotton wool.....	427,479
Wool.....	799,944
Machinery.....	317,436
Watches and jewelry.....	368,602
China, Crockery, &c.....	431,525
Stationery, &c.....	537,868
Prepared oils.....	346,455
Small wares.....	1,475,921
Salt.....	540,557
Tobacco (un-manufactured).....	799,944
Leather and leather goods.....	612,264
Un-enumerated articles.....	674,434

This list of the principal classes of goods we annually import is highly suggestive, and in view of the fact that our imports increased \$19,259,275 during the last two years, and exceeded our exports during the same period by \$13,728,103, it may be properly asked: are we not importing articles which could and ought to be produced profitably among ourselves? The answer to this query must be in the affirmative, but we

have every confidence that the enterprise and skill of our artisans will speedily apply a remedy wherever practicable, and that, too, without the Government resorting to high protective duties, or any other mode of forcing capital and labour into unproductive channels.

The great bulk of our commerce is carried on with two countries—Great Britain and the United States. The West Indies—Spanish and British, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island and France, take rank next, and in the order of their mention. The trade returns for 1869-70 contain the names of about thirty different nations with which we dealt more or less. With several of these our transactions were merely trifling. We shall, therefore, confine our list to those nations whose trade with us exceeded \$50,000, which we find after careful research to be as follows:—

COUNTRIES.	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
	\$	\$
Great Britain.....	24,950,925	38,595,433
United States.....	32,984,652	24,728,166
Spanish West Indies....	1,280,208	2,423,421
B. N. A. Provinces.....	1,421,423	1,208,948
British West Indies....	1,512,780	892,134
France.....	278,420	1,394,346
Germany.....	15,535	469,275
China.....		432,919
Spain.....	85,082	314,925
South America.....	340,693	
Belgium.....	13,598	161,553
British Guiana.....	166,554	384
Italy.....	150,006	9,426
Holland.....	6,735	145,774
Portugal.....	56,322	43,435
Norway.....		108,649
St. Pierre et Miquelon..	91,711	2,065
Africa.....		70,241
Brazil.....	51,861	8,504
Naples.....	61,371	

Besides the nations mentioned in the foregoing table, Australia, Switzerland and Sicily figure in the returns for considerable sums—the former buying from, and the latter two selling to us. Of the total commerce of that year, which amounted to \$148,387,829, it will be observed that no

less a share than \$121,259,176 was carried on with Great Britain and the United States.

As our two largest customers, the fluctuations of our trade with Great Britain and the United States, are worthy of attentive consideration. By tracing these changes, the immense influence of the Reciprocity Treaty becomes strikingly apparent. From 1850 to 1855—the five years preceding Reciprocity—our imports from Great Britain were (in round numbers) \$73,000,000, against \$50,000,000 from our neighbours; during the following five years the United States sold us to the value of \$96,000,000, but the mother country only \$76,000,000. Since the repeal of the treaty, however, Great Britain has again obtained the larger share. During the four years for which we have returns, the excess was \$48,490,007 in her favour,—the difference for 1869-70 may be seen above, being \$13,867,271. This difference is very considerable, but it falls short of the real amount, for in the statement of our imports from the United States are several millions per annum of grain and flour, which, although entered at our shipping ports, for the most part simply pass through this country on their way to market.

Another striking change, in the current of our commerce with the United States, has taken place of late years. We are not those political economists who attach much importance to the “balance of trade.” Canada has only thrice had a balance in her favour during at least fifteen years, and who can doubt that it has steadily grown in wealth and prosperity? But if there be any virtue in it, it is gratifying to know that whilst, as between the Dominion and Great Britain, the balance continues to be against us, in the case of the United States it has turned steadily in our favour. In 1869-70, for instance, whilst we had to pay Great Britain \$13,644,508 to square up the transactions of the year, our American neighbours

had, *per contra*, to pay us \$8,256,486 for the same purpose. That this circumstance is not exceptional, but the rule, will appear by the following statement of our exports to, and imports from the United States during the last four years for which we have returns:—

YEAR.	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
1866-7.....	\$25,583,800.....	\$20,272,907
1867-8.....	27,534,292.....	26,315,032
1868-9.....	27,846,461.....	25,477,975
1869-70.....	32,984,652.....	24,728,166
Total.....	\$113,949,205	\$96,794,100

These statistics are exceedingly significant when the illiberal character of the present fiscal policy of our neighbours is considered. That policy was framed advisedly to protect the American farmer, by shutting out Canadian products from their markets, except on payment of exorbitant duties. But what has been the result? They have since then bought from us more largely than ever, whilst, with our markets as free to them as during Reciprocity, their sales to us have relatively declined! Under the partial free trade of the treaty, the "balance of trade" was almost invariably and largely in their favour; since they barred and bolted their markets against our productions, the balance has turned no less than \$17,155,105 against them! These facts carry their own moral. They throw considerable light on the working of the opposite systems of political economy practised by the United States and Canada, and we commend the lesson to the legislators of the two countries. The commerce of the Dominion, with nations other than Great Britain and the United States, is comparatively limited, and exhibits very few signs of progress. This is much to be regretted, for a varied commerce is almost as valuable to a country as diversi-

fied forms of industry. In order to show how sluggishly our trade advances with the nations to which we refer, we append a statement of our total transactions with the principal of them during the last two years:

COUNTRIES.	1868-9.	1869-70.
France.....	\$1,469,447.....	\$1,672,966
British West Indies...	2,408,115.....	2,404,914
B. N. A. Provinces...	2,489,198.....	2,690,371
Spanish West Indies.. (not given)...		3,703,689
Germany.....	555,733.....	484,810

These figures reveal the fact that our trade with these countries remains almost stationary, a condition of affairs which, we think, an earnest effort should be made by the Government to remedy. According to the report of the Special Commissioners who visited the West Indies on the eve of Confederation, this is quite practicable, for these gentlemen confidently affirm that there is an ample field for the sale of our productions in the British and Spanish West Indies, Mexico, Brazil and other South American countries. The establishment of regular steam communication, at least fortnightly, with some judicious tariff changes, would, we feel assured, infuse into our trade with the tropics fresh life and vigour.

Taking our commerce as a whole, the people of Canada may justly congratulate themselves on its past growth, present extent, and future prospects. It affords conclusive testimony to the great natural resources of British America, and is creditable alike to the industry and intelligence of our three millions and a half of people. It is yet, however, only in its infancy. What will its volume be twenty years hence, when the rich prairies of the North-west are peopled by millions—the continent spanned by the Canadian Pacific Railway—and the sails of our merchant marine, now the third largest in the world, whiten every sea?

NOTE.—Since this article was put in type, the writer has learned from Mr. Langton that the Returns, as finally completed, show the imports for 1870-71 to be \$86,947,482 instead of \$86,661,145. The difference does not materially affect the general inferences of the article.



## THE WISDOM OF THE EAST.

BY GEORGE MURRAY, B. A.

BEFORE a Judge two Arabs came,  
One to deny, and one to claim.

And one was young and one was old :  
They differed—like the tale they told.

The young man spake : “ Nine days have flown  
Since the hot sands I crossed alone.

“ My gold, meanwhile, I left in trust  
With yon old man, reputed just.

“ My journey o’er, his tent I sought—  
He swears I trusted him with nought.”

“ Name,” said the Judge, “ the sum of gold :  
And where, I pray thee, was it told ?”

“ Four score gold pieces did I tell  
Beneath a palm-tree, by a well.”

Then spake the Judge : “ Go, seek that tree,  
And bid him hither come to me ;

“ But take my seal that he may know  
To whom thou biddest him to go.”

The youth went out into the plain—  
The old man and the Judge remain.

An hour passed by, but not a word  
From either of the twain was heard.

At length the Judge : “ He cometh not—  
Dost think the lad hath reached the spot ?”

The old man, startled, answered : “ No—  
Far o’er the sands the tree doth grow.”

The Judge spoke sternly, like a king,  
“ How know’st where that one palm doth spring ?”

"For in the desert, near and far,  
I trow that many palm-trees are."

The youth came back and cried: "The tree  
Returned answer none to me."

"He hath been here," the Judge did say,  
"The gold is thine: go now thy way."

MONTREAL.

## DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A STORMY INTERVIEW.

EMBOSOMED in the deep solitude of a mountain glen, a few miles from Carraghmore, stood Elm Lodge, the residence of Mr. Crofton, the English agent of Lord Arranmore, and of the heiress of Barrington Height. The house was a modern dwelling, built of greystone, and in the English style, its situation extremely romantic. It stood on a verdant slope, overlooking a picturesque sheet of water. Lofty rugged mountains rose precipitously around, their naked grey cliffs impending as if to shelter the quiet scene below.

It is the hour of early evening, a beautiful evening in August. The warm haze which filled the atmosphere during the day, veiling with its golden mist the gigantic mountains, is lifting itself up from their heath-clad sides, and rolling away westward in fantastic-lining masses to drape the declining sun. The front entrance to Elm Lodge is graced by a marble portico—marble being abundant in the neighbourhood. On the steps, enjoying a cigar, sits the master of the Lodge, and

beside him, busy with some fancy work, is his daughter and only child, Isabel Crofton. The agent, as he is usually styled, is a native of England, elderly and of imposing presence. The face, however, is not prepossessing. Among the tenantry of the Arranmore and Barrington estates he has the reputation of being a hard master, a fact which may be gathered from the cold gleam of his pale blue eye, and the stern decision of the thin compressed lips. The interests of the landlord are always considered by him before the well-being of the tenant; but his own interest is paramount to every other consideration. He manages the property committed to his care well, gaining for himself the gratitude of his employers, although as much could not be said regarding the often oppressed tenantry, and he has prospered in the world, building for himself the handsome residence in this secluded glen, and furnishing it in a style of modern elegance and comfort. His wife, an Irishwoman of good family, has been some years dead. Their union was not a happy one, his domineering habits, his tyrannical spirit, and cold, sullen nature had rendered existence to her a dull, monotonous misery.

All the affection he seemed capable of feeling was given to his young daughter, of whose beauty and accomplishments he seemed so proud. Hitherto she had experienced nothing but unvarying kindness from her stern father; his habitual moroseness was kept in check by the sunshine of her temper, and as yet he had not exhibited himself to her in his true character—that dark picture, however, was soon to be revealed. The green slope on which the house stood was dotted with ornamental shrubs, and two rows of young elm trees enclosed the gravel walk leading up to the hall-door. Approaching the house by this walk might now be seen half-a-dozen men dressed in the picturesque garb of the Connemara peasant—the blue frieze coat fastened by a rude clasp at the throat, and hanging loosely from the shoulders. On seeing the agent and the young lady sitting in the portico, their pace slackened, and there was a cringing servility in their look and manner as they slowly advanced. Mr. Crofton eyed them sternly, and the expression of his face was anything but encouraging. They seemed to feel the baleful influence of that cold blue eye, and hung back as if unwilling to address him. He it was who broke the silence.

"What brings you here?" he asked, in tones so harsh that Isabel started and looked at him in surprise. What a changed countenance met her eye, sending a thrill of pain through her heart!

"We came to spake about them cabins, your honour," answered one, a little bolder than the rest. He was a powerfully-built man, with a sinister expression in his flashing grey eye.

"What's the use of saying any more about them, Flannagan? I have already told you my mind, and—"

"But we thought sir," broke in another of the group, timidly, "that if you knew the trouble it put us to, the grief of the wife and the childher—laving alone ourselves—at being turned from undher the roof that

sheltered us so long, you'd listen to reason, and not be so hard upon us intirely."

"And you came here for the purpose of telling me this, did you?" asked Mr. Crofton, a ring of cruel scorn in his passionate tones.

"Sure we did, your honour."

"Then you might have spared yourself the trouble!" broke haughtily from him. "You ought to know by this time that I am not a man to be turned from my purpose by appeals from the like of you," and he surveyed the humble group before him with withering contempt.

"Well, if you won't listen to the cry of mercy, maybe you will mind the threat of vengeance!" fiercely exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing the knotted shillelah he held in his hand.

"What! you dare to threaten, do you?" said Mr. Crofton in the hoarse tones of intense passion.

"Be asy, Larry! can't ye spake like a civil?" whispered one of the party. "It'll be betther for us in the end, man alive!"

But Larry Flannagan's savage nature was roused by the mocking scorn and cruel heartlessness of Lord Arranmore's agent, maddened, too, by the prospect of ejection from the humble home where his forefathers had lived contented before him. This portion of the estate was situated in an adjacent vale, called Glenmore, through which a deep stream wound its way. The site could be made available for the erection of grist and other mills wanted in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Crofton determined on ejecting the half-dozen tenants who rented the land, and leasing it himself with the intention of building the mills, from which he could derive so much pecuniary advantage.

"There's no use mincing matthers wid the likes of him, I tell ye!" fiercely retorted Larry Flannagan. "His heart is made of stone!" he passionately continued. "What hope is there of moving him when anything is to be gained? Isn't the mills to be his

own? hasn't he rinted the land to himself? Its' no use palaverin' here any more; the devil himself wouldn't make him change his mind; and I tould ye that, boys, afore we come!"

"So you did, Larry avic," said one of the peasants, soothingly. "But stop, asy a while. Here's Terence Carroll, as quiet a man as ever broke bread. Let him thry what he can do. Terence ahagur, spake up like a man! Spake for the women and the childher, God help them, the crathurs! going to be turned out upon the wide world widout a roof to shelther them!"

"Misther Crofton, sir," began Terence, imploringly, "listen to us poor men wid the same pity Lærd Arranmore himself used to do when he was to the fore—"

"I'll hear no more of this!" interrupted the agent, imperiously. "All you could say till to-morrow morning wouldn't alter my intention of ejecting the whole pack of you from Glenmore!"

This announcement was met by a wild cry of grief and indignation. "May it never do you good—may the curse of those you make homeless cling to you for ever and ever, I pray God!" was the fervid ejaculation of the passionate men as they glared upon the agent with savage hate.

"Papa, dear, is there no other place where you could build the mills?" asked Isabel, frightened by the fierce gestures and malignant countenances of the men, and sympathizing with them in their trouble.

"Yes, there is, miss!" eagerly answered Terence Carroll, "a purty little dale wid a brook running through it, where no body lives. Sorra one to be upset by building them mills at all."

"The water there is too shallow!" broke in Mr. Crofton, hastily. "Isabel, you must not interfere with things you do not understand," and his eye rested for the first time with an angry expression upon his daughter.

"Dear papa, forgive me, but it does seem so hard to turn these people from their

homes," she pleaded, with a wistful look, her bright eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, it's nothing! such things must happen—the poor are used to such trials," he replied, carelessly. Then seeing the men still lingered—their hopes aroused by the young lady's interference on their behalf—he added, with an air of haughty command: "Be off with you at once! You have got my answer, that must satisfy you!"

"Satisfy them!" repeated Isabel, moodily. "Nothing will satisfy them but some act of revenge," and she shuddered as she watched the gleam of fury in the defiant look they gave Mr. Crofton before they turned away and walked down the little avenue, gesticulating violently as they talked among themselves.

"Papa, was it wise to excite their hatred thus? Are you not afraid they will do you some harm?"

Mr. Crofton laughed scornfully. "They dare not!" was his confident answer.

"Daré not!" reiterated Isabel, somewhat derisively. "Such people dare do anything to gratify their revenge. Oh, papa, I shall not have an easy moment for the future since you have drawn upon yourself the bitter enmity of those men."

"Nonsense, Isabel! It is not the first time I have served ejectments on the Arranmore tenantry. Would the estate be so flourishing to-day if I had yielded to the whims of the tenants and not considered the proprietor's interests?"

"But this affair of the mills is your own concern," observed Isabel, boldly. She judged her father harshly, feeling that he was acting a selfish part.

"Well, and if it is," he answered hotly; "must I forego my own advantage and listen only to the pathetic appeals of these fellows?"

"It would be the wisest plan, papa; they threatened you—and their threats mean something."

"I tell you again I have nothing to fear,"

he answered impatiently. "I know what I am about, and must warn you, Isabel, against mixing yourself up in these affairs; I will brook no interference on your part—"

"But, dear papa, it is my strong fears for your safety that induce me to say a word in the matter. I know well what lawless acts have been committed by ejected tenants. Have I not reason to be afraid?"

"I tell you, no!—they will bluster and threaten, but dare not act. Curse them for a cowardly, cringing, deceitful set!" and Mr. Crofton, having vented his passion in these complimentary words, stalked away to the stables, with the intention of taking his accustomed evening ride, leaving his daughter meditating painfully on what had occurred.

This display of her father's real character pained her deeply. His indifference to the well-being of others, his want of consideration for their feelings, his selfish regard for his own interest, his passionate temper—flashed a startling revelation on the daughter's mind, making her feel how insecure were the hopes of happiness she had so fondly cherished. Of her father she had seen little since her childhood. After her mother's death she had been consigned to the care of an aunt who lived near Dublin, and the last six years had been spent at a fashionable boarding-school. Mr. Crofton, during his occasional visits to see his daughter, had taken care only to exhibit the bright side of his character. The late outburst of ill-temper had taken her by surprise, shewn her what she had in future to expect, and cast a shadow across her young life. Her fears for her father's safety, too, filled her mind, and, in spite of his assertion that he had nothing to dread, she gave way to the gloomiest forebodings. Whilst Isabel was lost in this painful reverie, the sun had descended in the western sky, and was now resting his crimson disk upon the glittering quartz peak of Muilrea—the highest mountain in Connaught—as if taking a view of

the magnificent scenery below, varied by hill and dale, mountain, glen, and lake. She looked very lovely as she sat there, all aglow in the brilliant sunlight, the golden rays glinting on her wavy hair, the colour on her rounded cheeks deepened by her late excitement, and so thinks that handsome pedestrian, who, emerging from a mountain gorge, is now rapidly making his way up the elm-walk leading to the house. The lithe, manly figure soon caught the eye of Isabel Crofton, and the vivid blush of pleasure crimsoned her face. "How becoming that clerical costume is!" she thought, as she watched his approach, "and how glad I am to see him! Just the one to confide this trouble to about papa."

This was not the first visit the Rev. Maxwell Butler had made to Elm Lodge since the arrival of Isabel Crofton. The impression she had made upon him at Barrington House had been deepened by every succeeding interview, as he got a deeper insight into the generous and noble nature of the girl whose grace and beauty had first attracted him. Very often about this time he had been in the habit of coming to spend an hour at the Lodge before returning home from his round of parochial visits. It was now some weeks since his acquaintance with Isabel commenced. No words of love had yet passed his lips, but the language of the eye, though mute, is eloquent, and Isabel learned to know the cause of his frequent visits, and to look forward to them with eager anticipation. As Mr. Crofton was usually absent at this time enjoying his daily ride, he seldom met the clergyman at his house, but he was aware of his attentions to his daughter and did not discourage them, and his absence was never regretted by the young people, who could enjoy their pleasant *tête-à-tête* and talk sentiment, unrestrained by his presence. On this evening, however, their conversation was on a graver subject.

"I am so glad you have come. I wanted

so much to tell you something that has just happened," Isabel said in her impulsive way, looking up into his face with an expression of grave anxiety clouding her brow.

Max took the white, shapely hand she offered him, and tenderly clasped it in both his, then relinquishing it reluctantly, he seated himself on the marble door-step beside her, and eagerly inquired what she had to communicate.

"Oh, something dreadful!" she answered piteously. "I never felt so frightened in my life."

"What has occurred to disturb you?" Max inquired in tones of tenderest sympathy.

"Papa is going to evict some of the Arranmore tenantry, and they have uttered threats of vengeance."

His face clouded as he listened, and Isabel saw he shared her alarm, still he spoke encouragingly.

"You must not fancy the worst. What does Mr. Crofton think about it?" he asked.

"Oh! he only laughs at my fears; says the fellows dare not carry out their threats, but I think differently; and so would you, if you saw them glare on him with such bitter hate. I shudder when I think of it. You know what lawless acts have been committed in a case like this."

"Who are the men? Where do they live?"

"In Glenmore. One of them is called Larry Flannagan, a desperate-looking man he is, who seems capable of committing any outrage. Papa is mad to arouse the enmity of such a fellow," observed Isabel gloomily.

"Why does he evict these men? Are they in arrears of rent?"

"Oh no! but he wants their land to erect mills on, which, he says, will vastly increase his income."

"Then it is to benefit himself he does this?"

"Yes; isn't it cruel and unjust? I won-

der how he can be so hard-hearted!" exclaimed Isabel, in tones half sorrowful, half-indignant.

"It is hard on the poor men to be evicted from their homes for no fault of theirs, but we must hope they will not be induced to commit any outrage on that account. Some of them belong to my flock; I will see them and preach patience and submission under these trying circumstances."

"But isn't it very cruel of papa to act so? You cannot think how it grieves me," and Isabel's eyes filled with tears. "He will be sorry for it some day when they burn the house over our heads," she added, with a choking sob.

They will do nothing of the kind," said Max, cheerfully. "You must not give way to such gloomy apprehensions. Put away these thoughts from you, and do not allow your mind to dwell on this painful subject." But although he spoke encouragingly he felt there was just cause to dread some terrible act of revenge if Mr. Crofton persevered in his intentions of rendering the tenants of Glenmore homeless to enrich himself, and he returned home that evening thoughtful and depressed, having, however, in some measure, quieted the fears of Isabel Crofton.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NEW CHARACTERS.

THE coast of Connemara is indented with picturesque inlets from the Atlantic, which add to the wild grandeur of the scenery. About a mile from Elm Lodge, near one of these inlets, in a secluded hollow, stood a fisherman's cabin. At the door of this humble dwelling, about a fortnight after the stormy interview between Mr. Crofton and the tenants of Glenmore, a pretty peasant girl might be seen one evening as the glorious sun was again sinking behind Muilrea, steeping its gigantic peak

in crimson and golden light. She was busily employed mending nets for her brother, the young fisherman, for whose return she now watched impatiently, throwing her eyes frequently along the road leading to Carragmore, whither he had gone in the morning to sell fish.

"What can be keeping Dermot so long, grandmother?" she asked, addressing an old woman who sat knitting inside the cabin door.

"It's more nor I can tell, Rose; but no doubt he'll soon be here."

However, sunset faded from the mountain peaks and twilight shadows were gathering in the glens and vales before Rose Kavanagh descried her brother's stalwart figure coming along the road. Just at this moment a column of red light shot up into the darkening sky.

"Holy Biddy! what blaze is that?" exclaimed the old woman, as she came eagerly forward to watch the bright glare.

"Faith, I dunno! but it's likely Dermot will be able to tell us," was her granddaughter's reply.

A few minutes elapsed and then Dermot came rapidly up the boreen or by-path leading to the cabin from the public road.

"Do you see the fire beyant there?" he asked with angry excitement.

"Sure we're not blind," responded Rose, curtly.

"Where is it, ahagur?" inquired the old woman.

"Where would it be, but in Glenmore," was the vehement reply. "It's the cabins in the vale set on fire by the peelers, afther the misfortunate crathurs was forced to quit," Dermot added, a gleam of fierce indignation in his dark blue eye.

"And that's what kept you so long, I suppose?"

"What else? and the heart-breaking sight it was to see the dacent people dhruv from their own door! and that villyn of an agent standin' by wid a face as stony as

his own heart. And it's all to better himself he done it," Dermot continued passionately: "to make himself rich at the expinse of others. Sure it isn't for the benefit of the landlord he's doing it at all!"

"How will Mистер Crofton be the better for it?" inquired Rose.

"Bekase he is going to build mills and make a fathory in the place; but let him take care, he'll find his match among them he grinds so hard!" and an angry light flashed over Dermot's sunburnt face.

"They have vowed vingeance agin him?" said the old woman, interrogatively.

"Aye, have they! he'll get what he doesn't bargain for afore his death!" and Dermot laughed unpleasantly. The ring of that laugh grated on the ear of his grandmother.

"I hope you'll have no part in their revinge, Dermot," she said with grave rebuke. "I'm afear'd you mix yourself up too often with such things."

"Ach, granny! what makes ye think that?" he answered evasively. "What have I to do in this business at all? only that it rouses the sperit of a man to see his friends thrated so."

"Why did they wait till night to set the cabins on fire? was it to make a brighter bonfire," asked Rose, with a sarcastic smile.

"The agint and his bailiff couldn't get the crathurs to lave the cabins all day, till at last the peelers come, and then they had to march quick enough, I tell ye! Bad luck to the whole set of them!" Dermot added stamping his foot in fury.

"Why, where's the harm it done you that you take on so?" asked Rose in surprise. "Oh! now I undherstand," she added, after a moment's thought, "Celia Carroll's father is one of the men turned out of their little homes in Glenmore—poor Celia! and the mother so sickly herself! and the childher just out of the faver! Where will they get a roof to shelther them? Why

didn't ye bring some of them along wid ye, Dermot?"

"Well, the weather isn't cowld anyhow," remarked the grandmother, "and they'll have to find a home somewhere else. But sure it's hard to have to quit the one they have lived in so long, and their fathers afore them; but what help is there for it? They'll have to bear it patient like every other throuble."

"They'll not bear it patient," said Dermot, fiercely. "They'll have their revinge some day, and why not?" he added, with a defiant look at the old woman.

"Is that what the priest taches you from the althar every Sunday?" she asked reproachfully. "Doesn't he tell ye to submit yerselves to the law, and to live like quiet, dacent people."

"That's what the priest and the parson both prache, sure enough; but for all that there's some among us will take their own coorse, and revinge their wrongs by their sthrong right arm." Dermot spoke with subdued vehemence, but there was an evil gleam in his eye as it boldly met his grandmother's.

"You'll come to no good ind, I'm afeard," she said sorrowfully.

"Ach, granny, don't say that!" broke from Rose, half indignantly. "Dermot doesn't mane to do any thing wrong; but sure he can't help feeling for them that's in such disthress this blessed night, and Celia Carroll herself among them."

"If Lord Arranmore was to the fore this would never have happened, for a better landlord couldn't be found than his own father," observed the old woman.

"Yes, but the young lord isn't like him, granny, he is a great one for spinding money in every counthry but his own, never caring where it comes from so he gets it, and laving his poor tenantry to be thrampled upon by an agint that has a heart as hard as Ould Nick himself. It's a pity he has such a nice daughter," remarked Rose.

"She is so mighty purty, too, and kind-hearted. I saw her yestherday, when I went to the Lodge to sell crabs. It's the good price she gave me, never haggling about it as her father does, rich as he is."

"She is like her own mother for that," interrupted granny eagerly. "It's Mrs. Crofton was the good frind to the poor, and its many a blessing followed her to the grave. And a hard life she had herself wid that husband of hers! All the good she done was by stealth, bekase of him not caring to help any one. Och, he is the hard man, no doubt! But come in and ate your supper, Dermot, dear, it's the long fast ye had, and it's waiting for ye this long while."

"Are you going out to-night, Dermot, bekase the nets is all mended and the wind is fair?" asked Rose as they entered the cabin."

"Yes, I'm thinking of it, I got a good price for the fish to-day at Carraghmore, and can sell as much more to-morrow, for the town is full of people come to the election. There is quality from Dublin, too, at Barrington House. There is going to be a grand ball there, they say, and grand doings while they remain. The young heiress will be getting married one of these days.

"To her cousin, Sir Gerard?" observed Rose, interrogatively.

"No, he'll marry Parson Butler's cousin, I am thinking, if all I hear is thrue. She is mighty purty intirely, no doubt."

"She'll be a happy girl to get him," observed Rose; "but what'll Miss Barrington say to that. People thought he'd marry her, you know.

"Well, and if he chooses to change his mind he has a right to plaze himself," was Dermot's cool rejoinder, as he seated himself at the humble board where his supper was laid out, doing full justice to it, as his long fast had sharpened his appetite.



## CHAPTER XII.

## IN THE CONSERVATORY.

THE ball at Barrington House, which Dermot Kavanagh spoke of to his sister Rose, was a brilliant affair, and created great excitement in the neighborhood. Josephine Dormer was there looking bewilderingly beautiful. The Rev. Max had declined an invitation, keeping his determination of not being present at such festivities. In her simple, but elegant costume, Josephine outshone the heiress and others who "glittered in gold and pearls and costly array," and was pronounced to be the belle of the ball-room—*La belle parmi les belles*. Her singular beauty and grace made a deep impression on more than one of the gentlemen, visiting at Barrington House, awakening the jealous fears of Sir Gerard Trevor and increasing the passionate admiration with which he already regarded her. He began to think seriously of declaring his love for Josephine, apprehensive that some one of her other admirers would carry off the prize he coveted. Competition enhances the value of any object.

It was a few days after the ball, Sir Gerard was in the conservatory selecting a bouquet to take to Miss Dormer, when his mother, Lady Trevor, joined him.

"For which of your fair acquaintances are those flowers destined, Gerard?" she asked with apparent carelessness.

"For Miss Dormer," was the curt reply. There was a gleam of displeasure in her ladyship's eyes, which did not escape his notice, and he felt there was a hidden motive in her question.

"You are very attentive in that quarter. Eva will be jealous." There was an angry ring in her voice, and Sir Gerard knew that this interview with his lady mother would not be a pleasant one.

"No danger of Eva's feeling jealous. She does not care enough for me for that," he

answered with a light laugh, cutting off a bunch of white moss rose buds as he spoke.

"So you think! but I know better, Gerard," said Lady Trevor, eyeing the rose-buds spitefully. She felt intuitively that they were intended as a mute declaration of his passion for Josephine.

"I think you are mistaken, mother, Eva and I are good friends, affectionate cousins, but nothing more," was Sir Gerard's rather impatient remark.

"That is your own fault then," said his mother sharply. "Eva is proud and will conceal her feelings when she sees so little demonstration of affection on your part."

"I cannot show what I do not feel," he answered, irritably; "you would not have me act the hypocrite, I suppose."

"I would have you act like a sensible man," she retorted angrily. "You are aware that I have intended Eva for you, from her very childhood. Neither you nor she can be ignorant of my wishes on this point."

"I know that we have been taught to look upon ourselves as affianced, and it is precisely on that account that we have not fallen in love with each other. It would have been wiser to have thrown some obstacle in the way—some barrier to our affection. You did not display much tact in match-making, mother," Sir Gerard added with a little laugh, and he was about to leave the conservatory, anxious to end a colloquy which annoyed him.

"Stop a little longer, Gerard! allow me to make a few more remarks," said Lady Trevor, eagerly, the tones of her voice tremulous from subdued passion. "Have you seriously thought of the state of your affairs? Are you so circumstanced as to be able to marry a penniless girl? Pause and reflect before you commit yourself in this matter. Remember your encumbered estate."

"You want me to marry Eva for her money, and barter my happiness for gold," he scornfully exclaimed.

"It is the only way to recover the Trevor estate, so heavily mortgaged," she pleaded. "Besides your present income is not sufficient to permit you to marry a girl without money."

"I am not thinking of marrying just yet. It takes time to win love such as I require in a wife. Affection that will stand the test of time. If I am so fortunate as to gain the heart I covet, assuredly the want of fortune will be no consideration. My moderate income will be sufficient for our wants. Happiness can be enjoyed in a cottage as well as in Trevor Hall."

"You speak like a silly sentimentalist and not like a man of the world, Gerard," broke from Lady Trevor with angry contempt. "But if you despise money, I think you might look for birth in the woman you honour with your hand. The cousin of a country parson can scarcely be considered a suitable wife for Sir Gerard Trevor," she added loftily.

"Butler is a good family," said the baronet hotly. He was losing his temper now provoked by his lady mother's interference.

"That may be, but what was Josephine's father? a Government clerk, or rather, an inferior clerk in some Government office. No pedigree to boast of you may be sure. Think of such a man's daughter being raised to the exalted position of a baronet's wife!" There was withering scorn in Lady Trevor's look and manner as she boldly confronted her son. He, too, was not devoid of this pride of ancestry which most aristocratic families feel; but his love for Josephine conquered that and the recollection of her, so beautiful and so refined, made him passionately exclaim, "She would grace even a higher station than I can offer her!"

"Then you have made up your mind to commit this folly, this madness, Gerard."

"Mother," he said coldly but with decision, "I am not at present going to offer

my hand to Josephine. Our acquaintance is too short to justify my taking such an important step."

"You are right in that; it does require much deliberation," she interrupted warmly, "and I trust that time will cure you of this foolish fancy."

"You are quite mistaken in that opinion, mother. The love I feel for Josephine Dormer is no passing fancy, and if I am so happy as to win hers in return, I shall consider neither her want of ancestry nor fortune, but shall please myself in the selection of a wife."

"You shall never marry her with my consent!" exclaimed Lady Trevor vehemently, as she swept out of the conservatory, while her son, having gathered his bouquet, strolled in the direction of the Rev. Max Butler's home, full of angry resentment towards his haughty mother, who he knew would carry out her threat of opposing his marriage with Josephine Dormer.

On arriving at the cottage, Sir Gerard Trevor was told that Miss Dormer was not at home, that she had gone down to the beach an hour ago. The latter piece of information Winny was induced to add with womanly kindness on perceiving the look of disappointment in the young man's face.—With a brightened look the baronet turned away, smiling his thanks at Winny, and strolled towards the sea-shore, hoping to have a delightful  *tête-à-tête*  with the beautiful girl who filled his thoughts. His heart had been hitherto almost untouched by the arrows of Cupid: this was his first love, the first deep attachment he had ever felt towards any woman. It was not that he had never before seen a face with such perfection of feature and delicacy of colour: he had met girls equally beautiful and graceful as Josephine, but none with her beauty of expression—none who realized his ideal of all that was charming in woman—that nameless witchery which every man sees in the woman he loves—an indescribable charm

which captivates his senses, and constitutes her his destiny.

On reaching the beach, Sir Gerard cast his eye eagerly along the line of yellow sand stretching at the base of the tall grey cliffs which formed the barrier to the encroaching waves, but the graceful petite figure of Josephine was no where to be seen. He walked on for some minutes, hoping to meet her, but in vain. The weird figure of an elderly woman upon the lonely shore, at length caught his eye. She was seated on a low rock, smoking a duceen or short pipe. Approaching her he asked if she had seen a young lady walking on the beach.

"To be sure I have. I'm not blind!" was the ungracious answer.

"Where is she now?" was the next eager question.

"Byant there! If you have good eyes in your head you can see her yourself," and she pointed in the direction of a rocky, narrow promontory jutting far into the ocean. "She's sitting there among the rocks, reading, expecting yourself, maybe," the woman added with a grim smile.

The baronet's eager gaze sought the place pointed out, and he perceived some figure, which he supposed must be Josephine, as the woman asserted, half hidden among the rocks. She had, he thought, selected that quiet spot to enjoy her book undisturbed, as she listened to the low booming of the waves as they dashed white and foaming at the base of the promontory, for he knew that she delighted in the deep and solemn music of the ocean.

"The tide is rising fast!" he said quickly, with a startled look, as he perceived the green heaving waters rushing rapidly inland, depositing their crested masses on the yellow strand glistening in the sunshine.

"Well, what if it is? Who can stop it?" asked Dinah Blake—for it was she—puffing away with the greatest unconcern.

"But don't you see the danger threatening the young lady?" rejoined Sir Gerard im-

petuously. "It is high tide to-day, and the promontory will be flooded."

"So it is! The Lord betune her and harm!" exclaimed Dinah, with a look of dismay. "I never thought of that afore!" and putting the duceen in her pocket, she rose to her feet with sudden alacrity—"Something must be done to save her," she continued. "You see she axed me if there was any danger in going out there to the end of the pint, and I told her no, forgetting intirely about the high tide."

"How could you forget?" asked the baronet with much asperity, flashing at Dinah Blake no pleasant look. "I forgot it anyhow, and there's no use in getting tearing mad about it!" she answered snappishly. "Sure I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, though sorra tear I'd cry if she was dhrowned, for wouldn't it lift a weight off me ould heart that's crushed wid it this many a day." This concluding remark was muttered to herself, escaping the ear of Sir Gerard.

"What is to be done!" he exclaimed passionately, his handsome face pallid with fear at the danger threatening Josephine.

"Let us shout at the top of our voices both of us!" suggested Dinah. She might hear us."

"No, the noise of the waves would prevent that, and the breeze blowing inland would carry our shout in the opposite direction."

"Maybe if you ran for the bare life you might get there in time to warn her of the danger," was Dinah's next suggestion.

"I could get there in time to warn, but not to save her—the promontory lies low and will soon be flooded. If we only had a boat! Is there none about here?" and Sir Gerard half frantic with his fears for Josephine, threw his eyes wildly along the lonely shore in quest of one.

"Bedad! as luck would have it, there is a boat belonging to Pat Sullivan!" exclaimed Dinah joyfully; "it is down there on

the strand behind that big rock, but it's a mighty heavy one ; it'll be amost impossible to row it, yer honour."

"Better that than none : it is the only chance of saving her!" and Sir Gerard sprang towards the rock where Pat Sullivan's boat was moored, followed quickly by Dinah Blake.

"Can you lend a helping hand?" he asked eagerly as he saw her prepare to shove off the boat.

"Of coorse I can ! I havn't lived all my life near the sae widout learning how to handle an oar. Besides it's partly me fault that she got into danger. I can't sit still and see her dhrowned."

"It is very fortunate that you can help, for the boat is a huge unwieldy thing. If we only had a sail observed Sir Gerard impatiently, as the boat moved slowly out to sea, his and Dinah's united strength being scarcely sufficient to propel it through the surging waters.

"A sail would be the greatest help no doubt, but what is the use of wishing for

what one can't get? It is well we have the boat anyhow," was Dinah's philosophic observation as she bent herself to the oar, and astonished her companion by her skill in rowing. "It's many a good sthroke of an oar I dhrew in me young days" she said, by way of explanation, "and many a time I was out at sae with me father, who was a fisherman. We might make a sail with me ould cloak and your honour's walking stick, if the wind was fair, but it isn't you see. It's blowing in shore, bad 'cess to it."

"We'll never reach the point in time to save her!" was Sir Gerard's despairing exclamation as he fixed his gloomy gaze upon the spot where Josephine sat, unconscious of her danger, believing she was safe above the wild rush of the waves she saw dashing madly towards her.

"There's no use in despairing, yer honour," remarked Dinah encouragingly. "Keep a brave heart, and with the help of St. Patrick we'll win the day yet agin the waves and tide."

*(To be continued.)*

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FORSAKEN.

THE Autumn skies are dull and gray,  
Mists gather round the year's decay;  
The drooping elm's lithe branches sway  
In the wind that moaned all day;  
The twilight swiftly fades away  
And yet unveils no starry ray.

Come, enter with me yonder room,  
Silent as some buried tomb;  
Shimmering faintly through the gloom,  
The dying fire-brands half illume  
A youthful head from which youth's bloom  
Has fled before some fatal doom.

Look at the shadows flitting o'er  
The walls, the ceiling and the floor ;  
You deem them shadows, nothing more :  
Yet Fancy through their films can pour  
Warm glow and colour, and restore  
Lost scenes that once life's brightness wore.

See, how he looks with dreamy eyes,  
While rapidly before him rise  
Green fields and cloudless azure skies ;  
A river steeped in sunset's dyes,  
On which a halcyon quiet lies,  
Unruffled by the west wind's sighs,

He sees a little shallop glide  
Along the river's glassy tide ;  
A youth and maiden side by side,  
Hand in hand, that shallop guide,  
Said each to each—"Whate'er betide,  
Nought can our hearts and lives divide !"

Far brighter than the sunset's sheen  
The maiden's tender smile was seen,  
And purer than the clear serene  
Of river shone her eyes, I ween,—  
Like stars without a cloud to screen  
Their beauty from the summer e'en.

Dun shades dispersed the cloud-robcs gay,  
The robin sang his parting lay ;  
The river drank the sun's last ray,  
But still those soft eyes seemed to say,  
"My love shall light you on your way,  
And prove, when perils come, your stay !"

The scene is changed. Dark grows the night,  
The river swells with angry might ;  
Fierce rapids flash with spectral light  
Their tossing, whirling foam-wreaths white  
Before the youth's bewildered sight.  
Strive as he may, in his despite  
His boat drives on with headlong flight.

And where is she, who, when the sky  
Was clear, and not a cloud on high,  
No rocks in sight, no whirlpools nigh,

With blushing cheek and timid eye,  
Vowed him a love that could not die ?  
Oh, can such love so swiftly fly ?

In safety she has reached the land.  
He sees her there unheeding stand ;  
She will not stretch her fair, cold hand,  
To guide the lost one to the strand :  
Though now, as if a helm of sand,  
The rudder swerves from his command.

In vain his eyes turn towards the shore,  
In vain her pity they implore ;  
She will not by a word restore  
His failing strength.—He strives no more  
To shun his doom. His bark drives o'er  
The rapids,—whelm'd amidst their roar !

The scene grows dim and fades away ;  
The room assumes a deeper gray ;  
But that bowed head, that eye's quenched ray,  
On which the fitful fire-gleams play,  
A sense of darker gloom convey  
Than shades that may be chased by day.

Oh, Fancy ! not the darkest hue  
Thy magic chemistry can brew,  
The threads of fiction to imbue  
With mimic woes we half deem true,  
A sadder picture ever drew  
Than that reality I view.

An aching heart, a nerveless frame,  
A spirit fervid once as flame,  
And thrilling high at thought of fame,  
Yearning to win a deathless name,  
As dreams of glory crowding came,  
Indifferent now to praise or blame !

And she, so tender, pure and fair,  
Whose love he thought the one thing rare,  
Time, chance, or fate could not out-wear—  
Cold and unyielding, can she bear  
To see him perish in despair,  
Nor clasp his hand, and with him share  
A nobler life, in purer air !

L. M.

OUR PIONEER BISHOP : THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND JOHN  
STRACHAN, D. D., LL.D.

IN ancient times of Western Canadian history, when Ontario was in its cradle, and the lively young papoose was opening its eyes to gaze wonderingly at the first stray glimpses of sunshine among its pine forests and uncleared bush, a Scottish lad, then just coming of age, sailed from Greenock for New York, in the month of August, 1799. Upper Canada was the destined field of his life-work, and Kingston the place of his destination.

General Simcoe, the first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, a man of rare sagacity and foresight, had conceived magnificent plans for the improvement of the young colony, as a rival to the recently revolted States. The site of its future capital was already selected by him on the Bay of Toronto, and the ephemeral wigwams of the Missassagua savage were giving place to more substantial log huts and frame dwellings. He had devised schemes for the liberal endowment of educational institutions adapted to the wants of the Province, when it should emerge from its infantile rudeness; and accordingly a favouring despatch from the Duke of Portland, in 1797, had responded to an address from the Provincial Parliament, praying His Majesty "to appropriate a portion of the waste lands of the Crown for the establishment and support of a Grammar School in each district, and also of a College or University for the instruction of youth in the different branches of liberal knowledge." Surely never were waste lands appropriated to wiser use. The plan was still in embryo; but every year's delay left the rising generation to grow up devoid of the training that should fit them for self-government; and the energetic Lieutenant Governor was impatient to make a beginning.

He accordingly gave authority to two members of his Council to secure the requisitely gifted instructor. They, in their turn, applied to friends in Scotland, and their first choice showed that the confidence had not been misplaced.

Among a group of students at the ancient University of St. Andrews, three youths of nearly the same age were there united together by common tastes and sympathies, in a friendship only broken by death. One of these, Thomas Duncan, died in honoured old age, Professor of Mathematics in that University; another, Thomas Chalmers, lived to fill professorial chairs at St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and to win himself a name among the foremost of the great and good in his native land; the third, John Strachan, survived both of his early friends, made his mark in a new world, and on a young country, that then lay in embryo among the uncleared pine-forests of Western Canada, and closed his career as Bishop of the first Diocese of the Anglican Church, built up, mainly by his own exertions, among the clearings of its vast wilderness.

Thomas Chalmers was the first choice of those entrusted with the selection of a director for the educational system of Upper Canada; and curious is it to reflect how different might have been the future, not of Canada only, but of Scotland, had his sagacious organizing abilities and wise philanthropy found an arena for their exercise in the moulding of this young State. But it was not so to be. Happily, for Scotland at least, Thomas Chalmers clung to his native soil; and so the next choice fell on his friend and fellow-student, John Strachan.

The future Bishop of Toronto was by birth and early training an Aberdonian.

His father, the overseer of a granite quarry near Aberdeen, was killed by a sudden explosion in the quarry, when his son was only in his fifteenth year. He is said to have been a non-juror, and his native district is well known as one where the old non-juring Episcopalians have left many traces of their former predominance. It may be doubted, however, if this exercised any influence on the opinions of the boy. His mother was then, and remained through life, a Presbyterian. She was, moreover, a woman of much sagacity and decision of character; and from her he not only received his early training, but also inherited the energy and talent which distinguished him through his long and singularly active career. Dr. James Beattie, then Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, but better known as the author of "*The Minstrel*," took an interest in the orphan; found him a situation as tutor to a little boy and girl; and so enabled him ere long to carry home his little earnings—the first of many generous gifts of like kind to his widowed mother.

The bursaries and other educational endowments of Aberdeen schools and colleges are exceptionally abundant; and with their aid and his own tutorial labours, he scrambled through his preliminary studies with creditable diligence; took his degree, and soon after removed to St. Andrews, there to prosecute his theological studies with a view to the ministry of the Scottish Church. At St. Andrews he found himself in a congenial circle. In the debating society of St. Mary's College he had for fellow students, John Leyden, the poet, John Campbell, the future Lord Chancellor, and his own special friends, Thomas Duncan and Thomas Chalmers.

In an episcopal charge delivered in 1860, Dr. Strachan gave an interesting review of his own career; and of those early friends he remarks: "We were all three nearly of the same age, and our friendship only terminated with death, being kept alive by a constant correspondence during more than

sixty years." But like many another Scottish student, he had to find the means of present subsistence while prosecuting his studies; so he sought and obtained a parish school in the neighbourhood, worth about £30 per annum. Some needless sensitiveness has been displayed in reference to the early creed of the future bishop. Nothing is more certain than that an abjuration of prelacy, as well as of every other form of dissent from the Scottish Presbyterian Church, could alone secure him the mastership of a parish school. In reality we can discern in him not a few traces of the zeal of the convert; as where, in his first episcopal address, after he had been to England, and seen its Church with his own eyes, he pronounces it to be "a spotless model of the primitive Church; one august, incorruptible and glorious verity." He was still only nineteen when he learned that the more lucrative mastership of the neighbouring parish school of Kettle was vacant. He accordingly offered himself as a candidate, and we have heard him tell with lively humour of the verdict pronounced by Professor Hunter, who had undertaken to test his fitness for the post. After due examination in the prescribed requisites, the youthful candidate was encouraged to prosecute his application by this cautious verdict: "Well, you're no great things, John; but you'll be the best of the lot!" And so it proved. He was successful over much older candidates; and was forthwith placed in charge of a school numbering at times a hundred and twenty pupils,—some of them older, and many of them bigger than himself.

Among the nameless rustics who formed the pupils at Kettle Grammar School, one in whom the new master took a special interest, has since become known to all as the famed painter, Sir David Wilkie. Preceptor and scholar met in London after an interval of thirty years. They both attended the meeting of the British Association at Bir-



mingham, the same year; and the great painter gratefully recalled the interposition of his old master, by means of which his uncle was induced to place him under the celebrated painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, and so start him on the road to fame and fortune. Meanwhile to the young master the larger emoluments of the Kettle school had seemed a fortune. They enabled him to render substantial aid to his widowed mother and sisters; and for the next two years:—

“There in his noisy mansion skill’d to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.”

At the close of that brief incumbency, on the refusal of the proffered Canadian Grammar School and embryo college, with its promised salary of £80, by his friend Thomas Chalmers, it was accepted by him, and so a novel direction was given to his whole future career. He set out with more definite prospects than usually cheer the Scot in his wanderings abroad. But they proved illusory enough. He tossed about—the sport of calms and adverse winds,—in a small trading craft that tediously voyaged across the Atlantic; and then made his way overland at even slower speed, with the primitive resources for travel then in vogue; so that the wanderer who had left Greenock in August, only reached Kingston, Upper Canada, on the last day of the year and the century. He found, as it seemed to him, an Arctic wilderness, enveloped in ice and snow; and the aspect of nature only too well accorded with the prospects that awaited him. In his weary tossings on the Atlantic, he had been well-nigh forgotten by all; and when at length he presented his credentials, it was only to learn the utter failure of his hopes. General Simcoe had been recalled in the interval. Timid councils had taken the place of his far-sighted plans. The scheme for schools and colleges was pronounced to be altogether premature. He had come without official invitation or appointment; his claims for salary were ignored; and, as he long afterwards wrote

to a friend, if he had possessed £20 he would have returned home by the next ship.

Compelled to tarry, where he had thus been invited under such delusive promises, the Hon. Richard Cartwright, through whose direct influence Mr. Strachan had been brought out, offered him a home, and the tutorship of his two sons. By and by other pupils were added; and among them the sons of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, Rector of Kingston. The rector was a characteristic specimen of the founders of the infant colony. Born in Virginia in old colonial times, and brought up with the utmost strictness in the Presbyterian communion, he had adopted the views of the Church of England, and spent the first seven years of his ministerial life as a missionary among the Iroquois, in the Mohawk River Valley. There he was engaged on a translation of the New Testament into the Indian tongue when the Revolutionary war broke out; and his Indian converts took sides in the quarrel. He at once declared himself for the Royalist party, to which the large body of the Six Nation Indians adhered; accepted a chaplaincy in a provincial regiment; and when at length peace was established, he settled among his fellow-loyalists in Canada, Rector of Kingston, and father of the Episcopal Church in Western Canada. With such a friend and counsellor it is not difficult to imagine the influences now brought to bear on the young tutor. To him is mainly ascribed the change of views which led the Scottish divinity student ere long to take orders in the Church in which he rose to the rank of bishop. He was ordained a deacon, by the Bishop of Quebec in 1803, and admitted to priest's orders in the following year. Appointed soon after to the Parish of Cornwall, he found a church had still to be built. There he fairly entered on his life-work; established a school, famous in the history of the Province, from which his pupils went forth to fill its most influential positions; and he was able in

his later years to number, with pride, Senators, Chief Justices, and official functionaries of every grade, among those he had thus trained; and at last achieved his heart's desire, when, in his old age, a loved pupil of the Cornwall Grammar School was consecrated his coadjutor in the See of Toronto.

The future Bishop was a strict disciplinarian; and indeed the personal reminiscences of his biographer are rather calculated to impress the reader with an exaggerated idea of his stern rule. The boy who was to be his successor in the future bishopric, reached Cornwall on a Saturday in May, and gives this curious picture of pedagogic pomp and decorum, mingling with the more characteristic life of a Canadian village, upwards of sixty years ago. On Sunday morning he joined the gathering of boys at the school-house, nearly opposite the parsonage:—"Those outside maintained a very staid and respectable demeanour, standing in groups in their Sunday's best, or sauntering about within safe distance of the parsonage; whereas within, there was romping and tumbling, shouts of young voices, and clouds of dust. But the moment the principal presented himself in his flowing gown and powdered head at the door of the parsonage, there was a rush of every boy to the gate; a procession was formed and the whole school, two and two, marched to the church close by, the master following."—"Black Monday" followed, with its fearful array of censors' reports, Sunday tasks and exercises, and lictors' rods. No wonder if Cornwall reproduced in plenty—

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."

The destined co-adjutor tells us he "crept quietly in after the school had opened, and was much awed by the sights and sounds he witnessed,—the sounding lash, and the shrinkings and contortions of the unfortunate ones that were made to come under it." He adds, however, that the punish-

ment was not very severe. It was, in truth, no unfair premonition of the future rule in higher spheres. If the Bishop did not, in later years, employ the same rod of discipline for his clergy, he unquestionably ruled his large diocese with much the same authority as that with which he had been wont to regulate the Cornwall School. There was something in the very air with which the Bishop's old serving-man, in later years, was wont to receive a young clergyman who presented himself at the "Episcopal Palace" enough to scare any little remains of courage out of him, if he had any delinquency to atone for, or any petition to prefer. And if the usher looked grim, the aspect of the Bishop himself was little calculated to dispel the delinquent's fears. His photographs, without exception, give him the stern look which his face was apt to assume in repose! and this is even exaggerated in the engraved portrait attached to Mr. Jennings Taylor's "Last Three Bishops." But to all who knew him intimately his expression is associated with the smile of genial humour. He retained to the last his Aberdeenshire pronunciation,—little less strange to ordinary Scottish, than to English ears; and his incisive utterances in vigorous northern Doric have left their impress on many minds. "Well, Mr. A——, I hope I may like you better when I know more of you," was the somewhat equivocal *l'envoi* which closed the first interview of one somewhat presuming clerical intruder. "Sit doon, sir, ye're talking perfect nonsense," was the summary arrest of another's untimely utterances, when a public audience was already manifesting unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction. There was no equivocation with him. No one could ever challenge his sincerity or doubt his meaning. Yet, in reality, apart from the conscientious administration of a power as absolute and infallible as ever was wielded under the mitre, no more genial, or kindly man ever lived. His humour was racy; his laugh free and hearty, and he

entered into every social pleasantry with genuine sympathy.

The genial heartiness and fine social sympathies of Dr. Strachan helped him through many difficulties ; and secured the good will of his sturdiest opponents at the last. He could use his humour also at times with a quiet effectiveness that dispensed with argument ; as in his reply to a rustic deputation entrusted with the grievances of a whole parish. Their clergyman was wholly unacceptable to them ; and among other reasons, they protested that only last Sunday he preached a sermon they had heard half a dozen times before. "And what was the text?" demanded the Bishop in his broadest Doric ; following the troublesome question round, as one deputy after another scratched his head in vain effort to recall the forgotten words. "Very good," responded the Bishop, "I'll write him to preach it over again !" And so the delegates were bowed out of the episcopal library. The story is still repeated with great gusto by admirers of the Bishop's fatherly rule. It seems such an unanswerable reply to the impertinence of parishioners venturing to sit in judgment on their clergyman. Yet, it is just possible that neither the deputation nor the parish appreciated the fine wit of the argument, or estimated any more highly their rector's unimpressive homilies. Perhaps, indeed, if the truth were known, the pews of the neighbouring Presbyterian or Methodist congregations were a little better filled in consequence ; for men do not, after all, like to be treated as children. But it was the Bishop's way. "Not only," says Mr. Fennings Taylor, "was he a 'Father in God' by his office, but he was by habit and experience inclined, on all seasonable occasions, to display the attributes of paternity. When he saw fit to admonish a brother, or to give a Synod a piece of his mind, it was done in a fatherly way: that is sententiously, and to the point ; and a very sharp point it was as many can

testify who felt its pungency." Few more enthusiastic admirers of the old Bishop could be appealed to: yet such "fatherly rebukes" appear even to him to have occasionally had a little too much of the father in them, possibly owing to personal experience of their sharpness ; and so he adds: "considering that he was dealing with men and not with boys, it must be allowed that he too frequently feathered his contempt with what could scarcely be distinguished from rudeness."

But we anticipate the events of Dr. Strachan's eventful life. He was a man of such indomitable energy and courage, so fertile in expedients, so firm and self-reliant, that wherever his lot was cast he must have made his influence felt. But introduced as he was to a new country, just emerging from its cradle, he found a boundless career opened to his ambition ; and no one can study, without the liveliest interest, the strangely chequered career of the inexperienced Scottish lad, transferred at the age of twenty-one from the parish school of a Fife-shire village, and its income of £30, to what was then the uncleared wilderness of Upper Canada. It is far from improbable that the destined organizer of its Episcopal church had never even seen a Bishop. Episcopacy could be known to him only as a little non-juring community of Scottish separatists, existing outside the pale of legal toleration ; and carrying their zeal for the divine right of the exiled Stuarts so far that, so long as Prince Charles Edward lived, they persistently refused to recognize the reigning family even in their prayers. The death of the prince placed them in a new dilemma. Roman Catholic though he was, his "royal" confirmation had been asked on the consecration of every non-juring bishop. But now their king *de jure*, and the head of their Protestant Church, was a Romish Cardinal, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, on whose tomb in St. Peter's, is inscribed the apocryphal title of Henry IX. King of Eng-

land. To this little sect of Jacobites it is said the Bishop's father belonged. Of his mother's creed there is no question. She was a Presbyterian dissenter of the Scottish Relief Secession.

Of England and its Church Dr. Strachan knew nothing when he set foot in Canada. Had he tarried at home, the probability is that he would have become one of the leaders in the Moderate party of the Church of Scotland ; and as such have proved the uncompromising opponent of his life-long friend, Dr. Chalmers : for whatever he did, he did energetically and uncompromisingly. Ordained by Bishop Mountain, a deacon in 1803, and admitted to priest's orders the following year, Cornwall became the scene of his joint labours as schoolmaster and clergyman. The occupation of his time in the former capacity no doubt greatly curtailed his parochial visitations, yet his intercourse with the people was effectively maintained. The indefatigable energy which survived long after he had passed the allotted term of human life was displayed to its full in those early years. His school vacations were devoted to extensive missionary tours into the widely scattered settlements on every side ; and it was characteristic of him that, though with no taste for music, he succeeded in mastering a long and a short metre tune so as to be able to lead the psalmody, in the primitive services of those early days. He had, indeed, a habit of whistling as he walked with short quick steps in his energetic fashion. But it was the restless index of a mind busily engrossed with many thoughts and plans. An old pupil of his Toronto school describes him in those later years, "distinguished then, as for nearly half a century later, by the antique ecclesiastical costume of a past age." A sign from the established watcher warned the school of his approach, "when a hushed silence would pervade the building, growing in intensity as he himself entered, and continuing unbroken so long as it pleased him

to pace the apartment, toying with the gold seals attached to his watch, and indulging in a subdued continuous whistle, for which he was noted elsewhere also, which seemed to keep time with the motion of some busy thought going on within." The experience of Scottish pastoral and catechising visitations was not lost on him ; and the traditions of Cornwall still perpetuate remembrances of his public and private admonitions, his catechising of old and young : himself be it remembered slight and small of stature, and then of very youthful years ;—and still more the general kindness and humour which he dispensed alike to parents and children. His interest in young people retained all its freshness to the close of his long life ; and hence his great success as a teacher. He had a shrewd discernment of character, and, when it pleased him, great adaptability alike to old and young. His faculty for remembering faces was surprising ; and to the last he would win the hearts of children by his cheery recognition on the street, greeting them by name, and enquiring after all the home circle with unfailing accuracy. In the characteristic autobiographical charge already referred to, he says : "When any came to me who manifested a sincere desire to know the truth, it was my duty as it was my joy to encourage and assist them in their enquiries ; but if they came merely to dispute and wrangle for the sake of victory, I refused to indulge them. By such a course I gradually acquired authority, and, notwithstanding my youth and inexperience, I was able to repress superciliousness and to expose ignorance."

For nine years Mr. Strachan continued to discharge his double duties of Rector and Grammar School Master at Cornwall. In 1811, the death of his friend, Dr. Stuart, left vacant the Rectory of Kingston, to which he aspired. But the Bishop of Quebec transferred the son of the incumbent from York, as Toronto was then styled ; and

in lieu of it Dr. Strachan—recently created D. D. by his old Alma Mater,—was offered the vacant Parish of York. Times have greatly changed since then. In 1811 the Rectory of Toronto was little of a prize. The removal from Cornwall involved the abandonment of its flourishing Grammar School; and though he did at length accept the offer, with the addition of the Chaplainship of the Forces and its salary of £150, we have the authority of his friend and biographer for saying that he conceived himself wronged. He never after cultivated the cordial relations that had previously existed between him and his diocesan; and he even bethought himself of cutting the colony altogether, and returning to Scotland.

The future capital of Ontario was at this time little more than a village, with a few hundred inhabitants. The Indians' wigwams still lingered at the mouth of the Don, and the wild fowl abounded in the neighbouring bay. The old Fifeshire village of Kettle seemed as likely to rise to the rank of a capital city, with cathedral, collegiate and parliamentary buildings, churches, court-houses and crowded marts. It was the good fortune of Dr. Strachan to assume the parochial charge of Toronto while thus in its infancy; and, more than any other single man, he directed the steps through which it advanced with the growth of the province. He was scarcely there a year when its quiet was disturbed by the din of war. America had taken advantage of England's struggle with Napoleon to avenge real or fancied wrongs; and Canada must needs bear the brunt. The victories of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane are the records of her gallant share in the strife. But Toronto has a different tale to tell. General Dearborn's fleet anchored off the town, landed a force of 2,500 men; and the little British garrison, compelled to retire before overwhelming odds, blew up the magazine, killing thereby General Pike, and a number

of his men. At this critical stage Dr. Strachan was put forward as mediator, and by mingled threats and remonstrances, succeeded in rescuing the little town from sack and flames, after the exasperated foe had already begun to fire the public buildings.

Dr. Strachan was now one of the most influential men in the colony. Already one of his pupils was Attorney General; others were among its civil and military leaders; and many more were to succeed to the highest offices in the province. There is now preserved in Trinity College a massive silver epergne, bequeathed by him to the favourite institution of his later years. On its pedestal are engraved the names of forty-two of his pupils, by whom it was presented to him in 1833. These include three chief justices, a bishop, a chancellor, a speaker of the House of Assembly, puisne and county judges, members of parliament, deans, rectors, bankers and doctors. No wonder that he should stamp his character on the young country in which he played his part at so critical a stage. It had been as well to be impressed and moulded to his will.

The early population of Western Canada differed equally from the adventurers of Virginia and the pilgrim-fathers of New England. The loyalists who had flocked in to take possession of the wilderness, when they were then clearing and settling with indomitable industry, had in many cases sacrificed everything to their fidelity to their sovereign and the empire. Some of them were men of birth and culture; all of them were enthusiastically loyal. They had fled from revolution; but not till they had borne their share in the contest, both by word and sword, on behalf of the civil and religious rights that were periled. Society was reduced to a primitive and patriarchal condition; and the management of its affairs was naturally devolved on the recognized chiefs of the little community, as did the rule of the old Hierarchy on its Saxon eoldermen. The U. E. Loyalist was an undisguised Tory of the old

colonial type. General Simcoe, indeed, held a citizen of the new Republic in such undisguised abhorrence, that the British Government abruptly recalled him, to avert a precipitation of the war which broke out at a later date. The new Lieutenant-Governor, and every succeeding one, found a little compact body of loyal councillors, to whose advice they implicitly yielded. The settlers who slowly colonized the young province, had enough to do, at first, in their own struggles with the wilderness, without troubling their heads about colonial administration; and thus there grew up, by the most natural process, a little Canadian aristocracy, the members of which regarded all beyond their privileged pale very much as the old Norman did the Saxon churl. They intermarried and shared among themselves—at first justly enough—all patronage and privileges. It was, in truth, the very realisation of Carlyle's ideal perfection of human government: *la carrière ouverte aux talents*: according to him "our ultimate political evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie."

Such was the natural origin of "the Family Compact," an aristocracy very memorable in later years of Canadian history. Of this Dr. Strachan was the moving spirit. Appointed Rector of York in 1812, he became by Royal warrant a member of the Executive Council in 1818; in 1825 he was made Archdeacon, and in 1839 consecrated Bishop of Toronto, with a diocese extending from the Ottawa westward to Rupert's Land, and northward to the Arctic circle. He had set before his mind the clear aim of establishing in Canada a church supported by tithes and landed endowments after the model of the Church of England in its palmiest days of dominancy and privilege. Richelieu and the Bourbons had found no difficulty in establishing a Gallican unanimity of faith and worship: why might not a corresponding Anglican uniformity be the crowning triumph of British supremacy? Of the very limited powers of an English bishop of that day,

and the easy relations of dean and prebend, archdeacon, rector and vicar with their episcopal head, he knew absolutely nothing by personal experience. He appears to have conceived in his mind an ideal not unlike that which an old Archdeacon of Huntingdon framed, after that memorable visit to Presbyterian Scotland in 1617, in which, with grief of heart, Dr. Laud declared that he found there "no religion at all that he could see!" In carrying out his ideal of a "religious unanimity in the future generations of Protestants who shall occupy these fine and extensive countries," he received hearty support from men who still dreamt in this nineteenth century of an absolute and willing conformity to the Church of England.

The ministers of religion were scarce, and the poor emigrant craved its rites and consolations in any acceptable form. We have heard an old clergyman tell of a Scottish grandame bringing her grandchild to the font. The good man was the sole Protestant minister of a region as large as an English diocese. She had overcome her sectarian prejudices, and watched with interest the novel baptismal service, till he came to make the sign of the cross on the infant's brow, in token of its faithful Christian service hereafter. The Presbyterian prejudices of the old Scottish dame could stand it no longer, and seizing the clergyman by the wrist, she exclaimed: "Na! na! I'll no ha'e the mark o' the beast on my bairn!" With such a community, conciliation was a very needful means towards success. But in carrying out his schemes, conciliation or concession formed no part of Dr. Strachan's plan. His first enthusiastic biographer says of him: "Matters of principle did not, in the Bishop's opinion, admit of conditions, and hence he was always ready to contend for what he believed to be 'pure,' being comparatively indifferent whether the strife was peaceful or the reverse. There was little moderation in his character, and, on

matters theological, less generosity. — Throughout the earlier portion of his life he had absolutely ruled boys, and in his maturer years he had been required conditionally to govern men. He had been accustomed to direct, and not to argue, and when accident imposed the latter duty upon him he seemed occasionally to be seized with a sensation of surprise, apparently because his opinions were questioned, or his judgment doubted. It seldom occurred to him that he might be right only in part, and he rarely doubted that those who opposed him were altogether wrong."

By an Imperial Act of 1791 one seventh of all the unappropriated lands of the province had been reserved "for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy." As surveys proceeded every seventh two-hundred-acre lot in each township was as duly reserved, as the right shoulder of the Hebrews' peace offering was for the sons of Aaron. But the country filled up slowly, and no proceeds were available from the ecclesiastical reserves. Their whole revenue up to the year 1818, when Dr. Strachan was sworn in a privy councillor, had scarcely exceeded £600; and no claim had been made on it for clerical support. In the following year, however, all was changed. The episcopal clergy were incorporated; the great ecclesiastical endowment of the future was entrusted to their management; and ere long the strife began, which went on with ever increasing bitterness till the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves in 1854. The terms in which all other denominations were then spoken of read now as an inconceivable anachronism of this nineteenth century. The ministers of the Church of Scotland were the first to advance a claim to the title of "Protestant;" but the opinion of "John Patterson, an able and rising lawyer in England," was procured by Archdeacon Strachan, to the effect that if they "be let in, there is no reason why any other denomination of dissenters should not also be

admitted; and the words '*a Protestant Clergy*' must then be taken to mean Protestant ministers or teachers—which appears to me absurd." Attorney-General Hagerman enforced the absurdity in this contemptuous fashion: "How can you possibly place yourselves in comparison with the Church of the State, or imagine yourselves anything else in Canada than a merely tolerated sect? Are you not tied down by degrading disabilities? Can your clergymen perform the marriage ceremony even among their own people without having to draw attendance on the contemptible Court of Quarter Sessions? Does not everything show that you are meant to be, and must be, simply a dissenting sect, existing at all in Canada, but by sufferance?" It seemed if the gracious spirit of the martyred La had returned to earth, to conciliate the young province into loving uniformity!

In the arguments by which the exclusive Anglican claims were asserted, dissent and disloyalty were assumed to be nearly synonymous terms; and the idea found many sympathizers in the Home Government though the friends of a wise toleration were not silent. Mr. Dunning, Lord Ashburton had long before asserted that "the offering up to the Creator of that worship which they conceived to be most acceptable to Him, is a natural right of mankind;" while Burke had commended to the colonists "the generous example set by the treaty of Westphalia, by which the worship of the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed Religions, was carried on in the same church on the same day." None could be more remote from the means by which Dr. Strachan hoped to promote the best interests of the province. Sketching the rise and progress of "The Church" in Canada, in his sermon on the death of Bishop Mountain, he speaks of itinerant preachers "who, leaving steady employment, betake themselves to preaching from idleness, or a zeal without knowledge, by which

they are induced, without any preparation, to teach what they do not know, and what, from their pride, they disdain to learn."

For long years the Clergy Reserves proved an ever increasing source of strife and heart-burning. In vain the House of Assembly, as representative of the popular will, protested against this and other grievances, till the revolutionary crash of 1837 compelled the Home Government to interfere, and place the government of the people under their own constitutional control. Seventeen more years elapsed before the strife was ended by the secularization of the Clergy Reserves; but by that time, not only had Presbyterians and Methodists made good their claim to rank as "Protestant clergy," but the Roman Catholic Church was enjoying an equal share with them in this "Protestant" endowment.

It was with a view to the organization of Grammar Schools and a University of the Province, that Dr. Strachan had been originally invited to resign the parish school of Kettle; itself an integral part of the Scottish Established Church. No wonder, therefore, that he devoted himself with characteristic zeal to the organization of District schools, and the establishment of King's College, on sound Church principles. The name of the new college, we imagine, was selected in pleasant memorial of his own Alma Mater. In 1825 Sir Peregrine Maitland sent home a despatch recommending the appropriation of valuable Crown lands for a university endowment, and in the following March Dr. Strachan paid his first visit to England, and saw for himself its cathedrals, parish churches, and universities, in "all the beauty of holiness." There he pushed the scheme of a colonial University on sound Church principles, so effectually, that money, as well as lands, was appropriated for the purpose, and a Royal Charter duly set forth that His Majesty, George IV., "of his special grace ordained that there shall be established at York, in

the Province of Upper Canada, a college, with the style and privileges of a university, to continue for ever, to be called King's College." It also further ordained, "that our trusty and well-beloved, the Right Reverend Father in God, Charles James, Bishop of Quebec" should be Visitor, and the Rev. John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York, President, and his successor in all time coming as archdeacons, to fill the same presidential office. It further provided for seven professors, who "shall be members of the Established United Church of England and Ireland, and shall previously to their admission into the said college council, severally sign and subscribe the thirty-nine articles of religion, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer."

"Complete success" says his biographer, "had crowned the efforts of Dr. Strachan; and the day-dream of his youth and of his mature manhood was at length realized;" and he comments on the admirable charter, as "the most open and liberal that had ever been granted," since it exempted undergraduates in other faculties than Divinity from religious tests. In reality, the "complete success" was of a very equivocal kind. The charter proved wholly unworkable; and the university which His Majesty, King George IV. had graciously declared should "continue for ever," never existed in any other form than the parchment adorned with his royal autograph. So in 1827 we again find Dr. Strachan in England, once more prosecuting his suit for a workable university charter, on Church principles. While busily engaged writing pamphlets—"An appeal in favour of our college;" another on emigration; an abstract of colonial reports for the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, &c.—he found time to enjoy English society; was present at an Oxford commemoration; made a run to Scotland; spent some pleasant days with his old friends, Professors Hunter and Duncan, and Dr. Chalmers, at St. Andrews; visited his brother at Aberdeen; and



in London mingled with the varied circles of the great metropolis. His letters tell of meetings with Malthus, Horne Tooke, Lockhart, Wilkie, the poet Campbell, &c., in addition to the statesmen with whom his diplomatic mission lay. While still prosecuting his suit, the dissolution of the Liverpool Administration transferred the Government to other hands; but he was able to write home: "I am happy to tell you that I had the good fortune to accomplish the most material parts of my mission before the crash of the Ministry took place. My University charter issued on the 22nd of March." Again he writes, characteristically, "I got Lord Bathurst to give directions concerning the endowment of our University, a few days before he resigned; and one of the very last despatches that his lordship signed was one settling our Courts of Law upon a basis which I had drawn up; for you see, we colonists are obliged to turn our hand to everything." He applies to Oxford, unsuccessfully, for books for the University library; in spite of the opposition of Bishop Bloomfield, he gets a more favourable response from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; obtains from the Church Missionary Society a promise of £100 per annum for a Professor of the Indian languages and a corresponding sum to educate Indian missionaries; and so he turns his face homeward, happy in the conviction that he had not laboured in vain.

What he did return to was, as his biographer says, "a storm of unprecedented fierceness," based on his home representations as to Church matters in Canada. According to his own description to a friend in Scotland: "The flood-gates of a most licentious press were opened upon me." But he adds, "having very good nerves, I permitted them to rail on and, conscious of my integrity, I maintained an invariable silence." This did not, however, preclude a defence of himself in the Legislative Council, in which he maintained the exclu-

sive rights of "The Church" to the whole Clergy Reserves, and triumphantly produced the legal opinion already quoted, which characterised the claim of the clergy of the Kirk of Scotland to be a Protestant clergy as "absurd."

Meanwhile one step was secured by the establishment of Upper Canada College, the great public school of the province. As to the University, as Bishop Bethune says, "all that was done for many subsequent years was to quarrel over the details of its charter, and have it modified, if possible into such a shape as would meet the popular demands." Sir James Mackintosh had wisely remarked of the original charter: "I see with astonishment, that in a country where the majority of the people do not belong to the Church of England, the professors must all sign the thirty-nine articles; so that if Adam Smith were alive, he could not fill the chair of Political Economy; and Dr. Black would be excluded from the chair of Chemistry. In short, these regulations would exclude almost all the great teachers and illustrious men of the last age, and too in a country where no such thing as a Test Act is known." Lord Stanley in his manner contended that "if any exclusive privileges be given to the Church of England, the measure will be repugnant to every principle of sound legislation." The old charter was utterly impracticable. In the new one, Bishop Bethune says, "King's College, with its original features materially changed, there was nevertheless much retained that would remind the world of its being a Christian and a Church institution": and this was even more strongly manifest in its personal organisation.

The history of the struggle which followed is that of one which has since been carried on at home with little less bitterness and with like results. A Committee of the British House of Commons recommended the abolition of all tests, and the establishment of theological chairs, at least

of the Presbyterian as well as the Episcopal Church. By such means the different denominations have been successfully united in the common work of higher education in an Australian colony; but Dr. Strachan would hear of no compromise. In all his addresses and appeals the Bishop showed his absolute conviction that his Church was "The Church," his faith, "The Faith"; nor was it wholly without provocation that his antagonists loved to remind him that he had come to Canada a member of the very Church he was forward to denounce as schismatical. Lord Goderich pressed on him the proposal to receive one half of the University endowment as the exclusive property of the Church of England, with the original charter unchanged; and Bishop Bethune does not conceal his conviction that there was little wisdom shown by his predecessor in the refusal of so liberal an offer. What he did get, instead of this, was a college of which he was still president, a staff of professors actually, though not necessarily, of the Church of England, a Divinity faculty of the same church, and a college chapel conducted according to the forms of the English Prayer Book, but from attendance on which students of other denominations were exempted.

In 1841 Sir Charles Bagot succeeded to the Colonial Governorship left vacant by the death of Lord Sydenham. He was a man of culture, and took a warm interest in university organization. Advantage was accordingly taken of his countenance and favour to inaugurate the new college with all becoming ceremonial. On St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1842, the corner stone of King's College was laid by his Excellency in person. The description of "the vast procession," and all its magnificent accompaniments, receives due prominence in the Bishop's biography:—"The sun shone out with cloudless meridian splendour on perhaps the fairest scene that Canada has ever beheld. The Governor's rich Lord Lieu-

tenant's dress, the Bishop's seemly vestments, the judicial ermine of the Chief Justice, the splendid convocation robes of Dr. McCaul, the gorgeous uniforms of the suite, the neat accoutrements of the firemen,"—and so the "glorious spectacle" is recorded to its minutest details. "To none was this a more joyous day than to the Bishop of Toronto." Alas for the brightest human hopes! The building thus auspiciously begun, remains an incompleated fragment. It has long ceased to resound with the prelections of professors or the exuberant demonstrations of undergraduates. But—

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied;"

and so the Canadian Government turned it to account as a branch of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. But this is an incident of recent years. At the earlier date now referred to, all seemed replete with promise of success. The unoccupied Parliamentary Buildings were temporarily appropriated to the use of the college; its senate chamber was fitted up with stalls and other appliances as a college chapel; and to some, at least, the long-delayed triumph of Governor Simcoe's plans for higher education seemed happily accomplished. Professors of Divinity, Classics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry were appointed. On the 8th of June, 1843, the college was publicly opened. In spite of its modified charter it was still, as Bishop Bethune says, "thoroughly English in tone and style; the changes effected were, practically, merely sentimental; they had no bearing or influence on its work or its spirit." "The solemnities of the day," says the *Church* newspaper, "commenced with the performance of Divine service in the college chapel," and the addresses and inaugural lectures which followed, are pronounced by the same authority "to have added fresh lustre to the theological, literary and scientific character of that best instructor of Britons,—the Church of the Empire." It was an unpropitious announcement.

"There was," says the Bishop's biographer, "an undisguised jealousy of its connection with the Church;" and it may be doubted if the steps which were taken were calculated to allay such jealousy.

Bishop Bethune, in detailing all the gratifying incidents of the Triennial Episcopal Visitation, only four years later: the Bishop's impressive address, his earnestness and practical manner of exhibiting "the Church as a bulwark against heresy and schism," and "the readiness with which Dissenters cast off all regard for the forms and usages of the Church of the Apostles;"—closes with an enthusiastic description of the special choral services in the Chapel of the University of King's College, with its "plaintive tone of sacred song, conducted by the rule of the ancient chants," and "the AMEN of the choristers and people, following the dirge-like petitions of the minister," at the close of which the clergy repaired to the episcopal residence, or "Palace," as it was customarily called. The plain, substantial red brick dwelling aspired to no palatial magnificence; but the old Bishop used to repeat, good-humouredly, the exclamation of his brother, who made his way from Aberdeen to the episcopal mansion; and, lost in wonder at his brother's good fortune, exclaimed in homely vernacular: "Eh! Jock! is a' this honestly come by?" The associations of that deserted mansion are replete with memories of genial hospitality, wit, and kindly humour to many. The host was full of anecdote about the events and characters of early Canadian history; and the guest who sat down for the first time at the Bishop's table, was surprised to find that the uncompromising antagonist of every ecclesiastical and political opponent, could welcome those very men to his table, and make their differences the subject of lively banter and repartee. But this pointed to no concession or compromise on such points of difference.

To this hospitable mansion the clergy re-

paired from the Choral Service of King's College Chapel, on the evening of the 3rd of June, 1847, to partake of the hospitalities customary at those triennial assemblages, and to present to him a massive silver ink-stand, since appropriated to the use of his episcopal successors in perpetuity. No wonder that the impressions produced by all this were "of the most gratifying and refreshing nature" to Churchmen; but as for the "Dissenters," whose lack of "deference to the authority of the Church" had been one of the special subjects of denunciation in the Triennial Address of the morning: some of the proceedings were little calculated to persuade them that they had yet got a college in which students of all sects and creeds were to enjoy equal rights and privileges. In reality the University question was not happily involved in all the bitterness of ecclesiastical rivalry in regard to Clergy reserves and other matters; and so ere long the Episcopal King's College had a rival Presbyterian Queen's College, and a Roman Catholic Regiopoli College at Kingston, a Methodist Victoria College at Cobourg, and in recent years, an Episcopal Methodist Albert College at Belleville: of all which Dr. Strachan may be very legitimately regarded as founder. But the good Bishop went on his way without doubt or hesitation. His heart was set on the realisation of a grand ideal, which he did accomplish at last, though after a very different fashion from that of his youthful dream.

When the full control of provincial government was conceded to the Canadian Legislature, the education question was anew taken in hand. A general scheme of Grammar and Common Schools was adopted on strictly non-denominational principles: and the University of King's College was reorganized in harmony with the general scheme. The leading object of the new University Bill was to place all denominations on a perfect equality; or, as the Bishop stated, in his protest, "to place all forms of error

upon an equality with truth, by patronizing equally within the same institution an unlimited number of sects whose doctrines are absolutely irreconcilable"; a principle which he accordingly denounced as "atheistical" and more monstrous in its inevitable results than the madness of the French Revolution!

With such views any further relations with the remodelled University were impossible. The Bishop seemed to have spent the labour of a life-time for nought. He now set to work with characteristic energy to establish a Church University, on the model of his original charter; headed the subscription list with his own generous gift of £1,000; appealed for contributions in money and land; and after meeting with a hearty response from his own people, the aged Bishop, now in his seventy-third year, started once more for England, and there obtained £15,000 sterling in money, and the promise of a Royal charter for a new college, which should realise all that had been guaranteed in the abortive charter of George IV. upwards of a quarter of a century before. On the 30th of April, 1851, another foundation-stone was laid. The bishop himself now officiated. He pronounced the new College to be "a burst of Christian benevolence, to remedy an intolerable act of injustice; and to prove that all oppression is short-sighted, and sure in God's own time to be overruled for good. It is," said he, "peculiarly the child of the Church; from her it springs, and under her wing it desires to nestle;" and so Trinity College was inaugurated, and now stands the most fitting and worthy monument of the venerable Bishop, to whose energy and indomitable zeal its existence and its special characteristics as an exclusive Church institution are alike due.

But the courageous resolution and intrepidity of Dr. Strachan found in other ways fitting opportunities for their exertion. Not a few of his own doings, both as Executive Councillor and Bishop were regarded by op-

ponents as high-handed enough. When a like course roused him to opposition, he proved all the more formidable as an antagonist. The war of 1812 was no sooner well over than the soldiers and sailors who had served in the defence of Canada in many cases returned to settle in its clearings. The Bathurst district was chiefly filled up by a sturdy band of Scottish emigrants; and then, in their wake, followed the Earl of Selkirk, with a scheme for settling the Red River region of the far West, which, had it been encouraged might have rescued that wilderness from Crees and buffaloes, and organized the Province of Manitoba a full half century earlier. But rival fur companies watched the project with distrust, and the Scottish Earl, finding his project thwarted where the only law was that of force, adopted "the good old rule, the simple plan;" and so Montreal, the head quarters of the North-West Fur Company, was startled with the news that he and his Scottish followers had captured Fort William, and imprisoned the company's factors. Dr. Strachan had no idea of neutrality. He threw himself with characteristic energy into the contest and wrote a pamphlet against Lord Selkirk, exposing both his acts and aims as opposed to right and justice. Whatever may now be thought of the merits of the question as a whole, the collision between the rival parties had been attended with acts of violence and bloodshed, such as a Christian minister might well denounce; and so Lord Selkirk made a hasty retreat home.

But it is with no mingling doubt as to the merits of the cause that we turn to contemplate him as a Christian minister, in all the charitable social relations of life. His cheery greeting, and kindly sympathetic enquiries for the afflicted, were neither limited to the circle of his friends, nor to the members of his own communion. There, at least he was catholic in the largest sense. If the most uncompromising opponent—the clerical abettor of denominational poachers on his Clerical Reserves fund, the

political pamphleteer, or newspaper assailant of his cherished schemes—were laid prostrate by sickness, Dr. Strachan was among the foremost with proffered sympathy, or, if need were, substantial aid. With open heart and liberal hand he dispensed the charities of a generous nature; and in the hour of convalescence would cheer his old antagonist with bantering challenge to renewed warfare. It is pleasant so to think of him: welcome wherever he visited, in joy or sorrow, and everywhere a special favourite with the young. His kindly greeting was shared even by the household dog; and in his own later years, not the least characteristic feature of the bishop's library was his huge tom-cat comfortably coiled on the well-cushioned easy chair. Or again, in equally pleasant contrast to such homely scenes, we recall him on his long and toilsome missionary tours and episcopal visitations, undaunted by cold, hunger, fatigue, or privation; as genial and kindly among the poor settlers in their frontier log-cabin, as in the best society that Toronto could supply; and even in old age shaming the youngest of his clergy by the cheerfulness with which he bore the inevitable fastings and privations of their journeys into the wilds of Canada. Again, his fearless labours attract attention under another aspect. When during the terrible outbreak of cholera in 1832, it was computed that a fourth of the whole population of Toronto were attacked, and upwards of a twelfth died of the malignant disease. While hundreds were fleeing from the plague-stricken city, Dr. Strachan devoted himself to tending on the sick and dying with such self-sacrificing zeal, that the admiration excited by his conduct found ex-

pression in the form of a beautiful silver vase presented to him by his fellow-citizens, the inscription on which records that it is a memorial of respect and gratitude for his fearless and humane devotion to the duties of Christian philanthropy during the visitation of an appalling pestilence.

As his long and busy life drew towards its end, many of the earlier causes of strife and contention had been removed; and it seemed as if the calm of a beautiful autumn evening gathered around life's close. The hand of time had been laid gently on him; yet as he approached his ninetieth year it was impossible that he should not feel the pressure of many exacting official duties. In 1866 accordingly, his old pupil and friend, Dr. A. N. Bethune, Archdeacon of Toronto, was elected his coadjutor in the episcopate, and he felt himself free to spend the few remaining months of life in kindly, genial intercourse with old friends, and with some who had been old opponents. When at length, on the 1st of November, 1867, he expired at the venerable age of ninety, men of all creeds in religion and in politics united to do honour to his memory. His integrity of purpose was universally acknowledged; his liberal charities, so unostentatiously distributed, were recalled with grateful recognition; and many were ready to own that they owed to his generosity the assistance which had been rendered to them in the hour of adversity, or the means which enabled them to start on a successful career. He was a man of mark; and whatever be thought of the ideal he pursued with such zeal and singleness of purpose, he has left his enduring impress on the country of his adoption.

## BOOKS.

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

*"My library was dukedom large enough."**—Shakspeare.*

WE once heard an enthusiastic hunter, after an exciting day's sport, exclaim, "Surely the man who does not love hunting can have no soul!" The hunting spirit never having got hold of us, we therefore could hardly join in the sentiment. But we have sometimes thought that the man who does not love books must be sadly deficient somewhere in the upper story. We have even wondered if he could have any upper story at all, when he preferred to live away down among the grubs and the gossips, to associating with the great immortals. But be that as it may, some men never read any thing but the "prices current," catalogues and almanacs. Others read merely for amusement, or to help to pass an idle hour, or put in a rainy day, and could do well enough without it. But with us books are an every day necessity, and have been so ever since that long delightful summer of our boyhood when we lived on the Island of Juan Fernandez in company with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. That was our first acquaintance with books—it was indeed an era in our existence, for it shaped and coloured our life-long journey. After leaving the island we set out on our travels with Mungo Park through the centre of Africa; and after "doing that region," we started on a voyage of discovery with Captain Cook, and after circumnavigating the world, returned only to set out again for "fresh fields and pastures new"—to range through the kingdoms of science, literature and art. We are likely to continue our journey to the end of life's chapter, for the more we travel the farther

the fields extend, and are all the time growing more wonderful and incomprehensible,

*"And realms of which we nothing know,  
Keep multiplying as we go."*

"Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do convey a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul was, whose progeny they were: nay, they do preserve as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them." To us they are veritable beings, living souls, dear companions! to whom we go in joy or in sorrow. Our experiences, good or bad, are not new to them, for they have felt exactly as we feel, and can therefore sympathize with us, and in the deepest and the darkest hour we hear their voices whispering "courage."

Books are the mirrors of humanity; yea, the stage on which the dead appear to reenact "life's tragedy again." Most people do not believe in ghosts. But look there! what is that? Lo! it is the "melancholy Dane," still soliloquizing, and exclaiming,

*"To be or not to be!"*

And here comes something far more wonderful than any ghost, even Falstaff himself, lacking not an ounce of flesh, and hale and hearty as when he fought the "men in buckram." There also comes the knight of La Mancha, still prancing on his Rosinante and exclaiming, "There is still sunshine on the wall." Lift a volume, open the leaves, and lo! as if by magic, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Babylon and Assyria appear, and pass like panoramic pictures before us, with Britain and America in the distance, and many more following each other like the progeny

of Banquo, "as if the line would stretch out to the crack of doom."

There are some books of which we never weary, for they are fresh and new after the fiftieth reading. We never fathom them, for they are deep wells of thought, from which the bucket always comes up overflowing. Every time we drink at those inexhaustible fountains we are refreshed; every time we look into their unfathomable depths we are filled with awe and wonder, and are elevated thereby. When we open a real book we cease to be ourselves, we get into the author's sphere, and he literally takes possession of us; we see with his eyes, we hear with his ears, think with his mind, and judge with his understanding. He recreates all nature for us anew, and we are mirthful or melancholy at his pleasure. If we open "*Paradise Lost*," we are instantly taken away from this little petty peddling, bargain-making time, and transported into the dawn of a glorious day, and the beings with whom we come in contact are all of preternatural stature, and have a shadowy grandeur about them; and we wonder at the degeneracy of mankind. People tell us they do not believe in magic, and yet what magic there is in thus giving to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name"! What magic in thus giving to immaterial thought a permanent form, which defies the power of space, of death, and time! We can never be without good company if we have a few good books, for they contain the life experiences of the greatest men. We can have their opinion on all the great problems that have perplexed mankind. They are raised above the petty passions and interests of the hour, and talk to us with a sublime serenity. What a joy they have always been to the sad and the solitary! They have peopled the desert, and filled the solitude with aerial

voices, and introduced even to the shanty of the backwoodsman, company that a king might envy.

At one period it was our lot to live away back in the bush, where intercourse with our fellow men was rare, and save for the few books we had, the solitude would have been insupportable. But we were not without company, for

My cabin seemed a whole world-wide,  
Kings entered in without their pride,  
And warriors laid their swords aside.

There came the Saxon, there the Celt,  
And all had knelt where I had knelt,  
For all had felt what I had felt.

I saw, from clime and creed apart,  
Heaving beneath their robes of art,  
One universal human heart.

And Homer and Sir Walter Scott  
Came to me in that humble cot,  
And cheered with tales my lowly lot.

And Burns came singing songs divine,  
His great heart heaving in each line;  
A glorious company was mine!

I was the brother of the great!  
Shakespeare himself on me did wait  
With leaves torn from the Book of Fate.

They asked me not of rank or creed,  
And yet supplied my spirit's need:  
O they were comforters indeed!

And showed me by their magic art,  
Those awful things at which we start—  
That hover round the human heart—

Fate, ever watching with her shears,  
And mixing all our hopes with fears,  
And drenching all our joys with tears.

They showed how contradictions throng—  
How, by our weakness, we are strong;  
And how we're righted by the wrong;

Unveiled new regions to my sight,  
Transformed the weary winter's night,  
Into a spring-time of delight.

## THE NINE HOURS' MOVEMENT.

BY C. HENRY STEPHENS.

IT is not our purpose to argue this question from any particular point of view, or to speak of it with any object other than that of obtaining as much light on the question as possible, and aiding society, as far as in us lies, in its proper solution.

It is a question—next to that of war or peace, of life or death—of paramount importance to all classes, and affects all in a greater or less degree. It is a question, moreover, of so complicated and intricate a nature, that it requires not only the most careful study, but facilities for examining it in all its bearings, in order to form anything like a just idea of its operation and results. We therefore propose to consider it by the light of whatever data and sagacity we can bring to bear upon it, from these two points:

From what it springs.

To what it tends.

That there is a great social revolution going on in the world, is a fact patent to the most casual observer. Nor is this to be considered in itself as new or strange. At no period in the history of the world, we believe, has its social condition been entirely at rest—at least among civilized nations. The nature of civilization is revolutionary and progressive. Among savage and barbarous nations—such as the negroes of South Africa or the natives of the South Sea Isles—the social status is necessarily always the same. It is true they acknowledge a chief or king, as the case may be; but besides these, distinctions of class—of high and low, of rich and poor, of educated and illiterate, of employer and working-man—are unknown.

And as it is these which constitute what

we call social condition, the status must ever remain the same, the elements of change being wanting. But in civilized life these elements are as numerous as the sands on the sea shore, and subject to almost as many changes. Those which are uppermost to-day, airing themselves in all the sunshine of prosperity, are to-morrow borne down by the waves of an ever-changing existence and buried fathoms deep in obscurity. In like manner others, who for long years have remained unseen, unknown, unheard of, are continually being brought to the surface by the same influences. The more modern and advanced the civilization, the more rapid and varied these changes become—the more numerous the elements and the more indistinguishable the shades of difference between them. When civilization was in its crude and early stages the distinctions between class and class were more marked and striking and the mutations less rapid. Whole centuries were required to effect as great a revolution in the social arrangements of a people then as can now be accomplished in a single year. The action was more like the encroachments of the ocean on its banks, than the shifting of the sands which composed them.

These lines of separation, however, instead of being worn away and obliterated by the process, have, on the contrary, been parcelled out and divided up into innumerable smaller ones; so that in a division of society, where one line could be drawn before, there may now be drawn twenty. The working-man commenced as a serf and the employer as a lord. It was so in old Rome,



and it was so also in new Britain. The changes in social status were slow, and the progress of civilization was still slower. The former, indeed, may be said to have been a constituent and essential part of the latter ; whether it will continue so, or not, still remains to be seen. In the course of ages, the great wall of separation between the employer and working-man was broken down. The serf was made free ; was conceded the right of enjoying the fruits of his labours ; was conceded the right to liberty of action, within certain restrictions necessary to the protection and welfare of society ; was conceded the right of education and the right to call himself a representative man and a constituent part of the state.

But the breaking up of one distinction created "a hundred others new." The right of the working-man to the fruit of his own labour gave rise to an aristocracy of wealth, and in process of time to a thousand subordinate distinctions of this nature ; and the right of education, to a thousand differences in learning and intelligence. In this manner society has become so complicated and the interests of society so varied and conflicting, that legislation is entirely unable to keep pace with it ; and all the experience of the past, all the wisdom bequeathed to us by our ancestors, and all the advantages of the present generation, utterly fail to furnish our modern economists with a solution of the social problems of the day. Unceasingly, remorselessly the stream of time carries away now that pleasant point of land on which thousands have stood securely in by-gone days and watched the rolling of its tide ; and now that jutting rock, which was once so firm and strong as to challenge the admiration of all, leaves the statesman, who has devoted all his life to these questions, lost in bewilderment and doubt and unable to do more than utter the most random speculations as to the result.

Throughout all these changes it is worthy of remark, that the career of the working-man

has resembled very much a triumphal progress, in the midst of which the words "Onward and Upward" have ever been conspicuous. The serf has possessed himself of freedom, of education, of representation, and of a power which, in this work-a-day world, controls, to a great extent, the operations of trade, and dictates terms even at the foot of the throne.

The working-man becomes a guild, a league, a body corporate, at whose meetings the highest in the land are proud to preside—a political army at whose head are found those of great intellect and of titled birth, both alike ambitious of leading them on. Have they anything to ask of the state, hundreds of supple tongues are ready to become their champions ; have they a grievance to redress or a whim to carry out, an impecunious press stands willing to espouse their cause. They are "The People," and woe to the man or the institution which would say them nay.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding the advantages which the working-man of to-day possesses over him of ten, five or one hundred years ago, it is unfortunately too true that he is but the working-man after all. He is the man who labours from a stated hour in the morning until a stated hour in the evening to earn bread for his family and himself ; he is the man who lives in a humble tenement, who dresses in a humble garb and, socially, commands the least influence and respect. This we fear must continue to be the normal and unalterable condition of the working-man despite all the changes of time and the concessions of his fellow-creatures. It is impossible, we well know, for all to be wealthy, for all to be capitalists and employers, and, that being so, it is unavoidable that he who has least money, who has the fewest elements of social strength in his possession, shall occupy, in appearance at least, a position inferior to his who commands both money and influence. This is an inevitable

corollary of our existence ; but, while admitting its absoluteness, we cannot but admit, in contemplating the design and governance of the Almighty-Ruler of the Universe, how imperative it is that the capitalist who possesses power and means should concede all that can be conceded to the comfort and amelioration of the condition of the working-man, consistently with the general welfare of the state and of society. Placing the two classes—employer and employed—on an equal footing as far as civil rights are concerned, it may be and has been argued, that perfect justice is done. It has been said that the employee, if he do not like one situation or locality, can go to another, and that no employer can force a man to work against his will. But it has been proved that this is a very poor sort of justice indeed. It has been found not only that he was entitled to perfect freedom in this respect, but that legislation was actually necessary, as far as it dared to interpose between him and the exactions of his taskmaster.

But legislation could not go far enough in the matter. It could not raise the standard of wages or dictate the terms of the agreement between employer and employee in any respect. But of late years a remedy has been found. The philosopher's stone of the working-classes has been discovered—"Union is Strength."

By this they have done what legislation could not do, and which, carried to its ultimate consequences, must create a revolution of no mean magnitude in the social world. It has already emancipated them from a state of servile dependence, and raised them to a position of something like equality with their employers. It was but a few weeks ago that the foreman of a manufacturing establishment in this country, on being requested by the proprietors to discharge one of the hands, refused to do so ; and when the employer did so himself, the whole establishment struck work, and the unfortunate proprietor was allowed to help himself

in the best way he could. What the upshot of the strike was we cannot say, but the incident is a very fair indication of the power of which workingmen are beginning to feel themselves possessed ; and it is this consciousness of power that has led to the present agitation for a lessening of the hours of labour.

What are the natural tendencies of that agitation, and what its probable results, we have yet to consider.

As we write, the news comes that the operatives in the flax mills of Leeds have struck for a reduction of their time of labour to nine hours a day. "The number of persons on strike," says the telegram, "is estimated at between 10,000 and 11,000." Ten thousand people—an army—in one town ! What a power to work with, a power which gives to every request the force of a determinate demand, and one which cannot be lightly disregarded. The nine-hours' movement is the latest development of that restless progressive spirit of civilization of which we have been speaking. It is now about four years old, and is the offspring of the labouring classes in the United States. Several times the matter was brought up in Congress, and urged with more or less energy and force of argument, by those who had undertaken to champion it.

It was thrown out on two different occasions, but was at last carried, and is now in operation in the public works of the different States.

There is, however, one important difference to be noted, and that is, that there it is eight hours instead of nine, but only eight are paid for. And, moreover, so far as these concessions are concerned, no branch of trade is affected thereby, as no branch of trade is dependent on them. What the effect on the men themselves is we are unable to say ; but we presume they enjoy their extra time for recreation as best they can, without being either much wiser, richer or happier for the change. The movement next made its ap-

pearance in England. Last spring the engineers of Sunderland demanded the reduction of time to nine hours, and stopped work until they got it. The joiners and carpenters of Newcastle and Gateshead followed suit, and in these places held out from May until September, a period of four months. In the latter month the agitation broke out in New York, and on Wednesday, the 13th of September, a procession of over 25,000 persons was held in that city, composed of mechanics and labouring men "on strike." From there the contagion has at last spread to Canada, and bids fair, in a short time, to be raging with considerable fury.

And what are the arguments put forward to justify this despotism of the working classes? Is their time of labour oppressive? Is their condition such as demands amendment? We fear this last question must be answered in the affirmative. In the large manufacturing towns and cities the operative or mechanic does not get his share of the comforts of life, considering his importance in the community, and the amount of labour he performs. This is more especially the case in the large manufacturing centres of England and the United States. There the working-man learns what it is to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, almost before he can comprehend the meaning of the phrase.

He toils on from year to year, he develops his physical and muscular powers, he arrives at manhood, he marries and begets children, and, though he obtains work from one end of the year to the other—regular and un-intermitting work—he finds that he has almost more than he can accomplish to provide the necessaries of life for those dependent on him. If his family be large, his labour has often to be supplemented by that of his wife, to provide even these; and, if he yield at all to the great curse of the civilized world, and spend his pennies in taverns, his way of life is thorny indeed.

And when we consider that this condition of affairs is shared in by what we—both English and American—are fond of designating a free and enlightened people, we cannot wonder that they will do what they can towards amelioration. We cannot wonder that they will league themselves together and do all in their power to improve their position and to render it more in accordance with the plain rules of justice. They argue, and no doubt with reason, that the man who does a hard, honest day's work every lawful day in the year, is entitled to as much of the fruits of his labour as will keep him in decency and comfort. But will a reduction in the hours of labour effect this much desired improvement? We confess we cannot see how. Even admitting that he will be drawing the same amount of wages at the end of the week, will he have gained by the change? Not at all: but, on the contrary, if the movement be a general one in the branch of trade or manufactures to which he belongs, the price of that article will necessarily rise.

And though it may not affect him directly or materially, still, "what is sauce for the goose," according to the time-honoured proverb, "is sauce also for the gander"; and the other branches of trade and manufactures will necessarily do the same thing: and the price of everything affected thereby will naturally rise ten per cent. to balance the account. This is inevitable. Even assuming that the manufacturer and other employer of regular labour will be induced to concede one hour out of the day's work, and pay the same price for the balance, it cannot be supposed for a moment that he is going to hand over to his employees a tenth part of the value he is accustomed to receive from them.

The merest tyro in human affairs would laugh at such an idea. He would tell you that the manufacture, whatever it may be, must be raised in proportion; and the farmer, finding he has to pay more for manu-

factured goods, must raise his produce accordingly; and the employee in turn must pay more for both. This is the circle in which the current of trade runs, and in which—no matter how the current may for the time being be disturbed—the common level must be maintained. Thus, if the operatives in boot and shoe factories demand the nine hours' system, and it is conceded to them, boots and shoes will inevitably rise all over the country; and, if this be the case with other fabricated articles in general use, there will follow an upward tendency in every article of household consumption. The result would be just the same as if the labouring power of the country were reduced by one-tenth, creating a scarcity of labour. Every one knows that when this has been the case, high prices have ruled. The operation of trade in this respect is as simple as the action of a water course, which goes up hill or down hill according as it finds its proper level. It will be easily seen then that the working-man would gain but little pecuniarily by the change.

There is another phase of the subject, and one which, notwithstanding it has been already pretty thoroughly discussed in the press and elsewhere, it would be well to consider. This is the system of coercion—the tone of absolutism which the Labour League has thought proper to adopt. Without laughing as *Punch* did, a year or two ago, when a body of tailors on strike in London published their "ultimatum," it is impossible to regard the action of the League as other than ill-advised and foolish. When one considers the impracticability of applying any inflexible rule to all parts of the country, and to all departments of trade, the folly is at once apparent. What may be expedient in one case may be wholly inexpedient in another. Where it may be simple justice in one case, it may involve a gross injustice in another. Thus there are some trades which are peculiarly exhausting, and some which

are peculiarly unhealthy; while others, on the contrary, are not only neither of these, but are absolutely conducive to health and happiness when engaged in at the moderate rate of ten hours per day. Of the two former classes are iron-smelting, painting, stone-cutting, and glass-blowing. These are occupations the least of all to be envied, and those engaged in them are entitled to as much indulgence as possible in this respect. In opposition to these may be placed such occupations as that of a carpenter, a machinist, or a civil engineer, where the interest is so well sustained, where the proportions of physical and mental labour are so nicely balanced as to render them a pleasure rather than a burden. In cases like these there would be an injustice, not only to the employer but to the workmen themselves, in forcing them, if such a thing were possible, to work a smaller number of hours than they found expedient and profitable. In some cases again, and eminently those first above mentioned, very little risk is incurred in shortening the hours of labour, inasmuch as those branches of trade are not subject to such international competition as to be affected materially by a change of this kind; while others, on the contrary, such as the manufacturers of cottons, woollens, and leathers might suffer very sensibly from this cause. Nor does it seem that the operatives in these branches are at all oppressed by working ten hours a day. Tanning, without being peculiarly fatiguing, is notoriously a healthy occupation, while the work in cotton and woollen factories is so light as to be supplied chiefly by boys and girls. It may be said that this very fact would make it desirable to shorten the hours of labour. It may be urged that ten hours work is too great a strain on the physical endurance of one of premature years, but those who have had opportunities of observing, must have noticed that the great majority of boys and girls employed in factories go to and leave their work with just as much cheerfulness as others,

more fortunately situated go to or leave school ; and, that they are, the year through, as healthy, contented and happy. And then there is, besides the impracticability of attempting to apply one rule to all branches of industry with anything like justice, the apprehension and distrust which may arise from the imperative, dogmatical manner in which the League has gone to work. We grant them the most perfect right to speak of their "ultimatum," and use any expressions with which an unabridged Webster may provide them, or which may be used by any other class of people, proletarian or capitalist, gentle or simple. But there can be no doubt that when a comparatively small body of workmen—at least a small proportion of the population of the country—can league themselves together and demand that this or that system shall be adopted one or two months hence throughout the land, it is time that society should wake up to a knowledge of the fact, that money is no longer the ruling power of the commercial world, and that the old terms of master and man must be speedily reversed. It is time it should awake if only to realize the new position in which it stands, and learn to adapt itself to the new order of things. There can be no doubt that the threatening stand which the working-men have taken is unwise. Every one must admit that it is calculated to sow distrust between the two great classes of society, and to frighten capital from the country. It is not the interest of the capitalist only, but that of the working-man in particular, that the most cordial understanding should exist between the two. To destroy this is to discourage the investment of capital in those very branches of industry which employ the greatest number of people.

There is another aspect of the question, however, and one which makes it incumbent on employers to move very cautiously in the matter. It will not do for them, however much they may be convinced of the justice of the

step to accede too hastily to the demand for a reduction of time. We believe some may be led to do this from a fondness for the little temporary popularity they may gain by it, without duly considering the consequences which are to follow. It is possible that the action of a single firm may cause such a disturbance in that particular branch of trade as to be fatal to the standing, not only of themselves, but of many others in all parts of the country. A whole department of manufactures may be placed in such a position in relation to other countries as to be entirely destroyed.

Canada is now struggling in the manufacture of cottons, woollens, and other staple branches of commerce to compete with other and older countries, where, notwithstanding that labour is very much cheaper there than it is here, or can be expected to be for many years, they have strenuously opposed for the most part any concession of this kind. We have already seen that such a movement if generally carried out must inevitably raise the price of manufactured goods and must, in an inverse proportion to this increase, lower our ability to compete with other countries ; and this too when many are crying out against the small modicum of protection afforded to our manufacturers already. This is a phase of the subject which requires the most careful consideration.

The great difficulty with writers on this question generally is that they can only see it from one point of view—either as employers or employees ; and some of them, in their eagerness to establish their case, step right over the question, and unconsciously argue against themselves. Thus, a writer in a prominent daily journal, discussing the matter on behalf of the working-men, says that if the labour of 5000 men a day were reduced by an hour each, 500 men would not be lost to the community, as they would still remain as consumers, while other 500 would come in to make up the difference. This, on examination, will be found to be

very poor logic, if indeed it contain any logic at all, for its argument is rather implied than stated. We cannot see how either the working-man or the country is to be benefited by the result which is pointed out. If that man is a blessing to his country who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, then surely 500 men who produce nothing, but who are fed by the labour of others, must be the very reverse. This is the true light in which to place the question. And again, how is it to benefit the working-man that every thing he has to buy, already higher than he has been accustomed to pay for it, owing to a reduction of labour, is raised still higher by the fact that there are so many more to feed who produce nothing? The same writer goes on to ask :—"what right have the buyers in Europe to expect that Canadian workmen will manufacture at a figure to suit their pockets? especially as many of this class came here to escape the degradingly low wages prevailing in some parts of that continent?" This is the most childish argument imaginable.—Does the workman anywhere ever manufacture to suit the pockets of the buyer? Or, as we suppose he means, what right has the manufacturer here to produce a cheap article so as to suit the pockets of the buyer elsewhere?

Except it is to support himself and find employment for his workmen, we confess the question is unanswerable. If his employer did not manufacture so as to compete with other countries, whether cheap labour is employed or not, what would be the result to the workman? Would he get higher wages? Scarcely! The employer having no market would be obliged to shut up his establishment, and the workman would be obliged to return to the "degradingly low wages" of which he speaks. This would be the inevitable result, and will probably be found to be the result of a too hasty adoption of the nine hours' system in many branches of business.

There are, however, many favourable points in connection with the movement which are worthy of consideration.

There is every day an increasing disposition in the world to consider the working-man as a thinking, reading, intelligent being, the equal of his employer in every respect but that of wealth, and the position which wealth commands. There is an increasing disposition to consider him as one whose birthright is an equal share of what joys and comforts the world will afford, and one entitled, by the laws of justice and equity, to every amelioration of his position, which can, with a due respect for the rights of others, be accorded him. This principle is so thoroughly recognized in the neighbouring States, that many establishments are conducted on the joint-stock or mutual interest system; and in others, where they have been unable to concede the nine hours' movement, they have given to their employees a trifling interest in the business, and so tided over the difficulty entirely. This method was found to be most effectual, and one of the best that could be pursued in those parts of the country where labour was scarce, and where the business would suffer materially by the withdrawal of any portion of its force. But what are the other advantages which might be expected to follow a general adoption of the nine hours' system? One of them would undoubtedly be, that in large manufacturing towns and other places, where the labour market was crowded, the work to be done, and the wages to be distributed, would be more equally divided among those who stood in need of them. The "out of employment" class would stand a chance of receiving something to do; their families would be provided with the necessaries of life; and a vast deal of misery and discontent saved to the community. This certainly would be a great object gained. There would be fewer paupers in the poor-house, and society would be relieved to a great extent from a burden, which, instead of diminishing, goes on in-

creasing year by year. The last return of London pauperism shows that there were 33,875 in work-houses, and that 82,580 received out-door relief, making a total of 116,455 persons dependent to a greater or less degree on the charity of society for support. This is the return for one city alone, but we may safely assume that in all the other thickly populated cities, pauperism is in much the same proportion. According to another statement, it is said that the wool industry alone in England supports over a million people. If the day's work of all these were reduced to nine hours, *i. e.* reduced by a tenth, there would be a hundred thousand people at once provided for, and pauperism would be reduced in proportion. And this would be in connection with a single branch of industry. But we have principally to do with the result in this country, where pauperism is almost entirely unknown, and where everybody who is not disabled by misfortune or old age can obtain a day's work and a day's wages. Under these circumstances it is only left to us to enquire, whether the operative, the mechanic, and all those coming under the operation of the new system would be benefited in a moral or intellectual sense by the change. If the extra hour were taken in the morning, and the workman went to his daily labour at eight o'clock instead of at seven, as is pretty generally the case at present, it is safe to say that it would, for the most part be spent in bed. If in the evening, it is hard to say what would be done with it. In summer time, especially, it would, no doubt, be very much appreciated by many. The father of a family would have a longer evening to spend with his wife and children, to walk with them, or shop with them, if he were so inclined. The young man of studious ten-

dencies would have a longer time for mental improvement, and would come to it less exhausted than he would be had he worked through the entire length of an average day. The girls, of whom large numbers are employed in factories in every country, would have increased time to attend to those thousand and one mysterious little matters so inseparably connected with a young lady's existence,—by which, in spite of the most discouraging circumstances, they are enabled to maintain their appearance and self-respect. Finally we would recommend to the working classes, wherever the population is sufficiently large, to make a faithful and strenuous effort to establish and conduct stores on the co-operative system. If they wish to take a greater interest in life; if they wish to cultivate a business way of thinking; if they wish to reduce the profits of the capitalist of which they complain so much; if they wish to live cheaper and enjoy more of the comforts of life, they will find the one great means to that end. It has been tried, we are aware, frequently where it has failed; but this was not from any innate defect in the principle, but from the manner in which it was attempted to be carried out. It has been tried in London, and is now being carried on there with great success. It is estimated that some 50,000 people there are obtaining their necessaries in this way with much advantage. Let the workmen of Canada learn to do this; let them learn to live frugally, temperately, and with a high and proper sense of the power and responsibility with which they are entrusted, and they will do more to ameliorate their position than by any reduction of their hours of labour, or any fictitious appearance of material gain.

LET US LAUNCH OUR BOAT.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

LET us launch our boat on a sunny sea,  
Where the bright waves dimple and glow,  
Dip into its waters rolling free,  
And toy with the sea-weed that, restlessly,  
Is swayed by its ebb and flow.

Far under its waters, clear and blue,  
There are strange and delicate things :  
Frail sea shells, bright with a roseate hue,  
And pearls that shimmer like slumbering dew,  
And gems for the crowns of kings.

Oh, look ! where the coral rocks lie bare,  
Is a sea-nymph sporting free,  
A sunbeam plays on her golden hair,  
And touches her form with a beauty rare,  
As she frolics and laughs in glee.

But she dives far down where her sisters sleep,  
And she wakes them with her mirth ;  
And there on the water a dance they keep,  
And they laugh and laugh but never weep,  
Nor dream of the tears of earth.

Gray is the sky, and the sun has set,  
And a cold faint breeze blows by,  
And sullen the tones of the breakers fret—  
For where is the shore ? We have found as yet  
But shadows and clouds come nigh !

The sea-nymphs—where ? They have passed from sight  
They were made but of sunlit foam,  
They are gone with their eyes and their tresses bright  
And over the wave comes the hue of night—  
Let us turn our boat towards home.

ST. JOHN, N. B.



## MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XV.

HOW CHRISTIAN KNELLER LET MARGUERITE  
HAVE HER WAY.

THE same day, when her father had dined and was enjoying his pipe, seated by his favourite window, Marguerite came behind him and, leaning over his chair, said very quietly :

"Father, listen to me ; I have something to tell you. Maurice and I have found out that we don't suit each other, and that it is better for us not to marry."

"What is that, Marguerite ? Let me hear that again," said Christian Kneller.

Marguerite repeated her words as quietly as before.

"I told you that long ago, did I not ?" said her father.

"Yes, father, but I did not believe you then. You were right, however, and you see we have found it out before it was too late. You are glad of that, father, are you not ?"

"Yes, Marguerite, if thou art content ; thy happiness is mine."

And Marguerite answered her father, as she had answered Maurice, "I am content." Then she continued : "But, father, I have something else to say. Claire and he were made for each other ; let Claire be his wife instead of me."

"Claire ! Does he want to marry Claire ? I see it all, Marguerite. I always knew this young troubadour-painter was not worthy of you, and now see what has happened. He has deserted thee for Claire's pretty face," and he laid down his pipe with an emphatic gesture of disgust.

"He has not deserted me, father ; he

would have married me if I had consented. But I would not consent. I wish him to marry Claire."

"Come round here, Marguerite," said her father, "come opposite to me. Let me see thy face."

Very unwillingly, Marguerite obeyed. It was an ordeal from which she shrank, but she trusted that the crimson tints reflected from the stained glass of the window would conceal her paleness.

"Kneel down, child—here, close to my chair," said Christian Kneller. "I want to get a good look at that honest face, which knows not how to deceive. Marguerite ! Marguerite !" he exclaimed, "when thou wilt to have those ashen cheeks and lips, and those dark circles under such and heavy eyes ? I understand it all, poor girl. The heartless fool ! He will never have Claire."

There was a little pause. Then Marguerite rose, and sitting on the arm of her father's chair, put her arm round his neck and said softly. "Father, you say you understand all this ; but I think you do not understand everything. Suppose I dreamed, or imagined, from some cause or other, that Maurice did not love me as well as he used to do, what would you have me do ? Would you have me marry him still ?"

"God forbid ! Thou art too rare a jewel for my Marguerite of Marguerites, my pearl among all pearls, to be worn by any one who does not prize thee beyond anything else on earth."

"Well, then, father, ought I to die of a broken heart, or pine away my life in hopeless sorrow ? Ought I not rather to forget I had ever loved him ?"

"But that is impossible for thee," said her father, shaking his head—"I know thee too well."

"Father," said Marguerite, "you have often called me strong; now is the time for me to prove that I am so. But you must help me. You must let Claire marry Maurice."

"Never, Marguerite, never!"

"She loves him, father, and he adores her. He will make her a good husband. It is not his fault that he loves Claire better than me; he cannot help it. She is beautiful as an angel, gay, sweet, bright-hearted——"

"And thou, my Marguerite, art the noblest of women. As for him, he is selfish, heartless and false."

"No, father, he is not heartless, he is not false—he did not mean to be selfish. He deceived himself when he thought he loved me, that was all. Many a one has done the same."

"Yes, many a one among the vain, the weak, the fickle. And shall such a one be made happy with a loving and lovely wife like Claire, after having trampled on such a heart as thine? I say again, never!"

"But you must not say it, father. Do not grieve for me, beloved father. Shall I not have all that sufficed to make me abundantly happy before I knew him? Shall I not have the glorious heavens and the beautiful earth, my beloved father, and my divine art? But before I can be happy you must let Claire marry Maurice. Trust to me, father, he is good, and kind, and honourable, and he will make our Claire happy."

"Well, daughter," said Christian Kneller, "I have never refused thee aught, and I suppose I must not begin now. I am glad thou art not to marry Master Maurice, I own; and I have no doubt thou wilt soon rejoice, in thy escape as much as I do. Kiss me, my brave girl, and let it be as thou wilt."

"That means, father, that Claire has your permission to marry Maurice."

"Yes, yes. To please thee, Marguerite, I would consent to anything."

Marguerite kissed her father gratefully, and then left him to finish his pipe and his afternoon slumber.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOW MARGUERITE BEARS HER PAIN.

THE next few weeks were like a wild bewildering dream to Marguerite, in which past, present, and future seemed all mingled together, filled with a confused throng of fleeting images of misty objects and shadowy faces—vague, unmeaning words and uncertain voices sounding in her ears. When not engaged with her father, she employed herself on Claire's new wardrobe, and other preparations for the marriage, which was to take place immediately. Her only thought about herself was that she must not have a moment's time for rest or reflection. Day after day she persisted in walking to the most distant part of Paris, to make the purchases that were needed; and, coming home foot-sore and weary, would sit down to work at her needle far into the night; till, at last, thoroughly exhausted and worn out, she would throw herself on her bed and in sleep, more resembling the stupor of disease than healthful slumber, find a short oblivion. From this she would waken dizzy and bewildered, only conscious that a burden, no effort could remove and no eye must see, oppressed her, till the truth would pierce her heart with a sudden pang, and she would rush up and hasten to find some work to do—something that might aid in the struggle against thought and feeling, which now filled her days. Yet she looked better at this time than perhaps she had ever looked before. The strained tension of mind, the hurry of spirits, the

forced excitement, with which she tried to banish thought and deaden feeling, flushed her cheeks and gave a false brightness to her eyes, which made her as unlike the stereotyped love-lorn damsel as could possibly be; and no one ever seemed to suspect that, instead of being signs of health and happiness, they were only the symptoms of that fever of the heart which is, perhaps, the very worst phase of anguish. Claire never doubted that Marguerite, who was so strong and wise, was able to give or take away her love just as she chose, and, therefore, had ceased to love Maurice the very instant she had known that he no longer loved her; and Maurice, in the brief moments he thought of her at all, came to the same satisfactory conclusion. Even her father, seeing more colour and animation in her face, than had been there for many a day, and finding her ready hand and kind voice always near him when he needed them, smoked his pipe in peace, and said, "She is not weak and silly like other women. If she gave away her heart foolishly, she took it back bravely, when she found the gift was slighted. I can forgive the fellow now, when I find he has planted no thorn in her breast. He is far better fitted for Claire than for Marguerite."

The only one, who sometimes said that it was the canker within which gave such an unnatural brightness to Marguerite's cheek and eye, and such hectic energy to her frame, was Mère Monica; and with watchful and silent affection the faithful woman strove to save her from every annoyance and discomfort she could keep away from her. Claire she treated, half with pity, half with anger, as a selfish and silly child, and for Maurice she had always a short answer and a gloomy brow, though he had once been a great favourite with her. But her sympathy, pity and anger were alike thrown away on them all. Maurice and Claire were too much absorbed in each other to notice any change in Monica; and though Marguerite

lived in a region very different from theirs, it was far beyond the reach of all around her.

Sometimes Monica would contrive to get Marguerite into the garden, when she knew that Claire and Maurice were not there, by begging her help in gathering fruits or vegetables. Then she would try to rouse her interest by descriptions of country work and country pleasures in fair Normandy, where she had lived when a girl. On this theme Monica would grow almost eloquent, and it was one which had always possessed strong attractions for the city girl. As she listened, the picturesque old Norman chateau and farm houses seemed to rise up before Marguerite, bringing with them glimpses of great strong horses; of patient cows of gentle sheep;—of fowls strutting and cackling round the barn-doors; pigeons fluttering and cooing, swallows twittering,—visions of all the sights and sounds of happy rustic life and labour. She saw the gnarled old orchard trees, so laden with fruit that their branches bent to the ground; the fields of golden grain; the little patches of woodland with wild flowers growing in every opening. There were the brown hay-cocks rising in the stripped meadows, the rustling shocks of yellow corn; the ripe, juicy apples gathered for the cider-press;—and there too were the dance and song when the day's work was over, the village Fêtes on Saints' days and Sundays. She saw a bright little fishing village, with the fishermen's nets spread on the beach, the little children at play among them, and the fishing craft riding at anchor near; the shining sands strewn with shells and sea-weed, over which tiny waves danced in pleasant weather, or tumbled swollen and dark in the wild autumn gales. Even now, when Monica repeated her oft-told tale, in spite of herself, Marguerite would listen, and sometimes as she did so, a breath of peace and quietness, as if blown from that simple country life seemed to pass over the weary girl's spirit, and she

would long to be where she could hear the free wind sounding through the forest branches, or rustling the waving corn—the birds singing among the leaves, the streamlet rippling over its pebbly bed, or the waves dashing on the shingly shore. She longed to stand among the ripening corn and gather the blue scabious, or the scarlet poppy yet “crumpled from its sheath,” to catch the scent of wild thyme when the bees were clustering, and sit on banks yellow with cowslips or purple with violets—or, best of all, to bury herself in the depth of leafy woods, and forgetting the dark and mocking past, live a new life alone with that benign nature, which

“Never yet betrayed the heart that loved her!”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER LIFE.

AT last Claire’s wedding-day came. She was married in an old, very old church, brown with age, which stood at the opposite side of the street; and which, during all the years it had been standing there, and among all the bridal parties that had entered its doors, could never have received a fairer bride. Immediately after, she set out with her young husband to spend the honeymoon at his old home in beautiful Provence.

On the evening of that day so eventful to those few hearts who make up the little world of this simple story, Christian Kneller had fallen into his usual afternoon’s slumbers; Mère Monica had begun to put the house into order after the late hurry and bustle which had somewhat disarranged the regularity of its arrangements; and, for the first time for several weeks, Marguerite went into her *atelier* and sat down by the window.

“Now it is all over,” she said, “now I may be quiet!” But in less than a minute

she moved restlessly. “I cannot be quiet,” she said wildly, “for quiet brings thought, and thought maddens me.”

Starting up, she went to a table, on which lay some of her favourite volumes. One was a copy of the first Aldine edition of Dante, bearing the date 1502, and the simple title of “*Le Terze Rime di Dante*.” Maurice had sent it to her from Italy before doubt had come to darken the brightness which his love for her had cast over the world, and the sight of it made her start as if the ghost of her lost happiness had risen before her. Throwing a piece of cardboard over it, she took up Goethe’s *Egmont*, and began to read where the volume first opened.

“MOTHER.—Youth and happy love have an end, and there comes a time when one thanks God if one has any corner to creep into.

“CLARA. (*shudders, and after a pause stands up*).—Mother! let that time come, like death! To think of it beforehand is horrible. And if it come—if we must—then we will bear ourselves as we may! Live without thee, *Egmont*! (*weeping*) No! it is impossible!”

Hastily turning from Clara’s joyful surprise as her lover enters, Marguerite found her death scene, and read it eagerly. Then she shut the book. “I will paint her,” she said, “holding the phial to Brackenbush with one hand, and pointing to the lamp with the other, the pale and livid hues of despair, and of the deadly draught she has taken, darkening her beauty, but the great might of her love still illumining her eyes, and shining through the gathering shadows of the grave. I see her standing before me now, and I hear her softly saying, ‘Extinguish the lamp silently, and without delay. I am going to rest. Steal quietly away. Close the door after thee. Be still. Wake not my mother!’”

In getting pencils and paper to make a sketch of the picture she had been imagin-

ing, she caught sight of the picture of Apollo and Clymene still on the easel. There was the face of Maurice, beautified and exalted as the light of her love and genius had beautified and exalted it, his radiant eyes shining into her own. Back on her memory rushed all the glad hopes, the bright visions which had filled her with such happiness while she had worked at that picture. While she had painted it she had thought only of Maurice, she had worked only for him; his pleasure and praise were to have been her great reward,—and now, the picture and she who had painted it were alike indifferent to him.

Hastily covering it, she began her sketch, but very soon she had to stop to brush away the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, began to fall in large drops from her eyes. Soon she could not wipe them away as fast as they came, and throwing down her brush, she let them flow without making any effort to restrain them.

"I think I will never paint any more," she said within herself. "What do I care for any success, any triumph now? And how could I achieve any if I tried, when my very soul seems dead within me. But what then am I to do? I cannot die as Clara did, and break my father's heart. No one shall suffer through me, least of all he who alone has truly loved me. If I live I must have work, but not such work as I have hitherto loved. Work that will blunt the imagination and stifle the feelings, work that will make me as cold, mechanical and insensible as a machine—that is the work I must find to do now. Farewell love and hope and fancy—farewell poetry and art; bright visions of ideal beauty and perfection, farewell! Henceforth I am to live a dull, monotonous, joyless, uninspired existence, a life from which all the sunshine and glory have fled!"

At that instant the bells in the old church began to toll a slow, sad funeral dirge, yet with a soft and soothing under-

tone in their chimes, like a faint whisper of hope amidst a wail of sorrow. The church, as has been said before, was very old, and the bells were very old too, but the tones were wonderfully rich and harmonious. Marguerite had always loved the strange and solemn music of those old bells, laden, as she often thought, with the sufferings and sorrows, the hopes and prayers of all the long centuries through which they had sounded; and now their plaintive tones, their fitful changes, their unearthly sweetness seemed to penetrate the room with a holy pathos and power, drawing her soul away from earth and all its anguish towards that diviner region where passion and pain shall cease and vanish, merged in everlasting rest. Softly she opened the window, and kneeling down as she had knelt on that night of agony which now seemed so far away, she listened to the deep, clear, dropping tones, every one of which seemed to fall on her aching heart like dew on the parched earth, bringing healing as it fell.

As she thus knelt and listened, softened and subdued, she saw through the grey November evening a funeral train coming down the street. There was a bier covered with its long black pall, and attended by a little company of black-robed priests and mourners; and as the slow procession moved along with measured tread, a strain of rich music seemed to float before them. The priests and choristers were chanting an ancient Latin hymn, well known and loved in Dr. Neale's English translation:—

"Oh one! Oh, only mansion!  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished  
And joy has no alloy!  
Thy ageless walls are bonded  
With amethysts unpriced,  
The saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner stone is Christ:

"Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright Day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They raise thy holy power.  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower !"

The voices of the singers were very sweet and tuneful, and their execution did not mar the beautiful music to which St. Bernard's grand old hymn was set. Marguerite had often heard it, but never before had it impressed her so deeply. The contrast between the dark despair that had been surging in her heart, and the song of triumphant joy now sounding in her ears and thrilling through all her being, brought to her mind that great army of martyrs, saints and heroes, made perfect through suffering—"whose heroic agonies rise up forever out of all lands, a sacred *Miserere* to Heaven, their heroic actions also, a boundless, everlasting psalm of triumph !" She thought of all those suffering ones who had known all the bitterness this world can give, and never tasted of its sweetness, yet they had gone on their way brave, patient, strong, unmindful of their own bleeding feet and torn garments, binding up the scars of the wounded, comforting the sorrowful, strengthening the feeble—living wholly for the sake of others. What was her pain compared with theirs, and yet how weakly and impatiently she had borne it. But with God's help, it should be so no longer. Words which she had read—she did not now remember where—seemed to spring out of her memory in characters of light : "Do good to others, and God will heal in your heart the wounds of sorrow."—A little while ago she had asked herself : "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul, which long for death, yet it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hidden treasures ?" She believed that the answer had come.

Slowly, solemnly the funeral train entered the church, and for a while there was silence. Then the organ began to play Spohr's beautiful anthem—"Blest are the Departed !" Marguerite could hear every note distinctly,

as their melodious sounds floated through the grey mists of evening and seemed to gather round her, till they wrapped her in an atmosphere of peace. When the anthem was over, she rose from her knees, and calmed, comforted, strengthened, she went down stairs to her household labours.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AFTER SIX YEARS.

Six years after his marriage, Maurice Valazé was the most celebrated portrait painter in Paris. He had almost given up all other painting ; for he no longer aspired to give form and being to his conceptions of the beautiful and true ; he only strove for wealth and reputation ; and skilful portrait-painting was a far surer road to these than works of higher art, which would take years to execute, and for which no purchaser might be found. And he had perfectly succeeded in his aims. He received prices for his pictures that to poor struggling artists seemed fabulous ; he had a distinguished reputation, a magnificent house, a beautiful and amiable wife and lovely children. He was the favourite of society, courted and flattered by high-born beauties, princes and statesmen, and fortune seemed never weary of showering her gifts on his head.

And where now was Marguerite ?

Living in her old home in the quiet and shadowy street, neither house nor street in any way changed, except that the honest, kindly face of Christian Kneller was now never seen there. The good Christian was dead, and Marguerite had only her faithful Monica now. She had conquered the love which she had found so sweet in its beginning, so bitter in its ending, and her life was calm and peaceful. She had returned to her beloved art, and she gained by her labours more than enough to satisfy all her wants, and provide her with such simple

pleasures as she desired. She had her books and her garden, she had congenial work, which was not so much work, as the spontaneous language of her being, and every day her hand grew more skilful in expressing the conceptions of the spirit that guided it. And though she lived a life as retired as a nun's, she did not forget the lesson she had learned that dark November day, six years ago, when she knelt at the window and listened to the hymn of St. Bernard, as the funeral train passed by. She had made her own burden light by striving to lessen the burdens that others had to bear. Many a homeless victim of want, many a wretched hope-abandoned outcast found the way to that quiet dwelling, and none ever came there without receiving help and comfort.

Sometimes Claire would drive up in a handsome carriage, and looking as gay, as sweet, as beautiful, as ever, get out and trip into the grey old house, her rich bright dress, her golden hair, and lovely looks making "a sunshine in the shady place." She would give Marguerite and Monica a hasty kiss each, repeat for the thousandth time her entreaties that they would leave that gloomy old house, and come and live with her; and then, half laughing, half angry with Marguerite for refusing her con-

sent, and wondering again and again how she could bear to live such a dull and lonely life, she would kiss her once more, say a few loving words, trip back to her carriage, and drive away, like a beautiful princess in a fairy tale, escaping from some grim enchanted dwelling.

Marguerite, though she loved her as fondly as ever, never went to visit Claire. She lived in an atmosphere of artificial glitter and excitement, of show and seeming, in which Marguerite could not have existed for a day. But if she had been in want, or in sorrow, she would have found Marguerite's love as faithful and as tender as in the days when she had knelt by her bedside and sung her to sleep, with all a mother's fondness stirring her girlish heart. Maurice Marguerite never saw, and when Claire talked of him as the most fashionable artist of his day, the courted companion of men and women of rank, the idol of drawing-rooms, she felt it hard to believe that this could be that Maurice who had sat beside her in the dear old garden, planning a life rich with all the divinest possibilities of man, while she listened with undoubting faith, and believed that to share that life, and follow where he led, would be the noblest destiny earth could give to woman.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE BARD.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

O HEAVEN-gifted, Poet-soul,  
Stand up erect amid thy peers,  
And let thy mellow thunders roll  
Like music down the coming years.  
From age to age the world has groaned  
Beneath some grievous weight of wrong,  
But much in mercy is atoned  
In justice to the Poet's song.

Where Falsehood shows its venom'd sting,  
Let slip the golden dart of Truth,  
And shield, as with a seraph's wing,  
The many-passioned heart of youth.  
Thy song should be ambrosial food,  
Soul-manna, making wise and just ;  
The mental-nectar of the good ;  
Thou, worthy of thy sacred trust.

Nature's designed interpreter,  
Her great High Priest, her Prince of Love,  
Whose hymnings, Hope-inspired, stir  
The pride of earth, the heavens above.  
A high, a holy mission thine ;  
Be brave, and battle for the right ;  
Mount up, as one whose flight divine,  
Like morning's, makes the darkness bright.

Thine is the heart that grows not old,  
The sweet eternal youth reigns there,  
Mild as the Zephyr, and as bold  
As thunder when it shakes the air.  
Teacher of Beauty, Goodness, Joy,  
Calm joy, and mirth that stirs the brain ;  
In manhood great, in soul the boy  
That treads his native hills again.

Thine is the mission, too, to preach  
The law of Kindness far and wide,  
The hate of hatred, and to teach  
Forgiveness, blest and glorified.  
Exponent of the higher laws,  
On thy firm rock of safety stand,  
And leave the human rooks and daws  
To rear their temples on the sand.

Man of the restless brain and heart,  
The dreamy, speculative eye,  
Living in thine own world, apart  
From all the pomp that passes by ;  
Unknown and uninterpreted,  
Unfathomed by the common herd ;  
Dead living, living most when dead,  
Whole nations pondering o'er thy word.



The ages' standard-bearer thou,  
 The banneret ordained to scale,  
 With conquering tread and dauntless brow,  
 The battlements where Doubt must fail ;  
 The toilsome hills of life to climb,  
 All heart and soul, and hope, and trust,  
 In fancy-dreams and moods sublime  
 Obtaining respite from the dust.

Scorning the earth, but not in scorn,  
 Thy footsteps here, thine eye above,  
 In expectation of a morn  
 More perfect, to be born of love ;  
 And like the airy Mercury,  
 Using thy winged gift to soar,  
 In sweetest meditation free,  
 Among the stars for evermore.

OTTAWA.

## YACHTING.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THE growing interest, which is at present manifested in Yachting in all civilized countries, will warrant an appeal to Canadians on behalf of a great national amusement—one which has no equal in the popular enthusiasm which it creates, the health-invigorating exercise which it furnishes, and the noble sport to which it gives birth.

The history of Yachting yet remains to be written—and, as a consequence, one is compelled partially to grope in the dark in the search for early and reliable data concerning the origin and subsequent development of Yachting and Yacht Clubs. The Royal Cork Yacht Club, founded in 1720, heads the list of regularly organized Yacht Clubs ; and from that date to the founding of the

Royal London in 1849, there were 17 Yacht Clubs established in various parts of the United Kingdom—ten of which were English, four Irish, two Scotch and one Welsh. During the years 1848–9 a great deal of enterprise was shown in the construction of a large number of first-class yachts, which were unsurpassed for completeness of outfit and perfection of workmanship. Up to this time Yacht Clubs were confined to the United Kingdom, but the success of yachtsmen in the Old World stimulated kindred spirits in the New to give their attention to a now national amusement. and in June, 1848, the "New York Yacht Club" was organized. Little was known in England about American yachting beyond the

performances of the New York pilot boats, which had long been famous for their speed and sea-going qualities. Previous to the year 1851, judging from the records of that date, English yacht-builders and yachtsmen were firm in the belief that they possessed the fleetest yachts and the best skilled sailors in the world. Repeated triumphs evidently confirmed their right to be thus considered, and to furnish grounds for the unqualified statement made in the "Yacht List" for 1851, that "yacht-building was an art in which England was unrivalled, and that she was distinguished pre-eminently and alone for the perfection of science in handling them." These were strong words, and yet they doubtless conveyed the honest judgment, not only of the writer, but of foreign yachtsmen generally. The success of yachting in the United Kingdom led to the building of a yacht in the United States, to test the powers of the long conceded English champions. It was decided to construct a yacht, cross the ocean with her, and challenge a trial of speed in a contest open to all nations. The originality of the proposal was only equalled by the originality of the model and general outfit of the yacht, which was at once built.

In view of the fact that skilful yacht-builders in England, for nearly half a century, had been constantly striving to produce fast yachts, and with abundant experience to guide them, the successful defeat of their favourite system surely marks an important era in the history of Yachting. "No Englishman," says a writer in *Times* in 1851, "ever dreamed that any nation could produce a yacht with the least pretensions to match the efforts of White, Camper, Ratsey and other eminent builders." The English system of yacht building was that of deep draught, narrow breadth of beam, straight water lines forward, and with the greatest breadth of beam abreast the *foremast*. The weakness of this old system was demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the most obstinate and incredulous, by the

splendid victory of the *America* in 1857, in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta for the Queen's Cup.

To George Steers, of New York, belongs the credit of inventing—for invention it really was—a new system of yacht-modelling. He zealously contended that breadth of beam furnished the best buoyancy, and that hollow water lines forward, with the greatest breadth of beam abaft the *mainmast*, should supersede the old system. Steers believed that sails could force a yacht *over* the water more easily and swiftly than *through* it—and so his system was distinguished by great breadth of beam and comparatively light draught. The theory advocated by this great yachtsman at first found little favour among American yachtsmen, and so he built the *America* to prove that his views were correct. The performances of this yacht were so satisfactory that Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, took her to England, and at once issued a challenge to all foreign yachts to sail a race for "\$10,000, a cup or a piece of plate." The presence of this American yacht in English waters created a degree of enthusiasm before unparalleled. The "cheek" of her builders and backers, in boldly throwing down the gauntlet to all comers, was a subject of general comment—and of many a jest and sneer as well.

But despite funny criticisms and the great number of foreign yachts against which she would have to contend, the *America's* challenge was made in good faith, and sustained by yachtsmen who were seriously in earnest. The Annual Regatta, at Cowes, came off shortly after the arrival of the *America*; but the latter yacht was ruled out for valid reasons, and for some days it was feared that no test race would be made. The appearance of the "Yankee Craft" was somehow not altogether pleasing, and while English yachtsmen were confident they could beat her, they still showed a remarkable reluctance about making the attempt. However, after the first flurry of excitement had sub-

sided, a race round the Isle of Wight was arranged, for a cup presented by Her Majesty to come off on the 22nd of August. This event opened up a new era in yachting, for it may justly be claimed that the result of this contest lent a lustre to, and gained a prominence for, yachting before unequalled. The year 1851 is celebrated in sporting annals for the first International Regatta—and for the largest number of starters ever known for the Derby.

The 22nd of August dawned with a clear sky and favouring breeze. Thousands of spectators lined the shore, watching with enthusiastic interest the preparations for the "start." Abreast of Cowes the sight presented was one of surpassing beauty. More than a hundred yachts were in sight, sailing "off and on," their white canvass looking like huge wings sweeping over the surface of the sea—restless and yet graceful—their owners apparently anxious for the race to commence. Fifteen yachts started—the finest and fleetest in the United Kingdom—among which were the *Volante*, *Constance*, *Alarm*, *Beatrice* and *Gipsy Queen*. The *America* was the last to get under way, but she gradually gained upon her antagonists, and was the first to pass the winning buoy—beating the fleet nearly eight miles.

On her return there were innumerable yachts off Cowes, and on every side was heard the hail, "Is the *America* first?"—The answer, "Yes." "What's second?"—The reply, "Nothing." The Queen was an interested spectator during the race, and after it was ended she went on board of the *America*, and expressed herself delighted with the appearance of the yacht. The English yachtsmen gracefully acknowledged their defeat, and gave their fortunate rivals a grand banquet in honour of the victory. Mr. R. Stephenson, a leading English yachtsman, was not fully satisfied with the test of the 22nd of August and therefore backed his iron yacht *Titania*, of 100 tons, to sail against the *America* for £100. The contest came off on the

28th, when the *Titania* was as signally defeated as the rest. The *America* beat her opponent 52 minutes out of six hours and a half—leaving her eight miles astern. This victory settled the question of the superiority of the *America* over all foreign yachts, and she returned to the United States, taking with her the coveted Queen's Cup. She made a record there which will stand as a monument to the genius of her builder as long as yachts are built to plough the ocean's bosom.

It is both instructive and amusing to read the criticisms on this first International Regatta in the current news of that day. The easy victory of the *America* utterly bewildered foreign yachtsmen. Their boasted prestige, as victorious yacht-builders and yacht owners, had been lost in the first great contest, and the best and poorest of excuses were equally unsatisfactory.

A few beaten rivals consoled themselves with the sneering remark that the *America* was only a "racing machine!" But this excuse found little sanction among the best of England's yachtsmen. Capt. Watson, of the Royal Navy, in the *Times*, thus commented on this class of criticisms:—"A writer in your journal lately wished to make it appear that such a vessel as the *America*, a mere 'racing craft,' must be useless for all practical purposes; and he, facetiously, remarks that you might as well compare a Derby three-year-old to a comfortable hackney as the *America* to an English yacht. But, Sir, we must allow that a little 'breeding' is no bad thing—either in a pack-horse or a weight-carrying hunter. So, also, may our clumsy hulls be modified by modern ingenuity and improvements, when our ship-owners and ship-builders become less prone to adhere to their old forms and fashions."

The facts are, however, that this victory of the *America* completely changed the system of yacht-modelling; and although the change grew by slow degrees, yet it was nevertheless true that the greatest breadth of beam was gradually extended aft, until it very nearly

approximated to the model of the *America* in this respect. Yacht builders before the *America's* day believed that it was necessary to make a yacht full forward, *i. e.* to have the greatest breadth of beam abreast the foremast, so as to make her buoyant in a head sea. The sharp bow and hollow water lines of the *America* were in striking contrast with the full bows and straight water lines of her competitors; and not a few sage "old salts" predicted that the *America* would be swept "fore-and-aft" in a sharp head sea. The result of the trial of the two systems is thus described by a *Times'* reporter:—"While the cutters were thrashing through the water, sending the spray over their bows, and the schooners were wet up to the foot of the foremast, the *America* was as 'dry as a bone.'" We have commented rather fully on this Regatta, for it was from this contest that modern yachting received its greatest impulse; and, moreover, the model of the *America* has been proved to be *one* of the best ever produced, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter. The second memorable event in the history of Yachting, beyond the yearly regattas of established Yacht Clubs, was the Great Ocean Yacht Race between the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, of the N. Y. Yacht Club. These yachts left Sandy Hook Light Ship on the 11th Dec. 1866, and the *Henrietta* arrived off the Needles, Isle of Wight, England, at 5.45 p.m., 26th Dec. 1866, winning the race and making the run in 13 days, 22 hours mean time. The *Fleetwing* arrived 8 hours afterwards, and the *Vesta* 17½ hours after the *Fleetwing*. The remarkable sailing time made by these splendid yachts, and the slight difference in the time of their arrival, was the subject of much comment; and it was pretty generally conceded in England that yachting in the United States had attained a high standard of excellence. The pluck, enterprise and enthusiasm shown in contests like those already mentioned, excited the popular interest to the highest pitch—and won for

yachting the first place in the estimation of the people as a great national amusement.

The ocean race between the *Cambria* and *Dauntless*, during the summer of 1870, is still fresh in the minds of yachtsmen—and, indeed, all classes were intensely interested at the time in the result. Day after day passed while "asking eyes" eagerly scanned the horizon off the Narrows in anxious search for the on-coming yachts. At last the *Cambria* hove in sight, and passed the light ship ahead, the winner of the race—while the *Dauntless* followed in less than *two hours* afterwards.

The challenge race of the *Cambria* over the N. Y. Y. Club course, for the Queen's Cup, was witnessed by more spectators than any regatta ever held before or since, for it was conceded that more than a million of people watched the progress of the race. Indeed, the sight presented was one never to be forgotten by any beholder of the magnificent spectacle. The harbour was literally covered with sailing craft of every size and description: steamers crowded to their utmost capacity; ferry boats fairly alive with passengers; grim "men-of-war" and deeply laden jolly-boats—all packed with interested spectators. The fleet of yachts moored, ready for the start, was beyond question the finest and most complete afloat. Many of them had already become famous in yachting annals. Conspicuous among them was the old *America*—she that so gallantly won the Cup a score of years before, appearing fresh in her new sails and new coat of paint, while her raking spars and saucy look betokened that she had not lost the vigour of her youth. The *Dauntless*, too, was in line—snug and trim in her outfit—ready to "try again" the fleet *Cambria*, and to prove, if possible, that "luck" had been against her in the ocean race.

The *Fleetwing*, *Magic*, *Henrietta* and many others were moored "in line, but the *Cambria* bore off the palm in general interest. Her plucky commander had crossed the ocean avowedly to redeem the Cup, and

many hoped that his true British daring would be rewarded with success.

At last the signal is given, and away speed the 18 yachts, amid the cheers of the multitude! Another scene, and this ends the grand aquatic drama. It is the return. The *Magic* is first, the *Dauntless* second, the *Palmer* third and the *America* fourth, while the *Cambria* was badly distanced. 1

There is something deeply interesting in the performances of the yacht *America*. With all the combined skill of builders of crack yachts, both in England and America, but little real progress has been made in the past 20 years, for it is believed by competent judges, that had the *America* been properly manned and fitted out, she would have won this race. This fact is worthy the study of yachtsmen.

During the past year the excitement in yachting circles in New York was at fever heat, over the challenge races with Commodore Ashbury's new yacht *Livonia*. Believing that the *Cambria* could not win the Queen's Cup, the persevering Mr. Ashbury built a new one for this purpose. The result is familiar to all. She came, she worthily contested, but she was beaten. Sincerely as we regret the *Livonia's* failure, we yet believe that yachting has had no more zealous promoter than Commodore Ashbury. He failed, it is true, in his cherished hopes, but his courageous *endeavours* to possess the Cup have imparted new life into yachting circles the world over. As the record stands now the American yachtsmen are masters of the situation. Why are they almost invariably victorious in contests with English yachts? The answer is, because English yachtsmen fail in the *fitted out* of yachts. They over-load them with heavy spars and rigging, and thus deaden them with superfluous weight. The lines of the *Livonia* were beautiful, her hull was admirably constructed, but her spars rigging and sails were altogether too heavy. It was quite generally conceded, in well informed circles in New

York, that had the *Livonia* been *fitted out* as well as were her antagonists in the late contests for the "Queen's Cup," her record would have been far more brilliant.

Equally as much depends on the proper rig and trim as on the model of a yacht. The great point to be attained is to secure a *maximum of speed* with a *minimum of weight*. Each unnecessary pound of rigging is as detrimental to a fast yacht, as is extra "dead weight" to a race-horse. It is true that great skill and experience are indispensably necessary to enable one to determine, with reasonable certainty, what the proper outfit of a yacht should be. If too light, a break-down is the penalty; if too heavy, a defeat is the consequence. Foreign yachtsmen claim that the Americans fit out their yachts too lightly, and point to the frequent "carrying away" of some part of the rigging or spars as proof of the assertion. The answer to this should be that it is better *occasionally* to "break down" than to be *invariably* beaten. The rigging of the *Livonia* (and of the *Cambria* as well) was strong enough for a "fore-and-after," and the extra weight above deck acted as a constant purchase to press her into the water, and to cant her over to leeward when under sail. This weight was a comparatively trifling burden, it may justly be claimed—but it should also be remembered that she crossed the winning line only a trifle behind the winner. When Michael Angelo was accused of spending too much time over a statue which he was rounding into marvellous perfection, and of paying needless attention to "mere trifles," he thoughtfully replied—"It is true that these touches are but trifles, but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." What Angelo's trifles were to the statue, the trifles in rigging and fitting are to the victorious yacht. In fact, yacht-building is an art, and one of the most abstruse of the arts. It is neither guess-work nor chance, but intelligent appreciation and application of the laws of cause and effect.

The old prejudices are gradually giving way to newer and better forms ; and the graceful yachts of to-day are in striking contrast with the clumsy hulls of thirty years ago. National competition has been one great cause of this marked development ; and this spirit of commendable rivalry is constantly inspiring yachtsmen to perfect themselves in the subtle subject of yacht-building. A wide-spread interest is taken in yachting,—for the “Yacht List” of 1861—the latest data we have on hand—gives the number of yachts owned in England, Scotland, and Wales, alone, as 1173 ; and the nine organized clubs in the United States, show an aggregate number of 213 yachts. This paper has been hastily prepared, in the hope of creating a more general interest in yachting in Canada.

An Amateur, for one, would like to see an effort—A CANADIAN EFFORT—made to win the Cup which, for twenty years, has remained as a standing challenge to all the world. Surely a cup, which was the gift of our beloved Queen, should stir us to make, at least, an attempt to possess the coveted trophy ! If—“and there’s the rub”—this could be done, what an inviting field would be opened up for our American friends, as a summer cruising ground ! Along our magnificent water course, there are points of interest far surpassing any that the sultry tropics afford. The pure sweet water, the broad open lakes, the populous cities on their borders, the beauties of the St. Lawrence, the grandeur of the scenery of Lake Superior, with the infinite intermediate attractions, are all yet in store for American yachtsmen, should they ever find it necessary to visit our lakes, to win back their lost Cup ! This may seem visionary to the timid, but earnest effort *may* make the idea a reality.

To the zealous and persistent all things are possible. It is true that we are but a comparatively little people,—but little folks sometimes do historical things—as the story

of little David with his sling,—and little George Washington with his hatchet, abundantly prove ! If we try and fail, we shall do well nevertheless. If we long for the prize, but fail to make an effort to win it, we shall continue to sit in the “shadow,” while American yachtsmen bask in the “sunshine” of well-earned victory.

Aside from this consideration,—the greatest one of all—is that which will occur to every spirited Canadian yachtsman,—*the desirability of fostering yachting among ourselves*. The opportunities for yachting along our lakes and rivers are absolutely unsurpassed. From the head waters of Lake Superior to the outlet of the St. Lawrence,—over three thousand miles,—there is one continuous succession of beautiful scenery, thriving cities and convenient harbours. New resources are being constantly developed, and the attractions for yachtsmen are yearly becoming more and more delightful. There is every reason why Canadians should foster and commend a national yachting spirit. Second to no people in the development of the useful arts of peace, we should strive to compete successfully for the honours which fall to victorious yachtsmen in great international regattas. It is a little surprising that thus far, notwithstanding the unsurpassed facilities for yachting and yacht-building, not a single representative Canadian yacht has yet been a contestant in any great international contest. A splendid chance is now open for our yachtsmen to win a worthy fame in foreign fields.

It yet remains for some future yacht club in Canada to enter upon its list of yachts a single one, the victories of which are famous beyond our own borders. How long must this charge hold good ? Let the spirited yachtsmen of our Dominion—embracing half a continent within its boundaries—answer the inquiry ! The noble sport of yachting is fostered among us by many whose energy, enterprise, and zeal, warrant

us in the prediction that in the near future, —when capital is more largely developed, and the attention of our public-spirited citizens is called to this subject,—we shall look with admiring pride upon Canadian yachts, equal in all their appointments to any in England or the United States.

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ELOÏSE.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

E LOÏSE ! Eloïse !  
 It is morn on the seas,  
 And the waters are curling and flashing ;  
     And our rock-sheltered seat,  
     Where the waves ever beat  
 With a cadenced and rhythmical dashing,  
     Is here—just here :  
     But I miss thee, dear !  
 And the sunbeams around me are flashing.  
     O seat, by the lonely sea,  
     O seat, that she shared with me,  
     Thou art all unfilled to-day !  
     And the plaintive, grieving main  
     Hath a moan of hopeless pain  
     That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !  
 It is noon ; and the breeze  
 Through the shadowy woodland is straying ;  
     And our green, mossy seat,  
     Where the flowers kissed thy feet,  
 While the zephyrs around thee were playing,  
     Is here—just here :  
     But I miss thee, dear !  
 And the breezes around me are straying.  
     O seat, by the greenwood tree,  
     O seat, that she shared with me,  
     Thou art all unfilled to-day !  
     And the sighing, shivering leaves  
     Have a voice like one that grieves,  
     That they had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !

It is eve ; and the trees  
With the gold of the sunset are glowing ;  
And our low, grassy seat,  
With the brook at its feet  
Ever singing, and rippling, and flowing,  
Is here—just here :  
But I miss thee, dear !  
And the sunset is over me glowing.  
O seat, by the brooklet free,  
O seat, that she shared with me,  
Thou art all unfilled to-day !  
And the brook, to me alone,  
Hath a tender, grieving tone,  
That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !

It is night on the seas,  
And the winds and the waters are sleeping ;  
And the seat where we prayed,  
'Neath our home's blessed shade,  
With the soft shadows over us creeping,  
Is here—just here :  
But I miss thee, dear !  
And the drear night around me is sleeping.  
O seat, where she prayed of yore,  
O seat, where she prays no more,  
I am kneeling alone to-night !  
And the stern, unyielding grave  
Will restore not the gift I gave  
To its bosom yesternight.

TORONTO.

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## CONCERNING OLD AGE.

BY C. T. CAMPBELL, M. D.

IT has never yet been satisfactorily decided whether "length of days" is a thing to be desired or not. If "the first commandment with blessing" would seem to indicate an affirmative answer to the question, the inconveniences and discomforts so often attendant on old age would as clearly point to a negative. Differences of opinion, however, will depend on the varying circumstances and conditions of the individual. In times of mental depression, bodily illness, or personal poverty, desire may fail and life become a burden. But with favourable surroundings few people will discuss, even theoretically, the advisability of praying for shortness of life. Not many are like the quaint old physician, Sir Thomas Browne, who seemed scarcely to approve of any one who should desire "to surpass the days of our Saviour, or wish to outlive that age wherein He thought fittest to die;" and for this reason, among others, that "if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no grey hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive these perfections in this world to be recalled to them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter." Yet we never heard that Sir Thomas lamented greatly the prolongation of his own life to the age of seventy-seven.

Despite any theorising, life certainly seems to the general mind something worthy to be clung to with a most tenacious grasp. He was no unwise observer of men and things who gave it as his opinion that though in philosophic moments Hamlet might gravely soliloquize "To be or not to be!" yet should some one suddenly point a pistol at his head

he would shout "be!" without a moment's hesitation. Even the strongest religious faith, though it may have a confident assurance of a happier home "over the river," will often hesitate on the bank, loath to say farewell to life. The evidence of things not seen may be strong, but it cannot altogether destroy the influence of the things that are seen.

Just how long a man might live or ought to live is another of the disputed questions involved in the consideration of old age. Moses (was it not he?) set down the limit at three score and ten; yet he himself, regardless of consistency, lived out full six score and even then "his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated." Hufeland, who wrote pleasantly on "The Art of Prolonging Life," thought people might reach 200 years, if they only took care of themselves. But he died at 74; presumably, he did not take care of himself. Buffon, calculating from the ratio which the life of an animal bears to the years of its growth, held "that the man who did not die of accidental causes, reached everywhere the age of ninety or one hundred." Others who have written and talked on this subject adopt various opinions as to the duration of life. Individually, they have generally tried to live as long as possible.

That people do at times reach an age far beyond the ordinary limit is evidenced by the records of history. It is often difficult, though, to decide how far romance enters into the composition of some of the marvellous stories of longevity we hear. In the case of a sheik of Smyrna still living at the advanced age of 600, or in that of one Astephius, who claimed for himself not less

than 1,025 years, there need be no question. But in the multitude of cases credited with varying ages from 100 to 200, there is more room for doubt. Yet the evidence is sometimes very clear. Take the Countess of Desmond for an example, among those generally accepted as true. Born in 1465 she is said to have danced with Richard the Third while yet Duke of Gloucester, and to have outlived all the English sovereigns of the Houses of York and Tudor, dying during the reign of James I., at the age of 140. A lively old lady she must have been, if the tradition be true, which attributes her death to a fall from a cherry tree! Then there is Henry Jenkins, of whom it was said, that in his youth he was present at the battle of Flodden. He died in 1670, and could not, therefore, have been less than 170. But the evidence is not so satisfactory in his case as in that of Thomas Parr, who was born in 1483. We are told that he married his first wife at the age of 80, and his second at 120. Gay young bridegroom! worse than the perhaps mythical John Weeks who married his tenth wife when he was 106, she being then only "sweet sixteen." Parr survived his second and last matrimonial effort 32 years, dying at the age of 152. There are several other cases on record of whose truthfulness we can have little doubt, where persons have passed the century mile-post of life's journey, and got some distance beyond; but we shall not occupy space with their names.

The best evidence that people think it desirable to live long, is to be found in the exertions that have been made in all ages to accomplish this end. The Egyptians supposed life could be lengthened by the free use of sudorifics and emetics. They tried to "keep the pores open," as the old women—professional and non-professional—say. Two emetics per month were considered the proper thing in Egypt. If classic poets are to be credited, Medea, a philosophic young lady, much given to

chemical experiments, rejuvenated her father-in-law, Æson, and, we presume, prolonged his life by a very free venesection, followed by the injection of certain vegetable juices into his veins. Very probably this was the origin of the regimen favoured by some medical men—not yet dead—who used to recommend a bleeding every spring, followed by a course of bitters to purify the system.

The alchemists were all earnest seekers after some *elixir vite*—some magic potion which should preserve youth and vigour for ever. None succeeded, judging from the fact that they all died themselves; but some of them imagined they had discovered what would prolong if not perpetuate life. Friar Bacon compounded a nostrum of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, aloes, the bone of a stag's heart, and certain other mysterious ingredients. Arnoldus de Villâ, a French physician, proposed to feed the seeker after long life on pullets fattened on vipers, which, after being whipped to death, were to have their heads and tails cut off, and be stewed in a mixture of rosemary and fennel. This formed the *pièce de resistance* of the feast; the *entremets* were composed of emeralds, rubies and other precious stones dissolved. There would not be much objection to the latter articles; but most people would prefer them raw rather than cooked.

Commend us, however, to the prescription of Claudius Hermippus, who taught a school of girls in Rome, and died at the age of 115, having thus prolonged his life, in his own opinion, by "exposing himself, daily, to the breath of innocent young maids." The remedy might not be unpleasant, even if it should not succeed as well in this nineteenth century as in the days of the Roman dominie. If, however, a deeper meaning is to be placed upon it than appears on the surface, it will not be so ridiculous as it looks. Read the prescription in the words of old Marshal de Schomberg, who was

killed at the Battle of the Boyne, hale and vigorous, though 83, who used to say that "when he was young he conversed with old men to gain experience, and when old delighted in the company of the young to keep up his spirits."

Hippocrates, the leading physician of his day, long ago—died at 109, tradition says—advised pure air, cleanliness, moderation in all things, exercise, and a daily friction of the *day*. It does not appear that modern doctors are able to improve on his prescription, and they generally content themselves with following the divine old man of Cos. Cases are found, however, which show long life to be quite compatible with the absence of these conditions. There was the Rev. W. Davis, an English clergyman, who lived to the age of 105; for the last 35 years of his life he took no out-door exercise; daily had his hot buttered rolls for breakfast, and roast beef for supper, with abundance of wine to wash it down. In the year 1806, there died in London a noted character of her day, Mrs. Lewson, aged 106; she never washed herself, very seldom as much as swept her rooms; her labours at the toilet were confined to smearing her face and neck with hog's lard, with an occasional touch of rouge. We can quite believe the report that her chief companions were cats and dogs.

While these cases and many others show that old age is possible in defiance of all commonly-received rules of hygiene, so also the evidences are clear that neither climate, occupation nor condition of life can be specially depended upon; more particularly in regard to extreme longevity. According to Finlaison's Tables, "Rural districts have the advantage of about one in two hundred deaths above city districts, and one in five hundred above the town districts." Country, therefore, is not so much better than city; and hot climates differ but little from cold.

The female sex seems to have somewhat the advantage of the male in the

average duration of life; though there are more instances of extreme longevity among the latter than the former. It is said, but we really are not sure about it, that matrimony is conducive to long life. Hufeland gives a solemn warning to bachelors. He says: "There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age." Now, while it may be that, by a wise dispensation of Providence, these comparatively useless members of the social world die off sooner than their brethren who have conjugated, yet the assertion of the Prussian authority is altogether too sweeping. Kant lived to 80, Swedenborg to 84, Alexander von Humboldt to 90, Hobbes to 91; besides many other single gentlemen who reached a most venerable age. But Hufeland was evidently prejudiced in favour of matrimony; for he says further: "All people who have been very old were married more than once;" and he instances the case of one De Longueville, who attained the age of 110, and had ten wives, the last in his 99th year! Poor man! to be thus untimely cut off in the midst of a career of usefulness! But perhaps if he had not been so matrimonially inclined he might have lived much longer.

Even though we take into consideration the occupation and surrounding circumstances of the individual, we do not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to what is most conducive to longevity. Among clergymen, we find cases like those of Cardinal de Solis, who live to be 110; Dr. Totty, an English rector, of Hastings, 101; Bishop Morton of Litchfield, 95. Lawyers have generally been long-lived, as witness Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Mansfield, Stowell and Eldon, all of whom died in the neighbourhood of 90. Physicians shew few examples of longevity; more are to be found among literary men, like Samuel Rogers, living to 93, and Fontenelle who completed his century. In the arts, we read of Michael Angelo, who wore the four crowns of archi-

ecture, sculpture, painting and poetry to the age of 90 ; Sir Christopher Wren finding rest after a life of 91 years ; Titian dying of the plague at 99. Kings and princes who have lived active lives, provide us with few cases of extreme age. So, too, with soldiers, though one case comes up before us—one who was both soldier and king—blind old Dandolo, chosen Doge of Venice at 84, storming Constantinople at the head of his troops when 94, refusing to accept the offered throne of the Eastern Empire, to which he was elected, at 96, and dying Doge at 97.

If, then, extreme old age be possible under so many and so varying conditions, we may well ask the question, upon what does longevity depend ? “Chiefly,” replies Sir John Sinclair (*Code of Health and Longevity*), “upon a certain bodily and mental predisposition to longevity.” An indefinite answer, amounting in effect to little more than this, that certain people live long because they do not die sooner. And yet it may be as good as we can give. For as some people are born with a predisposition to grow tall, while others for no better reason remain short, so this unexplainable “predisposition” may increase or diminish by many years the length of a man’s life.

Another element of longevity is also to a great extent beyond the control of the individual ; and that is a complacent, self-satisfied disposition, an even temper, not easily ruffled by the excitement of life, a calm indifference to adverse circumstances ; in other words, that peculiar temperament possessed by some people which leads them to “take things easy.” A marked example of this is found in the history of Lodowick Cornaro, a Venetian gentleman, whose “Treatise on Temperance” was translated into English as far back as 1678. Signor Cornaro had no public cares, for his family had a taint of treason which shut them out from public life ; he had no domestic cares ; he possessed an ample competence which

preserved him from all personal cares ; he had an abundant supply of self-conceit, which his friends doubtless pampered till he began to look on himself as “monarch of all he surveyed ;” he had nothing to do, and he did nothing, except to exercise on himself his favourite hygienic hobby—the only marked feature of his life. From the age of thirty-six till his death, at over one hundred, he kept steadily to a diet of twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of liquid daily. But what had more effect in prolonging his life than his regular diet was the complete control under which he had brought his emotions, so that, to use his own confession, “the death of relatives and friends could make no impression on him but for a moment or two, and then it was over.”

Judging from Cornaro’s case, as well as from others, we may safely conclude that while temperate and regular habits are conducive to long life, the most important elements of all are easy circumstances, a philosophic self-complacency, and that very moderate exercise of bodily and mental powers which is oftener found connected with mediocrity than with genius of a higher order. All experience teaches that there is a close relationship between the intensity and extensity of life. By intensity we mean the rate of living ; by extensity, its duration. The faster we live the sooner we die. All over-work, whether mental or physical, whether valuable labour or reckless dissipation, is a draft on the future ; and the draft will have to be paid with heavy interest. In this very rapid age the mass of mankind is over-worked, rather than under-worked. And instead of trying to ease the strain on the machinery, most of us are doing our utmost to crowd on more steam. Theoretically we may acknowledge the risk we run but it makes little difference in our practices. Life is short, we say, let us work while we can.

And, after all the grave lectures of health

reformers, there is some sense in this idea. In itself old age is not a desirable thing. There are accessory circumstances which may render it enviable; but these do not always exist. The tendency is to esteem and honour those over whose heads many years have passed, because we suppose that with the passing of years wisdom has come. "Intellect is the essence of age," says Emerson. The superficial observer sees the snowy locks and wrinkled brow, and takes these as the evidences of that ripened intellect which he is prepared to venerate. But the age of the wise man is to be computed from his studies, not from his wrinkles. The intensity of a life of two-score years may have had richer results than the even tenor of four-score. This is the idea of the old Veda: "He that can discriminate is the father of his father." And is not the man who has worked with every nerve and muscle till fifty, of as much value to society as he who has dawdled out a century? Has he not done more? Does he not know more? And can he not then step aside from a busy life to a deserved rest, leaving his memory enshrined in the affection and esteem of the circle where he moved—leaving a name more honourable far than he whose chief notoriety is from his many years—years which we begin to count, as some one has said, when there is nothing else to count?

The legend of Tithonus does not exaggerate the evils of a physical immortality; and when statistics assure us positively that more than half the people over eighty years are totally infirm in mind and body, we scarcely feel tempted to desire a longevity that shall take us into the regions of disability. When the prophets of hygiene point us to our blunders, and lay down rules for our guidance like those of Cornaro, or per-

haps more cast-iron still, we are apt to say with the old satirist, "*Longa dies igitur quid contulit?*" What pleasure even in anticipating a comparatively vigorous senility, if we outlive our generation and outlive our usefulness? The grand-children become the men and women who govern the world; and they seldom work harmoniously with the grand-fathers. "Old age for counsel!" But the busy workers have little time to consult old age, and little inclination to follow its advice when adverse. Will the mere fact of having lived many years console Old Age for his physical inconveniences, for his failing powers, for the neglect of his juniors, for the loss of all his friends and companions? Where will the happiness be for the lonely centenarian—

"When the mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed,  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear,  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb?"

As he looks on life's busy whirl, so changeless in its activity, its energy, and its vigour, yet ever changing in its forms and modes, so different from what it was when he was young, will he not cry with him of old:

"Yet hold me not forever in thine East;  
How can my nature longer mix with thine?  
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam  
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
Of happy men that have the power to die,  
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
Release me, and restore me to the ground."

Better far to work while there is strength to work and when strength fails to cease from labour, and enter into rest there,

"Where beyond these voices there is peace."

## GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

## EDITORIAL.

WHEN our last number went to press the question between Great Britain and the United States was still in a somewhat undeveloped condition. We now propose, as the most useful contribution which it is in our power to make to the discussion, to re-state a few facts which have been buried under ever-increasing piles of fiction, and the knowledge of which is necessary to enable us to do justice to the mother country, and in some measure also to Canada, whose Southern sympathies real or supposed, were included among the causes of offence. In the dispute which has arisen about the Treaty between the two parties at Ottawa, we have no inclination to take part. An occasion for reviewing their respective policy may present itself hereafter.

Slavery had divided the Union politically and socially into two distinct and antagonistic communities. All the world expected that between these two communities a rupture would some day come. It came at last, when, by the triumph of the Republican party in the Presidential Election of 1860, the Southerners lost their political control over the Union, and with it security for the maintenance of their own institutions. The Union then split into two groups of States, and the Southern group formed itself into a new confederation, having African slavery as its distinctive basis.

For this event no one was responsible but the people of the United States themselves, who had recognized slavery in their constitution, and who continued to recognize it till a military necessity enforced its abolition. Least of all could any blame be said to rest on Great Britain, who had abolished by a great national sacrifice slavery in her

own colonies; who, at the Congress of Vienna, while other powers demanded territory, demanded nothing but treaties for the suppression of the slave trade; and who for nearly half a century had maintained a constant crusade against the trade, in which she had met with discouragement and even with obstruction from the Government of the United States.

Secession was facilitated, and the conduct of its authors was more or less justified in the eyes of many Americans and in those of the world at large by the idea prevalent at the South, and extensively entertained even at the North, as to the individual sovereignty of the States, an idea somewhat loosely expressed by the phrase State Right. Many even of those who did not admit the doctrine of State Right, regarded the Union as a voluntary association, in which the States could never be held by force. Dr. Channing, in enforcing the necessity of political virtue as a bond of cohesion, had said "our Union is not like that of other nations, confirmed by the habits of ages and riveted by force. It is a recent and still more a voluntary union. It is idle to talk of force as binding us together. Nothing can retain a member of this confederacy when resolved on separation. The only bonds that can permanently unite us are moral ones."\* The Declaration of Independence laid it down as a universal principle that governments derive their authority from the consent of

\*"Discourse on Spiritual Freedom," Channing's works, People's edition, vol. II, pages 96, 97. We are informed by the correspondent to whom we owe the extract, that in an edition of Channing's works published at Boston, during the civil war, this passage is suppressed. If so, its significance is increased.

the governed, and to that avowal ex-President Adams had appealed as his justification for presenting a petition from some citizens of Massachusetts for the dissolution of the Union.\* President Lincoln, himself had used language in the early part of his career which reads almost like a vindication of the Southern Revolution. The idea of secession was not unfamiliar even in New England, when New England was groaning under the ascendancy of the Democratic party. These things are mentioned not to prove that secession was right; but to prove that those who thought coercion wrong were not necessarily enemies of mankind or even of the American people.

The new confederation had from the first *de facto* the characteristics of a nation. It had a regular government deriving its power from popular suffrage and completely commanding the obedience of the people throughout the whole of a vast and compact territory. It was perfectly organized for all the purposes of legislation, administration and public justice. It had on foot armaments sufficient to defend its territory, and enforce the respect of foreign powers.

After a vain attempt to effect a reconciliation by offering fresh guarantees to slavery,† the Northern Confederation proceeded to subjugate the Southern by force of arms. Its object in doing so was to restore the Union, in other words to recover lost territory and power. With the same object George III had attempted to subjugate the seceding colonies; but George III had not recognized the dependence of government on the will of the governed. With a small minority the desire to destroy slavery was from the first the ruling motive. But on behalf of the Government such a motive was distinctly disclaimed by Mr. Seward, who instructed his representative in England to

state that slavery was in no way threatened, and to reject any sympathy tendered on anti-slavery grounds. The recovery of lost territory and power was a natural object, and perhaps as the world goes not immoral; but it was not one which could be expected to excite the unanimous and enthusiastic sympathy of the human race, or in favour of which other nations could be called upon to suspend all ordinary rules of action. Great Britain especially might be excused for regarding it with comparative coolness, as she was warned from the first, with the usual violence of vituperation, by leading organs of American opinion that as soon as the South had been crushed, the victorious arms of the re-united republic would be turned against her American possessions.

The war was waged from the beginning to the end as a regular war between nations. In no single instance did the North venture to treat the Southerners or any of them as rebels. General Butler was lauded for having "hanged a rebel" at New Orleans; but the man in question was hanged, not for rebellion, but under the laws of war, for rising against the garrison after the surrender of the city. That the Southerners were mere rebels was a fiction which derived some colour from the circumstance of Secession and which was very naturally cherished at the North; but the conduct of foreign powers was necessarily regulated, and must in reason be judged, by facts and not by fictions. The trophies of which the North is full are not trophies of a victory over an insurrection; they are trophies of a conquest.

On the continent of Europe the war excited comparatively little interest. But Great Britain was so intimately connected by origin, language and commercial ties with the United States that the conflict may be said to have morally extended to her shores. The first feeling among the British was that of alarm at the impending ruin of the cotton trade, and with it of the industry which supported millions of the peo-

\*Congressional Globe, vol. II: p. 168.

†See the resolutions of Congress and those of the House of Representatives, Feb. 1861.

ple. This feeling rose almost to the point of anguish, though already, as those who were in the United States at the time testify, the Americans were ascribing the war to the machinations of Great Britain. The feeling against slavery and its partisans was also strong, and general. England was pledged to the Anti-slavery cause by her avowed principles, by her most cherished memories, by a great expenditure not only of treasure but of blood. If the aristocratic party at heart viewed the disruption of the great democratic power with not unnatural complacency, it did not venture openly to defy the traditional sentiment of the nation; and even the *Times* wrote against the slave-owners. But the avowal of the Northern Government that the war was not directed against slavery, the language of the American press, the publication by the American Government of the offensive despatch of Mr. Cassius Clay, the heroic energy and valour displayed by the South, the apparent want during the early part of the struggle of similar qualities on the side of the North, the Trent affair, the wearisome protraction of the conflict, and a growing impatience of the ruinous suspension of British industry—these circumstances, combined with the skilful propagandism of the South, wrought in course of time a partial change. The aristocratic party no longer feared to avow their political sympathy with the Southern aristocracy, and they were joined by a large commercial party which had its centre in the great cotton port.

On the other hand the popular party continued to manifest its unwavering and ardent sympathy with the North. It held public meetings in all the great cities; it waged an incessant war of opinion through the press; and in spite of a limited franchise, and an unreformed representation, it was strong enough, not only to prevent Great Britain from lending aid to the Confederates, but to prevent any motion for the recognition of the Confederacy from being even put to the vote

in the House of Commons. Nor were there any adherents of the Northern cause more staunch than the mechanics, whose bread was taken from their mouths and whose prospects were involved in the deepest gloom by the prolongation of the war. That these things are not forgotten by the people of the United States, appears from the use which they now make of the speeches of their old English friends and allies in framing their indictments against England.

Between the two parties whose sympathies were pronounced, there was a great mass which could scarcely be said to sympathize with either; but which, so far as it was swayed at all, was swayed partly by a vague feeling in favour of the weaker side, partly by the desire that the war might come to an end, and that the cotton trade might be restored. The feeling of aversion to a bloody, ruinous and apparently hopeless conflict largely prevailed, apart from any other sentiment, and was perfectly distinguishable from sympathy with slavery or with the South, though visited by the Americans with the same reprobation.

What the personal feelings of the several members of the British Government were, is not really known. It is confidently asserted that Lord Palmerston was friendly to the slave-owners; yet he had more than once embroiled England with foreign powers by his almost fanatical hostility to the slave trade. The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Milner Gibson were, it may safely be said, friendly to the North; and the Duke of Newcastle, a man singularly steady in love and hatred, retained a very warm recollection of the hospitable reception which he had met with in the States when he visited them in company with the Prince of Wales. Collectively, however, the Government took up and maintained to the end a position of neutrality. It refused to recognize the South. It refused to receive the Southern envoys. Even social courtesy was withheld from them by the Prime Minister, lest it should seem



to imply official recognition. When intervention was proposed by the Emperor of the French, in the interest of his Mexican satrapy, the British Government at once rejected the proposal, though by acceptance it would have broken the power of an inveterate enemy, secured a powerful ally on this continent, strengthened its cherished connexion with France, and saved England from what appeared a yawning gulf of commercial ruin.

To say that the British Government was neutral, is in fact saying too little. The Southern Confederacy, as has already been remarked, however objectionable its origin, however evil its institutions, presented the ordinary features of nationality. And in steadily refusing to recognize it as a nation, the British Government, it may safely be averred, was in some measure swayed by moral hostility to a slave-power. Had Great Britain recognized after Chancellorsville, there can be little doubt that the other powers would have followed her example. It is evident from the language of the American ambassador to his Government, that he felt great misgivings, as well he might, with regard to his position and the prospect of his being received by Great Britain as the *de jure* representative of all the States, when in fact he no more represented the Southern half of them than he represented France; and he clearly was much relieved when his misgivings were set at rest. It ought not to be forgotten that in all this the British Government was braving the resentment of the then victorious South, and that to a British Government, British interests may not unreasonably be to some extent a care.

That the Americans made great sacrifices in this war for the restoration of their Union is undoubted: but if the question is which made the greater sacrifices for the abolition of slavery, America or Great Britain, the answer must be, Great Britain.

The presence of a British squadron on the scene of maritime war, and the intimacy of

our commercial connection with the South, rendered it incumbent on the Crown, at an early date, to issue a proclamation of neutrality for the guidance of our officers and for the purpose of restraining British subjects from taking part in the war. With a view to the latter object, the prompt adoption of the measure was strongly advocated by the leading friends of the North. France issued a similar proclamation almost at the same moment, and the other powers speedily followed, Spain receiving a letter of thanks from the American Ambassador on the occasion. The proclamation of neutrality recognized the existence of a state of war, which was tantamount to recognizing the sun at noon.

It has been since asserted that the existence of a war ought to have been recognized on land only; and that while the Federals were treating General Lee and his soldiers as regular belligerents on land, we ought to have treated them as pirates on the seas. The Creator, we are told, in the beginning divided the dry land from the waters. This argument is at least as rational as any other that can be advanced in defence of the position.

It happened that the proclamation was issued when Mr. Adams, the new American Ambassador, had just landed, and before he had been communicated with. He could have brought no instructions which would have relieved the Government from the necessity of taking the step upon which it had determined; but the circumstance was unfortunate and might well have formed the subject of a courteous explanation. Unluckily Lord Russell, then Foreign Minister, was not much in the habit of making courteous explanations, and his example may serve as a signal warning to other Ministers of the mischief sometimes done by the omission of a gracious word. Mr. Adams, however, objected to the action of the British Government in declaring its neutrality only as "a little more rapid than the

occasion actually required." So far from taking it as a demonstration of hostility, he told his Government that it was not to be regarded in that light. Such was the original molehill which, under the influence of vindictive rhetoric, now towers up into a mountain of massive wrong.

Mr. Adams at the same period informed his Government that he had found British sentiment, even at Liverpool, still fluctuating. He might yet have fixed it in his own favour, had he been instructed to declare that the abolition of slavery was the object of the war. But he was instructed to declare that it was not.

The Proclamation was followed by orders interdicting the belligerents from bringing prizes into British ports, of which the Confederates complained bitterly, and which Mr. Seward regarded as "a death blow to Southern privateering."

The conduct of the British Government in thus recognizing the existence of a state of war, and applying to it the rules dictated by humanity and by the policy of nations, was endorsed by all the other maritime powers, and is approved by all sane men. But it did not satisfy Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner, in a speech on foreign relations, made during the war, insisted that Her Britannic Majesty should not only refuse to recognize the Southern government, but "spew it forth," and "blast" it by proclamation, and thus put the South on the footing of a Cain among the nations. Every moment of hesitation to issue such a proclamation, was according to him a moment of apostasy. "Not to blast was to bless." The Confederacy was a "Magnum Latrocinium, whose fellowship could have nothing but the filthiness of evil," "a mighty house of ill-fame," "an Ishmael," "a brood of harpies defiling all which it could not steal;" "a one-eyed Cyclops of nations;" "a soulless monster of Frankenstein;" "a wretched creation of mental science without God." "Who," proceeded the orator, "can welcome such a creation?

who can consort with it? There is something loathsome in the idea. There is contamination even in the thought. If you live with the lame, says the ancient proverb, you will learn to limp; if you keep in the kitchen you will smell of smoke; if you touch pitch you will be defiled. But what lameness so pitiful as that of this pretended power? What smoke so foul as its breath! What pitch so defiling as its touch! It is an Oriental saying, that a cistern of rose water will become impure if a dog is dropped into it; but a continent of rose water with rebel slave-mongers could be changed into a vulgar puddle. Imagine if you please whatever is most disgusting, and this pretended power is more disgusting still. Naturalists report that the pike will swallow anything except the toad, but this it cannot do. The experiment has been tried, and though this fish in its voracity always gulps whatever is thrown to it, yet invariably it spews the nuisance from its throat. But our slave-monger pretension is worse than the toad, and yet there are foreign nations which instead of spewing it forth are already turning it like a precious morsel on the tongue." "Ædipus," so went on Mr. Sumner, "in the saddest tale of antiquity, weds his own mother without knowing it, but England will wed the slave power with full knowledge that the relation, if not incestuous, is vile." And then "the foul attorneys of the slave-monger power, reeking with slavery, will have their letters of license as the ambassadors of slavery, to rove from court to court, over foreign carpets, talking, drinking, spitting slavery and poisoning that air which has been nobly pronounced too pure for a slave to breathe." All reasonable men must see that to follow the suggestions of this orator, would have been to follow the suggestions of fanaticism aggravated by the bitter memory of personal injury. Yet, Mr. Sumner has been practically allowed to guide the people of the United States in this matter, and it is on the faith of his rep.

representations that they bring forward charges and prefer demands, which, if insisted on, must lead to war. We can compare his influence only to that of the witch-seers in reliance on whose supernatural perceptions his New England forefathers sent a multitude of innocent persons to the gallows.

The Southerners when their own ports were closed, tried, in violation of our neutrality, to build ships of war in British docks and take them to sea from British ports, thus making our shores the basis of their naval war. The machinations which they employed for this purpose, were, in one instance, successful in evading what Captain Semmes calls "the anxiously guarded neutrality of England." The *Alabama*, against which evidence had been submitted by the American ambassador, and which was under surveillance, escaped from port when the order for her detention was on its way. She sailed without a clearance on a pretended trial trip, masking her real purpose by taking a pleasure party on board. She was pursued to Nassau, her supposed destination. But she had gone to Terceira, in the Azores, out of British jurisdiction, where she took on board her armament. Notwithstanding the haze of mendacious rhetoric with which the transaction has been surrounded, the fact is that the *Alabama* left England unarmed and without a single enlisted man.

The case has never been properly investigated, as it is to be hoped it will be if the British taxpayer is called upon to pay the damages. But it appears that there was neglect or treachery, or both, on the part of some of the British officials. A fatal delay was caused at the critical moment by the mental malady (which has since proved incurable) of the law officer before whom the papers were; but it was the business of the Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department to make inquiry when he found that the papers were not returned. Somebody must also have betrayed, by telegram to Captain Semmes at Liverpool, the reso-

lution of the Cabinet at London. The Confederate emissaries were active and provided with the means of corruption. Any Government may be betrayed by a corrupt subordinate, as the Government of the United States has good reason to know.

The South gained nothing by this criminal and calamitous violation of British neutrality. The barbarous warfare carried on by the *Alabama* and her consorts against merchantmen could not influence the result of the main struggle. The party favourable to the South or opposed to the war in the Northern States, which it ought to have been the first aim of the Southerners to foster and support, was discredited and estranged. Many Englishmen who, though hostile to slavery, had taken no part against the South before, came forward when attempts were made, by violating British neutrality, to drag Great Britain into the war and thus recognition was rendered more hopeless than ever. Of the wealthy shipbuilder who imperilled the honour and interests of his country for his private gain it is needless to speak; his name will be famous for ever.

Many thought that the *Alabama*, having violated our neutrality, ought to be hunted down as a malefactor, or at least excluded from our ports. But the Government was advised that, having gone into the foreign port of Terceira, she must be thenceforward treated as an ordinary ship of war; and though we believe the advice to have been over-technical and wrong, there can be no doubt that it was honest. Sir Roundell Palmer, the Attorney-General, was a man of the very highest character, and friendly to the North. Neutrals are bound by the existing rules of international law; they cannot alter those rules *pendente bello*, without committing an act of hostility against one of the belligerents.

Before the escape of the *Alabama*, the *Oreto*, afterwards called the *Florida*, secretly built for the Confederates, had left a British

port. But no tangible evidence had been produced of her ownership or destination; and it must be remembered that the building of men of war, as well as merchantmen, for foreign nations, was a regular trade which could not be stopped because the United States were at war. The *Florida* took on board her armament at Green Key, an islet near the Bahamas, and went into the Confederate port of Mobile; whence, not from a British port, she commenced her cruise. The *Georgia* and *Shenandoah* were merchantmen, not built for war, nor in any way adapted for warlike purposes within the British Dominions. The *Alexandra* was detained, though, as appeared on the trial, the evidence against her was defective. The steam-rams *El Monassir* and *El Toussoun* were seized, and the evidence being insufficient, the Government cut the knot by purchasing the rams. The ordinary sale of vessels out of the navy was suspended, lest they should fall into Confederate hands; and when the fleet of gun-boats procured by Captain Sherard Osborn for the Emperor of China was sold off, the British Government undertook the sale, guaranteeing the Chinese Government against loss, an operation which cost Great Britain more than half a million of dollars. Inquiry was instituted in numerous cases at the instance of Mr. Adams, and there were five prosecutions under the Foreign Enlistment Act.

Great Britain is charged with the depredations of the *Sumter* and *Nashville*, vessels fitted out from Confederate ports and manned by Confederate seamen, with which she had no more to do than with any German or French cruiser in the late war.

No privilege was ever granted to a Confederate cruiser in any British port, which was not equally granted to Federal cruisers. Nor did Great Britain stand alone in receiving these vessels, though she is singled out by American hatred as though she had. They were received in the ports of all nations alike. The first port into which the

*Alabama* went, after commencing her cruise, was the French port of Martinique, where she was welcomed with as much enthusiasm by her partisans, as in any British dependency. From a French port she came forth to her last fight. The *Florida* repaired and coaled at Brest, having been refused permission to coal at Bermuda. The *Sumter* having been allowed to put into a Dutch port, Mr. Seward addressed a threatening letter to the Dutch Government. The Dutch Government answered with spirit and found the benefit of that course.

It was a subject of deep regret to many Englishmen at the time that some of the Confederate cruisers were manned, in part, by British seamen. But the armies of the North swarmed with foreigners, many of them British subjects, and recruited in virtual, if not in technical, violation of neutrality along the Canadian border. All nations, maritime nations especially, and not least the nation of Walker and his filibusters, have among their people roving adventurers who can scarcely be deemed citizens. British sailors serving in Confederate cruisers were struck off the list of the naval reserve.

It was equally a source of sorrow to the same section of Englishmen, that British subjects were the principal blockade-runners. But where there are blockades, there will be blockade-running; the trade was in no way sheltered or facilitated by the British Government; and Great Britain was not bound to assist the Federals in maintaining the blockade—she was bound to abstain from doing so. An order was issued prohibiting officers in the British navy from taking part in blockade-running. The Government could do no more.

Both belligerents freely purchased arms in British markets. The Northern troops in the early part of the war were to a great extent armed with British rifles. That the British Government has ever been guilty of selling arms to a belligerent is an utter cal-

umny, whatever any other government may have done.

The British Government did not gag its press or manacle private sympathy. Some British citizens made a bad use of their liberty. The London *Times* poured upon the North in its hour of depression a stream of contumely and slander which more than any act of the Government led to the present bitterness; and some members of Parliament so far forgot themselves as to cheer the *Alabama* in the House of Commons—an offence only inferior in gravity to that committed by the American House of Representatives, when by a majority of 172 to 71, it voted, in the name of the people of the United States, an address of welcome to the Fenian patriots (30 Jan., 1871). No language, however held by any British journalist or speaker against the war and its authors, could possibly exceed in violence the language held by a large party among the people of the United States themselves. The most offensive things perhaps that appeared in the British press, were the letters of "Manhattan," published in the *Standard*, but written in New York.

An eminent Italian jurist, the professor of International Law in the University of Pavia, has pronounced the neutrality of Great Britain blameless in respect of both the contending parties, setting aside the case of the *Alabama*, which, misled by persistent and accumulated falsehood, he believes to have been armed and manned in England under the eye of the British Government, and to have brought her prizes into British ports. But what the North really demanded of Great Britain was not neutrality but participation in the war on the Federal side.

Good sense and regard for British honour required that in the case of the *Alabama* all doubt should at once be cleared up, and, if reparation appeared to be due, that it should be promptly made. But diplomacy chose first to repudiate all responsibility, then to

slide into concession, and finally into the imbroglia which we now see.

After much wrangling, the two Governments framed a convention for the mutual settlement of claims. This treaty, though signed in London, was virtually drawn up at Washington, for the British Government acceded to all the proposals of Mr. Seward, and when he wished to amend his original terms, acceded to his amendment also. The American ambassador dined too much in public and made too many friendly speeches, probably with a view to facilitate his negotiation. But this was not the fault of the British Government, nor could the British Government go behind his credentials and inquire whether he really represented the nation. His appointment had been unanimously confirmed by the Senate, including Mr. Sumner, who, it has been positively and repeatedly stated, specially commended Mr. Reverdy Johnson to Mr. Bright, and afterwards wrote to the same statesmen a letter which was equivalent to one of congratulation on the conclusion of the treaty.

Under these circumstances Great Britain was entitled at least to courtesy. But the treaty was flung out by the Senate with every mark of contumely. The rule of secrecy was suspended that the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations might publish an inflammatory libel against the British Government and nation. A torrent of unprovoked abuse and menace was poured forth against Great Britain by all the organs of American opinion, which, however, somewhat changed their tone when the effect of their language was perceived, and began to rally the British on their baseless fears, having no idea that a nation assailed with the most odious calumnies could feel wounded in its honour. The fact, indeed, is that some deduction ought probably to be made from the offensiveness of American charges on the ground of the habitual use of injurious imputations as ordinary weapons of debate among American politicians.

The mover of the rejection of the treaty, and the author of the libellous speech published with the sanction of the Senate, was Mr. Sumner, a statesman of whose good sense we have already seen a specimen, and whose philanthropic eloquence was one of the immediate causes of the civil war, and is now likely to lead to a standing quarrel, and perhaps ultimately to a war, between two nations. From the lapse of time the real facts of the case had been so far forgotten that Mr. Sumner was enabled to substitute for them in the minds of his countrymen a portentous fiction of his own imagination. The action of the British Government in regard to the Proclamation of Neutrality, which, to the sufficiently critical mind of Mr. Adams, at the time, had appeared only "a little more rapid than the occasion required" now became a colossal wrong and the inception of a dark conspiracy, the consummation of which was the launching of a swarm of British corsairs to prey upon American commerce. The fact that other nations had issued an exactly similar proclamation and had received the cruisers in their ports as duly commissioned men-of-war was of course suppressed. Great Britain was charged with the hopes founded by the Confederation on her supposed subserviency to the cotton interest, hopes which she had nobly disappointed. It was asserted that the Southerners though they were fighting not only for national independence but for social position, property and all that made life dear, and though they were encouraged by the most brilliant victories gained against great odds, had been sustained during the last two years of the war only by the depredations of the *Alabama* and her consorts, and by the expectation of aid from a nation which constantly refused even to receive their envoys. The offending nation was declared liable to be charged with the cost of two years of the war, and, in addition, to the losses caused by the decay of the mercantile marine of the United States, which American economists

distinctly trace to the exclusion of materials for shipbuilding under the protective system. Every artifice of rhetoric was employed to inflame American feeling against Great Britain, and the speaker concluded with professions of his ardent desire to promote peace and good will among nations.

It is not necessary again to analyse this angry figment, the character of which was happily depicted by its author, when he said, in the terms which would have been used by a mythologist in describing the growth of a fable, that the mountain of wrong looked bigger as you went further from its base. The American Government has abandoned the position in reference to the declaration of neutrality, which formed the foundation of Mr. Sumner's superstructure of charges and claims, though it retains the superstructure without the foundation. Mr. Sumner's guilt is enhanced by the fact that he had spent some time as a guest in England and was well acquainted with the statesmen against whose characters he levelled these groundless imputations.

Mr. Thornton has stated in a despatch that at this time he received hints from more than one quarter that Great Britain might compound for her breaches of transcendental morality by the cession of her North American possessions. A notable editorial to the same effect appeared about the same time in the *New York Tribune*, and there were literary traces of a connection between the editorial and Mr. Sumner's speech.

If consequential damages are to be assessed for the havoc wrought by the war the assessor may, perhaps, have to resort to a quarter where no citizen of the United States ever believes that the slightest responsibility can rest. The American people themselves by recognizing and maintaining for their political and commercial purposes the institution of slavery, which they now declare to have been flagrantly immoral, were responsible for the inevitable rupture which ensued,

and for all the calamities which followed to themselves and to mankind.

The prolongation of the war, which is the ground on which General Grant claims his consequential damages, and which he now imputes wholly to the attitude and conduct of Great Britain, was once imputed by the same authority to a very different agency. In a letter to Mr. Washburne, dated Aug. 16, 1864, and published for the purpose of influencing the then approaching Presidential Election, General Grant said, "I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to ensure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North. \* \* \* \* With this drain upon them (the rebels), the end is not far distant if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope, now, is in a divided North. \* \* \* \* I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential Election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter-revolution. They hope the election of a peace candidate. In fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to turn up." The letter, which may be seen in the *Rebellion Record*, contains not the faintest allusion to any Southern hopes fed by Great Britain, or by any allies or sympathizers other than the Democratic party at the North. It would seem, therefore, that when damages for the prolongation of the war are levied, the Democratic party at the North should, at least, be called upon to contribute its share.

Mr. Sumner's charges were embodied by Mr. Fish in a despatch which Mr. Motley was directed to read to Lord Clarendon. Lord Clarendon did not meet this attack on the honour of the country, nor have his successors met similar attacks with the dignity which sound policy as well as self-respect and regard for the national character required. But he sent an exhaustive and conclusive reply to Mr. Fish's statement. This reply was published in England, but in America it was

suppressed by Mr. Fish. One great difficulty in dealing with the people of the United States is that the facts do not reach them. They are fenced by their politicians and journalists against unwelcome truth, and thus they are led blindfold into the designs of men for whom they themselves profess respect.

After another period of moral war, aggravated by ill-timed and humiliating demonstrations of cordiality on the part of Great Britain, negotiations were resumed and ended in the Treaty of Washington, which was not only to settle all differences and restore halcyon days between the two nations, but to open a new era for humanity by introducing the great principle of international arbitration.

When the terms of the treaty were made known it became at once evident that the British negotiators by consenting to a retrospective modification of international law had compromised the rights and impaired the security of neutrals, whose interests are at least as deserving of protection as those of powers which involve the world in war. Still the apology tendered on the part of Great Britain for the escape of the *Alabama* was well received; the feeling of the people in the United States appeared good, and there was a general tendency among Englishmen to accept the treaty as the best practicable termination of the state of moral war.

Soon, however, it transpired that the British Commissioners had submitted to a peremptory refusal of the Americans to consider the Fenian claims. It may safely be said that the failure to detain a single vessel, furtively built by a foreign power, in time of war, and under all the difficulties incident to the maintenance of neutrality between passionate and unscrupulous belligerents, will bear no comparison in point of criminality with the deliberate permission and encouragement, through a series of years and in time of peace, of an organi-

zation openly levying war against a neighbouring and friendly nation. If the material damage done by the Fenians in Canada was not great—though it included the killing of several Canadians and the wounding of more—the Americans, as they professed, were seeking, not so much the payment of material damages, as the vindication of moral principles. In peremptorily refusing to consider the Fenian claims, they in effect declared that other nations should be answerable for their actions, but the American Republic should not. Here was an end at once of all the moral advantages which were to accrue to humanity from the treaty. Instead of being a signal example of the submission of great powers to the moral law, it became an almost unparalleled assertion, on the part of the United States, of immunity from moral obligations.

At length the "American case" was produced. Its character is best described in the words of the great organ of German opinion, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "The tribute," says that Journal, "which Germany draws from France, after a complete victory, is insignificant compared with the compensation that the American government demands, in virtue of a treaty which enthusiasts describe as the inauguration of a new era of peace and friendship. The most hostile and contemptuous despatches of Prince Bismarck to the French government are courteous and friendly in comparison with the indictment for which the President and his Cabinet are responsible. An idle attempt has been made to shift this responsibility by attributing the unexampled coarseness and malignity of the attack to the lawyers who drew it up. It may be true that the American negotiators have discredited themselves; but they have also discredited the character of their country." An auspicious opening of the new moral era of international arbitration!

On the vexed question of legal interpretation, we have given a paper drawn up by a

legal hand. On the moral point and the point of honour, there can scarcely be room for doubt. The British Commissioners were known to have entered into the negotiations with the special object of excluding the indirect claims, and reducing the case to such a claim for specific damages as England might with safety and honour consent to submit to arbitration. The word "amicable," applied in the treaty to the settlement, would seem itself to shut out demands, which, it is obvious, could only be enforced by war. It was manifestly on this understanding that the British Commissioners had consented to retrospective modifications of international law, and had tendered an apology, the acceptance of which alone would be decisive against the resumption of a hostile attitude in the court of honour. In that belief they had been suffered to go through the negotiations. In that belief they had been suffered to depart. One of their number and Lord Granville had afterwards been allowed publicly to give this version of the treaty without being corrected. Then, Great Britain being, as it seemed, finally committed to the arbitration, the indirect claims were sprung.

It is suggested that these indirect claims were merely foisted in by the lawyers who drew the case, and who, in a great international cause, used this pettifogging artifice of their trade to impose on the arbitrators and swell the damages. Those who walk in beaten paths, are not likely to be very successful in divining the motives of American politicians.

It is possible that it may have been thought desirable for political purposes to re-open a profitable quarrel. But the only thing which can be safely asserted, is that whatever was done, the paramount object was to influence the result of the approaching Presidential Election.

What is certain is, that if the British Ministers allow the indirect claims to be submitted in any form or under any disguise,



they will be guilty of treason, not only against the interests and honour of their own country, but against all nations. All nations are now, in place of the promised millennium, threatened with the establishment of a rule under which any overbearing power, after filling the world with all the evils of war, will be enabled to assess the cost of the war upon its weaker neighbours, under pretence of levying consequential damages for those breaches of neutrality, which, when belligerents are transported with lawless passions, it is hardly possible altogether to prevent. A small power like Canada might be sold up by the United States, under pretence of levying indirect damages for the escape of a single privateer, or for such an occurrence as the St. Albans' raid. A Belgian publicist, M. de Lavergne, has justly observed that neutrals, if they had the slightest reason to fear that they had laid themselves open to indirect claims, would deem it their best policy at once to enter into the war, and thus war, instead of being extinguished, would become universal.

The tribunal is novel, the procedure is unsettled, the judges are untried, nor can anyone tell to what influences they may be subject. And to this tribunal Great Britain is to submit the question whether she shall be visited with ruin and dishonour; the other party to the proceeding, on whose moderation and scrupulousness something so unprecedented and so delicate a process must depend, being her inveterate foe whose hatred has singled her out from among all the nations of Europe for the present attack, and whose President would at once secure his own re-election and the triumph of his party, if by any means whatever he could inflict heavy disgrace and loss upon the British nation! Would the American Government consent to set its character and fortunes on such a die?

The British negotiators behaved like men of honour, and brought no stain in that respect upon the character of the Empire;

but it would be difficult to award them any other praise. The indirect claims had never, it is true, been formally preferred by the American Government; but they had been preferred in the speech of Mr. Sumner, which was published with the sanction of the American Senate, and the general line of which was followed in the despatch of Mr. Fish. Prudence therefore would seem to have obviously required that these claims should be expressly barred by the British negotiators, especially considering the well-known and often experienced habits of American diplomacy. It was weakness to take mere silence, amicable professions and the acceptance of an apology as sufficient securities without an explicit renunciation. The premature and somewhat ignominious exultation of the British Government at the conclusion of the Treaty, its hasty bestowal of extravagant rewards on the commissioners, and the foolish self-gratulations of some of the commissioners themselves, notably of Sir Stafford Northcote, could not fail to produce a bad effect, and probably had no small share in encouraging the adversary to resume his hostile tone and attempt further extortions.

With regard to the question between Great Britain and Canada, it is not our intention to raise any discussion as to the construction put by the Canadian Premier and his colleagues upon the instrument investing him with his powers and prescribing his duties as a member of the High Joint Commission. This much, however, is certain, that the British Government and nation did sincerely desire to give to Canada full security for the due consideration of her special interests; and at the same time a proof that she is cordially associated with the Mother Country in the power and dignity, as well as in the interests and responsibilities of the Empire. The Prime Minister of this country was included in the Commission avowedly with these objects, and whatever may have been the formal nature of his authority and functions

there can be no doubt that he had practically in the last resort a veto on the Canadian portion of the Treaty, since his declared dissent would have rendered it impossible for the British Ministry to obtain the acquiescence even of their own followers in the British Parliament. Not only so, but, whereas the Treaty is not submitted for ratification to the Parliament of Great Britain, it is, by a special provision, submitted for ratification to the Parliament of Canada, which is thus, in this instance, treated with more consideration than the Supreme Legislature itself. That, in deciding on the acceptance or refusal of the Treaty, the Canadian Parliament is morally bound to have regard to Imperial as well as to Colonial interests is perfectly true ; but that the Canadian Parliament was not intended to have a real voice in the matter is a statement which can hardly be made in good faith, and which, at all events, is totally unfounded.

There is more reason in the allegation, that it would have been better to keep the case of the Alabama claims and that of the Fisheries distinct, and to make them the subject of separate negotiations. But the case of the Alabama claims cannot be treated as one in which Canada has no concern. So long as we are a part of the Empire, all Imperial questions are Canadian and all Canadian questions are Imperial. If we say that we have nothing to do with the *Alabama*, the people of Great Britain will say that they have nothing to do with the Fisheries, and the unity of the Empire will be dissolved. The awkwardness of the double diplomacy is manifest ; but a double diplomacy is inevitable where two communities, each having national interests and questions of its own, are combined under one Crown. Compensation must be looked for in the other consequences of the connection.

Without discussing again the merits of the Canadian portion of the Treaty, we may safely say that any charge against the Moth-

er Country of a deliberate sacrifice of the interests of the Colony is sufficiently rebutted by the favourable reception of the Treaty among a considerable section of our own people. We have already referred to the fact, which cannot be doubted, that Great Britain might have purchased immunity for herself by abandoning her North American Colonies. But not only was the proposal never entertained by her,—the most distant allusion to it was always met on her part with scornful indignation.

The conduct of our Mother Country towards her Colonies may not have been faultless, but for a generation, at all events, it has been free from serious blame, and at the worst of times it was better than that of any other mother country in history, unless we think fit to except those parent states, which, like the States of Ancient Greece, left their colonies independent from the beginning, and thus escaped all the difficult and angry questions, which the connection with a distant and adult colony cannot fail to breed. Of this the condition of the British Colonies, trained as they are to self-government, and ripe with all the elements of a powerful nationality, is at once the most decisive and the noblest proof. The colonial expenditure of Great Britain may not have been up to the standard of ideal self-sacrifice, but it has been tenfold greater than that of any other country, and it has been sustained under a load of debt and taxation, which constitutes not only a fiscal burden, but a grave political danger, as the popular outbreak caused the other day by the match-tax proved. The little island has done great things, in proportion to her size, for herself and for her children ; she has secured to her children the amplest, fairest, and most hopeful heritage in the world, and held it for them, during their minority, against the world's arms. But there is a limit to her power. To say that she has become a cypher in the council of nations is absurd : prostrate France

implored her mediation, and imperilled Belgium eagerly accepted her guarantee. Her strength, so far from having declined, is at this moment greater than ever. But the strength of her rivals has increased, and she is no longer, as at the close of the Napoleonic war, sole mistress of the seas. She is threatened by the jealousy of European powers, by Russian aggression, by American rancour, and burdened with the exigencies and anxieties of that vast and multifarious empire, of which, after all, the North American Colonies are but a part. This is a state of things calling on her side for frankness,

and on our side for deliberation. But let us not degrade Canada in the eyes of the world by joining with the enemies of the empire in calumnious disparagement of a mother country, of which, on the whole, we have good reason to be proud, and our kindly relations with which will always be valuable to us, even in a material point of view, and as the source of our best immigration, whatever our political destiny may be. It is possible that the hour of Canadian nationality may be drawing near. If so, let us prepare to found the nation, not in ingratitude, but in truth and honour.

## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

### THE SWORD POINT.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, from the German of Liebetreu.)

YOU need not be surprised, old friend; with all your Greek and Latin, you will never captivate a lady's heart. If you do not wish to be overlooked in society and kept constantly in dread of throwing down, with your elbow, the tea-service from the sideboard; or if you do not choose to remain in danger of repeating again all the little blunders you have lately perpetrated in company, you must have recourse to the only way of escape, that is, you must learn fencing and dancing.

This moral lecture I received from one of my friends many years ago, after I had confessed the awkwardness of which I had been guilty—to the delight of some ladies on a previous evening, at the party of Professor R——h. But my friend did more for me than this. He gave me the address of a certain French refugee, who called himself Monsieur Fernand; and certainly there appeared to be nothing better for me than to pay a visit to this Doctor of Politeness. I

soon found his lodgings. His servant showed me into his apartments, announced me, and Monsieur Fernand soon made his appearance—a military figure, with white hair, and a kind smile on his face.

"Good day, Sir,—Do you speak French?"

"*Un peu, Monsieur.*"

"*Eh bien,*" and now we continued the conversation in his language. "How can I serve you, Sir?"

"My friend, Mr. B——g, was so kind as to give me your address, assuring me that you would be able to add to my education the accomplishments of dancing and fencing."

"Well, very well. When do you wish to begin?"

"Immediately, if it is convenient to you."

"Very well, I am at your service."

"But," said I, delaying, "we must arrange about the conditions."

"Conditions?"

"Yes, I mean the terms."

"Yes,—well,—I did not think of that. It is not agreeable to speak about that." I could see it was disagreeable.—"Twelve lessons, two Fréderics d'or? Is that —?"

"Very well, Sir,"—much easier—"Let us now commence, if you please."

He now walked before me into a large room, having many windows, and furnished with a piano. On nails between the windows hung fencing gloves and wire masks, and in one corner stood about a half dozen foils.

"Now, Sir, please stand over here. That's right. The arm easy, hanging down. *Comme ça*."

The old gentleman's manners told of a different position and calling from that in which he was now occupied and I could see, notwithstanding his noble bearing, a slight limping of the right foot, which seemed to come from a stiff knee-joint. A strange thing, thought I, to learn fencing and dancing from an old lame gentleman, but I soon found that he was complete master of his weapon.

"That will suffice for to-day," said he, after half an hour's exercise.

"Now for the dancing, if *Monsieur* is not already too tired."

"Not in the least, Sir."

He took from the piano a small violin, and struck a few chords.

"Please place yourself—*comme ça*.—You see! One—two—three—*voilà tout*. First, second, third position. No, no! You are wrong. Please, try once more. Peste! My leg is miserable to-day! I cannot dance."

"Let us leave off to-day, I'll come again."

"Not at all, Sir,—a minute!" He went to the door, opened it, and called, "Julie! get your dancing shoes on. Be quick, and come into the hall."

Julie came. A strange girl! She was tall, had large black eyes, a small mouth, with full lips, but her cheeks were hollow, and the whole figure lean and emaciated. She wore a dress which she had outgrown long ago. The expression of her face was, in spite of the hardness of the lines, childlike. In short, she was like a child of ten years who, when we look through a telescope, appears to be eighteen.

"Mademoiselle Julie Fernand, my daughter,

Monsieur Forster," said the old gentleman. She bowed according to the rules of etiquette, and I tried to return the salutation with as much grace as possible. "Julie," continued the old gentleman, "my leg troubles me very much to-day; you will have the honour to instruct the gentleman in dancing."

"*Oui, mon père!*"

"If you please, then, one, two, three. Please notice Mademoiselle's feet carefully, and then make the same movements!" *One, two, three*; and so it went on with the monotonous *one, two, three* for nearly an hour. Julie, with the greatest patience, instructed me in the movements, her father gliding sometimes with his fingers, sometimes with his bow, over his little violin. "Very well," he said, at last, "you have life, you have blood, hot blood; I mean to say, you have a good ear. You keep step. I shall gain credit by you."

"Julie, pay your compliments."

"*Bonjour, Monsieur*," said Julie, and left the room.

"When shall I have the honour again?" asked Monsieur Fernand.

"I shall have the pleasure the day after to-morrow," I answered.

"Very well, Sir, I hope my leg will not disappoint us. *Bonjour, Monsieur*."

The old gentleman arose. I could see his leg pained him; but it did not prevent him from accompanying me to the door, and taking his leave of me with a gentle bow.

On the appointed day I again returned. "*Ah, Monsieur!*" said the old gentleman, when he had received me, "You are very unlucky. I cannot use my leg at all to-day. Your German climate does not suit the wounds of an old soldier. The sun of France is warmer," he added, with a light sigh.

"I can come another day with the greatest pleasure, I answered.

"O, no! Certainly not. That is not necessary, Julie will teach you. Will you be kind enough to open the door? It is impossible for me to rise." I did as he requested and he called, "Julie! Julie! come quick; get your shoes and your shield." Julie came in with a little leather breastplate in her hand.

"Good day, *Monsieur*."

"Good day, *Mademoiselle*."

"Well, Monsieur Forster, *Mademoiselle* will

instruct you," said Monsieur Fernand while he buckled her shield, and tied the mask before her face. "Now in position! Julie, in position! So!" Julie acted with great ease and gracefulness. She seemed to have inherited this from her father. "Now, will you please, look at *Mademoiselle's* hand, not at her eyes. That you may do, when you are more proficient. Now, on your guard. Well done! *Quarte*, so, *tierce*! Not so high. That is too high. That is too high. Now, thrust!" I did so as skilfully as possible, while Julie, the foil in her left hand, let the fingers of her right glide along on my sword to support the crossing of the blades, just like an old fencer. "*Ah bah! Monsieur!*" said the old gentleman, "you are not so expert yet as to be dangerous to *Mademoiselle*. Once more now! More force with the upper part of the body. *Mademoiselle* will save herself. So! Now *quarte*! Thrust! Parry! That's better. Once more!"

It was very disagreeable for me to strike forcibly against the breast of a girl, but she was my instructor, and I could do nothing else.

We went through all the *passades*, Julie always in the right position, always parrying with grace and skill, so that I soon discovered Julie could fence just as well as her father, Monsieur Fernand.

The old gentleman's leg had not improved during the next week, and Julie gave me my lessons. My eyes soon began to seek hers behind the wire mask. I had improved under her instructions so far as to be able to cross blades in a regular attack. And I noticed, in these encounters, the childlike, careless expression of her face vanished, and that an expression of womanhood came over her countenance. The eye had not the staring inquisitiveness of the child, or the steady glance of the trained fencer, but that strange restlessness sometimes seen in a deep, glittering, dark eye.

One day the old gentleman himself instructed me. It chanced that I had brought with me a little box of chocolate, which I gave to Monsieur Fernand. He ate a few pieces and handed the box to his daughter, while he gave me my fencing lesson. Julie remained in the room to be in readiness for the dancing lesson. When the fencing was over, "Now for my chocolate," said my instructor. At these words Julie started as if she had been in a deep dream. "But,

child," said her father, laughing, and looking into the box, "you have eaten all the chocolate! *Coquine!* What a little epicure you are."

She blushed; the tears came into her eyes; but she uttered not a word.

"There! I have broken a string," said the old man, tuning his violin. "Julie, go and fetch me a string. No—I will go myself. You would not find them. I beg your pardon a minute, Sir, *Mademoiselle* will play a piece on the piano till I return."

The old gentleman left us, and Julie sat down at the piano. When I opened it, she said to me with tears in her eyes, "You must think me very fond of dainties."

I answered laughing: "Did you finish the whole box?"

"It is true," said she, hesitating; "but I have not eaten anything else since Sunday, but a small piece of bread; and yesterday I ate nothing at all."

"For Heaven's sake, child, what do you say? Nothing to eat since Sunday! You'll destroy yourself! at your age!"

"At my age? We had nothing to eat; for after the servant had done, nothing was left."

"Poor, poor child! and I, the wretch, have not paid your father yet. Why did your father not tell me he was——!"

"Monsieur Fernand would sooner die of hunger," she replied, with the air of a princess.

"I will pay your father immediately, fool that I am! I might have read it in your face."

"Do I look so starved?" she said, with a sad look.

"Poor child!" said I embarrassed. "Poor child!"

"Child? I am seventeen, Monsieur."

"Really? How sorry I am. But I'll speak to you——."

"For heaven's sake, not now," she cried. "I never would have said a word, but I could not bear your regarding me as a greedy child.— Promise never to say a word about this to my father. He would never forgive me."

"You may rely upon me, *Mademoiselle*," I answered.

Monsieur Fernand returned. A new string had been supplied, and he played with the usual kindly expression on his face. Julie and I danced.

"One, two, three! Julie! *plus machina!*

ment! The gentleman is here to learn dancing, not to dance for pleasure. *Plus machinalement*, more quietly, more quietly, *comme ça!*"

So we danced to the tune of the violin. But as soon as we danced with more animation than was necessary for the object of instruction, we were restored to propriety by the old gentleman's *plus machinalement*.

At the end of the lesson I told Monsieur Fernand that I should very likely leave town for a few days, and begged him to accept the fee for the lessons.

"But Monsieur forgets," was the reply.—"The courses are not yet finished, therefore there is no need to pay now."

"But you would oblige me very much if you would allow me to do so; for it is unpleasant for me to leave the town without paying my debts."

"*Bien*," answered my instructor; and put the gold pieces, with the greatest *nonchalance*, into his vest pocket. His manner was so dignified, that I could have laughed to myself, if I had not heard Julie's sad story. I left, and watched for a little at the street corner. After a short time the servant left the house of Monsieur Fernand, with a basket, and returned, bringing what I had expected—a basket-full of victuals. I returned home with a light heart, and promised to myself to protect Julie, at least, from hunger.

After about eight days I returned to continue my lessons. The change was remarkable: Julie was a virgin, a blooming virgin. Almost magical was the change which the food had effected. Her dress, too, had been changed, and rendered more suitable to her age. Monsieur Fernand did not show the least change. He was dignified, but affable as ever. When his leg permitted, he instructed, and I fenced with him, while Julie played. Afterwards I danced with Julie, and her father played; but very often we were interrupted by the old gentleman's "*plus machinalement*, Julie!"

In this way a few months passed, till one day Monsieur Fernand said to me: "Sir, you may now discontinue your lessons; for you are an excellent fencer, only you must continue to practise a little for some time; but I cannot take your money any longer; for you can learn nothing more from me." I urged him strongly to give me another course, as I wished to learn

how to disarm an adversary. "Very well, Sir, one course more; but my arm is now as stiff as my leg; Mademoiselle must therefore teach you. Julie's hand is as firm as steel. If you are able to disarm Mademoiselle you are a complete fencer."

I came to my lessons as formerly, but without the old interest. I was entirely changed. How had it happened? Well, the reason was this: one evening while visiting some relations, I had met a young lady, looked too deeply into her brown eyes, and had been caught in her net. I thought of her, and dreamed about her night and day. Fencing and dancing, as well as everything else, lost interest for me. Before the last lesson, I met Monsieur Fernand and his daughter on the street. I bowed in recognition. "Who was that?" said my betrothed, whom I had taken out in that capacity, for the first time.

"My fencing master and his child," I answered.

"His child!" was the somewhat lengthened reply.

"Well then, his daughter. I take my last lesson to-morrow."

"Ah!" said my betrothed, and was unusually quiet during the remainder of the day.

The next day I went to Monsieur Fernand's and met Julie alone. The old gentleman had a visitor. He came in only for a moment, and politely excused himself. Julie had no mask over her face, and stood opposite me, with the rapier in her right hand.

"Well, Julie," said I—we lately had called each other by our Christian names—this is the last lesson."

"My name is Mademoiselle Fernand. Who was that fair haired lady in your company yesterday?"

"Well, a lady," said I, somewhat bewildered, but attempting to laugh, "who in two months will become my wife. But what is the matter, Julie? Are you ill?"

"O, no! Nothing is amiss."

"But why without masks to-day?"

"We do not always fight like children, Monsieur," she answered, with a hard voice.

I threw away my mask. We commenced; I was perfectly collected, but she seemed to be very excited. Her attacks were violent. With eagerness she rushed upon me. In parrying

my blade glided along hers, and I perceived that the iron button was broken off from the point of her foil. "You must have made a mistake, *Mademoiselle*," I said, "your foil has no button."

"Well observed, Sir," she replied, with flashing eyes. "I pointed the blade myself! In four weeks a wedding! Your bride loves your false face. She shall not have it. I'll cut it in pieces, as you have done my heart! *En garde, Monsieur*."

"But, Julie"—

"*En garde, Monsieur!*" and her eyes glittered like those of a lioness. "Save yourself if you wish to have a wedding at all." She struck out again with violence. I had to parry with all my skill, but without success. Her sharp *fleuret* cut the flesh of my arm, from the hand to the shoulder.

As soon as she saw my blood flowing, she threw her foil into a corner, and raised me up in her arms. I had sense enough left to tell her to break the point off the foil, before I fainted. When I recovered my senses I found my arm bandaged. Though I could not move, I heard her moaning, and calling out, "Ernest, dear Ernest, I have killed you. I would gladly have died for you a thousand times, and now I have killed you. Oh, Ernest, dear Ernest, don't die," she cried, in deep agony.

I was soon able to speak. "Be quiet, child; but first give me the sword point." When it was brought to me, I examined it and found the point sharp as a needle.

Monsieur Fernand came in. "What has happened?" he cried, in the greatest excitement. "How was this possible?"

"Very simply," I replied. "The button of the foil broke off, and Julie has wounded me accidentally."

"How careless, child; but where is the point? It must be somewhere. I'll speak to the sword-maker for sending me such a blade as this. I am very, very sorry."

After a while the old gentleman begged to excuse himself. He must go to his guest. He left us, telling Julie she must keep me company. Julie came to me deeply affected, and begged me to forgive her.

"With all my heart I forgive you," I answered, looking into her deep dark, but now tearful eyes. "You shall love me, my dear Julie, not as a bride but as a sister; confide in me in everything, and I'll watch over you as a brother." Sighing, she bent over my wounded arm, and burning tears fell upon it. She looked up into my eyes, so grieved, so afflicted; she seemed to think it useless to speak of refusing my request. The heart only could hear the "*No!*" she uttered. While she tried to master her feelings, she said sorrowfully, "I will love you as a brother."

Monsieur Fernand again entered. I soon found myself strong enough to drive home; and with a hearty salute from the old gentleman, and a long hot glance from Julie, I bade adieu to my generous instructor and his warm-hearted daughter. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* Ten years have passed away since then. I sit by a writing-table. The children are terribly noisy to-day. "Silence!" All quiet at once, but soon the noise begins again.

"Pa, pa, look what I have found," says my eldest girl.

"Come, child, I have no time now."

"But isn't it sharp?" said the child.—"Sharp." I became interested. "What is sharp?"

"Here, pa."

"Dinner ready," calls my wife, from the dining room.

"Come here, darling," I reply.

"What is it, Ernest?"

"Look here, Julie, do you know this sword point?" My wife blushes. Her eyes look into mine as they did ten years ago. She had improved from a small tiny bud, and had grown up into a beautiful rose, smiling; she puts her arms around my neck and kisses me again and again, till I say playfully: "*Plus machinalment*, Julie!"

The wound had made my arm stiff; my betrothed rejected me. She did not wish to marry a cripple. Julie became my wife. She gave up fencing, for she has now enough to keep her employed with the care of our children.

## HOW I WAS RUSTICATED FROM CAMBRIDGE.

*From TEMPLE BAR for April.*

I ALWAYS thought it a very hard case, but I could never bring my irate father and my weeping mother to view the matter in that light. I appeal to an impartial public. This was how it happened :—

My name was put on the boards of St. Blasius in October, 185—, and after a most tender parting from my household gods in Warwickshire, I commenced residence in all the glory of a promising freshman. I do not know that I ever had very sanguine hopes of academic distinction, so I received the full blessing of expecting nothing, inasmuch as, in this respect, I met no disappointment. I had a hard battle with my revered father, and afterwards with the tutor of the college, to be allowed to rent an extra room in which I might carry on my favourite relaxation. This was the unusual pursuit of amateur organ-building. My father said that the idea was preposterous and expensive. The tutor affirmed that such things ruined a young man's prospects, and made him idle. But, nevertheless, I carried the day through the intercession of my mother; and my carpenter's bench, with the appurtenances thereof, were duly accommodated in a small room opening out of my gyp-room, on staircase letter C. I was not long in maturing my plans for erecting a small chamber-organ of two manuals, with all kinds of ingenious mechanical appliances in the way of stops and couplers. I was naturally both of a mechanical and musical turn of mind; so, by my favourite pursuit, I gratified both sides of my disposition. I often tried to convince my father that it was a most economical step thus to kill two birds with one stone, but he could not see it. I explained how I might develop my mechanical talent by building an expensive steam-engine, and indulge my musical propensities by insisting on running up to London every week to enjoy the Opera or Philharmonic concerts. I proved on

paper that this method would consume more time and money than a little quiet organ-building could ever absorb. But it was all no use. My father had not a logical mind, and he drove away conviction in a manner most irritating to a sound reasoner like myself. However, I had my own way at Cambridge, but under protest.

Now the organ in the Chapel of St. Blasius was an old organ, which had been renovated and added to by several builders, till the inside of the instrument was crowded beyond all reason. For the most ordinary processes of tuning and regulating, the unfortunate operator had to perform the feat of an acrobat before he could get at either pipes or key-action. The bellows had to be emptied and the swell closed before he could get in at all. And after he was in, it was only by getting over sundry massive beams, under cross-beams not more than two feet from the ground, and through apertures scarcely big enough for a rabbit, that any of the important working-parts of the instrument could be reached. To tie oneself into a knot, as tumblers do, was nothing to this. Unless a man could double himself up into the space of a cubic foot or so, unless he could wriggle along yards upon his back, and stand for many miserable minutes in the most apoplectic postures, he could not hope to do anything to the interior of the St. Blasius organ. It was from this untoward instrument that I obtained all my patterns and measurements for my own chamber-organ. I formed the acquaintance of the organist, and, after a vast amount of strategy, won his consent to my venturing into the hidden depths of his hideous old machine. Week after week did I attempt new feats with the view of getting hints for my own amateur work. I lived in a chronic state of broken head and contused shins. Every now and then I appeared with one or more black eyes; and on two occasions I was most suspiciously



cross-examined by the Dean as to presumed pugilistic propensities.

But in the midst of all these difficulties I progressed most satisfactorily with my work, and was proud to think that all my evolutions in the St. Blasius organ, however detrimental to my own bodily comfort and personal appearance, brought after all no damage whatever to the venerable and sacred instrument itself. So long as this state of things continued, perfect amity prevailed between the organist and myself. He did not object to any amount of punishment wherewith I punished my own cranium or limbs, but he swore a deep oath that the moment I injured a hair in his precious organ, that moment I should be to him as a heathen man and a publican.

Four terms passed by without any accident. My studies were in a most backward state, but, oh joy! my chamber-organ was on the high-road to completion. The tutor complained of my idleness. My father upbraided me for neglecting my reading, but I hugged myself with the thought that once the organ was finished, I would buckle to and make my running with the college subjects. In the midst of my good resolutions, a most lamentable accident took place. I was, one day, standing inside the chapel organ, resting on my left knee, with one foot wedged in between two pipes, the other suspended delicately in the air, my head tucked out of the way under my right arm, while I held a long screw-driver in my left hand. In this pleasant position I had stood for nearly ten minutes, examining a portion of the wind-chest work, when by an overpowering impulse I was compelled to sneeze, and in the act I dropped the screw-driver. Down it fell heavily on the swell-trackers, and forthwith snap went the trackers, and my implement travelled on to further mischief below. At this juncture I heard a familiar voice.

"Hallo!—what's that?"

"Oh, nothing!" I replied.

"You get out of that, sir, and let me see what you have been at."

Like a guilty hound, I extracted myself from the organ. The organist pulled out a few of the swell-stops, and ran lightly over the keys. In two seconds my fatal delinquency came to light. I knew it was all over. I put down the key of the organ on the stool, and, without a

word, silently and mournfully left the chapel.

The organist, on asking for the services of an organ-builder, had to give an account of the accident, and consequently got soundly wigged by the Dean for "dreaming of allowing a wild young undergraduate to meddle with and injure so noble and valuable an instrument."

From that hour I knew there was no more help to be obtained by me from "that noble and valuable," etc. I was thrown on my own resources. My organ progressed but slowly: my work, from being imitative, became tentative; and often times I fitted twenty different pieces of wood in a given place before I got it right. Week after week I toiled away laboriously, with a patience worthy of a better cause. I chafed a good deal at my constant obstacles, and twice did I attempt to make it up with the organist. But it was no use.

"No, sir," he said, peremptorily: "there will be no more damage done to the organ by you again, if I can help it."

By this time I had finished the key-action, bellows, sound-board, and wind-chest. The pipe-work, so far as it was metal, I did not attempt. This portion of my organ was supplied by an organ-builder in London. The stop-work was also finished, and I was now engaged in putting on some composition-pedals. In this there were one or two intricacies which I could not solve, and I at last determined that I would attempt furtively to get into the chapel organ and examine the composition-pedals there. But at this I was staggered by the difficulty of the project. To get the keys of the organ was impossible. To force an entrance was, of course, out of the question. My only chance was to watch an opportunity when the organ should be left open, and the organist absent. For this combination of circumstances I watched and waited in vain for nearly three weeks. At last, one Sunday morning, I was late for chapel, and passing up the ante-chapel I found the choir-gates closed, and the service well advanced. I had nothing particular to do, so I thought I would sit down in the ante-chapel to hear the anthem. So I made myself comfortable near the screen, looking up every now and then to the "noble and valuable" old instrument above me. Towards the end of the Psalms a frightful ciphering took place, or (in untechnical language) several notes

struck down inside the organ, and sounded various and discordant pipes whether the organist liked it or no. This "ciphering" I at once perceived was on the swell. In a second I heard a handful of swell-stops pushed hastily in, and the Psalms were finished on the Great and Choir. When the Anthem began, the first few chords told me, plainly enough, that the swell was now all right—the ciphering had been cured.

Now I knew, that in all probability, the organist must have got at the key action to effect this, and I also knew that, in that clumsily-arranged instrument, he could not do this without going inside. At once it struck me—had he left the little side door open? If he had, now was my opportunity. I slipped up the winding stair-case, and crept cautiously along the top of the screen till I hid myself behind the organ. Unfortunately for me, the side door was near the bellows-handle, and so long as the man who blew sat near I could do nothing. However, as this was a sermon Sunday, I had plenty of time; so I kept still in my hiding place, and bided my time. The bellows-blower might go to sleep, or he might leave the organ-loft for a few minutes during the sermon. The Dean gave out his text, and commenced one of his dreary and lengthy compositions. I cannot say I was very attentive. I was too fully occupied in watching my man. Slowly and ponderously the learned Dean got through his introduction and the first of his three heads. Just as he proceeded with "Secondly," the bellows-blower, to my great joy, softly left the organ loft, while the organist was all right in front, listening hard, it is to be hoped, to the Dean's sermon. In a moment I slipped round, when I found the coast was clear, and came upon the little side door open! I doubled myself up and got in. I went cautiously on hands and knees across the top of the bellows, and after several hairbreadth escapes reached the rods of the great organ tops, with the composition rollers working above and below. I softly got off the bellows at the side farthest from the side door, and here I had to place myself into the most uncomfortable position it is possible to conceive. I had just room for my two legs, but none for the upper part of my body. A large beam projected just into the very spot where my shoulders ought

to have been; so I had to bend my head forward over the top of the reservoir-bellows, with a row of sharp wire screw-ends above, lying across the nape of the neck. The composition pedal-work was now in front of me nearly, and, pulling out a small rule, I immediately commenced my investigation and measurement. Meanwhile, I could hear the heavy theological Dean droning out his interminable sermon. For the first time in my life I admired his proximity, for every additional subdivision of his subject gave me so much more time for my work. I knew full well that, when the sermon came to an end, my little excursion must also terminate, for the organist would then commence his concluding voluntary. I heard a faint sound at the back of the organ, of which, however, I did not take much notice. I supposed (and rightly) that it was the blower returning to his post, and I naturally calculated the small gratuity which would suffice to buy his silence when I made my exit through the dark little door opposite. How far the Dean had advanced in his sermon I could not tell exactly, but I knew he was deep in "Thirdly," and I thought to myself it was nearly time for me to get out. I had just resolved upon this, and was folding up my two-foot rule and my paper of memoranda, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, creaking sound. I looked round; and by the dusty twilight which prevailed inside the organ, I just saw enough to suspect that the bellows-blower had begun to put in the wind. In the greatest consternation I put my hand upon the top of the reservoir-bellows just before me. Yes, it was too true; the wind was put in, ready for the concluding voluntary. It must be remembered that my head was of necessity bent forward, that my face was looking down upon the top of the bellows, and that I was so securely wedged into this position that it was only by scrambling across the top of the bellows I could possibly get out; and this was only possible when the wind was out and the bellows at its lowest level. Immediately when I saw the difficulty I endeavoured to get one leg upon the bellows, in the hope I might be able to scramble over it to the other side before it rose much higher. But it had already risen too high for this. Every movement of the handle, worked by the man outside, raised the large moving surface an ad-

ditional inch or so. It was now breast high, within two inches of my face. To raise my head was impossible, for, as I before remarked, a row of sharp screw ends (technically called "tapped wires") was directly over the nape of my neck. All this time, though it was but a few seconds, I was acutely conscious of the steady progress of the sermon. I can even now remember every word of the enormous Dean's peroration. A sudden thought flashed across my mind: "What a fool I am!—why not open the escape valve?" Now the escape valve, which is an arrangement for preventing the bellows from bursting, was as usual, in the middle of the wide expanse of the bellows' top. If I could only press this down, the air would escape, the bellows would sink and I might yet get free. I strained and reached, but in vain; my longest finger could not be got within six inches of the valve. I thought of my two foot rule; but, alas! in my consternation I had let it drop. On went the sermon; "beat, beat," went my heart. The bellows top was now touching my nose, and the sharp points were being gradually driven into the back of my neck. I struggled, but in vain. It was no use. I was wedged in like some poor victim in a torture machine of the Inquisition. "Pump, pump," went the bellows-handle; down came the blood from innumerable punctures in the back of my neck. My agony was intense. My face was literally jammed between the ever-rising bellows below and those hideous spikes above. I dare not cry out; for was not the Dean in the finest passage of his peroration?

In the midst of my agony I heard a sound, and felt a movement in the mechanism near me. It was the organist pulling out the great organ-

sight of the "pull-downs" leading from the great organ wind-chest. Some little demon whispered in my ear; and in a moment I saw my only hope of release from the intense and increasing agony I was suffering. I must open the nearest pipes, and thus release the accumulating wind. I knew, of course, the uproar I should cause, and I still heard the interminable Dean at his interminable sermon. But I could not help it. With one hand I grasped about eight of the brass "pull-downs," and with the other I laid hold of the nearest pedal-trackers. A roar of the most awful character ensued: it was as though fifty healthy bulls and five active volcanoes had burst into the chapel. The Dean's sermon was effectually quenched. One of his finest periods was brought to an unexpected full stop. The unfortunate organist bounded off his stool, and swore audibly. The bellows-blower rushed off, thinking, no doubt, the devil was inside the organ. But, oh joy! the bellows sank, and in a fainting state I clambered over the top, stumbled out through the little side-door, and fell into the arms of two Senior Fellows who had hastened up to the scene of disaster. The commotion among the gownsmen in the chapel, I was afterwards told, beggared description. Laughter, horror, exclamations of surprise and indignation, were all at the front by turns. The Blessing was pronounced amidst the greatest confusion; and altogether the scene was such as those sacred walls had never witnessed before.

I was politely conducted to my rooms. The next morning I appeared before the Master and Seniors, and though I pleaded loud and long, I was rusticated for two terms. I never went back to Cambridge. I always considered that I had been very badly treated.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN. A Narrative of the Principal Events in the Life of Mary Stuart ; with some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. By James F. Meline. New York : Hurd and Houghton.

It is the duty of those who have surrendered their judgments to Mr. Froude and who have formed their opinions of historical characters under the influence of his seductive rhetoric, to read this book. We only wish there were reason to hope that the duty would be fulfilled. It is so much more pleasant to float through pages of picturesque narrative, sweetened with mellifluous sentiment, than to inquire whether the narrative is true. There could not be a stronger proof of the general ignorance of history and the general carelessness as to historical fact than the reception given to the writings of Mr. Froude.

Unfortunately the reproach cannot be confined to the mass of readers, who have no access to original authorities and no time for critical investigation. Professed critics, writing in literary journals, have disgraced themselves as much as the most gullible girl. Worse than that, Mr. Burton, in his recent history of Scotland, not only joins in the general adulation of Mr. Froude, but follows him almost blindfold. Our own estimate of Mr. Burton's trustworthiness was never very high, but in common repute he holds a respectable and even an eminent position.

The secret of Mary Stuart's character is buried in her grave and in the graves which hold so many of the secrets of those dark and tragic times. No one trained to historical investigation and sensible of the duty of measuring his judgment by the evidence will commit himself to a decisive verdict. We confess, however, that Mr. Meline has made a strong impression on our mind in Mary's favour. Above all he has, we think, completely turned the balance of evidence against the authenticity of the famous Casket Letters which form the most important element of the case against her. We may almost say that he has proved them to be forgeries. And if he has proved them to be forgeries, he has not merely relieved Mary of the weight of their testimony against her, but created a general presumption of her innocence ; since, if her enemies deemed it necessary to resort to forgery, they must have been

conscious that there was no genuine evidence sufficient to support their accusations. Not only so, but their villainous conduct towards her in this instance renders it highly probable that in all other matters between her and them, respecting which historical controversy has arisen, the villainy was on their side.

But whatever may be the result of the inquiry as to the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, one thing is certain. Unless Mr. Meline can be answered, he has convicted Mr. Froude not only of inaccuracy, not only of carelessness, not only of prejudice, but of tampering with documents, perverting evidence, practising disingenuous artifices and habitually disregarding truth—of offences, in short, which if committed in the ordinary affairs of life would entail a loss of honour, and which can hardly be regarded as mere literary blemishes when committed by a writer of history.

It would be impossible for us to lay before our readers, in the form of extracts, adequate specimens of the investigation and its results. Such artists as Mr. Froude do not in general lay themselves open to palpable and overwhelming exposure by broad mis-statements and gross fabrications. They weave a pervading web of artifice and misrepresentation, the unravelling of which is a minute and intricate process, and can be appreciated only by following it throughout. Even the garbling of documents is usually managed so as to be distinctly appreciable only by those who are thoroughly aware of its bearing upon the case which it is intended to affect. One or two instances, however, may perhaps be selected. Mr. Froude, well understanding how essential are the Casket Letters to the case against Mary, labours with all the artifices of which he has a sinister command to prepossess the mind of his readers in favour of their authenticity. But not contented with this he attempts to involve Mary herself in an admission of the existence of the letters prior to the date at which they were produced, and at which, if they were forgeries, the forgery in all probability took place. He gives an elaborate account of the interview between Murray and his sister at Lochleven, founded on a letter of the English envoy, Throckmorton, who had the details from Murray himself. Throckmorton is represented by Mr. Froude as writing—"He (Murray) had forced her to see both her ignominy and her danger,

but he would not leave her without some words of consolation. He told her that he would assure her life, and if possible would *shield her reputation and prevent the publication of her letters.*" The effect of the words in italics is obvious : they import at least a tacit admission on the part of Mary of the existence of letters compromising to her reputation : in other words, of the Casket Letters. Now, Mr. Meline declares that Throckmorton's letter, which he cites in due form (Keith, vol. 2, p. 734) contains nothing of the kind. He asserts that what Throckmorton really says is merely : "They began where they left over night, and after those his reprehensions he used some words of consolation unto her tending to this, that he would assure her of her life and as much as lay in him the preservation of her honour." Mary's damaging admission, therefore, appears to be pure invention on the part of Mr. Froude : anything less culpable than invention it cannot be called. Again, in the scene of Rizzio's murder, Mr. Froude introduces a colloquy pregnant with deadly significance between the Queen and Darnley. "Catching sight of the empty scabbard at his side she asked him where his dagger was. He said he did not know. 'It will be known hereafter; it shall be dear blood to some of you if David's be spilt.'" "This," remarks Mr. Meline, "is a specimen of able workmanship. According to Keith, Mary's answer was, 'It will be known hereafter.' According to Ellis, Mary had *previously* said to Ruthven, 'Well, sayeth she,' speaking to Ruthven, 'it shall be dear blood to some of you.' (Ellis, vol. II. p. 212.) Now, let the reader observe that Mr. Froude takes these two phrases, found in two different authorities, addressed separately to two different persons, reverses the order in which they are spoken, and puts them into one sentence, which he makes Mary address to Darnley. Do you see why so much industry and ingenuity should be exerted? *Because in this form the phrase is a threat of murder*; and thus the foundation is laid broad and deep in the reader's mind for the belief that from that moment Mary had a design upon Darnley's life." In another place Mr. Froude gives what he pretends is a version of a letter from Mary to Elizabeth : "In an autograph letter of passionate gratitude Mary Stuart placed herself, as it were, under her sister's protection; she told her that in tracing the history of the late conspiracy she had found that the lords had intended to imprison her for life, and if England or France came to her assistance they had meant to kill her. She implored Elizabeth to *shut her ears to the calumnies which they would spread against her*, and with engaging frankness she *begged that the past might be forgotten*; she had experienced too deeply the ingratitude of those

by whom she was surrounded *to allow herself to be tempted any more into dangerous enterprises*; for her own part, she was *resolved never to give offence to her good sister again*; nothing should be wanting to restore the happy relations which had once existed between them; and should she recover safely from her confinement, she hoped that in the summer Elizabeth would make a progress to the north, and that at last she might have the opportunity of thanking her in person for her kindness and *forbearance.*" Mr. Meline prints the real letter by the side of this pretended version, and it appears that the passages in italics are mere interpolations made with the view of influencing the moral position of Mary and the questions between her and Elizabeth in a sense which can scarcely be missed by any reader, and which is glaringly obvious to any one who has the details of the history in his mind.

Compared with the garbling of documents or the perversion of facts for the purposes of historical calumny, exaggerations and misrepresentations for the purpose of the romantic and the picturesque are venial evils. Mary Stuart, according to Mr. Meline, says, in a letter, that she has ridden twenty miles in five hours; but Mr. Froude turns five into two, and does the ride, as Mr. Meline says, *tempo agitato*—"away, away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as the horses could speed." Most interesting traces of character are found by the historian in the handwriting of a fierce, dauntless, and haughty letter from Mary to Elizabeth—"the strokes thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm and without sign of trembling." The prosaic fact, according to Mr. Meline, is that the letter was written by an amanuensis, only the salutation and signature being in Mary's hand.

A passage in one of the early chapters of Mr. Meline's book (which originally appeared as a series of articles in the *Catholic World*) drew forth a reply in the shape of an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, so characteristic of Mr. Froude, that we should almost be safe in assuming that it was inspired by him. It sought to create sympathy, by representing as a charge of "forgery" what in fact was not a charge at all, but simply a statement that a letter, which Mr. Froude had cited as existing in the Record Office, was found not to exist there; and it appealed to Protestant prejudice against Mr. Stevenson, of the Record Office, who, it seems, is a Catholic. It attempted to cast the blame on that universal scapegoat the "compositor," who must have a singular method in his misprinting, if he substitutes the name of Randolph, at the head of a despatch, for that of the Earl of Bedford.

Mr. Froude's hatred of Mary Stuart, which, though always at work, is generally concealed with a good deal of art, breaks out with what most people have felt to be unworthy and almost unmanly virulence in the death-scene. Here, also, if Mr. Meline's citation is accurate, Mr. Froude grossly falsifies a quotation, to make an eye-witness represent Mary's bearing as theatrical, whereas, the sense of the passage, when fairly cited, is quite the reverse. The falsification is effected by substituting a period for a comma, and suppressing the latter half of the passage. He concludes with a venomous allusion to her false hair, as though it had been peculiar to her, and typical of her falsehood of character, whereas, it was the regular fashion of the ladies of that time in general, and of Queen Elizabeth in particular.

It was natural that Mr. Meline's indignation at the artful calumnies which he was exposing, should sometimes disturb the calmness of his critical style, which, however, he had better have preserved. In one instance, he allows his emotion to disturb not only his style but his moral judgment. The Regent Murray may have been, and probably was, a scoundrel; but this does not palliate the crime of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who killed Murray, not because he was a scoundrel, but because he was the great enemy of the Hamiltons. These, however, are but slight deductions from the debt due to one who, by a laborious investigation, for which no meed of popularity can be hoped, sweeps history clear of a mass of slanderous falsehoods. To us the exposure of Mr. Froude's character is no new revelation, for we have long regarded him as one of the most unconscientious and untrustworthy writers who ever tampered with the calling of an historian. We propose, in an early number, to give some of the reasons for our opinion.

#### THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—

By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If the reader of this volume looks for a connected and organic history of English literature during three centuries he will be disappointed. The work is merely a course of short biographies, critiques and extracts. The biographies, however, are compact; the critiques, if not profound, are sensible and in good taste; and the extracts are not ill chosen, though we might have proposed some changes—e. g. the insertion of Collins' Ode to Evening, and the substitution for the extracts from the Lady of the Lake of the battle in Marmion, in which Scott is at his best, and which is almost the only thing in modern literature really like Homer. A place among great writers is hardly due either to Marryat or to Cooper,

neither of whom was a master of style, or in any high sense an artist. Chalmers also must owe his admission rather to Professor Yonge's reverence for his character and opinions than to his literary superiority to many writers of the same class who are excluded. Among the notable omissions are Bolingbroke and Adam Smith. Pym's speeches are superior to any which Professor Yonge has given, and those of Walpole are better models of Parliamentary oratory—though not of philosophic eloquence—than those of Burke. The introduction of Alison among the representatives of English literature is ridiculous: there is not a worse writer in the English language. He owes his position, such as it is, solely to his subject, the tremendous interest of which not even the pomp of his ungrammatical commonplaces could destroy. But the weakest thing in the book is the suppression of Shelley's history, on the ground of religious heterodoxy, while an extract—and a pretty heterodox one—is given from his poems. *Spectabitur quia non visitur*. Professor Yonge's readers will run at once to a life of Shelley. But surely there is a weak point in the morality, we may say even in the theology, which turns with pious horror from poor, misguided Shelley, and gazes without scruple upon Swift.

#### WILFRID CUMBERMEDE; an Autobiographical Story.

By George Macdonald. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

#### POOR MISS FINCH; a Domestic Story. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

It would be difficult to name two contemporary works of fiction which present stronger or more clearly defined points of contrast than these—the latest productions of Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Wilkie Collins, respectively. It is not merely that the authors are dissimilar in style, in diction, or in the choice and treatment of their subjects. Every writer, whose talents are respectable enough to elevate him above the servile herd of imitators, is sure to infuse a good deal of his individuality into his work. Peculiarities of mental constitution, differences of temperament, the bias of nationality and education, the prejudices of class, profession and religious or philosophical belief, will inevitably reveal themselves, whether the subjects of them are conscious or unconscious of their influence, or even of their existence. Of course, we do not mean to assert that, in comparing the products of any two independent minds, we can indicate the presence of all these causes of diversity. Individual character is the result of a combination, in proportions infinitely variable, of many elements—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—moulded by such a multiplicity of in-

fluences that no two minds are precisely alike ; and yet, they often approach each other so closely as to be indistinguishable by our rude methods of mental analysis. With George Macdonald and Wilkie Collins we encounter no such difficulty. The contrast is so plainly marked that their novels scarcely present a single feature of similarity. The authors differ *totò celo* ; their minds have nothing whatever in common ; they move in parallel grooves, and, therefore, present no point of coincidence. In their views of the world, of human nature, of moral and religious duty, and even of the aim and manipulation of the art they both employ, they are hopelessly apart. Both delight in mystery, it is true ; but even here the resemblance, which is only apparent, serves to measure the gulf fixed between them. The one puzzles his readers and perhaps himself with spiritual fancies ; the other keeps us in suspense, and heightens the interest by a series of difficult situations. The one has all the haziness of the mystic ; the other claims only to be a skilful weaver of plots.

Dr. Macdonald is, in many respects, an attractive writer. He possesses a subtle and delicate fancy, high and pure aims, sensitiveness of the most ethereal order, and a graceful and nervous style. His works, although strongly impregnated with the religious spirit are not of the species known as "goody." He can be dogmatic enough at times, but his theology seems to sit loosely upon him. An author, who appears to believe, with Schleiermacher, in a Christian consciousness revealing all truth to its possessor, cannot hold to a very strict theory of biblical inspiration. Some keen scenter after heterodoxy is even said to have discovered in *Wilfrid Cumberland* the germs of Universalism. It is hardly fair to the author to bring him to logical tests. He appears to look upon fiction as the play-ground of emotion where that peculiar description of fancy, which he would probably call "spiritual insight," may have full and free exercise. We doubt not that, if examined, we shall not say before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council because that body is notoriously latitudinarian, but say before the Consistory Court, or one of the General Assemblies at Edinburgh, he would acquit himself to the satisfaction of the indubitably orthodox. As a novelist, however, the author of *Wilfrid Cumberland* has a theory, in which we presume, he believes more or less, and to which the exigencies of art require that he should be faithful.

He approaches humanity from the emotional side. Intellect has nothing to do with the immortal destiny of our race. Belief is the condition precedent of knowledge ; knowledge is the fruit of belief. As St. Anselm tells us, we ought not to seek knowledge as the basis of belief, but rather to believe in order

that we may know\*. The author's views, even of external nature are rigidly subjective. He gives us fresh and vigorous descriptions of scenery, but they are only introduced upon the canvass as the background to psychological effects. His *dramatis personæ* have no vitality ; they lack the first essential of humanity—as we alone know it—corporeal existence. They resemble rather those beings encountered by Æneas on the banks of the Styx—thin, airy sprites, without body, flitting to and fro under the hollow semblance of a human form. Take Wilfrid Cumberland himself, Charley Osborne, Geoffrey Brotherton, Mary and Clara and throw old "grannie" and the rest in as additional raw material, and you will not find the makings of one solid, flesh-and-blood man or woman in the mass. The account of *Wilfrid Cumberland's* childhood and youth is interesting enough, but so utterly unreal as to be valueless for psychological purposes. The opening chapters of *David Copperfield* give some reminiscences of infancy which, though fanciful in appearance, have an air of verisimilitude about them ; but what shall we say of a hero whose earliest wish, as a child, was that "he had watched while God was making him, so that he might have remembered how he did it ?" And so Wilfrid goes on, in mauldering and moping introspection, as if life were indeed a feverish sleep, whose highest enjoyment is to be found in the misty splendour of spiritual dreams.

Let us give one instance of the manner in which Dr. Macdonald deals with a question of taste. Many reasons could undoubtedly be given for breaking through the traditional practice of winding up a story to the music of wedding bells. Our author's reason (given in *Robert Falconer*) is that "not woman but God is the centre of the universe" which, though an undoubted truth, has not the slightest bearing upon the question. The peculiarly spiritual air in which the author seeks to involve his subject, permeates the whole book. We are constantly treated to such sententious remarks as this,— "Death never comes near us ; it lies behind the back of God,"— which may be a profound truth, for aught we know ; if it is, it might be expressed in a clearer and, perhaps, in a more reverent manner. So again— "When it comes, death will be as natural as birth." If Dr. Macdonald merely means that both are in the ordinary course of nature, he is putting himself to unnecessary trouble in stating a truism ; if more than that, he is transcending the limits of human knowledge, since regarding birth and death alike we are completely in the dark—"our little life is rounded by a sleep." We have thought it necessary to object to the semi-inspired tone in which *Wilfrid*

\* "Neque enim quæro intelligere ut credam, sed credo ut intelligam."

*Cumbermede* is written because the example of Dr. Macdonald is seductive, and therefore dangerous. He is possessed of abilities of no mean order; he is sure of ardent admirers, and, in consequence, of a motley crowd of imitators. His own motives are unquestionably high and pure, and we have very little doubt that he will be of service in his day and generation. It does not follow, however, that because some protest seems necessary against the prevailing tendencies of the age, we ought to swing violently round to the opposite pole of thought. It may be well to avoid the Scylla of Materialism, but it is not so clear that, in the effort to do so, we need fall into the Charybdis of Mysticism. Dr. Macdonald's views of man and nature, if carried to their logical results, would place feeling upon the throne of reason, replace fact by morbid fancy, render religion the servant of mere intuition or caprice; and substitute the ravings of hysteria for the soberness of Christian devotion.

In Wilfrid Cumbermede the incipient tendencies only may be traced, not the ultimate extravagances. With the qualifications we have made, the work may be safely commended, as at once elevated in design, graceful in style, and earnest and impressive in tone.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is a being of another order. He does not trouble himself about psychology, subjective analysis, or the how and the why of individual character. To his view "the main element in the attraction of all stories is the interest of curiosity and the excitement of surprise." Life is a sort of chess-board, in which the pieces have indeed a different value; but this arises not from anything in the material of which they are made, but from the particular moves to which, by the laws of the game, they are restricted. The on-looker must, of course, be mystified as to the progress of the game, but he must make no mistake about the value of the pieces. By one or two strong daubs of colouring, Mr. Wilkie Collins marks his men beyond the possibility of mistake. In "Poor Miss Finch," the author begins by enumerating his human stock-in-trade—"a blind girl, two (twin) brothers, a skilful surgeon and a curious foreign woman." To which needs only be added a little nitrate of silver, administered to one of the brothers to give him a blue face, for the purpose not of distinction, but of confusion—and you have all the materials of Mr. Wilkie Collins' legerdemain. Madame Pratolungo is a very companionable governess, and the story of the blind girl, though rather too finely drawn out, is touchingly told. Herr Grosse is a sort of reformed Count Fosco; he is skilful in his profession, fond of Mayonnaise, and addicted to an unearthly style of wearing, perfectly incomprehensible to us, unless a residence in New York may account for it. We

shall not attempt any sketch of the plot, because that would be high treason in the author's eyes. "Poor Miss Finch" is perhaps, scarcely equal to some of Mr. Collins' former works, but it is sure to be read with interest from cover to cover, by any one who once takes it up.

We have only to add that these stories are admirably printed and profusely illustrated. They are issued by arrangement with the authors, and form the latest issues of the Canadian Copyright series in course of publication, by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. On this account, apart altogether from their intrinsic value, they deserve the favourable consideration of the Canadian public.

RED RIVER. By Joseph James Hargrave, F.R.G.S. Montreal: Printed for the Author by John Lovell, 1871.

Voltaire, in his *Charles XII*, makes a remark to the effect that, under the operation of some law of mental perspective, men are apt to imagine that the events of their own time and country, passing, as such events do, under their own immediate observation, are the most momentous that have befallen the human race since the creation of the world. It is only upon some principle of this kind, that such a phenomenon as the publication of a work like the present can be accounted for. The author is a native of Great Britain, who, in 1861, emigrated to the scene of his labours, where he has resided ever since. A residence of ten years, among a scattered population of less than 12,000 souls, all told, in a remote region, isolated from the rest of the world, seems to have had the effect which one would naturally expect. Events which happen out of the ordinary dull and monotonous routine of life in such a place, no matter how trivial in themselves, or how unimportant to the outside world, have acquired in the mind of the author, solely by reason of their rarity, a historic dignity.

The first four chapters, containing a description of the author's journey by sea and land from Liverpool to St. Paul's are quite out of place in a semi-historical work. The trip was more than usually uneventful, and the story of it is not told in a manner to redeem any deficiency in the matter. Besides, it has been told over and over again, and by such men as Lyell, Dickens, Peto, Dilke, Hepworth Dixon, W. F. Rae, Dr. Russell, Anthony Trollope, and others, most of them accomplished writers capable of imparting interest to the dullest theme. But what possible interest is there to a person wishing to study the history of Manitoba, in ordinary commonplace remarks upon the usual stock subjects of travellers to America: the sea voyage, sea-sickness, custom-house troubles, the value of American silver, the railways,



railway carriages and sleeping cars, the Victoria Bridge, the city of Montreal and the theatre there, with the performances of the "Wizard of the North," the Canadian elections of 1861 and the party spirit displayed, the Mississippi steamers, wayside prairie inns, stage-coaches and their passengers, American whiskey and brandy, Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White," and its appreciation by Mr. Morgan, a fellow traveller, &c., &c.

Chapter 5 will pass, containing, as it does, an interesting account of a trip across the prairies and down the Red River, from St. Paul's to Fort Garry—a truly primitive method of transport, in carts made altogether of wood and without springs; and in a steamer, from the bow of which a long "sweep" had to be used as an additional rudder, to round the sharp corners of the river, soon to be a thing of the past, if it is not so already; but the description has some permanent value as shewing what the mode of travel was in that region, so late as 1861.

Chapters 6, 7, and 8 are among the few contained in the book which have any real worth. They detail the history, so far as there is a history, and mode of government of the North West Territory from the earliest visits of Europeans till shortly before the author's arrival. From them we learn that in 1640 the French trappers, or "*coureurs des bois*," first extended their explorations to the height of land west of Lake Superior, which however was not crossed till 1731, when the passage was effected by a party under the direction of Varennes de la Verendrye, not by De la Verendrye himself as the author supposes. That enthusiastic pioneer did not join the party till two years later, when however the exploration of the country was vigorously proceeded with, and in the course of the following ten years, opened up along the Saskatchewan as far as the Rocky Mountains. The extension in 1774 of the trade of the Hudson Bay Co. from the vicinity of the Bay into the interior is referred to, though no mention is made of Mr. Hearn's discoveries of the Coppermine River and Arctic Ocean in 1769 and 1771 which led to the extension of trade. The organization in 1783 of the North West Company, and shortly afterwards of the X. Y. Company and

their rivalry and bloody feuds with the Hudson's Bay Company until amalgamated with it by Mr. Ellice in 1821; the colonization of Red River by Lord Selkirk in 1811 and the acquisition of the Indian title to the lands occupied by settlers, in return for an annual subsidy of 200 lbs. of tobacco; the hardships of the early settlers, and other matters are also detailed. Though most of the facts have been related before by Garneau and others, we cheerfully give the author credit for considerable industry in the collection of the materials for this portion of his work.

Chapters 9 and 10 contain what the author calls a history of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. They contain little more than lists of the names of the ministers and priests who have lived in the settlement, with the dates of their entrances and exits, and of the names of the churches with dates of erection.

In Chapters 11, 12 and 13, we have, in as copious detail as the rest of the book, the occurrences of the period just previous to the author's arrival and a description of the annual routine of life in the settlement. The trivial character of most of the incidents recorded, may be judged from the fact that "the starting of the Northern Packet" is called "one of the great annual events." (p. 155.)

The rest of the book, comprising about two-thirds, may be very briefly dismissed. It is a chronicle of events, great and small, from 1861 to 1868. On the title page are found the figures—1871, but the narrative does not come within three years of that date, so that the recent troubles are not touched upon, nor indeed do we find anything tending to throw light upon the causes of those troubles, or to indicate a forecast of them by the author.

As a whole, the work, though containing some valuable facts, is prolix. The amount of valuable matter bears almost as small a ratio to that which is of no importance to any one except the author, as Falstaff's bread did to his "intolerable quantity of sack." A master of the art of writing could easily compress all that is of any permanent value in its five hundred and odd pages within the limits of 100 or 150.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The death of Joseph Mazzini has taken a great writer as well as a conspicuous actor from the world's stage; for he was a master of the words which gave themselves on men's hearts, and he owed in part to this gift his vast influence over the minds of Italian youth. Nor was his eloquence unsustained by a corresponding force and dignity of thought. What-

ever we may think of his political principles, or of his mode of propagating them, he was a memorable enthusiast, and his name will live in his Italy for ever. Often confounded in common estimation with the French revolutionists, he in reality looked down with the disdain of a superior nature on terrorism, petroleum, and all the doings of the "Red Fool-fury

of the Seine." Though an unbeliever in Revelation and the mortal enemy of what he deemed the degenerate Papacy, he was in his way deeply religious; and his conception of nationality as a divinely appointed organ for the service of humanity at large, soared far above the narrow patriotism of the countrymen of Napoleon, and indeed above the patriotism of even the most liberal minds in most nations. Contact with him could not fail to leave an impression on any man, however opposed to him in sentiment, who had an eye for greatness of character. He remained, even in exile, the heart of the Italian movement, though he lacked some qualities necessary to make him its head.

By the death of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, we lose one to whom, considering the number and eminence of his disciples, it is impossible to deny the title of a great teacher, though to many, perhaps to most, utterances appeared merely dark, which to disciples appeared "dark with excess of light." Mr. Maurice had himself deeply imbibed the religious philosophy of Coleridge, whose pre-eminent virtue was not clearness. The essence of his teaching, and the source of his power as a teacher, seem to us to have been his conviction of the truth of Christianity as the one key to human nature and to man's relations with God, independently of any questions of ecclesiastical dogma or even of history. This, in fact, is the essence of Broad Churchmanship, of which Mr. Maurice was perhaps the best known type. So decidedly "Broad Church" was he, that he was forced to retire from his Professorship in King's College; but Lincoln's Inn, of which he was chaplain, refused to receive his resignation; and the University of Cambridge did not scruple to elect him to her chair of Moral Philosophy. The best of his theological works, as well as the least obscure seems to us to be still his "Kingdom of Christ." On more practical questions of personal and social morality, he was clear as well as impressive. Of the value of his efforts as a social reformer, an educator of the working classes, and a mediator between them and the wealthier classes, there can be no doubt. As little doubt can there be of the nobleness, beauty and truly Christian excellence of the character which attached to him in no ordinary degree a circle of no ordinary friends.

Another name, not so well known to the general reader, must be added to the obituary of the month—Mr. William Henry Smith, of the Middle Temple. A quiet, retiring student, whose nature shrank from the elbowing struggle for success necessary in the profession he had chosen, he early retired to Keswick to pursue his reading and his meditations in the quiet atmosphere of the Lake District. His "Discourse on Ethics" has been of service to many, and even his talents as a dramatist so far attracted Macready that he produced "Athelwold" on the boards of Drury Lane. The work by which he is best known is "Thorndale or the Conflict of Opinions"—a book well and favourably known to many Canadian readers. He was a warmly attached friend of Prof. Maurice, whose death preceded his own but by a few days.

The number of works on Religious and Philosophical subjects constantly issuing from the press is so great as to be almost bewildering. We can only notice a few of the more prominent books in this department. Principal Tulloch announces an elaborate work, in two volumes, on Rational Theology

and Christian Philosophy in England, in the 17th Century, which will doubtless prove a valuable contribution to church history, from the author's point of view. Dr. Dollinger, the Alt-Catholic leader, is at present, delivering a course of lectures at Munich on the re-union of the Christian churches, of which an English translation is promised. Judging from a report of the lecture on the English Church taken from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dollinger's views are not dissimilar to those of Dr. Pusey in his celebrated *Eirenicon*. Another noble author, Lord Ormathwaite, better known as Sir John Walsh, has taken the field as a controversialist. "Astronomy and Geology Compared," (New York: Appleton) is the name of the little work; it is, however, only the title of the first part of the essay. The second and third parts are written with no small ability; the objections to Darwin and Buckle, and the author's theory of civilization are, to a large extent, original and are stated in terse and forcible language. The book will, no doubt, be very generally read. The Rev. Stopford Brooke, one of the Queen's Chaplains, has published a series of discourses under the title of "Christ in Modern Life." (New York: Appleton.) The style is rather florid, but we have no doubt they were well received by the aristocratic congregation of St. James' Chapel. Mr. Brooke rejects the doctrine of endless punishment in strong and vehement terms, but generally speaking his gospel is the orthodox one, flavoured to suit patrician ears. "Man and his Dwelling-Place," by James Hinton (New York: Appleton) is a work of considerable interest from the Unitarian side. His views of eternal death do not differ materially from those of Mr. Brooke. The style of the work is eminently earnest and devout, and we cordially sympathize with the author's tone, even where we cannot agree with his theory. President Porter, of Yale, like Dr. Paine, of New York, has published an elaborate work on "The Human Intellect, with an introduction on Psychology and the Soul," and Professor Hickok, of Amherst College, a learned treatise on "The Creator and Creation," in which he tries to give an *a priori* demonstration of theism and of the ideas of space, time, cause and effect. "Paul of Tarsus; an Inquiry into the Times and the Gospel of the Apostle to Gentiles," by a Graduate, (Boston: Roberts) handles the history of St. Paul in a similar style to that adopted by the author of "Ecce Homo" in treating of the life of our Saviour. The work has not yet reached us, but it has already attracted general attention in England. The Rev. W. Sanday, a Fellow of Trinity, Oxon., is the author of a critical essay on the "Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel," with special reference to the contents of the Gospel itself. A series of lectures by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt on the interesting subject of Christian Art and Symbolism will shortly appear. The Rev. Dr. Bartle re-opens the *questio vexata* of the intermediate state of the dead, in a work of considerable learning and judgment—"The Scriptural Doctrine of Hades." It contains a critical examination of man's nature, the state of the dead, the redemption of the world and "a refutation of the unscriptural creed of professing Christendom in reference to the Atonement." Dr. Bartle, we may mention, is the Principal of Freshfield College, Liverpool. We conclude with the odd title of a book not yet published:—"The Martyrdom of Man and his Apotheosis," by Win-

wood Reade. It would appear to be a faithful application or rather extension of Mr. Darwin's theory to the entire universe and to the history of nations. It begins not with the Animalcules of the Primeval Sea, but far before that era with the formation of the Solar System (by natural selection, we presume) out of a gas, and after discoursing on all conceivable subjects, ends with the "invention of immortality" and our migration into space. By way of an addendum, there are "some remarks on the duties and responsibilities of Creators," with II. Esdras VII. 46 as a motto.

In Biography, this month we note three works of merit by female authors:—Miss Strickland's *Lives of the last four Stuart Princesses*, Mrs. Oliphant's long-promised *Life of Count Montalembert*, and Mrs. Hookham's *Life of Margaret of Anjou*, one of the best and most complete views of England during the 15th century yet written. Baron Hübner's *Memoir of Pope Sixtus the Fifth* is shortly to appear in an English dress, translated by Mr. Herbert Jerningham. "Yesterdays with Authors," by Mr. J. T. Fields (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is a capital book, gossipy and fresh in style, and introducing us into the inner life of Dickens, Thackeray and Hawthorne, as they appeared behind the scenes of public literary life. Though there is nothing very profound in the work, it is exceedingly fresh and interesting. We are glad to hear that Canon Kingsley will shortly contribute a *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice* to the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*; Mr. Kingsley is perhaps better able to give an appreciative estimate of his departed friend than any man with whom he came in contact. Mr. Ward, well-known as H. M. Minister to the Hanse Towns announces a book which ought to be worth something: "Experiences of a Diplomatist; Recollections of Germany from 1840 to 1870." Of historical works, the principal are those relating to the Franco-Germanic war which continue to issue from either side in great profusion. Mr. E. A. Freeman, the author of the *History of the Norman Conquest*, is about to re-produce his lectures on "The Growth of English Constitution from the Earliest Times." It will be published at a reasonable price, and will unquestionably serve as a valuable compendium of information on an important subject.

The subject of British colonization is intimately connected with British commerce; we may therefore note here the announcement by Messrs. Longman, of "A Colonist on the Colonial Question." The author, Mr. Mathews, of Toronto, has been connected with the daily press of this city for some years. In this work his object is to show the advantages of a more intimate connection between England and the out-lying members of the Empire, and to suggest means of strengthening the tie. Without committing ourselves entirely to Mr. Mathews' schemes or opinions, we take pleasure in commending the work to the attention of our readers.

In Geography and Travels, perhaps, the most noteworthy is Colonel Yule's new translation, with maps and illustrations, of the travels of "Ser Marco Polo," in which advantage is taken of recent research to elucidate the book of the great explorer. "Unexplored Syria" is a new work, by Capt. R. F. Burton, assisted by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, to appear early this month. One of the most attractive books of mountain-climbing we have seen since the pub-

lication of Tyndall and Whymper's Alpine experience, is Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). The descriptive portions are of the raciest—the adventures quite as thrilling as any the Alpine Club can boast, and odd stories of the wild life in the West are told with appreciative skill, and yet without a trace of coarseness or vulgarity. "Sorties from Gib, (i. e. Gibraltar,) in quest of sensation and sentiment, by Mr. Fenton, late a Captain of the 86th, is a capital summer book, full of that youthful fun for fun's sake often found amongst the young officers of a garrison. "The Great Lone Land," is a work on Manitoba and the Saskatchewan, by Capt. Butler, an officer attached to the Red River Expedition of 1869-70. The title is not very happily chosen; of the book itself we shall be better able to speak hereafter. "Saunterings," by Chas. Dudley Warner, is a book of travel-sketches, giving glimpses of Paris, the Rhine-country, Bavaria and Italy. It has not yet reached us, but if it is as well written as the author's previous work, "My Summer in a Garden," it cannot fail to take.

In Science, our list must be brief. The most prominent work in the publishers' lists is the new edition of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, in which Sir Charles takes note of the latest discoveries; as, for example, the recent deep sea soundings in the Mediterranean. An admirable series of *Science Primers* is in course of publication in England and New York (Messrs. Appleton) simultaneously. The introductory treatise is by Prof. Huxley, and it is followed by others on Chemistry, by Prof. Roscoe, and on Physics, by Prof. Balfour Stewart.

In Poetry and Fiction, we may mention Mr. Bayard Taylor's latest work—"The Masque of the Gods." The author has appeared in many aspects as a poet, a lecturer, a translator and a traveller; this new poem is an additional proof of his versatility. It is well conceived and skillfully executed, though, we fear, the position occupied by Elohim with Jove, Baal and Odin will hardly satisfy the orthodox. Mr. Geo. Macdonald's "Within and Without," a story in verse, and "The Days of Jezabel," a drama, by Peter Bayne, the well-known essayist, are noteworthy. Mr. Browning's new poem on the Woman Question is to be entitled "Fifine at the Fair." In Fiction, the appearance of *Middlemarch, Part III.*, "Waiting for Death," deserves special mention. "The story of the Plébiscite, by one of the 7,500,000 who voted Yes," by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* originally, and is well worth reading. "She was Young and He was Old," "Hornby Mills," &c., by Henry Kingsley, and Mr. Shand's "Shooting the Rapids," are all readable enough as novels go. Of the announcements in this department we remark "Robert Ainsleigh," by the indefatigable Miss Braddon, "An Open Question," the scene of which is laid in Europe, by Prof. De Mille, and "Country Stories, New and Old," by Holme Lee. In conclusion, we commend to our readers, as especially worth having at hand, a little work entitled, "Sayings, Wise, Witty and Tender," from the writings of George Eliot, in prose and verse. The quotations are made with taste and discrimination, and the little work is provided with an excellent index. It is published by Blackwood, of Edinburgh, and the Harpers of New York, simultaneously.

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## THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

BY THE REV. JAMES PORTER.

A FEW words of explanation are necessary to prevent a misapprehension of the title of this paper. The expression Public Schools as here used does not signify all public schools in the Province, but only those which are especially so denominated by the school law. In England the words Public Schools have long suggested Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and other schools of the same class. In Ontario they designate the schools which are established by law for the elementary education of the people, and are distinguished from those which until recently were entitled Grammar Schools, and were intended to afford instruction in the elements of the classical languages as well as in the mother tongue. It is not unworthy of remark, that the term Grammar Schools, as used in the New England States and elsewhere in America, denotes a school in which an ordinary English education is imparted; while a more advanced school, in which classics and mathematics are taught, is

entitled a High School. In Massachusetts and many of the United States these two grades of schools are parts of the same system, and pupils are promoted from the lower to the higher as their improvement may merit and the convenience of their parents or guardians may allow. Such a system is called very properly a Common School System. That of the State of Massachusetts, says the Hon. George S. Boutwell, "dates from 1647." By this system "the power to decree was in the State, the duty to act was in the towns." (The word towns, thus used, is equivalent in meaning to townships in Ontario.) "A public duty was admitted in the education of the whole people at the public expense, without regard to any of the distinctions that are found in social life. An individual right was recognised—the right to intellectual and moral training at the public expense. The power of the State was exercised in the indiscriminate taxation of property for the enlightenment of the masses."

The elementary provincial schools of Ontario, until the year 1871, were called Common Schools. This name, however, appears to have excited a prejudice against them, which, it might have been hoped, time would abate and even extinguish. The word common, used in this connection, was somewhat fastidiously regarded by many as synonymous with vulgar or low, and not a few whose pretensions to superiority and refinement partook of the ludicrous, breathed the spirit towards these schools if they did not indulge in the language of the exquisite Roman poet who wrote—" *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*." Gray has happily reminded us, in the case of a man recovering from sickness, that

"The meanest flow'ret of the vale,  
The humblest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are open'ning paradise—"

and the offering of our "common prayer and supplication" to that common Father, whose word teaches us to "honour all men," should enkindle within us a kindly and equitable feeling towards all the partakers of our common nature. Perhaps in time such sentiments as these would spontaneously have appeared and flourished in Ontario. It has seemed good, however, to our legislators to remove from before the eyes of our more assuming fellow-subjects the temptation to arrogance which existed in the epithet "common" as applied to our elementary schools; and now, while common as ever in the Massachusetts sense of the term, they are styled by law the Public Schools of Ontario. By the same authority, the former Grammar Schools are now the High Schools of the province. They are not, indeed, strictly, as in the United States, a higher step or platform of that educational pyramid, of which the Public Schools are the base and the University is the apex; but a distinct structure to which a few choice materials may be supplied from the Public Schools,

while the larger portion is obtained from other quarries.

The Public School System of Ontario had its origin in 1844. It is for the most part an eclectic system, in which the characteristics of the Massachusetts, New York, and Irish systems can be distinctly discerned. Its framer, who has also been from the first its principal administrator, received the title of "Superintendent of Schools," which has expanded into his very comprehensive title of "Chief Superintendent of Education." In 1846, a Board of Education was created which is now styled the "Council of Public Instruction," the members of which are of various religious denominations, and are appointed, it seems, partly on that ground. The powers of this Council and of the Chief Superintendent, although not legislative, are very extensive—administrative and, in some degree, judicial—suggestive indeed of the "giant's strength," and pre-supposing much of equity, discretion, and good-will in those in whom they are vested, lest they should be tempted to "use them like a giant." The subordinate administration of our Public School affairs is committed to local boards of school trustees, who are elected by the rate-payers, and to county, city, or town inspectors, who are appointed by county councils, or city or town public school boards, and whose qualifications are prescribed by law and certified by the Council of Public Instruction. Connected with the Provincial Education Office, which has become in style and title "the Department of Education," is a large establishment for the purchase and sale of school-books, prize-books, maps, educational apparatus, and books for school and public libraries. The propriety of the existence of this establishment has long been a matter of earnest public controversy. On one side it has been represented as a great and unmingled public benefit, on the other as an interference on the part of the Government with the freedom and healthful competition of trade. By

some it is described as a blessed reservoir for the irrigation of the Province with a wholesome, useful, entertaining literature ; by others the question is asked whether teachers and parents, including farmers, mechanics, business and professional men, are to have their choice of literature limited or suggested by a few individuals, who certainly are in no appreciable respect wiser or better than themselves. So far as this continent is concerned "the idea of a common school library" (says Horace Mann) "originated in the State of New York. In the year 1835 a law was passed by the legislature of that State authorizing its respective school districts to raise by tax the sum of twenty dollars the first year, and ten dollars in any subsequent year, for the purchase of a common school library. In the year 1837 the Legislature of Massachusetts also authorized each school district in that State to raise by tax a sum not exceeding thirty dollars for the first year, and ten dollars for every subsequent year, for the purchase of a library and apparatus for the schools." Such were the American precedents for common school libraries. That such libraries may be a great benefit, especially in rural districts, seems beyond a doubt ; but the best method of procuring them is a question about which men may very innocently differ. So also with respect to the mode of obtaining school apparatus of whatever kind. Practical educators may be glad to inspect all sorts of plans and models which have relation to their business, but may still desire, without incurring heinous guilt for entertaining or expressing the wish, to be free to purchase such things as they require in an open market, unaffected either by bounties or restrictions. It is well known that Dr. Fraser, (now Bishop of Manchester), when he visited this Province a few years ago, both privately and publicly argued against the perpetuation in Canada of a provincial book and apparatus depository, which he uniformly represented as unsound in principle and injurious

in practice. Dr. Fraser candidly admitted that a precedent for such institutions had been set by the English Committee of Privy Council on Education, which, however, he affirmed had seen and acknowledged its error, and had freed itself from the encumbrance and the opprobrium it involved.

The Normal and Model Schools of Ontario constitute, in general opinion, an important part of our Public School system. It is true that a teacher, like a poet, is, in the highest sense of the word, born, not made. But it is also true, that for any particular employment or profession, special preparation is a very desirable addition to natural aptitude. A knowledge of materials and of methods is not innate, and can only be acquired ; and such acquisition may be the result of long continued and toilsome personal effort and experiment, or may be greatly promoted by the instruction of those who have gathered and stored the results of numerous observations and varied experience, and have so arranged those results and so practised their application that others may share, at a greatly diminished cost of time and mental and physical exertion, the advantages which they have attained. From the recognition of such principles, all normal or training schools and model schools have originated. The Normal School of Ontario has undoubtedly sent forth many able and efficient teachers, some of purely native growth, and others who, having been well instructed and trained in Great Britain or Ireland, have found it to their advantage to obtain at our provincial institution a provincial certificate of qualification, which, until the year 1871, could not be procured but as the result of passing through its course. Other teachers from the old country, equally well instructed and trained, and probably even more experienced, have not been willing to lower themselves, as they have considered it, by again passing through a state of apparent pupilage, and although legally authorized by a County Board of Instruction

to teach in some one of the several counties of the Province, have felt that they were placed at an unpleasant disadvantage. Instances have occurred in which teachers of highly respectable requirements, thoroughly trained, and of no little experience both at home and here, have been thus restricted if not degraded; whose children, having passed through the Normal School, and having had such practice as teaching in their turn in the Model School can afford, have received a first-class provincial certificate, while their father or mother, still vigorous and active, to whom they are obviously unequal in general ability, literary attainments, special aptitude, and, of course, professional experience, hold a position which is legally inferior to their own.

The school law of 1871 provides a remedy in part for this state of things, but the fact remains that any old country teacher, however certified as to character, attainments and experience, must submit to the same examination as any comparatively inexperienced stripling is required to undergo. Mr. Hope, in his delightful book about dominies, has admirably said:—"I deny that we could get good dominies by examination. Such examinations are generally tests of nothing but cramming. And the skill of a good dominie is just such as cannot be crammed into or questioned out of a man. I can quite understand that any one ought to be examined as to his knowledge of anatomy before he be allowed to tamper with the human body, but I do not believe that any examination, oral or written, can show whether he be fit or unfit to deal with the minds of boys." Again he says: "To know and to teach are different matters, and unfortunately those who have the most knowledge are too often the least able to impart it." And again: "You can by examination make sure of learned, or at least of crammed, teachers, but not of clever or conscientious teachers."

As a medium of communication between

the centre and the various concentric circles of the Ontario School System, there is issued from the Provincial Department of Education a monthly publication, entitled the *Journal of Education*. Some means of communication between the higher school authorities and trustees, inspectors, teachers and candidates for the teacher's office is evidently expedient and even necessary. Whether a distinct periodical is required for this purpose, or whether a portion of the *Provincial Gazette* would suffice, is a matter for the executive government to decide.

All the Public Schools of Ontario have now one important and noble characteristic. They are free schools, declared by the School Act of 1871 to be free to all children of school age. They are not, however, pauper or charity schools, for they are supported by rates levied on the property of all, and by appropriations from provincial school funds, in which all have an interest. The question of the payment of school fees, far as regards these schools, is now out of date. The universal right to education is conceded, although the duty of all to avail themselves of that right is not yet universally acknowledged and discharged. Parental indifference and cupidity, and juvenile idleness, truancy and vagrancy, require to be more decidedly dealt with. Compulsory attendance at school—which has long been provided for in Boston and other American cities, and is now being insisted on in London and other cities in England—is equally necessary in the cities and towns of Ontario. Such attendance further supposes the establishment of industrial schools for such children as are habitually erratic, and who, although not irreclaimable, are perpetually exposed to vicious associations and influences, which almost inevitably incline them to lead to criminal courses. They must either be isolated now, in order to their restraint, instruction and improvement, or they will have to be isolated before long that they may be punished for their offences, and pre-

vented for a time from their repetition. All who are compelled to contribute towards police, magisterial, judicial and penal expenditure, have a right to complain that such expenditure, often fruitless of good, should be needlessly increased, when, by a preventive system of compulsory juvenile restraint and education, it might be diminished and great benefit secured both to its immediate subjects and to society at large. Such results have followed the establishment of industrial schools in Great Britain and in the United States: why should they not be desired and obtained in Ontario? The Public School Board of the City of Toronto has already taken some steps in this direction, and it is to be earnestly hoped that its efforts will meet with that public and parliamentary countenance and aid which their large probable utility demands.

The education provided in our Public Schools is, of course, only elementary, and is more or less thorough and useful, according to the views and the aspirations of school boards and teachers. The shortness of the time during which children continue at school, in consequence of the urgent demand for juvenile labour, their own precocious desire to earn something for themselves, and the sometimes urgent and sometimes supposed necessities of parents, which render them more willing to allow their children prematurely to leave school for active occupations, are considerations which, in cities and towns especially, tend to show the great importance of not attempting too much in our Public Schools, and of doing earnestly and well all that we undertake. A disposition is too often observed in school authorities, who have not been practically engaged in popular education, and in some more ambitious than thorough teachers, who certainly should know better, to lay out a too extensive and therefore impracticable course; to teach a little of too many subjects; and, as a necessary consequence, so to cram the pupil with a portion of each that he becomes

laden with an indigestible commixture, and his faculties, instead of being strengthened and exercised, are enfeebled and almost paralyzed. Absolutely necessary subjects, such as reading, spelling, imitation on the slate, whether of lines or of letters, and counting—all dealt with on the principle of Bishop Huntingford, that “in repetition and explanation consists the whole art of teaching”—are quite sufficient for the earlier years of childhood, especially if the teaching of these subjects be interspersed, as it should be, with manual exercise, vocal music, and interesting object lessons. Further instruction in the subjects already mentioned, with the addition of book-keeping and the elements of natural science, as essential to a correct knowledge of common things, together with geography, the outlines of the history of our own country and people, and a rudimentary acquaintance with the grammar of our mother tongue, promoted and rendered permanent by the practice of simple and unambitious composition, will probably be found to be all that the majority of children will be allowed to receive in our Public Schools, owing to the growing demand for their active services, their parents’ real or supposed necessities, and their own impatience and desire for change. The small minority who require mathematics, elementary classics, a knowledge of some modern foreign language and a further acquaintance with their own, together with more extended scientific teaching, should be able to obtain them in the provincial High Schools; while the very few who are both inclined and of adequate capacity can pass upward to the provincial University or to some other kindred institution.

On the importance of instruction in elementary science for pupils in such schools as our provincial High Schools, no testimony can be more valuable than that of the late Dr. Mortimer, Head Master of the City of London School, in his evidence before the Schools’ Inquiry Commission, as quoted by



Dr. Richard Quain, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the Notes to his Hunterian Oration for 1869:—"Our system is not precisely the system of the (English) public schools. It takes in natural science, it takes in chemistry. Most of the boys who leave us, after having been there two or three years, will have such a knowledge of chemistry as is perfectly applicable to the arts and manufactures. They have a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping. And I consider that all those things are equally necessary for those who go to the universities; for I believe that in part our success in mathematical examinations depends on the fact that our boys can perform the experiments. They have a general knowledge of practical science, so that, if the education were more limited, I think it would be a bad thing." Some first steps towards this degree of attainment in natural science may be taken even in our Public Schools, but the danger of attempting too much, for the sake of mere display, should be carefully avoided.

In the course of the oration above referred to, President Quain observes:—"In order to gain the full advantage of natural knowledge as a branch of education, it is essential that the instruction in some branches should begin at a very early age. In my juvenile lectures (says Faraday before the Royal Commissioners, in support of that view) I have never found children too young to understand intelligently what I told them. They came to me afterwards with questions which proved their capability." President Quain, however, very properly insists that "to whatever extent elementary knowledge or learning may go, it must be real, thorough as far as it goes, giving a complete acquaintance with things and their properties, not with words only. Words should come after, and should strictly represent facts." "By such study," says Dr. Whewell, "of one or more departments of inductive knowledge, the mind may escape from the thralldom and

illusion which reigns in the world of mere words."

The subject of religious instruction, in Public Schools like those of Ontario, which are without exception day schools, and which comprise pupils whose parents are of any or of no particular religious persuasion need not, one would think, require much discussion. Yet few subjects connected with the general question of popular education have been more variously regarded or more warmly treated. It is provided in the school law of Ontario, that "No person shall require a pupil in any such school to read or study or from any religious book, or join in an exercise of devotion or religion objected to by his parents or guardians; but, within this limitation, pupils shall be allowed to receive such religious instruction as their parents and guardians desire, according to the general regulations provided for the government of the schools." And the Council of Public Instruction has prescribed regulations which empower the clergy of any persuasion, or their authorized representative to give religious instruction to pupils of their own church, in each Public School, at least once a week after school hours. Thus, in a country in which the semblance of the establishment of religion by the state is disavowed by the express terms of law, facilities are afforded for the operation of the principle of concurrent denominational teaching to any supposable extent. Theoretically regarded, this arrangement is obviously inconsistent with one of our fundamental political principles: it is, however, seldom reduced to practice, nor has any instance of the abuse of such practice for the purpose of making proselytes to particular religious opinions been known to occur. Some persons in Ontario, as in Britain, are still alarmed by the cry of "godless" when raised against schools and universities. Others who learned its unmeaning or rather its ill-meaning character some forty years ago when the London University was found-

ed on the principle of "Education without subscription to religious creeds and articles," are naturally surprised that, in a country so free from ecclesiastical monopoly and ascendancy as this, there should be a disposition to palter and compromise, however slightly, where the complete freedom of religion from state or municipal support or patronage is concerned. But the world moves; and now the kith and kin of those who, although eager for knowledge and culture, could not enter the ancient universities of England without violating their consciences and selling their souls, can partake at these venerable seats of learning the rights and privileges which no free-born Englishman should ever have been denied. At the same time, it ought not to be forgotten that the process of disentanglement is slow, and that there are many who still cling to the old views in regard to the connection of Church and State, whose opinions are natural and therefore entitled to respect.

Among the school boards of England the battle for complete religious freedom is going bravely on; and, probably, we shall learn, ere long, that elementary education in that country, so far as sustained directly or indirectly by the state, is entirely and forever emancipated from ecclesiastical control. Then, as supported and propagated by its inherent and divinely communicated power, we may expect its prosperity and extension, according to the earnestness and diligence of those who already possess it, and as furthered by the blessing of Him who is both its author and its end. In framing the Irish system Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby) suggested that it should afford, if possible, "a combined literary and a separate religious education." Subsequently the Commissioners appointed to carry out this view objected to commit themselves to this system, on the ground that it excluded religion altogether from the combined instruction. In deference to their opinion the first draft of Mr. Stanley's letter was altered with the consent of the Govern-

ment, and the Commissioners described the system as to be established for "combined moral and literary, and separate religious instruction." The concession thus mildly made to the principle of connexion between Church and State has not, in the long run, brought about that harmony and mutual good will which the noble and liberal men who instituted and first directed the Irish system so earnestly desired. Why, it may be asked, should not local rates and public grants, which are exclusively based on the authority of national, provincial, or municipal law, and to which persons of every religious creed, or of no religious creed, are compelled directly or indirectly to contribute, be exclusively applied for the promotion of that secular education which all require, and without a measure of which neither man nor woman can efficiently discharge the duties which the members of the body politic owe to each other and to the government which protects the persons and the property of all? Do those among us who profess the Christian faith think so meanly of its worth and power that they cannot trust its extension to those who hold and exemplify it? Have we no religious parents, no Christian ministers, no Christian churches or associations, no Sunday schools—no means whatever for the propagation of the faith? Let then the state attend to its own affairs and interests, and let churches and religious teachers and organizations of every kind attend to theirs. In actual Public School teaching what we need is not instruction in church principles or theological dogmas, but the illustration on the part of the teacher, in all his teaching and influence, of that truthfulness, righteousness, good will, propriety and courtesy which religion inculcates, and which are as useful among men as we believe they are acceptable to God. Teachers in Public Schools may teach religiously, if they do not undertake to teach religion. Their motives and their spirit may be unostentatiously religious and then their influence

cannot but be beneficial. Without parading either their denominational preferences or their piety, they will show, as George Herbert expresses it, that—

“Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,  
Makes that and th’ action fine.”

The following announcement was recently met with in an English paper: “‘Ethics for Undenominational Schools.’ One of the oldest and most eminent of German educationists, a pupil of the great educational philosopher, Herbart, has just published ‘Ethics for Undenominational Schools.’ The work will no doubt attract the attention of both legislators and educationists in England, as it has already done on the continent. The editor of the *School Board Chronicle* and a German scholar are engaged upon an English adaptation of the book.” There can scarcely be any well-grounded objection in principle to the teaching of ethics in public schools, provided the distinction be properly observed between ethics and dogmatics. When the grounds of moral obligation are dealt with, the *odium theologicum* will be very apt to make its appearance. The Germans are expert in solving gordian knots; whether the German philosopher Herbart will succeed in this instance time will show.

The teachers in our Public Schools next deserve our attention. Referring to the report of the Royal Commissioners, President Quain remarks that much complaint was made before the Commissioners of the want of efficient teachers in schools. Here the public are not without fault. The social position conceded to the schoolmaster is not proportioned to the importance of his office. His rank is so low that he feels himself in a measure compelled to take orders as a clergyman. With them he acquires the position in society allowed to a profession the duties of which he does not perform. What is thus said with regard to the teachers of the higher and middle class schools in Britain, will in some degree apply to the

teachers of our Public Schools. Not that they often take orders, or study law, or medicine so that, having raised their social position, they may remain teachers; but that, however they may really like teaching, they find that a teacher is too often treated with contempt by the shopkeeper, the clerk, the mechanic, the farmer, and sometimes by the day labourer, while the lawyer, the doctor and the minister are looked on with comparative respect. Mr. Hope says on this subject: “I am not very bitter over this grievance of our social position. I complain because my profession complains. but, personally, I have no great sympathy with those thin-skinned dominies who invoke Mrs. Grundy with alternate upbraidings and entreaties, demanding and beseeching her to make them gentlemen in the most select sense of the word. I have no very good will towards this divinity of the genteel world, and object to recognizing the principle that she can issue letters patent to this effect. The fact is that among dominies, as among men of all other professions, there are some who never could be made gentlemen by any ordinance of Mrs. Grundy, and some who never could be, or could be thought to be, except by fools and vulgar persons, anything else.” “While I am on this topic” he further observes, “I wish to say a word upon a notable scheme which certain philosophers have propounded for improving the social position of our profession. To this end all dominies are to band themselves together into a sort of union, and to stamp themselves with a hall mark of their own approbation, which, by a law luckily not yet obtained, it will be penal to counterfeit. If I understand the scheme aright, all present dominies of influence are to be bribed into concert by being stamped *gratis*, while all young dominies of the present and unfledged dominies of the future are to earn this stamp by undergoing an examination into their acquirements. I doubt much if this plan will exalt us more highly

in the public esteem ; but I doubt more if it will fulfil the other end of its advocates, in shutting for the future the gates of the profession against all but good and fit men." Mr. Hope then points out, what, in his judgment, is "the real cause of the low estimation in which dominies are held." "We are apt," he says, "to value a thing not by the cost of its production so much as by the price we pay for it. If people were to pay their dominies better, I am certain they would think more highly of them." It may also be considered if not as certain, yet as highly probable, that if the people in Ontario were to pay their dominies better, a much larger proportion than at present of the most capable male teachers would remain in the profession to the great benefit of the public and not to their own disadvantage. The highest salary paid to a male teacher in a city in the year 1870, was \$1,000 (in Toronto the highest was \$750), and in a county \$600. The average salary of male teachers was in a city \$597 ; in a county, \$260. And yet a young man of good faculties and a fair education, who is willing and even desires to consider teaching as his business or profession for life, is sometimes censured as making it a mere temporary convenience or stepping-stone, because, with the choice of a career yet before him, he does not prefer six or seven hundred dollars a year, with the contempt of his equals and inferiors, to the possibility of emancipation from such a condition and the prospect of equitable remuneration for his labour and skill. There are able and worthy men in the teaching groove who cannot get out of it, whose wisdom and duty it is to make the best of it for others and for themselves, and who deserve for their work's sake no little respect and consideration. But not until the rewards of teaching are more commensurate with its labours and responsibilities can it be expected that many teachers worthy of the name will expend in it their youth, their manhood and their wiser if less vigor-

ous age. To be expected to live in the self-denying spirit of missionaries and martyrs, and yet to be treated as objects of vulgar pity mixed with vulgar scorn, is a little too much for average human nature to contemplate with complacency, and desire with intensity of longing. Hence the few intelligent, well educated, able young men who long continue public school teachers in Ontario. Female teachers, on the whole, seem to occupy a rather better position than their male fellow labourers. Their average salary in cities, in 1870, was \$231, while some received (in Toronto) \$425, and in counties, \$187. But while there are among them some wives and mothers, they are for the most part single persons who are not yet deaf to the flattering tale of hope especially on one interesting subject. A large number of them consequently leave the teaching profession, year after year, to enter on the more congenial sphere of married life. It may be presumed that whatever little pecuniary expenditure their special instruction and training may in any instances have cost, the province is amply repaid by the superior intelligence with which they enter on the discharge of their various domestic duties.

In the year 1854 the legislature provided for a Teachers' Superannuation Fund—contributions to which were optional until after the passing of the School Act of 1871, and still remain so, so far as female teachers are concerned. But the new school law renders it imperative on every male teacher to contribute four dollars annually to this fund, and requires that one-half of that sum be deducted semi-annually from his salary by his city or county inspector. It seems to have been thought that trustees would increase the salaries of teachers to the extent of this subscription and in order to its payment. If they have done so it has hitherto been on the principle of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. A teacher's salary should always be

sufficient to allow of his insuring his life for the benefit of his family, if not to enable him to purchase an annuity for himself in his declining years, or to make other equally beneficial investments; but probably there are very few public school teachers in Ontario, who, although they may have early entered on their profession and have conducted themselves prudently and economically for many years, have been able to accomplish these objects. The more minute pros and cons of the Provincial Teachers' Superannuation Fund are for teachers themselves to consider and discuss. The compulsory character, however, of their contributions to it appears particularly repugnant to many of them who feel that the demand to "stand and deliver," as they deem it, is scarcely rendered palatable by the assurance that this inevitable depletion is all for their good. They like, they say, to have a voice in the disposition of their little surplus, and to exercise thought, discretion and will on such a subject. They do not appreciate the precedent, to which they are sometimes referred, of ecclesiastical organizations which require their clerical members to contribute with a view to their own superannuation or the support of their surviving relatives. Such organizations, they argue, are more or less directly of a representative character; and what they do of this nature is done by them in their representative capacity. The precedents set in the civil service of Britain and of the Dominion are somewhat more in point, and, if wisely and kindly followed, may prove not a little beneficial. Provision has been made for the return of one-half of the amount of his payments to any teacher on his leaving the profession; and, on the decease of a teacher, his wife or other legal representative is entitled to receive back the full amount he has paid in, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. With regard to this whole matter, we may perhaps conclude with Sir Roger de Cover-

ley, "that much may be said on both sides," provided too much red tape and humiliating detail be not brought into exercise in the management and administration of the fund. One other consideration may be suggested regarding the claim to respect of which teachers are conscious, and the deficient acknowledgment of that claim, of which they often complain. Teachers, as well as persons of every profession, rank and condition of society should remember that respectability is, after all, a personal attribute—a truth which, in our day, is receiving abundant illustration among the most elevated official personages, such as sovereigns and presidents, and, through all classes and conditions, down to the humblest constable and the lowliest chimney-sweep. A degree of respect pertains to every office: but its occupant can either magnify that office by his becoming demeanour, or subject it to contempt by the impropriety of his conduct. No office, however exalted or however humble, can change a fool into a wise man, a rogue into an honest man, or an ill-mannered bear, however crammed with knowledge, into a truly respectable teacher.

Something, perhaps, should be said about the discipline of our Public Schools. On the general subject of school discipline, so much has been spoken and written in modern days from Cowper's "Tirocinium" down to Horace Mann's rhetorical lecture on punishments, and Mr. Hope's excellent chapter on "Lion," that every one seems to know all about it, except, perhaps, those who are charged with its administration. As the faultless management of bachelors' wives and the equally judicious treatment of old maids' children is unquestionable, so the school discipline of every age and of every variety of character and home training is considered by many parents, and especially by those who cannot rule their own households, as a matter in which excess and failure are alike inexcusable. Before such par-

ents are too eloquent in their denunciation of the inefficiency of school discipline, they might be advantageously reminded of the Chinese method of promoting discipline at home. An English resident at a Chinese port was often grievously annoyed by the boisterous conduct of the younger members of a native family whose dwelling was adjacent to his own. Repeated remonstrances with the head of the household having proved ineffectual, he, at length, applied for redress to the mandarin of the district. The father of the young hopefuls was sent for by the mandarin, and personally received in his presence a very instructive illustration of the utility of physical punishment in certain difficult cases. He returned to his home; a protracted season of juvenile weeping and wailing immediately followed in that house; the dropped reins of domestic government were gathered up by paterfamilias, and the English resident underwent no more annoyance from his neighbour's offspring. Among the pupils in our schools there are not a few who come from homes which are almost as disorderly as was that of the Englishman's Chinese neighbour, but which, fortunately, or unfortunately, cannot be rectified after the same method. The parents of such children seem to expect that the teacher is to accomplish a task which they have never begun, that of subduing, regulating, educating in morals and manners their untamed and uninstructed progeny. And, as if it is not enough to devolve on teachers the responsible care of their children during school hours, they sometimes wish them to become the dispensers of parental wrath on account of home offences. No teacher who respects himself will submit, by compliance with such a desire, to degrade himself and to render school attendance needlessly odious to his pupils. Slaves have been sent by their owners, on this continent and elsewhere, to some special place in order to their flagellation; but no teacher should become a whipping machine at the caprice of

a lazy or unfaithful parent. When children are at school, order and discipline must be maintained. Without proper respect to "heaven's first law," where many children are gathered together, there can be neither teaching nor learning, and utter confusion will speedily prevail. By whom then and how can school order be properly instituted and discipline ensured? Only by a teacher who himself is orderly in character and habits, and whose self-discipline fits him to administer discipline to those who are placed under his charge. No unworthy words will proceed from his lips, no unbecoming acts or habits will deprive him of the respect of his scholars. He will be severe with himself, considerate and impartial in his school administration, kind and obliging as he can be consistently with justice to all. But how shall his discipline be maintained? Remembering that he is not a despot but a limited monarch, a constitutional ruler, he will govern according to law, not forgetting that judgment should be tempered by mercy. Yet, as a righteous ruler bears not the sword in vain, neither should a wise teacher be without the means of awakening salutary fear in the minds of his subjects. Every civilized country concedes the right of administering physical punishment to those who stand to children "in loco parentis."—The degree of corporal punishment which even a parent may inflict is controlled by law. The father who flogged his little child to death a year or two ago in the United States, because he would not say his prayers, was justly dealt with for his monstrous offence. A teacher, too, is liable to a legal penalty, if he administer corporal punishment with undue severity. The general regulation respecting discipline promulgated by the school authorities of Ontario is to the effect that "the teacher shall practise such discipline as would be exercised by a kind and judicious parent," the teacher, of course, being held responsible for the due exercise of his discretionary power. It may be said

that, on the whole, corporal punishment, as a means of school discipline, is rather dis-  
countenanced than encouraged in Ontario. The limits of this paper will not admit of a discussion on the cane, the taws, and the birch, as apt instruments for the correction of juvenile offences, and even, as they have been used, for the promotion of juvenile learning. The practice of the grave and learned George Buchanan on the person of James the 6th of Scotland and 1st of England; the well-known method of the famous Dr. Busby for stimulating in his Westminster scholars the acquisition, if not the love, of knowledge; the dictum of Dr. Samuel Johnson concerning the boy who, neglecting his task to-day is therefore flogged, and will, perform the task to-morrow; the admirable chapter of the book about Dominies already referred to, in which Mr. Hope expresses his suspicion that the boasted relinquishment of corporal punishment sometimes means the adoption of other pains and penalties more cruel and humiliating; with many other such facts and considerations, at once occur as suggestive of the wisdom of thinking twice before we speak once in utter condemnation of corporal punishment judiciously administered.

We may well surrender to the contempt and detestation of mankind, and of woman-kind too, much of what was written a few years ago in successive numbers of the "Englishwoman's Magazine" in favour of the "Birch in the Boudoir," so ably and deservedly satirized in the "Saturday Review." But never let us succumb to the stupid doctrine of the sacredness of the person as applied to those who are still in the earlier stages of pupilage; lest we even seem to sanction such atrocious murders as have been committed on faithful teachers in the United States by their vindictive pupils or their pupils' relatives, not on account of alleged severity so much as because of the fact that personal chastisement had been administered. It is not always well to drag

into the arena of controversy the well-known language of the Bible, so often quoted on this subject; but it may not be inappropriate to refer to the instance in which the late Prince Consort taught not only by word of mouth, but also by wholesome pain and penalty, the heir of the crown of Great Britain, who when, placed in his childhood under tutors and governors, defied his teacher and was whipped as he deserved to be, by his "truly kind and judicious parent."

Perhaps temporary suspension from school privileges, in cases of marked and repeated insubordination, is among the best means of punishment resorted to in the Public Schools of Ontario, as it is especially adapted to call the attention of parents to the misconduct of their children, and to induce them to co-operate with teachers in reducing them to order and obedience.

In closing this paper, while not forgetting that comparisons are sometimes invidious, it may not be amiss to remark that if any comparison of the Public Schools of Ontario with any other similar system of schools can be considered proper, it will be as between our schools and the Common Schools of the United States. On this subject Dr. Fraser (Bishop of Manchester), who was in 1865 one of the Assistant Commissioners appointed by the Queen to enquire into the Schools of England, Scotland, the United States and Canada, reported as follows:

"The Schools that I saw at work were the City Schools of Toronto, those of Ottawa, and one or two Village Schools. They were characterized by a remarkable similarity of system, and the differences observable between them were differences of degree rather than of kind; and as I had abundant opportunities of ascertaining the opinions of persons thoroughly conversant with the system, both theoretically and practically, and have besides carefully read the extracts from the reports of Local Superintendents, published in the report of the Chief Superintendent, I doubt whether a larger induction

of particulars, the fruit of my own observation, would, in any material point, have disturbed the conclusions at which I have arrived.

"The chief specialities of the Canadian methods were long lessons, generally a continuous hour to each subject; in reading, the requirement that the pupils should possess themselves of the *matter* of the lesson; in teaching grammar, the stress laid on the distinction between prefixes, roots, and affixes, and on etymology generally; and, generally, the discouragement given to rapid answering and the time allowed for reflection and thought. Entering a Canadian School, with American impressions fresh upon the mind, the first feeling is one of disappointment. One misses the life, the motion, the vivacity, the precision—in a word, the brilliancy. But as you stay, and pass both teacher and pupils in review, the feeling of disappointment gives way to a feeling of surprise. You find that this plain, unpretending teacher has the power, and has successfully used the power, of communicating real solid knowledge and good sense to those youthful minds, which, if they do not move rapidly, at least grasp, when they do take hold, firmly. If there is an appearance of what the Americans call 'loose ends' in the School, it is only an appearance. The knowledge is stowed away compactly enough in its proper compartments, and is at hand, not perhaps very promptly, but pretty surely, when wanted. To set off against their quickness, I heard many random answers in American Schools; while *per contra* to the slowness of the Canadian scholar, I seldom got a reply very wide of the mark. The whole teaching was homely, but it was sound. I chanced to meet a Schoolmaster at Toronto who had kept School in Canada, and was then keeping school at Haarlem, New York, and he gave Canadian education the preference for thoroughness and solid results.

"Each system, or rather I should say the

result of each system, seems to harmonize best with the character of the respective peoples. The Canadian chooses his type of School as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife chose her wedding-gown, and as the Vicar of Wakefield chose his wife, 'not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well.' I cannot say, judging from the Schools which I have seen—which I take to be types of their best Schools—that they have any reason to be disappointed with the results. I speak of the general character of education to which they evidently lean.—That the actual results should be unequal, often in the widest possible degree, is true of education under all systems, everywhere."

This comparison, as a statement of apparent results, is probably as fair an one as can be made; but any general comparison of the systems may be modified by the consideration that, while the Common Schools of the United States are attended by the children of all classes of the population, there are still in Ontario, especially in the cities and towns, many parents who have not yet surmounted their prejudice against Common Schools, and who prefer to send their children to private adventure schools, chiefly because they are of a more exclusive character, and, as is supposed, of a higher social tone. A preference of this kind cannot be affected by abstract reasoning, and only as our Public Schools advance in efficiency and reputation will our people become less willing to pay both a school tax for the benefit of the children of others, and school fees in addition, for the probably not better education of their own.

It appears from the Report of the Chief Superintendent of Education for 1870, that the number of boys who attended the Public Schools of Ontario in that year was 233,381, and of girls 209,137; the total of both being 442,518. The expenditure for these schools was—from Legislative grant \$179,252; from Municipal School assessment, \$385,284; from Trustees' School assessment \$951,099;



from Trustees' Rate-bills, \$44,905 (the schools were not made free by law until 1871); from Clergy Reserve balances and other sources, \$369,416; the amount apportioned for the purchase of maps, apparatus, prize and library books, \$14,406; the total amount being \$1,994,362.

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### MY LISETTE.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

CORAL lips and laughing eyes,  
 Blue as heaven's bluest skies;  
 Forehead white, and curls of jet,  
 Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Jewelled fingers, soft and white;  
 Rounded waist so lithe and slight;  
 Pearly teeth all closely set,  
 Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Sloping shoulders, soft and fair,  
 Kissed by curls of silky hair;  
 Head so small and proudly set,  
 Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Ankles small, and tinier feet  
 Never tripped along the street:  
 See her once and who'd forget  
 All the charms of my Lisette!

But the sweetest charm of all  
 Lies within that form so small:  
 Large and warm, a heart is set  
 In the breast of my Lisette.

And though strange it seems to be,  
 That dear heart throbs but for me—  
 Blessed day when first I met  
 With my fairy wife Lisette!

PETERBOROUGH.

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## DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

DEEPLY interested in her book, Josephine Dormer sat quietly reading undisturbed by the rush and roar of the rising tide. A huge billow rolling up loud and angry against the extremity of the point, sending a shower of spray over it, at length roused her to some sense of her imminent peril. She started to her feet in surprise, and gazed out upon the vast expanse of foaming water.

"The tide is coming in, but it will not rise to where I am," she said, to assure herself. "The woman surely would not have told me to come out here if there was any danger of the promontory being covered." Again she sat down upon the rock, but did not resume the perusal of her book. Keeping her eye fixed anxiously on a tall, crested wave rolling majestically towards her. Nearer and nearer it came, rearing its white crest, and now it thunders upon the rocky point, breaking almost at her feet, and sending her shrieking with terror from the spot. That wild cry reached the boat, and thrilled the heart of Sir Gerard Trevor.

"Bedad! that wave near done for her," exclaimed Dinah. "She sees her danger now, and is flying for her life; but, blessed Mary, save her! The sea is now almost level with the point and will soon be dashing over it. Row, Sir Gerard, for the bare life," she continued, excitedly straining every nerve to propel the heavy craft faster; "Bad 'cess to ye for a baste of a boat," she added impatiently, "sure you never was meant to be rowed at all. It's almost as hard to move ye as the Rock of Cashel!"

Sir Gerard did not require any urging to increase the superhuman efforts he was making to reach the promontory; his face, white with excitement, was covered with large beads of perspiration, while his compressed lips and dilated eye expressed a fixed determination to rescue Josephine or perish with her. The danger threatening her became every moment more imminent. The volume of water continually increasing as the tide rolled on, was now level with the promontory, ready to dash over it and cut off her rapid retreat. In her first alarm she had fled onwards looking neither to the right nor left, her one thought to outstrip the rushing waves, so that the boat approaching slowly to the rescue was unnoticed. At length an encouraging shout coming across the surging waters thrilled her with sudden joy—human aid was at hand! She would not perish! She recognized the occupants of the boat. Sir Gerard Trevor was coming to the rescue—he would save her, thank God! How fervently that ejaculation was uttered by the terror-stricken girl! The sudden revulsion of feeling gave her new strength and courage, and she needed it now for the water was pouring upon the promontory, and she was wading through it ankle deep. She must in a few moments be swept off by the force of the waves; but fortunately she had now reached a part of the point which rose higher than the rest, and where some small rocks were piled one above another. This afforded her a temporary refuge from the force of the tide. She climbed to the highest part and there sat down, trembling yet hopeful, to await the approach of the boat. Would it never come? How slowly it moved, and the cruel tide rising higher and

higher! The sun was shining brightly in the blue heavens and its garish beams glistened on the ocean and gleamed upon the white face of Josephine, as she sat there in her perilously-picturesque situation. What a study for a painter was that scene! The watery expanse around, and those few rocks rising yet unsubmerged with the frail, beautiful girl sitting on their summit, keeping her eyes fixed wildly on that craft struggling for her rescue, with the pitiless waves hungering for their prey. A life time of suffering seemed to be gathered into that short period of awful suspense, the memory of which never ceased to haunt not only Josephine but Sir Gerard Trevor.

"The saints be praised we have got to her at last!" was Dinah Blake's exclamation, with a sigh of intense relief, as the boat reached the rocks, and Josephine sprang into it with a cry of joy, relieving her intensely excited feelings by a burst of tears.

"It is just in time; thank God! you are saved," said Sir Gerard in the choked voice of strong emotion; then in almost incoherent words he tried to soothe Josephine, but nearly broke down himself in the deep agitation of the moment.

"Let her cry, it'll do her good!" said Dinah, eyeing her compassionately. "It's a way women have of soothing themselves; but it never was my way," she added, contemptuously. "Well, we have had a tough row for it," she continued, wiping the perspiration from her brown, rugged face, "it's the hardest job I've done for many a day."

"It will not go unrewarded," remarked Sir Gerard, gratefully. "Without your help I never could have saved her; you have made me indebted to you for life, and be assured I shall not forget it."

"I didn't do for gain," she answered, testily, "and I want none of your pay for it either."

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble for me," was Josephine's grateful

observation, as she took the homely hand of Dinah, and pressed it tenderly.

She drew it hastily away, as if the white hands of the girl burned her.

"How could I help stretching out my hand to save you, when it was my fault that you were in such danger?" she asked. "It's harm enough I've done you already," she muttered, as she took up her oars to assist Sir Gerard in rowing the boat to shore.

"How did you harm me?" asked Josephine, with a look of surprise, her quick ears having caught the murmured words.

"Who said I did?" was the evasive answer, in tones meant to stop further enquiry.

"How fortunate it was that I came to the beach in pursuit of you," said Sir Gerard, his voice still tremulous from excitement. "You must not venture that promontory again."

"Why not?" interrupted Dinah, in an abrupt way; "Sure there's no danger most of the year, unless just when the tide is at the highest. You might go out every other day without wetting the sole of your shoe."

"I shall never go out there again," remarked Josephine, with a shudder, "I know enough about the tides to understand when I may venture without risk. Once, in an escape I have had! What a debt of gratitude I owe you both!" and she turned from Dinah Blake to Sir Gerard, with an expression of the deepest gratitude in her tearful eyes.

"Do not speak to me of gratitude," said the baronet, in the deep, low tones of passionate emotion, bending his eyes upon her with a look that made hers quickly闪 beneath that ardent gaze, which flashed upon her so thrilling a revelation. "If you had perished, I would have died with you."

The low, fond words of Sir Gerard could not escape the watchful ear of Dinah, and her suspicions that the young man loved

were confirmed, and an angry expression grew into her dark, stern face.

"A purty fellow you are, indeed, to be making love to her, and you engaged to another woman," broke from her with an indignant flash in her restless, black eye. Sir Gerard stared at her with angry surprise.

"Oh! you need not putend not to know what I mean," Dinah rejoined sharply, "but you're like all the rest of the men running afther every new face you see. Sorra dependence to be placed on any of ye," she added with a contemptuous curl of her thin lip.

"You speak in riddles, woman!" said the Baronet with subdued anger, "I am not engaged to any lady."

"I thought you was to marry the young lady at the Big House. Bedad that's what is expicted of you any how and sure it would be the making of you by rason of the fortune she has and your own estate gone to the bad entirely, bekase of the life your ould father led." Dinah spoke with cool insolence. The idea that Sir Gerard Trevor would marry Josephine instead of Miss Barrington seemed to cause her much annoyance. Her remarks sent the deep flush of rage to the face of Sir Gerard, but he controlled his temper; the woman had lately rendered him an incalculable benefit, he could not show resentment towards one who had aided him in saving the precious life of Josephine; without Dinah's help he never could have reached the promontory in time to rescue her from the pitiless waters. He contented himself by asserting again that there was no engagement between him and Eva Barrington, speaking in tones of forced calmness, fixing his eyes as he spoke on Josephine, who read in their clear depths the truthfulness of what he affirmed. During the rest of the time which it took them to reach the land, Dinah Blake maintained a sullen silence, doing her part of the rowing, however, with good will. When they landed, after helping to moor the boat, she turned

abruptly away, refusing with a gesture of angry scorn the money which Sir Gerard offered her.

"I tould you I did not do it for goold," she said fiercely. "It's ill luck I was in it at all to help ye," she muttered as she strode hastily along the narrow strip of shore as yet unflooded at the base of the tall cliffs. Quickly along this dry path Sir Gerard now hurried Josephine, for he knew that in a few minutes more even that would be flooded by the encroaching tide. At length they reached the cove, near which Max. Butler's residence was situated and turned up the pebbly way leading to it from the shore. At home again and safe! What an agony of dread and terror had Josephine experienced since she left it not two hours before, and what deep thankfulness welled up in her heart towards that merciful Providence which had preserved her from a watery grave! That evening was spent by Sir Gerard Trevor at the cottage, and before he left it he made Josephine an offer of his hand, contrary to his previous intention of waiting till he got a deeper insight into her character. But the events of that day had shown him how inexpressibly dear the girl was to him and the wild anguish he had experienced at the thought of losing her had convinced him that the happiness of his life depended on winning her. This declaration of love filled Josephine with indescribable happiness, for she had already given her first pure affections to the handsome young Baronet; but the course of true love in this case did not run smooth. Lady Trevor objected to the marriage and Mrs. Dormer and Max. declined the honour of Sir Gerard's alliance until her ladyship's consent was obtained. But Sir Gerard did not despair for he hoped in time to remove this only obstacle to his happiness: for youth is ever sanguine, it needs the crushing disappointments of life to dim the star of hope or sink it entirely beneath our clouded horizon.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## IN THE FRIARY OF ST. BRIDE.

Eva Barrington was a graceful horse-woman, and extremely fond of riding. Part of every day she spent on horseback accompanied by Sir Gerard, or attended by a groom whenever the baronet's visits to Josephine interfered with his attendance on her. One of her favourite rides was the rugged road following the line of coast. She delighted to feel the salt sea-breeze fanning her face, as she rode quickly along, imparting exhilaration to her spirits and the glow of health to her cheeks. She never looked better than on horseback, her fine figure appeared to such advantage in her closely-fitting riding-habit, sitting gracefully on her spirited chesnut mare, one small gauntleted hand grasping the reins, while with the other she caressed the proudly-arched neck of the beautiful animal, or lightly touched its flanks with her small riding-whip, the gold handle of which gleamed in the sunlight. A stylish looking hat surmounted the silken masses of her black hair, its crimson plume contrasting well with their raven hue.

One bright, pleasant day, in the month of September, as Eva Barrington was slowly ascending the steep road leading to the Friary of St. Bride, her mare was startled by the appearance of an old woman, whose tall weird figure, rising suddenly from behind a hedge, stood right in the way before her. The animal reared, but the woman caught the reins fearlessly, listening with contemptuous indifference to the abuse the groom poured upon her.

"What did you do that for, woman, frightening the mare so? Are you mad?" he broke forth indignantly. "I have a mind to horsewhip you," and he raised his whip threateningly.

The old woman glared upon him. "Lay it on if you dare!" she hissed forth, her voice trembling with passion. "It'll be the worst blow you ever gave. Dinah Blake is

not the woman to let an injury go unavenged." Then becoming suddenly she murmured, "Blessed Mary, forgive this temper will be the ruin of me after all!"

"Did you want to speak to me? Or do anything for you?" asked Eva Barrington kindly. Notwithstanding her haughtiness she was charitable to the poor, and turned a deaf ear to the appeal of wretchedness.

"I do want to spake to you. I have something to tell which is only for you to hear." The voice was low and earnest—the dark eyes gleaming with an emotion she tried in vain to subdue.

"Maurice, ride on, and wait for me at the foot of the hill," said the young heiress, dismissing her groom.

"Maurice needn't stir a step!" brooked Dinah, with decision, "he can wait while you come with me into the Friary of St. Bride."

Eva's countenance expressed the astonishment she felt at this arrangement—at the tone of command in the woman's voice.

"Why should I go into the Friary?" she demanded, in haughty accents, her curiosity somewhat aroused.

"Bekase there's one spot there I want to show you to see. It is only there I can speak of what's on me mind."

"The woman is mad," said Maurice, laughing petuously. "Don't heed her, Miss Barrington, she's out of her mind!"

A doubt of her sanity did flash through Eva's mind, and she was about to pass on, when Dinah, who read her thoughts, laid a detaining grasp on the reins:—"I am not mad!" she observed, vehemently, "though I have had throuble enough to dhrive me of me sinses. You needn't fear me, I'll do you no harm, only come with me a while and listen to what I have to say," and added with earnest entreaty.

The expression of her face reassured Eva. She dismounted and accompanied her into the ruins. The weather was

sually fine for the time of the year, the meridian sun was glittering on the quiet ocean, and gleaming on the white sailed craft flitting across its blue expanse. From the elevated situation of St. Bride's Friary the sweep of horizon which it commanded was most magnificent—the grey rugged line of coast, the numerous headlands, some blue and misty in the distance, the straggling town of Carraghmore, and the noble mansion on Barrington Height—all were clearly seen, with the barren gigantic mountains in the background. With the bright sunshine around, and the sun-light of happiness in her own heart, Eva Barrington followed her strange companion over grass-grown graves and sculptured fragments of crosses and columns, little dreaming of the terrible disclosure about to be made, which was to cast a dark cloud over her future life, and withdraw the light of joy from her path. She entered those ivied ruins a gay, proud, light-hearted girl, she left them not long after crushed to the earth with sorrow and bitter humiliation—her life blighted by the sins of others.

Stopping beside a small green mound, headed by a wooden cross, Dinah Blake pointed to the name roughly carved upon it. It was situated in a remote corner of the ruins, the lonely spot where Norah Blake had been long since laid to rest till the resurrection morning. Eva Barrington stooped and read the simple inscription.

"Your daughter lies buried here?" she said, by way of interrogation.

"Yes, she was my daughter, about your own age too when death took her, and as purty as yourself," said Dinah, gloomily, wiping the tears from her eyes, which started unbidden at the sight of that humble grave.

Eva eyed the distressed mother pityingly, wondering, however, what the tidings were she had brought her there to hear. She was not left long in suspense. With her usual abruptness Dinah continued—"The young

woman buried here more nor eighteen years ago was your mother."

A feeling of alarm thrilled the young lady at this strange announcement. The woman must be mad, she thought. Not for a moment did she believe her startling assertion.

"You don't believe me, but I tell you the thruth; I swear it on this blessed cross," said Dinah, with emphatic solemnity kissing the sacred symbol.

Still Eva stared at her, incredulous. "How could that be possible?" broke from her with lofty scorn. "If you are not mad, woman, you are telling me a wicked lie to extort money!" she added, with vehement indignation.

"No," said Dinah, with grave earnestness, "I want none of your money. All I want is to do justice to her I wronged before I die."

"Her you wronged?" repeated Eva, a terrible thought creeping towards her—her eyes dilating with horror as she regarded the woman, and her breath coming in gasps from her heaving bosom.

"Yes, the girl I cruelly wronged when I stole her years ago from Barrington House, and left you, me own daughter's child, in her place!"

A wild cry of anguish escaped from Eva's white lips, and she sank upon the ground stunned by the crushing shock. Dinah supported her in her arms till she revived a little—her wan, withered face expressing commiseration for the stricken girl. As soon as consciousness returned, Eva, with a shudder and a gesture of abhorrence, withdrew from her support.

"You my grandmother!" she fiercely exclaimed, with a look of mingled scorn and disgust. "I will not believe it. It cannot, *must* not be! How dare you fabricate such a story!" she continued, hissing the words through her set teeth, her face colourless with passionate emotion.

"There isn't a word of lie in it," maintained Dinah stoutly, her feelings of com-



passion giving way to the irritation she felt at Eva's scorn.

"There is ; it is all a made-up story to extort money !" retorted the maddened girl furiously. "I will have you punished, put in jail for daring to say such a thing !" and gathering up the long train of her riding-habit she was about to rush from the spot, scarcely knowing what she did in her wild excitement.

"You may as well take it aisy," remonstrated Dinah. "You can't put me in prison for spaking the thruth. Sure I'll swear it afore a magistrate."

Steps were now heard rapidly approaching, crunching the dry grass. "And, bedad, here's one coming just in the nick of time," she added, as the tall commanding figure of Mr. Crofton was seen issuing from the ruined cloister. His coming there at this moment was not merely accidental. He had been riding along the road, and seeing Maurice waiting for his mistress, had enquired where she was. The groom related what had occurred, and Mr. Crofton, sharing the fears of the servant with regard to Dinah's insanity, followed Miss Barrington into the ruins. The passionate ring of her voice, and the fury gleaming in her pallid countenance, excited his surprise. "What is the matter? What has this woman said to annoy you, Miss Barrington?" he asked, in tones of respectful kindness.

There was no answer ; the words seemed to choke Eva, as she tried to communicate the strange, horrible disclosure of Dinah Blake. Good heavens, what a trial this was for the proud girl ; that any one should hear that maddening assertion. "Your mother lies buried here,—here in this humble, dishonoured grave !" How the words seemed to stamp themselves on her brain in characters of fire. Determined to have some explanation of the scene, Mr. Crofton turned to Dinah Blake, and sternly demanded what she had said or done to vex the young lady.

"I only tould her that she isn't the right-

ful heiress of Barrington Height," was startling answer, spoken with a sulky, offended air.

"Good Heavens, what an assertion burst from Mr. Crofton, in amazement ; woman who made it could not be in right mind, he thought ; and yet it might be true. Strange things do happen in life ; he would inquire further into this mysterious affair.

"If Miss Barrington is not the right owner of Barrington Height, who is?" he asked, eagerly.

"You see the blue smoke curling among the threes far beyant there," Dinah's bony hand pointed in the direction of the Rev. Max. Butler's residence. "There you'll find her."

"Do you mean Miss Dormer?" asked Mr. Crofton, with eagerness, a new light dawning upon his mind, as he remembered the singular resemblance between Josephine and Miss Barrington.

"Herself, and no other," was the rejoinder.

Eva groaned at this revelation. It was intensely painful and humiliating to think that the girl she had treated with such haughty condescension was the right owner of those broad acres she had looked upon as her own.

"This cannot be true, woman," observed Mr. Crofton, sharply. "You are an impostor, and I'll have you taken up and sent to prison."

"No, you won't," remarked Dinah, coolly. "and where would be the use of that? I couldn't stop me tongue there, and people would be found to believe me, though I don't."

"What proof have you to bring forward to support your strange assertion?"

"The servant Lynch, who nursed me when you call Miss Barrington knows she changed at her birth. Put her on her oath about it. She'll not dare perjure herself, although she held her tongue at the time."

because she didn't want to lose her good place."

"Did she aid you in making the exchange of infants?" asked Mr. Crofton, who was beginning to fear that Dinah's story was indeed true.

"No, she didn't; she wasn't to blame at all, at all; she knew nothing of me or my consarns."

"And who was the mother of the child you left at Barrington House?" asked Mr. Crofton, very eagerly.

"Me own daughter Norah."

"And her father was Major Barrington, I suppose?"

"You have guessed right, he was that same, I'm sorry to say," Dinah rejoined, moodily.

"Now I understand your motive in the exchange of children," resumed Mr. Crofton, thoughtfully. "If indeed your word can be relied on," he added hastily; "your story seems hardly probable."

"It's thrue, any way, you may depind on that."

"But I will not depend on the truth of what you say," observed Mr. Crofton, sternly. "Is it at all probable that one like you could secretly enter Barrington House, and carry off the infant heiress?"

"It was done, I tell you!" maintained Dinah, vehemently. "Where is the use of talking any more about it? If you won't believe me, others will!"

"No, they will not credit such an improbable story," retorted Mr. Crofton, quickly, "and you have not sufficient proof to bring forward."

"Och! never fear about that; there'll be proof enough when it's wanted; more nor you think, 'cute as you are!"

There was an angry disdain in the tones of Dinah's voice, which irritated the agent exceedingly; he could not brook anything like contempt from an inferior, but he checked his rising temper, it would not be wise to exasperate Dinah. What she had

disclosed troubled him as well as Eva, because it deeply affected his interests as well as her's. If it could be proved that she was not the heiress of Barrington Height, and if the estate passed to its rightful owner, then he would be obliged to give an account of his stewardship during the years it had been under his management, a proceeding that would embarrass him considerably. The truth was, Mr. Crofton had used part of Miss Barrington's money in speculating lately, and it would require time to refund this, and make his accounts square, if the property passed to other hands. Something must be done to ward off the threatened evil for the present, and Dinah Blake must be prevented from making public the disclosure she had made. Addressing her in a conciliating tone, he enquired what her motive was in now revealing the evil she had done.

"Repintance has come to me at last, and I want to make aminds for it afore I die," she answered shortly, and turning away as she spoke, she walked slowly through the ruins toward the high road.

Mr. Crofton hastily followed her. "Come to my house to-night," he said, in a low voice, as he joined her.

"What for?" she demanded, curiously.

"I want to speak to you privately about this affair; you must tell me more about it, and we'll think what is best to be done."

"I'll come," she answered quietly, and again moved slowly forward, almost staggering as she walked. Dinah was not well. She had recently risen from a sick bed, and this painful scene beside Norah's grave had affected her deeply.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE HEIRESS AND THE AGENT.

"SHE looks as if she had not long to live," was the pleasing thought that suggested itself to Mr. Crofton's mind, as he



walked back to the spot where he had left Eva.

She had thrown herself on Norah's grave, in the abandonment of her grief, and was giving way to a tempest of sobs and tears. How overwhelming was the blow that had fallen upon her, crushing out the joy and happiness of her young life. "What was she now?" she asked herself wildly,—“the child of sin and shame! That odious woman her grandmother!” Oh, it was intensely bitter, this degradation. She could not endure the dreadful humiliation—the exposure would kill her. The convulsions of grief that shook her frame, touched with pity even the hard heart of the agent. He had known her from a child, and she had confided the management of her affairs to him with implicit trust, winning thereby his gratitude, for he had consequently been enabled, more than once, to use her money as a capital to enable him to make money. If the estate passed out of her hands he would probably lose the management of it, and the advantages he at present enjoyed. The more he thought upon the subject, the more he was determined to prevent by any means the exposure Miss Barrington dreaded, as much for his own interest as her's. Dinah Blake must not be permitted to make public the shameful disclosure she had that day made.

“Rouse yourself from this grief and take comfort,” he said, in kind, encouraging accents, “this unpleasant matter shall give you no more annoyance; trust to me.”

Eva raised her pallid face inquiringly: “Do you doubt the woman's story; do you think she is mad?” she asked, with a wistful look.

“No,” he replied deliberately. “I do not think *that* now, I did at first; but her story, though it seemed improbable, is I believe true. However I shall take care she communicates it to no one else. You and I can keep the secret, he added with a significant smile, and with an unusual

familiarity of manner. The young girl was in his power—he knew that.

There was a pause for a few moments; there was a strife of mingled emotions in Eva Barrington's heart, a conflict between pride and principle. Should she yield to the suggestions of the former and retain the possession of Barrington Height, at the expense of conscience: she had no right to do it now, it was Josephine Dormer's. Crofton said he could prevent Dinah Blake from revealing her terrible secret. Should she place herself in his power by giving her consent to the concealment of those shameful facts she had that day heard? Principle stood up boldly confronting pride, but for a little while; the dominant feeling won. The girl's heart conquered, the passionate desire to retain the wealth and station which had hitherto been her's could not be denied—must be gratified at any cost. That menacing exposure of her shameful birth, that sinful disgraceful story of her dead parent must be hidden from the world. Every better feeling and consideration went down before that proud resolve, and Eva Barrington shut the door on conscience.

“What do you propose to do in this dreadful affair?” she asked at length, turning her pale agitated face towards Mr. Crofton. “How can you secure Dinah Blake's silence? If money is necessary you need not spare it.”

“Nor shall I,” he answered quietly. “Of course money will be needed, but I won't mind the loss of that!”

“No, if it were even to the half of my fortune!” she said passionately. “I would rather lose even all I possess, than let this story made public. Good heavens! it indeed be true?” she added with an unconscious wild burst of weeping.

“Don't give way so Miss Barrington, control this passionate grief. There is no need to fret so. This threatening storm can be crushed in the bud. How fortunate that I should have been here in time to advise and aid you. Now let me beg of

to return to your home and try to think no more of it. Trust to me I will manage the affair for you. A word of what has occurred here to-day must not escape your lips. Mind, Lady Trevor and Sir Gerard must know nothing of it. They might be more scrupulous than we are, you know," he added with a hard short laugh.

The words and the ring of that laugh thrilled the haughty girl with indignation. Mr. Crofton saw the gleam of anger in her averted eye and it warned him to be more guarded. He must humour her pride, he thought, which he saw would brook no familiarity; the habits of years could not be conquered so soon even in her bitter humiliation. She looked upon herself still as the mistress of Barrington House and demanded all the respectful deference she had hitherto received from him. The time would come when feeling herself entirely in his power she might be a little humbler.

Eva now gathered herself up from the grassy mound where she had been sitting and prepared to leave the ruins. Mr. Crofton walking respectfully at her side. The aspect of nature was still bright and joyous, but in her crushed heart was no answering response. A gloom had fallen upon her spirits. How painfully did she realize the truth of that saying, "we know not what a day will bring forth." She left her home that morning gay and happy without a care she returned to it stricken, humbled beneath the terrible discovery she had made, the recollection of which must darken her days even if this fatal secret could be concealed. She pleaded illness to Lady Trevor to account for her pallid gloomy face, and thoughtful depressed manner; for in spite of all her efforts she could not help showing something of the fearful effects her late passionate excitement had caused her. The groom, Maurice, declared that the half-mad woman Dinah Blake had frightened his young mistress almost to death with her

odd ways—an assertion which gave his mother, Nurse Lynch, something to think about. She alone suspected the cause of Miss Barrington's altered looks or guessed the subject of that conversation in the ruins of St. Bride.

Very anxiously did Eva await the promised visit from Mr. Crofton the following day. He came ostensibly on business, but secretly by appointment, to let her know the result of his expected interview with Dinah at Elm Lodge.

"You have nothing to fear from her!" he said, with an encouraging smile, "the woman is very ill and her death will soon relieve you from all anxiety."

A cruel joy flashed across Eva's pale face at the prospect of this woman's death who called herself *her* grandmother; but then came the recollection that the secret would not die with her, and the sudden gleam of happiness vanished.

"Where is she?" she asked eagerly.

"In my house. She came to it last night more dead than alive, so anxious was she to keep her appointment and have the matter settled before she died. She made a deposition before me, as a magistrate, and believes that I will see Miss Dormer restored to her rightful inheritance."

There was a grim smile playing over Mr. Crofton's hard, deeply-lined face, as he spoke. Eva looked up at him with a wistful gleam in her grey eyes; he understood that questioning, anxious gaze, and answered hastily:

"Of course I mean to do nothing of the kind. Your interests are dearer to me than those of a stranger. I think it would be a cruel thing to deprive you of what you have so long possessed, just because you do not happen to have a legitimate right to it. You are the oldest, by a few hours, of Major Barrington's daughters, although that claim would never hold good in a court of law in consequence of your illegitimacy. But no one need know anything of that;

your half-sister will not miss what she never possessed."

"Who has the charge of Dinah Blake? Is there any danger of her talking about this painful affair to any one who might circulate the story?"

"Not the least!" was the prompt answer of Mr. Crofton. "Last night when she was too ill to leave my house I committed her to the care of my sister, a sensible, elderly woman who manages my domestic affairs. She will take care that no person has access to her, but herself."

"But the secret will be known to her also," was Eva's hasty observation, with a troubled look.

"That is unavoidable, but there is no cause for alarm on that account, she can be induced to keep it," said Mr. Crofton, with a significant smile.

"I understand her silence must be bought?" said Eva, with some of her usual *hauteur*.

"Exactly so!" was the cool rejoinder, "my sister is poor and dependent on me, and would not care to lend herself to an act of villainy without a consideration."

"An act of villainy!" How the words, revealing the naked truth, grated in the girl's ears. The deep flush of shame crimsoned her brow, and an angry light flashed from her eyes, but she said not a word. She was completely in the power of this man and his sister, and pride forbade her to free herself from the bondage they were about to impose upon her. Anything was preferable to having the finger of scorn pointed at her—to seeing herself dragged down from the high position she had hitherto occupied and humbled in the dust. Any suffering—any unprincipled act—almost any crime before *that*! Eva Barrington inherited much of her despised grandmother's strength of character. She had also her proud, passionate determined nature.

"Is the woman really near death?" she

asked, after a short silence, as Mr. Crofton rose to take his leave.

"I am sure of it. She has had a nervous fever, and is reduced to a very feeble state. You have nothing more to fear from her."

"She has done me all the injury she could in revealing the shameful secret," said Eva bitterly; "I wish to Heaven she had died first!" she added, with fierce vehemence.

"Remember that it is only known to those who will keep it," remarked Mr. Crofton sympathetically.

"But can I rely on their silence?" was her gloomy rejoinder.

"Undoubtedly! As long as you maintain their interest to keep the secret," he answered, emphatically.

"I understand," she said, quietly, with an angry, disdainful smile.

And thus the interview terminated. In a few degrees Eva recovered something of her former cheerfulness, as the dreaded evil was for the present swept from her path. She waited daily in expectation of the death of Dinah, but the old woman still lingered. Mr. Crofton said, "If she were only out of the way, Eva would feel less anxiety, for she feared that she could not be bribed to silence, like the mercenary agent and her sister. She had told her grand-daughter, in that interview in the ruins, that she would give none of her money; that she only wished to do justice to the girl she had wronged. Unless Dinah Blake died, therefore, the *exposé* Eva would have done anything to avoid, might still be made, and the threatened storm burst upon her devoted head. It was a fearful trial for the proud girl to bear alone—this secret agony of dread—to have to maintain an outward composure so as not to excite remarks. Her life was blighted; never again could she be the light-hearted being she had once been. In her anguish she often wished for death, when happiness is withdrawn from one, it does not seem worth possessing."

especially to the young, without happiness, is a living death. Poor Eva ! she was suffering for the sins of others ; one act alone, the restoring to Josephine her lawful inher-

itance—could have given her back some peace of mind ; but that her indomitable pride forbade her to do.

( *To be continued.* )

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## CANADA, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY F. A. DIXON.

LAND of the Maple, Cedar and Pine ;  
 Land of the forest, dark and tall ;  
 Mountain and prairie, all are thine !  
 Rushing river and waterfall ;  
 And the pine-girt lake with silent breast :  
 From the rosy east to the crimson west.

Never was human foot-fall heard ;  
 Never was human figure seen ;  
 Nothing but sound of beast and bird,  
 And the winds that moved the pine tops green  
 All through thy woods, since the world began—  
 Nature alone, and nought of man.

Save that, pushing the boughs apart,  
 Now and again there came a face,  
 And a silent figure with bow and dart :  
 A red skin coming home from the chase  
 To his dusky squaw, and his red skinned child,  
 In a birch-built hut on some island wild ;

Or, from some deep-set, silent bay,  
 Painted warriors with bated breath,  
 Mohawk grim, or Ojibbeway,  
 Came with thoughts of bloody death ;  
 Strong-armed, urging their birch canoe  
 Swiftly the quiet waters through.



What were the voices the still lakes heard ?  
What were the scenes that the forest saw ?  
What was the life that the green leaves stirred ?  
Who were the subjects to nature's law ?  
They were the voices of nature's own—  
Birds and beasts, and herself alone.

The rapid chatter of chipmunk small,  
Springing ever amongst the leaves ;  
The blue-winged jay with its constant call ;  
And creaking of boughs as they felt the breeze ;  
Woodpeckers tapping with iron beak  
Dead pine trunks, for the worm they seek.

The human cry of the mocking loon  
Ever rose from the lake's dark wave ;  
The partridge drummed, and the ringed racoon  
Sought his prey like a crafty knave.  
Wolf, and fox, and muskrat grey,  
Lived their lives and passed away.

The forest deer, with russet hide,  
Hart, and hind, and tender fawn,  
Beat their tracks to the bright lake-side,  
Drinking there in the early dawn,  
And the tawny lynx, in the tall, rank grass,  
Quiet crouched till the herd should pass.

The green snake slipt through the moss-bound fern,  
The black snake reared his fearless head,  
As the wild cat crept to the quiet burn,  
Or the dark, brown bear with his heavy tread ;  
Whilst on some steep rock's savage crest  
The eagle made her cruel nest.

The speckled trout, and the white-fish leapt,  
Where bull-frogs croak, and the wild ducks fly ;  
The monster sturgeon quiet slept  
Beneath the glow of a mirrored sky ;  
And the ceaseless hum of mosquitos' wings  
Rose below all other things.

Now, sound of axes fills the wood,  
 The blue smoke curls above the leaves,  
 The grass now grows where the hemlock stood,  
 And the golden corn lies bound in sheaves ;  
 And where the beavers built their dams  
 Come the low of cattle, and bleat of lambs.

And stately halls and temples stand  
 And homes are raised, and cities filled ;  
 The Red-skin fades from off the land,  
 And nature's myriad voice is stilled :  
 The Pale-face rears resistless head.  
 The Present lives, the Past is dead.

TORONTO.

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### MY FIRST CARIBOO.

BY HUBERT HUMBER.

LOOKING northward from Quebec one sees a range of low mountains extending all along the north shore of the St. Lawrence away to Anticosti, and behind this range of hills for hundreds of miles lies a wild land of mountain, lake and river—the home of the moose and cariboo deer. The cariboo, unlike the moose, is a great runner, seldom staying long in one place ; and, being very wary, and of prodigious powers of endurance, even after receiving a mortal wound, its pursuit is justly considered the most exciting of all our Canadian sports. When the cold of early winter has driven the deer from their far northern haunts into the mountains in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, there are always to be found those who are willing to encounter the privations and dangers of that inhospitable region for the chance of a successful stalk after such noble game.

“Cariboo not like moose, no for sure.”

These words were spoken to me by my Indian hunter, Michel, as I sat looking very ruefully at the carcass of a huge bull moose which lay before me half buried in the snow ; and when Michel added, “no get cariboo easy like dat,” I resolved that my last shot had been fired at moose, and that the next season—it was too late that year—I would try my hand at cariboo : so a few days after, when parting with Michel at the village, I made a compact with him that when the time came we should hunt cariboo together.

The summer had come and passed ; the fall snipe shooting was over ; the long arrow-shaped flocks of wild geese had passed with noisy flight to the southward, and the long Canadian winter was setting in with great severity when I sent word to Michel to come in and see me. We met, and the result was an engagement to start on the 15th of December, and a specific estimate of our wants.

in the shape of powder, shot, biscuits, pork, &c.

As the weather continued very favourable, that is to say, intensely cold with not too much snow, I went early to bed on the fourteenth fully assured that the next morning would bring Michel. The thickly frosted windows told me, when I awoke, that the thermometer was very low even in my room, and it required some consideration before I could take a leap into my bath, the water in which was almost ice. How comfortable the coal-fire looks when I get down stairs and I am all right, when my old housekeeper, looking severely over her spectacles, says, "your savage has been down stairs speerin' about this hour." "All right, send him up, Mrs. Bruce."

A light, almost noiseless, step comes along the passage and Michel glides quietly into the room—a man about forty years of age, of middle height, broad shoulders and deep chest, with rather bow legs, clad in a dark blanket coat, his thick waist girt by a crimson sash from which hangs a heavy hilted hunting knife in a sheath of deer skin, gaily worked with beads and porcupine quills. His feet and hands are small, and his swarthy face has the haggard look which I have noticed in many of these men, the result, I fancy, of the great privations and hardships which they sometimes have to endure. His keen eyes are small and black, and over the collar of his coat, a plentiful supply of jet black hair falls down, coarse as a horse's mane. In manner, the man is quiet, easy and self-possessed.

While we are at breakfast, Michel quietly unfolds his budget of news. The chances for a successful *chasse* are good—his brother-in-law, Antoine, has been out looking after some traps and shooting grouse and hares for the market, and reports many cariboo tracks—the lakes and rivers were all frozen two weeks ago—the snow is not too deep and the cold is on the increase—Antoine would have finished marketing and all his

small purchases made by eleven o'clock—then we would start—we should reach dame Lachance's at about 3 o'clock—there that night and take to the forest—snow-shoes early the next morning—day's march, a night in the snow, and another tramp for half a day would bring us to the grounds we intended to hunt—morning pipe is scarcely smoked when Antoine drives up to the door; the dark little horse and his famous mare is covered with frost—he flings a buffalo robe over her, she backs her ears and paws the snow impatiently eager to get home.

How unlike the two men are: Antoine, a little dark French Canadian, has all the vacuity and small talk of his race, and I succeed in getting him to sit by the fire and take a cup of hot coffee and a piece of steak, dear me, how he does talk about it—he laughs; what a contrast to the quiet, reserved man who is going about my room intending the final preparations for departure! The men are very courteous to each other; but I notice that Antoine always defers at once to Michel. Antoine is ready and Antoine having stowed away his provisions in his comfortable box sleigh with guns, snow-shoes and Indian sleighs packed, and then we all jump in. We descend the narrow steep hills leading from the old town, and are soon on the straight road then we begin to know how cold it really is—the wind cuts like a knife—our frozen breath curls up into the air like smoke and covers our coat collars, caps and hair with a white frost.

Now we have crossed the valley of the St. Charles and passed through the village of Lorette. The road becomes much narrower and the fir trees growing thick and close on each side give a welcome shelter from the wind. Passing over a succession of steep hills we dive down into the dense forest along a very narrow road on which the snow lies soft and deep. The trees on each side are very thick, and I notice

dotted track of the Alpine hare in every direction.

"*Arrive*," shouts Antoine, and the mare trotting very fast for about half a mile stops suddenly at Madame Lachance's, which is our terminus for that day and our point of departure for the next.

The house or rather cabin is nothing more than a backwoods shanty formed of hewn logs—the roof is of bark and the smoke finds exit through the pipe of the stove which is carried out through the gable. Madame comes out to welcome us. She is a tall, bony, gray-haired woman with a sun-tanned face, and the bare arm she holds up to shade her eyes is as dark and muscular as a blacksmith's; but the good soul is very hospitable and keeps repeating her welcome, until we all crowd into the one room which is all her house; a huge double stove is burning fiercely almost in the middle of the room, and a large bed curtained with a very gay patterned print takes up a large portion of what small space remains—a deal table and a few home-made chairs with basswood seats comprise the rest of the furniture, while an open cupboard in one corner exhibits the family crockery of a splendid yellow, bright and clean, of which the old lady is not a little proud. Coming from "*la ville*," of course, I am expected to tell Madame all the news, which she receives with oft uplifted hands and a running comment of never more than one word—thus I tell of the last large fire, "*misère*," the new railway, "*bonté*," the price of wood, "*tiers*"—while the frequent pinch of snuff she indulges in is constantly stayed midway to its destination, while she listens intently to a glowing description of the last fashionable marriage. The mare having been made comfortable for the night, Antoine comes in.

Madame's two sons, stout lads of 19 and 17 come home from chopping in the bush, and after supper we all draw round the stove and spend a couple of hours in talking. Antoine is now in his glory and tells his

stories with a mimicry that convulses the two boys and even draws a grim smile from Michel who sits next me smoking silently.

I had, during the evening, made arrangements that Madame's eldest son should come with us in the capacity of cook and wood-cutter, as it is no joke to get home to camp after a hard day's work and find no fire and no dinner. So in the morning having breakfasted we at once commenced to pack our traps on the two toboggans, or Indian sleighs, which we brought with us from Quebec.

I have with me a double Westley-Richards shot gun and a double Purdy rifle.

We slip on our snow-shoes and start—each Indian drawing a toboggan by stout deer-skin thongs passed over the shoulder and under the arm-pits. The party now consists of four—the two Indians, Lachance and myself, and passing down a few yards from the cabin the road ends and we strike into the woods—the primeval forest, which is to be our home for the next two weeks. Michel has decided to make for Lac Rond, a favourite hunting ground of his; and, after a couple of hours' walk, we reach the river leading to the lake, now, of course, frozen, and covered with about six inches of snow. The walking is good and we calculate to reach the lake in a day and a half; the scenery is wild but rather monotonous; the mountains, not of any great height, are very much alike; and the white highway on which we are travelling winds about, offering to view snow scenes—the one you are looking at being the counterpart of the one you have just left behind. But the air is splendid—cold and bracing, and although I had taken an excellent breakfast at Madame Lachance's I am not sorry when Michel calls a halt for dinner. Cold pork, biscuit and a cup of tea—a pipe and an hour's rest and off we go again until four o'clock, when Michel turns off the river into the forest and selects a place to camp for the night. We have done a good twenty miles, and I am



hungry again, so we all set to work to form a camp, and this is how we do it. The snow for about 10 feet by 6 is cleared away—all of us at work, using our snow-shoes as shovels—and thrown up on each side forms a trench about 1½ feet deep. One of the men then goes off for fuel, and soon a roaring fire is blazing up in the middle of the trench, over which a forked stick suspends the cooking pot, while a thick layer of spruce boughs, on each side of the fire, makes a very comfortable seat and bed for the night; stout stakes planted in the snow at each end of the trench, and sloping towards the fire, are covered with pine or spruce branches, affording a good shelter. We are soon very snug; the fire leaps and crackles, sending up showers of sparks into the frosty air, and tinging the forest trees near by with a red light; but the Indians have done a hard day's work and we are all ready for sleep as soon as supper is over, so rolling myself up in my blanket, with my feet to the blaze, I am soon sound asleep on one side of the fire and the three men on the other are snoring heavily. The men replenishing the fire during the night wake me up once or twice, but I sleep well, and in the morning rise fresh, and, I am almost ashamed to write it, hungry again; but this wolfish appetite is a leading feature in camp life, and one seems at all times ready to eat.

Breakfast over we are off at half-past seven, and by two o'clock, hurrah! turning a sharp bend in the river we come suddenly on the famous Lac Rond. Following Michel we skirt the lake for about half a mile, then turn into the bush for a few yards, and halt before a small log-hut half buried in snow, which the men commence to clear away, and entering the cabin I find a good sized chamber, rather low in the roof, with a wide chimney, the lower part of which is built of round stones from the lake, while the upper portion is of thick bark. The small quantity of snow which has drifted in is swept out, and the dry spruce boughs which formed the beds of

last year are bundled into the chimney. A match is applied, and instantly a rude fire leaps up and makes the old hut look cheerful. Leaving the men to get their things in order I light my pipe and stroll out to look at the lake, which I take to be about two miles in width, and apparently of an irregular shape, from whence it takes its simple name. Frozen to a depth of six or eight inches, covered with about the same quantity of snow, the even surface lies before me, looking cold and dreary in the intense darkness of that calm winter evening. The mountains, clothed with forest trees, and their growth and snow-covered summits, are visible on all sides, and seem in some places to come sheer down to the water's edge. If you were to make the circuit of the lake you would find that all round it there lies a belt of the water-mark and mountains, a tangle of dark spruce, varying in width from a few hundred yards to half a mile, with occasional patches of cranberry bushes—the favourite resort of the grouse—rear their sturdy heads by the lake side under the shelter of the spruce. Nothing can exceed the dreary appearance or dreary solitude of a winter swamp at about the evening hour—dark formal trees, almost black in colour, standing in deep gloom around, which the new moon's taints serve to deepen, while long feathery grey moss depending from their sturdy branches to and fro in the moaning wind, and the weird and ghastly appearance to the whole. But it is this strange looking moonlight that I have seen hanging yards in length over the snow, forms the favourite food of the caribou, and makes Michel consider this lake a particular one of his best hunting grounds. When I return to camp I find the men have put everything in order, the snow round the cabin is all cleared away, a good quantity of dry wood is collected for the night, and through the open door I see a large cheerful fire burning brightly.

Next morning Pierre goes off to hunt, and, as soon as breakfast is over

who is in high spirits, takes his departure, leaving me alone with Lachance, and explaining before he goes that I am to remain in camp, for that on finding the fresh tracks of cariboo he will come at once for me, and we are then to stalk the deer together. Even at this remote period my ears will tingle when I think of the terrible error, as a sportsman, which I committed on that glorious winter day. Michel had been away about an hour, and, seated on a log near the cabin, I was smoking my pipe, and trying not to feel impatient, when Lachance passed on his way to the lake for water. Very soon afterwards I hear the beat of his snow-shoes, and see him coming back at a trot without his bucket. I see at once that there is something up, so knocking the ashes out of my pipe, I advance to meet him. Turning his head, he points back at the lake, and whispers excitedly: "*Une belle bande de perdrix!*" "By Jove," thinks I, "the very thing: I can knock over a few brace; it will pass the time, and the birds will be a valuable addition to our larder." So I return to the cabin, throw off my blanket coat, and taking my Westley-Richards in hand I place a stout ash stick in Lachance's eager fingers, and we both make for the cranberries. The *perdrix de savane*, or swamp partridge, as the Canadians call this bird, is properly speaking a grouse—a splendid bird, very strong on the wing and delicious eating, but in these wilds extremely stupid—so much so, that I have seen a cock bird stand four shots from a very short-sighted man who was trying his hand with a peafowl. On reaching the bushes I see the fresh tracks of a large pack of grouse which have come out of the swamp to have a cranberry breakfast, and telling Lachance to move slowly on my right, I keep twenty yards behind him, knowing that the birds will lay like stones, and when flushed will fly across me to the cover, which is on my left. The boy understands his work well; moving slowly, and keeping his right dis-

tance from me he thrashes away at the cranberry bushes with the ash stick, and soon, almost at his feet, a grouse rises with a loud whirr, and flying across me on balanced pinions, makes for the spruce wood at a tremendous pace. I shoot well in front of him, and the bird pitching forward falls dead in the snow. Lachance waits quietly until he sees I have re-loaded, and on we go again. This time a brace of splendid cock birds rising together cross me at about thirty yards; the opportunity for a right and left shot is not to be lost, and I take advantage of it, both birds are down, and the mountain echo roars back—bang! bang! The boy is delighted, and so on we go, until I bag five brace of splendid birds. Towards the end of this impromptu *battue* the grouse had got somewhat wild, and a few birds rising while I loaded got away without being shot at, and as we return I see one of them sitting on the dead branch of a spruce, and with outstretched neck intently watching us. I point the bird out to Lachance, and placing my gun in his hand tell him to shoot—he takes a good half-minute aim, and then knocks the grouse over—the boy bags his game, and coming towards me looks out at the lake and exclaims: "Here comes Michel."

The Indian hunter nears us rapidly, coming with a long, swinging stride, and handing me my gun, Lachance trots off to meet him; but there is something about Michel's look and gait that makes me think all is not well, and when the lad reaches him he stops a moment and I can hear the volley of abuse which he pours out on the head of that ingenuous youth. Poor Lachance with many shrugs of his shoulders seems to be trying to excuse himself, but apparently it won't do, and, calling him a *tête de veau*, Michel brushes past and goes straight to camp. Lachance then comes to me and in a few words makes me acquainted with the cause of the Indian's wrath. In order that you may fully appreciate the sad sporting

blunder which I committed that morning, we will follow Michel in his search for fresh deer tracks. On leaving the camp that morning he turned along the margin of the lake and entering the spruce woods, which I have already described, he hunts it carefully backwards and forwards, beating his ground as close and careful as a well-trained pointer; but though he sees many tracks of deer, none are fresh, and he has nearly made half the circuit of the lake without success when he comes quite suddenly on the deep track of two deer. There is no need to stoop and examine the tracks; his practised eye tells him at once that not more than two hours have elapsed since the deer have passed. They had come over the mountain facing the cabin, and he knows well are now feeding in the spruce swamp by the lake and very likely not more than a mile off. Swift as a hound, he runs along the track until fresh signs warn him that the dull beat of his snowshoes on the soft snow must cease. He stops and listens intently for some time and taking careful note of the wind again advances, but now only at a walk, with head slightly bent and ear turned in the direction to which the deer tracks leads he moves quietly and carefully without the slightest noise, well aware that a false step—the snapping of a dry bough or an unlucky fall may alarm the cariboo, which he knows are now close at hand; he has just paused to listen when a familiar sound reaches his ear—clack! clack! a low indistinct rattle. If you or I heard it we would not pay much attention, but it is music to this keen, sagacious hunter and, faint as the sound is, he knows it to be the noise made by the antlers of a buck as he rubs his head against the branches of a forest tree. Michel now takes off his snowshoes, and laying his gun on them he creeps forward on hands and knees, frequently stopping to listen; then on again, stealthy and silent, as a cat. The bleating call of a buck rises on the frosty air, and gives

Michel the exact position of the deer. On his knees he takes a rapid survey of the ground, and then gently steals forward to an excellent shelter formed by the trunk of two forest trees which have fallen close to each other. For a minute or two he lies buried deep in the snow, and then, carefully raising his head he peers over the barricade—and this is what he sees—a small, open space in the middle of which an old and blasted spruce, some twenty or thirty feet high, stands over many feet from the perpendicular trunk. It spreads forth its withered branches, and in the fork of one of them, which stands a magnificent buck with upturned head, nibbling at the mossy festoon of moss which hangs from the trunk. He is pausing now and again to rub his head against the dry boughs. Almost at his feet of the buck lies a splendid doe. Her ship has evidently breakfasted, and she is now licking her nut-brown, glossy side. Michel gazes with all the admiration of a true hunter and, being satisfied that the deer will remain in the swamp for that day, he is about to retrace his steps and return to the cabin for me, when boom across the lake comes that unlucky shot of mine, and the cariboo's echo answers hoarsely back. On hearing this pressing an oath of surprise, Michel springs down behind his ambush and buried in the snow, listens intently. "*Que diable*," he says, "what can it mean? Doubtless some accidental discharge of a rifle; 'tis well, the cariboo are not off." Thus thinking, he raises his head again and peers over the barricade in front of him, but he looks on a picture now. Both deer are on their knees and slightly thrown back on their heads with outspread legs and heads extended, gazing fixedly in the direction from which the sound has come. The Indian begins to hope that the deer may possibly calm down, when again bang comes my unfortunate gun awakes that echo. Well, the deer can't stand it, they know, and wheeling round with a rush that sends a fountain of snow high

air they vanish instantly into the forest ; their flying forms glance for a moment from tree to tree and they are gone—gone, as the Indian said afterwards to me, "*au diable*." Michel listens for a moment to the rush of the two deer through the woods ; then, jumping to his feet with a fierce oath, walks back to the place where he had left his gun and snow-shoes and with many a bitter imprecation walks savagely back to camp.

"Oh it was horrible, most horrible."

It takes the best part of my choice tobacco to soothe the outraged feelings of the keen old hunter ; but he is firm in the belief that it will be of no use trying the Lac Rond ground for deer during the next two days.

Pierre returns to camp soon after dark, to my great joy, speaks well of the ground he has been examining and, after a consultation with Michel, it is decided that we shall try it. The marching orders are short and simple : each man beside his firearms and short-handled axe is to take two ship biscuits, a small piece of pork and a supply of matches ; in addition to this simple fare I slip into the pocket of my blanket coat a small flask of brandy.

The early dawn sees us leave the camp, moving ghost-like over the soft snow, all of us clad in white blanket coats and leggings, our gun covers being of the same material. Michel leading, in Indian file, we move quickly across the lake and make for the big mountain opposite. No word is spoken by the men and yesterday's mishap makes me quiet enough. What a breather it was getting up that steep mountain side, but we are on the top at last and halt for a few minutes' rest.

As the summit is covered only by stunted hard-wood, I get a good view of the surrounding country and can make out nothing but lakes and round-shouldered mountains which roll away from the dark fir-clad hills close by into the far off distance grey and indistinct ; but Indians have not much love for scenery and we soon commence the des-

cent. Down we go leaning well back on our snow-shoes and keeping our toes well up ; we half-trot, half-slide and, in a very short time, are once more on level ground ; a couple of hours' walk brings us to the edge of another large lake and, here happens to me one of the most exciting day's sport I have ever enjoyed. It was about eleven o'clock and the lovely calm of the early morning yet continued although the sky was overcast with grey clouds and it was evident that the two previous fine days were weather breeders, and that a severe storm was not far off. We had advanced about two hundred yards on the surface of the lake, when bringing up the rear, I suddenly saw Michel fall flat on his face ; Pierre followed suit, and not knowing the reason why, I cast myself headlong in the snow at his heels, and there we all lay, not a word being spoken to explain the cause of this very sudden movement. I feel very much inclined to laugh, but knowing that something is up, I manage to keep quiet and presently Michel whispers "Look," and raising my head very slightly, I peer along the smooth white surface of the lake and a sight meets my eye that sets my heart beating high with intense excitement. At first I see only some dark forms about a mile off, but showing plainly on the snow. These dark forms on the lake are a herd of seven cariboo deer coming straight for us. Michel now gently calls me and I wriggle along through the snow and lie down beside him. The deer are coming rapidly toward us and are now plainly discernible—three splendid bucks and four does, quite unsuspecting of danger for they are trotting briskly, they gambol as they come. I am shaking with suppressed excitement, and the two men stolid as wooden images lie by me keenly watching the deer, when, to my great disgust, the whole herd suddenly halt about two hundred yards off, surely they have winded us ; but no ! see that noble buck leads off and then begins the prettiest game of romps I ever looked at—they charge



each other with lowered antlers, but deftly the thrust is avoided, they leap into the frosty air with a grace and elegance that is charming to behold, and then race round and round, turning and leaping as gracefully as kittens. And now their romp is over, and bending his knees under him, a large buck quietly sinks down in the snow, and in a moment the rest of the herd follow his example; so there we are left on our faces in the snow watching the cariboo who are about two hundred yards off. The deer have unconsciously checkmated us for a time, for the Indians armed only with very wretched smooth-bores could not pretend to shoot at that distance, and though I carried an excellent Purdy rifle I felt so much excited that I was glad the men did not ask me to fire, in fact, they would have prevented me had I wished to shoot, as these men do not know the power and accuracy of a first-rate English rifle, and will always stalk their deer within fifty or sixty yards before they attempt a shot. Then Michel whispers his instructions in my ear. A belt of spruce wood ran out into the lake for a short distance and was about one hundred yards behind us and a little to our right, I was to make my way to this cover on my stomach and when he saw I was in position, he and Pierre would try and get within shot of the herd approaching the deer in such a way that if alarmed, some, if not the whole herd, would pass near enough to give me a shot. After listening very carefully to some hurried instructions as to what I should do if forced to camp out alone, I slip my feet out of my snow-shoes and turning, slowly commence to creep through the snow towards the cover. The process is decidedly cooling and the snow gets up my sleeves and down my throat, but I am determined to do my best to-day, and at last I reach the spruce wood and am soon under cover and watching the further advance of the two Indians—slowly, slowly, they seem to glide through the snow like snakes, and I mentally contrast their

really scientific approach to my own unwieldy waddle. They have got about the distance to the herd when the large one which is nearest to them quickly turns its head in their direction and then I hear a whistling snort which proclaims that the cariboo is sensible of danger, and turning his head he butts the doe lying next to him, when both deer spring to their feet, the five immediately follow their example and gaze anxiously about. They know the danger but cannot tell where to look for the wind is favourable for the hunter, they cannot scent their foe, and as the men lie quiet in the snow they cannot see them; but the big buck has taken the alarm, and as luck will have it, comes trotting in my direction, the doe accompanying him, the other deer remain standing and gazing about. Now is the time for me to wipe out yesterday's disgrace—the two Indians are coming at a slow trot with rather a shambling gait, I can distinctly hear the clatter of their large, broad hoofs, and am pretty sure of the doe who will pass within 75 yards, the buck will be a more difficult shot for he is further off, and the doe will send him away like the wind; but the doe is just opposite me, and drawing on my knee I bring the sight of my Purdy to bear on her. Low behind my shoulder, and at the report of the rifle she springs up into the air and comes down with a ball through her heart: to my surprise the buck immediately trots up and stands sniffing the dead carcass.

This sudden and to me, very unexpected movement, rather upsets me, and before I can recover he is off, but he offers a fine shot, and when I fire he stumbles and comes down heavily on his knees, but it is only for a second—he is up again and away at a tremendous pace. I follow as quickly as possible, and as I run behind my snow-shoes I see a dark form in the snow, which shows the Indians have followed another of the deer, and are now in full

of the others, but going in the opposite direction to that taken by the deer I had just shot at. Confident that I had hit the buck very hard, I go forward and examine the spot where he came down, but to my surprise I find no blood, and I make up my mind for a long chase and the prospect of a camp out alone. So tightening the belt which supports my axe, I start off at a sharp trot on the track of the cariboo, which leads straight through the bush to the foot of a mountain—the steep sides of which rise before me. I thought so! the buck has gone straight up, but there is no help for it; up I go after him, soon I come to where the deer has laid down to rest, and a small patch of blood on the snow shows that my shot has told. Quickening my pace, I am soon on the summit: the cariboo is still going strong, and as I half slide down on the other side I am amazed at the tremendous strides with which he has descended. Again on level ground the track leads me out by a small river, down which the deer has taken, apparently going as strong as ever; down this river I follow for at least an hour, and am beginning to feel very much fagged, for it is now late in the day and I have worked very hard since dawn. I should be much relieved if I could throw off my coat, but I dare not do so yet, as beyond doubt I must sleep in the bush alone that night. But now the track of the wounded deer turns off the river, and I feel rather disheartened when I see another mountain before me, far up that hill the buck will go, and I doubt if I have the strength left to follow. But see! he has lain down again, and this time a large, deep-red patch on the snow shows that the wound is severe. Now is the time to push him and, throwing off my coat, I start off at a rapid pace, and, running hard for about ten minutes, suddenly come on the gallant buck lying with outstretched neck on the snow stone dead. Fairly done up I place my rifle against the antlers of the buck and, seated on the carcase, take note of the situation.

Michel and Pierre are probably thirty miles away, for I calculate that I have come fifteen, and they no doubt have gone quite as far in an opposite direction—it is now, by my watch, four o'clock, and, if I felt equal to walking home to camp, there would not be light to follow my tracks back, so as it is quite clear that I must camp out alone, the sooner I commence making preparations the better. The first thing to be done is to go back for my coat. This is soon recovered, and I return to the deer, and selecting a good spot, take off my snow-shoes, and using one as a shovel clear a space large enough to build my fire and make my bed. It takes some time to collect sufficient fuel for the night, and, by the time all is ready, darkness has fallen on the forest, and the red glare from the fire throws flitting shadows on the trees near by, while the solemn stillness is only broken by the crackling of the dry logs and branches with which I keep feeding the flames. It is an awfully cold night, and I soon find out that sleep is impossible, so I take a little brandy, and cutting a steak from the deer, impale portions of the meat on hardwood skewers and roast them before the fire, the meat tastes delicious to me, and the cooking serves to pass the time. Again I try to sleep, but it is too horribly cold, and I jump up and once more build the fire—and thus I spend that long winter night wishing for morning. Squatted on a log before the fire, I think I must have dozed occasionally, for I know that on looking at my watch for about the hundredth time I am surprised to find that the long, long night has passed, and the hands are pointing to seven o'clock.

The cold pale green of the eastern sky is beginning to change to yellow, and it is already light enough to commence preparations for my return to camp, and I am thinking what portion of the buck I shall take beside his head and antlers, when to my great joy I hear a welcome shout, and Michel soon after dashes in, and, giving a ring-

ing whoop at the sight of the dead deer, shakes me vigorously by the hand. The good fellow had wounded one of the cariboo, and followed for many miles; then, thinking he had better look after me, had left Pierre to continue the chase, and returning on my track had camped within five miles of me. We take the skin and antlered head of the cariboo, and after eating some more steak and biscuit we tramp homewards, and arrive at the cabin at about four o'clock—the last two hours of our walk being made through a driving storm of snow, for the threatening weather of yesterday has broken, and a fierce gale of wind is roaring through the forest.

Lachance has been very lonely, he says, and is *bien content* to see us. The good lad is soon preparing supper, the fire is blazing brightly, and we are just sitting down to a good hot meal, when the wind lulls for a moment, and we hear a faint shout coming from the lake, and Michel, throwing open the door to allow the light to be seen, answers back—the long quavering whoop rises high over the storm, and the mocking demon-like shout is a fit accompaniment to the howling wind—but the signal is answered again, and soon Pierre comes in with the heads of two cariboo, making four killed out

of the herd of seven. His arrival is all that we require to make us perfectly comfortable. We fall to on our supper, winding up with a glass or rather tin of hot brandy and water, all round; after which, rolled up in our blankets and thoroughly tired out, I am soon sound asleep.

I spend another week at the famous lake, and stalk five different deer. Three of these I kill, and then we pack up for return to the lake, and on the second day of our departure from the lake we reach Madame Lachance's. The good old soul is delighted to see us, and Pierre, who is bent on getting home that night, promises to send Antoine to fetch me in the morning. Early the next morning, while taking a smoke at the door, I hear the sound of sleigh-bells and a clear voice calling me. It is one of the simple hymns of the Catholics rising on the frosty air, and Antoine is driving quietly up the narrow road. The good fellow is as light hearted as ever, and is profuse in his congratulations at the successful termination of my *chasse*. Careless of the stows away the antlered heads of five cariboo, and, taking leave of Madame Lachance and Michel, I return to Quebec, and once again enjoy the undeniable comforts of civil life.

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## OBSCURED.

BY CHARLOTTE GRANT.

I 'VE wandered out from the happy day—  
I cry for the light !  
My feet are bleeding—I've lost my way  
In the grewsome night !

For, wise men lit their lamps of lore—  
But the smoke ! the smoke !  
Oh, where is the sun that shone before,  
When my soul awoke ?

And is this knowledge that I have found  
 When I wisdom sought?  
 But tents in the ashes all around  
 For the home of thought!

Woe! woe! To grope thro' this strange *to-be*,  
 Faint 'mid the feast!  
 Oh, let me perish, or let me see  
 The Star in the East!

Hush! a voice comes hushing the cry of mine  
 In the grewsome night—  
 "When the smoke must vanish, the lamps will shine,  
 As God-sent light."

LONDON.

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## MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### KARL RUDORFF IN PARIS.

EARLY one morning, a young man, who seemed a stranger in Paris, was admitted into the studio of the celebrated painter, Maurice Valazé. No artist's rooms in Paris were fitted up more expensively, or arranged with more perfect artistic taste, than these; and every afternoon they were crowded with visitors—artists and amateurs, beautiful women of rank, idle young men of fashion, all assembled there. But the hour was yet too early for Maurice's distinguished visitors, and it so happened that he was just then alone, and at work finishing the portrait of one of the reigning beauties of Paris, who had chosen to be painted as the gipsy heroine of Victor Hugo's great novel, with her little pet goat at her feet.

Maurice looked handsomer than ever. He had acquired all the ease and polish of

a man of the world, added to the natural grace and refinement which had always been his, but there was a change in the expression of his face since the stranger had last seen it; there was a look of unrest in the eyes, a mocking and scornful smile on the lips which spoke of a weary and disappointed spirit. Looking round at the entrance of his visitor, he recognized at once in the tall, dark young man before him, the German artist, Karl Rudorff, whom he had known at Rome. Starting up, he welcomed his old companion heartily, and they were soon deep in pleasant reminiscences of the delightful days they had spent together in beautiful Italy.

"But what happy chance brings you to Paris, Karl?" asked Maurice. "I thought you were so hard at work at Munich that you could not have spared a moment from your labours, to gain a kingdom. I heard that King Ludwig had engaged you to



paint an innumerable number of pictures for his new gallery?"

"Not quite so many," said Karl; "but enough to keep me busy these last four years. Now I feel as if I needed a holiday and some change of scene, and so I have come straight to this bewitching Paris of yours. But I hear wonderful things of you as a portrait painter. Your portraits are said to be the most marvellous combination of poetry and matter-of-fact—of the real and ideal ever beheld. Every pretty girl who wishes to be exalted into an angel, every good-looking youth who aspires to be represented as a hero, every ugly man or woman who imagines that he or she possesses spiritual or intellectual beauties which the dull matter in which Dame Nature works has distorted, comes to you, I am told, and finds every defect elevated into a beauty on canvas. Wonderful to tell, you appear to give satisfaction to all, and, if I may judge from appearances, report has not exaggerated the large income you are making. This splendid apartment is somewhat different from the bare, old studio at Rome."

"Ah! that dear old studio!" said Maurice, with a sigh, "where I dreamed such glorious dreams of divine perfection, of immortal fame—all to sink into the art of flattering ignoble vanity, and winning the applause of fools. Karl! I have won wealth and what Paris calls fame, but it is by a life and labours that I despise and hate!"

"Then why not give it up?" said Karl.

"I cannot. I am entangled in a net from which I have no power to escape. Pride, vanity, the love of ease and pleasure, the dread of poverty, contempt and obscurity, all hold me in their meshes, and even if I could summon courage and strength to break through these, there are other obstacles. I have no right to darken the destiny of those whose fate is linked with mine, that I may follow that ideal which nearly all who have ever sought it have found to be nothing but a shadow or a dream."

"If you mean by the ideal, a belief in a higher truth, a nobler perfection in art than in life than the common standard. I am in accord with you that faithfulness to it is not a means to give riches and reputation, but in the long days, Maurice, that conviction would have had much effect on you."

"No, I was an enthusiast then. Your portraits, I suppose, are so still; but you are not so. I am tried. If you were you would understand, perhaps, how a man might be tempted to give up the effort to realize an impossible ideal for the sake of a beautiful and beloved woman."

"Then," said Karl, quickly, "you would not marry that dark girl to whom you refer? I am sure me you were engaged when we were in Rome?"

"No," said Maurice, "I have not married her," and taking up his brush he gave a few touches to the portrait on his easel.

Karl praised the beauty of the portrait, which was a very lovely one.

"I can show you one a thousand times more beautiful," said Maurice, and he led Karl to a painting in which Claire was depicted as the Scandinavian Goddess, Freya, wrapped in furs and seated in a sledge drawn by a troop of reindeer. Very lovely the portrait looked, her blue eyes and golden hair peeping out from the dark robes which enveloped her like glimpses of sunshine in a blue sky breaking through clouds, and Maurice expressed as much admiration as even Karl could have desired.

"And who may this fair enchantress be?" asked Karl Rudorff.

"She is my wife," said Maurice; "was not right in saying she was too lovely a creature to be exposed to the hard and toilsome life of an artist who aspires to attain greatness in high art?"

"Yes," said Karl, "she looks as if she had always lived among roses and never touched a thorn. It seems to me that I have never seen some one like her before, though not so beautiful. I doubt if I have ever seen so faultlessly beautiful a face."

"You must come and dine with her to-night," said Maurice, and forgetting all the disgust he had expressed a few minutes before for the mode of life into which he had fallen, he chatted gaily with Karl about Parisian art and artists, and the exhibition of paintings now open in Paris, which Karl had not yet seen.

"By-the-by, Maurice, have you anything there?" asked Karl.

"Oh, yes, two portraits; but they would not interest you: though they are well enough in their way."

"I should like to see them at all events. Cannot you come with me this morning? It would be so delightful to have you for my guide."

"Say you so, old fellow? It would be just as delightful to me, to go with you and hear your unprejudiced criticisms. One knows before hand all the critics here will say just according to the cliques they belong to. Well, I shall be ready in a couple of minutes."

While Karl waited for Maurice, he returned to Claire's portrait, and puzzled himself in another attempt to fix and combine the floating glimpses of recognition which seemed at times to make the face perfectly familiar to him, but which vanished before he could seize them. Maurice was ready before he succeeded in clearing up the mystery, and the two young men then set out for the Louvre.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

AS Maurice and Karl entered the gallery in which the paintings were exhibited loud and enthusiastic expressions of admiration reached their ears from a crowd collected round a large painting and two small drawings which were hung close together. Not being near enough to see the painting distinctly, Maurice asked an acquaintance if he

knew what was so wonderful about it, and learned that it was the work of an obscure artist, known to Eugène Delacroix, who had obtained it a favourable place in the exhibition, and pointed it out to the artist-princess, Marie, as worthy of her special attention. The princess charmed with its beauty, showed it to the King, who had purchased it for a very large sum, and also bought the two drawings from the Jocelyn of Lamar-tine done by the same artist. The best critics and *connoisseurs* had confirmed the judgment of the King and the Princess, without one dissenting voice; and the Academy had awarded a gold medal to the artist, who had thus suddenly risen from absolute obscurity to the highest step on the ladder of Parisian fame.

The name of the great painter Delacroix in connection with this unknown artist struck Maurice. "And what is the artist's name?" he asked.

"No one knows except Delacroix and those to whom he has confided it. The catalogue only gives initials and the place of abode;—some out-of-the-way antediluvian street; but no doubt it will soon be in every one's mouth."

After a while Maurice and Karl contrived to get near enough to see this new wonder of art, and a suspicion which had strangely forced itself on Maurice from the first seemed now confirmed. The subject was Genius offering Psyche consolation for the loss of Love. Beautiful as any Psyche ever-imaged was the Psyche of the picture. Draped in a dusky flowing robe, her long golden brown hair falling on her shoulders, she stood at the foot of a steep precipitous mountain, and Genius, standing a step or two above her, seemed urging her to attempt the difficult ascent while he pointed to a glittering radiance like that of a newly risen sun which wrapped the summit of the mountain in glory and half illumined, half shrouded with "excess of light" a crystalline fane, of which far away glimpses filled the mind with

visions of ineffable beauty. Her right hand was yielded to her glorious guide, and her feet, her small bare feet, which looked far too white, too soft and delicate to encounter the sharp rocks which beset the way, seemed attempting to follow him, but her eyes were turned away from him, and she was gazing with a deep and mournful longing into the lovely valley she was about to leave forever:—the valley where cottage homes and fertile fields and fair gardens were peacefully resting,—where quiet days, and happy hearts, and all those soft and gentle delights she was never to know again had their home. Maurice believed he could not mistake the hand which had painted that picture, though its power and skill were now far greater than when he had watched and aided its labours.

"This is very beautiful," said Karl after the young men had looked at it for some time in profound silence. "It seems strange that any one who could produce such a picture should not have been known before. We must find out the artist, Maurice."

But Maurice could not answer. A thousand remembrances agitated him painfully and choked his voice. Karl saw his emotion with surprise, and then, turning to the picture, seemed again absorbed in its contemplation.

"Stay here one minute," said Maurice at last; "I will go and look at a catalogue. Perhaps we shall learn something from it."

The catalogue confirmed what indeed had needed no confirmation to Maurice. It is true, only the initials M. K. were there, but the name of the street would alone have been sufficient proof, if any had been needed, where a thousand familiar touches had revealed the painter to him as clearly as the well-known hand writing of a letter reveals the writer's name. Marguerite was the painter, and Maurice had known it from the first.

"Well, have you learned anything?" asked Karl when Maurice returned, "do you know the artist?"

"Karl, you remember that dark-haired

girl whose likeness you admired so much in Rome—that girl you spoke of this morning—she is the artist."

Karl's eyes flashed, and that smile, which when it came gave such beauty to his face, brightened it now.

"I always knew she was a grand creature," he said. "And this glorious woman must have been yours, Maurice, and you gave her up for a fair face!"

"Not a fair face only," said Maurice. "But a face that you yourself have called the most beautiful in the world, and a nature and loving heart along with it."

"She, too, would have brought with her a sweet and loving heart, and with it a nature whose companionship would have driven her from low and trivial aims and objects away from you, and strengthened into firm purpose the most resolute action the noble aspirations of her once were yours. Do you think that woman who painted yonder picture did not love—and that with a passionate and intensity which feeble and sensitive natures never know? Look at the Psyche as she gazes after her lost hap with a wild regret, a yearning tenderness in her eyes which move us like music. Look at the girl Laurence in the drawing from Lamartine's *Jocelyn*—she watches the words falling from her lips with such admiring and trusting emotion. The woman who could thus love, must have felt it. Her pictures have the power which nothing but the symbol of reality ever possess. "Surely in her hand she threw away a gem richer than all her art."

"Suppose you try to obtain the girl for yourself," said Maurice bitterly. "I will give you an introduction if you like."

"No, I would not accept an introduction from you. I should deem it a bad thing. If fate has destined us to be friends we must meet in some other way. As for her, she threw it away on the sands, and there is none left for me. Such women do not come twice."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE WOMAN'S SORROW.

THOUGH Karl Rudorff had given himself a holiday, he did not intend to spend it all in idleness. Among his other artistic studies, Gothic architecture had been included, and his visit to France had been chiefly caused by his desire to see and examine its grand mediæval cathedrals, and its beautiful old churches. He intended after he had seen all that Paris contained worth seeing, to proceed to Normandy, where he expected to find rare feasts for his eye and imagination, and valuable studies for his pencil.

He was engaged to spend the rest of the day with a friend and countryman living in Paris, who had promised to accompany him that afternoon to the place which of all others in Paris he most wished to see—the Church of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, round which Victor Hugo's genius has thrown such passion and such power that we can no longer think of it, except as a living, sentient being, with the fearful secrets and mysterious crimes of the dark ages of Christendom locked up in its conscious stones.

As soon as the young men left the Louvre they separated accordingly, and Maurice then turned hastily in a direction he had not taken for years, and after a long and rapid walk, found himself at the door of Marguerite's dwelling. It was opened for him by Mère Monica, who not at first recognizing him, looked at him with surprise when he coolly passed her by and entered the hall.

"I see you have forgotten me, Mère Monica," he said, smiling at her indignant air.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Maurice, is it you?" she exclaimed. "Forgotten you? Yes indeed. There is no room in my little memory for so great a man as you are now."

Maurice laughed, but Mère Monica

thought not so pleasantly as he used to laugh in the old days. "Tell Mademoiselle Marguerite that I am here," he said, walking into the little sitting room once so familiar and so dear.

He had not expected to find Marguerite there, and he started when he saw her. She was sitting on a low chair at the open glass door—a book was lying near her, but she was not reading; her clasped hands rested on her knee, and she was looking out on the garden, bright with spring blossoms and balmy with their living perfumes, listening to the soft west wind rustling the green silken leaves of the trees, and watching the fleecy clouds as they floated over the blue sky. Maurice could almost have believed that the years which had passed since they met were a dream. He had seen her sitting in that spot and in that attitude a hundred times, and with just such a look, half thoughtful, half dreamy, on her face. The very colour of her grey dress, the very folds of her rich black hair seemed the same.

She had not heard him enter the house, and when he suddenly opened the parlour door and stood before her, she started from her seat—as if a ghost from the dead had come to visit her.

"You are surprised to see me, Marguerite," said Maurice; "but I could not help coming to congratulate you on the great triumph you have obtained, and to tell you how exquisitely beautiful I think your picture. My praise will not count for much after that of Royalty and Royal Academicians; but it is, at least, as sincere as theirs, Marguerite."

"Indeed, Maurice, it is much more valuable to me; you know I never cared much for the world's praise."

"But you care for having conquered the difficulties and penetrated the mysteries of art; for having developed your powers and given adequate expression to your genius. You care for the faculty of seeing and revealing the inner truth and beauty of life



and nature to those who would never discover them for themselves."

"Yes"—she answered—"to strive after these things is the aim of my life."

"You have not striven in vain! But even if you had never known success the very effort would have brought a satisfaction with it, which those who have suffered the babble of the world to silence the divine voice within can never know. Marguerite, I have often of late despised myself, but never so much as to-day. The contrast between your life of thoughtful and noble labour, and the feverish pleasures and ignoble tasks which fill up my existence, seemed to-day too painful to be borne."

Marguerite smiled a faint, sad smile. "There are not many who would think the contrast you speak of in my favour," she said. "You have won all those prizes the world esteems most highly; you have gained wealth; you have made your name one of the most distinguished in Europe; all Paris delights to do you honour; your home is bright with love and beauty."

"And the curse of an unfulfilled destiny, of thwarted aims, of crushed aspirations, of degraded powers, of a wasted life, hang over my head!" interrupted Maurice, bitterly.

"But surely that must be your own fault, Maurice," said Marguerite, gently.

"Perhaps—but what then?"

"You are still young; you can yet make your life all that you would have it to be."

"No, I cannot change," he said gloomily, "I have now neither the power nor the will. My life has been a mistake, but it is too late to alter it. And you, Marguerite? Do your solitary labours satisfy all your desires? Are you happy?"

"I am contented, Maurice, I have learned to do without happiness."

A sudden impulse, he could not resist, seized Maurice, and he said,—“Marguerite, we have sought happiness separately, and missed it; do you think we should have found it had we sought it together?”

"I do not think that I could ever have made you happy, Maurice!" said Marguerite, a faint flush rising on her cheek: "we are not suited to each other."

"It is no wonder you should say so, but—I think we might have been, if we had been true to myself, and true to you. This is idle talk now. I must tell you of the praises I have heard bestowed on your genius to-day, not forgetting that certain German friend of mine who is so enthusiastic about you and your work. I thought he could be about anything in the world. Should you like to know his name? I am sure he would please you. May I introduce him to see you?"

"No, indeed, I do not care to have him introduced from strangers."

"Oh, but he thinks he has known you in some other phase of being," said Maurice, with some lurking sarcasm in his low tone. "I should not wonder if he thought you and he were born for each other. The separated halves necessary to make a rounded and full-orbed soul. Suppose he let him come, if only to shew him that he is mistaken?"

"No, not even for that," said Marguerite, smiling.

"But he is a German," persisted Maurice. "You know you like Germans, Marguerite. I think you are more than half a German yourself."

"Why, of course," said Marguerite. "I am not my father's daughter?"

"Well, then, let me introduce you to Rudorff to you. He is an admirable fellow, brim-full of poetry and philosophy, and an excellent fellow besides."

"For all that, you must excuse my not introducing him, Maurice. I have neither time nor inclination to make new acquaintances."

"Are you really so determined? I am quite sure Karl believes that he is fated to see you some time or other,—perhaps by some strange and wonderful way, so I will leave the matter to destiny. But, Marguerite,"

you need not think that you will be suffered to shut yourself up in this old house and live the life of a nun any longer. You have suddenly become famous, and you may expect to find the world knocking at your door."

"It will soon tire of that, if it ever tries it," said Marguerite. "The world never troubles itself long about those who will not court its favours."

"I wish I could be as indifferent to that same world as you, Marguerite. How is it that you are so—if not happy, at least, so contented in your lonely home? Can your colours and canvas create a world altogether sufficient?"

Marguerite looked up at him, and again a faint flush tinged her pale cheek. "No, Maurice, not altogether. I live in another world also. It is a very real world, too, though quite different from the world of which we were speaking just now. It is a world in which there is much sorrow, much suffering, and sometimes I am able to make that sorrow and suffering a little less. Then I am more than contented—then I feel that life is sweet, and that I have not lived in vain."

"Oh, Marguerite, you were always good and unselfish like the angels. Long ago I used to call you Reine Marguerite, but I think I must call you Sainte Marguerite now. But tell me, did you not feel proud when the Academy's Gold Medal was awarded to you? Did you not feel some pleasure and satisfaction at seeing your name and your praise in all the journals, and in knowing that your fame would soon be spread over half the world?"

"Not so much, not half so much, Maurice, as when I saw you here to-day, and found that you rejoiced in my success. I was pleased when I had completed my picture and felt that I had in some degree realized my conceptions. I was pleased when Monsieur Delacroix told me I had more than fulfilled his expectations, but for the

rest. I care nothing for stupid starers, or for loud huzzas from the crowd and I don't think I estimate myself or my work a bit more highly because the King has bought my picture, and the Academy awarded me a gold medal."

"It is true they have only placed you in your rightful position, the position you have nobly earned, but I wish you cared more about it—Sainte Marguerite!"

"Claire will care, and you care, that is enough. And do not call me Sainte Marguerite, Maurice, even in jest. I am no more a saint now than I was a queen in the days of old."

She was very far from wishing to wound Maurice, but her words made him wince, and she turned hastily away.

"It does not matter what I call you," he said, "you were always far above and beyond any praise from me."

"You are very much mistaken, Maurice, and to show you how wrong you are, I will ask you to come and look at all my pictures and sketches, and to praise or blame them just as you like. I should like to show you all that I am doing."

That evening Marguerite sat alone in her garden, and watched the new moon faintly gleaming through the amber light in the western sky, from which the sun had just disappeared. And as she sat there she thought of Maurice, and her thoughts soon shaped themselves into voiceless words.

"He said that if I continued my labours I might soon stand on the very summit of my profession, and my name would be enrolled among those glorious ones who are the immortals of earth. It may be so—I know not—I only know that a thought which would once have filled me with rapture fails now to give me one thrill of pleasure. Fame, glory, or never-dying name—if they were laid at my feet this moment, I would give them all to feel as I felt long years ago when I sat on this bench beside Maurice, and he told me he loved me. That was

happiness so full it left no room for any wish beyond. It was *his* fame I longed for then, *his* glory, and all I desired for myself was to share his life, and possess his love. And now, when his love is gone, when his life is separated from mine, he little knows what a cruel mockery the glory he promises me, seems. If I live I must paint. It is my life's voice, the only mode of expression in which I can embody such glimpses of the divine as are vouchsafed to me. But I need not always paint here, pent up amidst these crowds of people, these masses of stone and mortar, shut in by yonder narrow and bounded horizon. Some day soon I will go with Mère Monica to her beloved Normandy. I shall like to rest in those grey old farm-houses, half hidden in apple orchards, and to know the kind and simple people who live in them. Perhaps I shall learn to love them so well that I shall never leave them; perhaps I shall come back before I die, and end my days here. Here, where the sweetest cup earth can give was offered to my lips, and suddenly snatched away, leaving in its stead a draught as bitter as that other was sweet."

All this Marguerite said to herself as she sat on the old stone bench where now no roses were blooming. Gradually thought melted into reverie, and dreamy memories of the past rose before her. The amber light in the west grew grey, the new moon sank below the horizon, the few stars that

had peeped out disappeared, the night grew chill, and the wind moaned drearily round the alcove, where she sat, breathing in faintly the perfume of the roses long ago withered and dead. The bells of the neighbouring church striking the hour roused her, and she started up half wildly. "I thought I heard my father calling me," she exclaimed. "'Wake up, Marguerite,' he was saying, 'wilt thou never have done seeing visions and dreaming dreams?'" Alas! my dreams are very prosaic now compared with those from which his beloved voice used to awaken me. Dreams like those I shall never dream again!" Then she got up and went into her house.

That same evening Karl Rudorff was alone revolving the plan of an architectural tour through Normandy.

Perhaps, reader, you expect me to finish my story by telling you that he there met Marguerite, that they loved each other, that they were married, and were happy. It may have been so, but I have told my story as far as it goes, and have no such happy ending to relate. I own, too, that to me it seems more in accordance with the usual course of events in this unsatisfying world that two should never meet, or if they met should not recognize each other; but if you, reader, are inclined to hold a pleasant delusion, so much the better, and I sincerely trust you may never have any reason to change

THE END.

## THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

'T WAS winter when my mother died,  
 And fast came down the snow :  
 With thundering shocks the ocean tide,  
 Struck on the rocks below.  
 But what to me was shrieking wind,  
 Dark sea and lurid cloud ;  
 A sadder sight possessed my mind—  
 My mother in her shroud.

Ah me ! the hot and rushing tears,  
 Childhood alone can shed,  
 Came struggling through my heart's vague fears,  
 To mourn my newly dead.  
 Oh, lost to me for evermore,  
 That form so still and mild :  
 I never knew her worth before,  
 Till left an orphan child !

BELLEVILLE.

## OUR CANADIAN FORESTS.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

WE are wasting our forests, habitually, wickedly, insanely ; and at a rate which must soon bankrupt us in all that element of wealth ! I am speaking cautiously, advisedly, and after long reflection.

This will sound strange to the ears of those who have always been accustomed, as in this Dominion, to look upon their timber supply as something actually inexhaustible.

Let us examine it, however, and see how far it may prove applicable. The forest area of India is greater than that of Canada, its product beyond comparison more durable—at least so it is claimed ; and its reproductive forces stronger and more rapid—and yet it has failed ; almost so utterly as to verify the prediction. Herein is a lesson : profitable or otherwise, remains to be seen.



In Nova Scotia, with her enormous proportion of shipping, and limited extent of timber lands, the danger is no longer remote. True, it may, as yet, be scarcely called imminent; but, unless timely measures are devised, it soon will be. And the difference between her and her sister provinces is only what a few years will equalize; and, it may be added, the rate of equalization must be the more accelerated when, her own resources being exhausted, she comes to seek supplies for her relatively heavy demand outside of her own boundaries.

This records a warning. Let it be disregarded, and, ere many years, the Dominion Government will find itself like that of India—which is even now wringing its hands in a sudden accession of remorse over past negligence, and striving to remedy the evil by the adoption of harsh and stringent legislation—a pitiful “lock the stable after the horse has been stolen” sort of policy; which may result in much rebellious discord, but will hardly restore those matchless forests, so wantonly and absurdly destroyed.

But the immense disparity in population, it will here be urged, must be taken into account. To which the reply is, that considered from the present point of view, which regards the *tree-destroying influence* (to coin a phrase) of the two races, there is no real disparity existing; unless closer investigation should prove a proportion telling against our own.

It is British occupation of India that has produced the enormous devastation of her famous belts of teak and sâl. Not the Indians, but the Anglo-Saxons are the *dendro-kopti*—just as they have proved on this continent, or wherever found. The implements of woodcraft peculiar to the two peoples are fairly typical of the comparative forest-subduing abilities of their wielders. As the toy weapon of the jungle-clearer is to the all-leveilling axe of the American forester, so is the destructiveness of the former to that of

the latter; as well in all other particulars, as in that under consideration.

Much faith is professed by many in the restoration consequent upon the natural growth. That this would be sufficient—and for ages to come—if intelligently guided and cultivated, on the one hand, care being taken to put a stop to the present recklessness of waste, on the other, by the farmers and woodsmen, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. But as the matter stands, it counts for almost nothing. Those who will take the pains to investigate, will find, as the writer has done, that in almost every case where heavy timber has been removed, the energies of the succeeding growth diffuse into thick, self-choking clumps of saplings—fit, possibly, for hoop-poles or pea-sticks—or, after a long time has elapsed, for very indifferent cordwood; provided its places not altogether usurped by some inferior variety, which itself, being subject to the same conditions, seldom attains anything beyond “bush” size; but never replaces the old heavy trees. The very reproductive vigour of the forest in this way defeats its own end. Cultivation, of the simplest kind, mere pruning and culling, would remedy this effectually; could the people only be induced to give such very slight attention; but the work of destruction goes on without a thought of attempting to direct, much less to assist the recuperative efforts of nature. Where such a condition of things will land us before many years, will be sufficiently obvious if we will consider a moment the destructive agencies at work and their accumulating and *cumulative* energy, everywhere amidst and about us.

Treating the subject exhaustively, there would be more than our space would admit of enumeration of. We may, however, indicate some of the principal, and if the reader will devote a little thought in tracing out their subordinate influences, the complicated pervasiveness which distinguishes these latter, and the tangle in which their effects are con-

tinually re-acting causes—all tending to the same general result—he will agree that the evil rapidly grows threatening. The author of that most unfairly abused and ridiculed book ever written on this continent, "What I know of Farming," quaintly observes: "It seems to me that destroying a forest because we want timber, is like smothering a hive of bees because we want honey." This expresses precisely what we are doing; and indicates the (certainly unlooked for,) end and sum of the great bulk of our industries. Unconscious of the future in the competitive scramble for present wealth, we are imitating Esau, faint from the field, and selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Elsewhere, the same work contains another, and a most significant assertion, to wit: "Vermont sold white pine abundantly to England, through Canada, within my day; she is now supplying her own wants from Canada, at a cost of not less than five times the price she sold for, and she will be paying still higher rates before the close of this century." He concludes a chapter on trees and timber-growing with this excellent piece of advice: "I entreat our farmers—not to preserve every tree, good, bad and indifferent, that they may happen to have growing on their lands—but, outside of the limited districts wherein the primitive forest must still be cut away, in order that land may be obtained for cultivation, *to plant and rear at least two better trees for every one they may be impelled to cut down.*"

In Nova Scotia, the ship-builders inaugurated the system of wastefulness, and they are now beginning to feel its first effects. In many quarters, the cry that the supply of ship-timber is about exhausted begins to be heard. This, indeed, is far from being true, but since the alarm will undoubtedly lead to an economization, to at least some extent, of the remaining resources, it may be well not to quarrel with it absolutely. When men were few, and trees were so plenty as

to be "in each other's way," an indiscriminate levelling—a free use of fire and axe, were matters of course inseparable from the conditions and therefore justifiable. But those conditions long ago disappeared,—the method, the habit then formed, continues still. Herein lies the evil. It is the same which attends all human progress—that of persisting in a custom or policy belonging to a dead time. There should have been a reform in the methods pursued for obtaining timber a generation ago. It seems incomprehensible that no one could draw the simple inference from the plain fact, which certainly was not unperceived, that the timber was being cut away faster than the natural growth could replace it. As a class, the ship-builders, had they been actuated by the positive intention of leaving for their successors as little material as possible, could scarcely have done more mischief. Yet more incomprehensible is it, that notwithstanding the growing apprehensions of a failure in the supply, no one seems to perceive it yet; but persistently follows the same old system, or rather *no*-system, which entails so much wastefulness. This pernicious example is followed by the pursuers of other industries, equally without any reference to the inevitable result—everybody "goes into the woods" bent on unlimited slaughter; and the potent axe is becoming now more the weapon of a race bent on retrogression, than the implement of pioneer civilization.

Surely something can be done to stop this waste and confusion. Just now there is a slackening in the work of destruction; owing chiefly to the sparseness of timber near the ship-building and other industrial centres; and its consequent enhancement of cost—which is also the true cause of the apprehensions previously spoken of—and a term, to which there are now indications of a close, of unusual dullness in maritime matters, on this side of the globe in particular. Whatever be decided upon should be done

quickly, for the present is the critical time. For as yet, the real difficulty is not any very serious inroad upon the forest as a whole, seeing that above one-third of the total area of the province is still richly wooded; but only the denudation of those districts which are well provided with easy facilities for communication. But when we reflect that this breathing-spell will be utilized—indeed, to some extent *has been*—in improving or creating, the means of transportation to and from those remoter sections which, for lack of them yet remain practically untouched; the question assumes a grave aspect at once—a seriousness which, after all, is perhaps latent in this vague popular uneasiness on our topic. This feeling is, in that case, assuredly germane to that instinctive sense of the coming event always distinguishable among the masses on the eve of all broad and radical changes, be they commercial, social, or political.

For then the war of extermination will be renewed and waged with redoubled vigour. It is only the outworks that are now levelled; but in this finishing campaign our *dendro-kopti* will attack the citadel. Then we shall enter upon a period of "unprecedented activity." We shall treble our tonnage, quadruple our lumber exports, quintuple our manufacture of "essence" of hemlock-bark—and then, collapse! Nor is the time probably so remote that many can enjoy the selfish consolation of saying "After us the deluge." Some good measures looking to an immediate establishment of forest conservation ought to be adopted forthwith. The condition of Nova Scotia, as described, is also, *in posse*, that of her sister provinces.

There is the question of wood fuel. Under the most economic management it destroys fine young trees which should be allowed to grow into heavy timber; here, however, it destroys the latter as well. Who does not see everywhere, and every day, piles of cord-wood, much of which, it is ev-

ident at a glance, has been split from logs of respectable size; and is it not patent that the very varieties which are sought for fuel, also produce the best lumber? In a land where coal is so cheap and so good, this is a condition of things which is simply intolerable.

More than any other single part of the new rage for "extract of hemlock" needs regulating. This species of lumber is most ignorantly and mischievously set in the popular mind as worthless. "Hemlock is no good," is the universal persuasion—"it is a mere cumberer of the ground; it is an unlooked-for good fortune that the bark is fit for something;" and to go, felling right and left, taking *only* the heart, and leaving the timber to rot! It is even utilized for fuel, to any noteworthy extent. This precious economy the writer has but once seen paralleled. In certain districts of the largest of the Phillipine Islands, where wild cattle are abundant, the practice is to slaughter the "*cariboo*" for the hides, leaving the beef to perish. It is not possible to place any restrictions upon the use of hemlock-bark indeed; but something should be done that would lead to a conservation of the wood. What increases the absurdity, is the fact that ever since the British Lloyds', proverbially cautious of the merits of British North American material, as that society has ever been extending a "character,"—a certificate, for four years, to ships built of this much-spised wood. And the Cape Colony, which Nature has denied forests, and which has trees of respectable size, and durability when wrought,—their sparse clusters of *teboom* and *spekeboom* attaining an average growth of less than thirty feet, yield timber almost valueless from its softness and inability to retain "fastening," and yet they suffer from the want of just such a timber—at once cheap and highly durable. The wasted hemlock logs might be converted into pulp; and for which they would pay.

their fine wool, skins, *pure* wines, raisins, and other dried fruits, etc., etc.

The question of questions, however, is that of railways. Perhaps all other agencies combined do not more rapidly dissipate the forest resources of a nation than they do. Until railways were introduced into India, all other demands upon her forests were borne unconsciously. Yet these included at once the domestic supply of her dense population, ship-building upon a large scale and steady, heavy exportation. That was in 1854. Railway extension, held in check by the mutiny, did not begin until 1861; and in '62 we saw the government *partially* awake to the necessity of establishing a conservation. Prompt measures then would have obviated the necessity of stringent and unpopular enactments in '65, and subsequently; and, it may be, by this time, have removed the difficulty.

In Nova Scotia, where coal is so abundant and accessible, the locomotives still consume much wood. How, then, will it be along the more extended lines of Canadian railway? Judging from the rate of movement of the Intercolonial, it *will* probably be some time before that, and others projected, reach their maximum of consumption of fuel; but whenever they do, the question of what proportion of it must be of wood, will become vitally important—particularly when we keep in mind that the experience of American roads proves that an average of about thirty-five acres of woodland are necessary to supply one mile of railway. Besides, fuel is not the only feature of the question. The mode of supplying the needful timber is, if possible, more absurd and thriftless than in the cases already specified. The people who undertake this work observe but one rule of conduct: namely—to deliver at as little expense as possible, the beams, sleepers, bridge-stringers, or other material engaged for, in order to clear the widest practicable margin of *present* profit. Consequently our

railroads have gone through the land, devastating the timber right and left in the vicinage of the track. There was no more regard to the future, than if there was no future. The proprietors of the intersected lands were lamentably deficient in the intelligence needed for the proper appreciation and care for this species of property. Hitherto it had been looked upon as an encumbrance—no second railway, it was argued, could ever be constructed near that already in hand; consequently the most was to be made of an opportunity never to be repeated. No regular Department of Woods and Forests existing, the timber question was the concern of nobody in particular, and the owners themselves would undoubtedly have looked upon any effort to rescue their own property from their own destroying axes, as an interference of the most unwarrantable kind. Down went the trees, all “along the whole line”—wherever they stood most convenient—wherever they stood in the way of others more particularly wanted—in any and every stage of growth—at seasons when felling is equivalent to extirpation, or otherwise, as occasion might decide, and with no regard whatever to the chances of renewal. It is certainly sufficiently perceptible that if this stolid and unthinking recklessness prevails a few years longer, we shall be unable to build either ships, railroads, or dwellings without deriving every splinter of material from foreign sources. On the other hand, it is equally obvious, that, with the needful care, there will be abundance for all, as long as an abundance will be required.

To attempt to show how forest conservation should be established, would carry this paper far beyond its limits. But it may not be amiss to summarize the principal difficulties with which such legislation must grapple:

1st.—The proprietors of the woodlands, (as a class,) have no adequate conception of the *prospective* value of this species of property: nor the wish to take care of it. 2nd.—

All the broad tracts that have been stripped (referring only to those not intended for tillage, which are the great majority,) are left without any effort to encourage a second growth. 3rd.—There is a general use of insufficiently seasoned materials—especially in house building. In an extreme climate like ours, we may remark, this is a particularly mischievous practice, since such stuff does not last half the time it should, and, therefore calls for correspondingly frequent renewal. Perhaps, the exportation of green, and partly-seasoned timber, and deals might be worth some consideration also; though possibly this objection is in a large measure neutralized by the more careful management and economization of the consumers. 4th.—Fires, free axes, and the incursions of our

wasteful devastators upon the public fuel, etc., etc. 5th.—Influence of railroads. There are also certain reforms in shipbuilding, which—if carried out would lessen materially the demand of that branch of industry. The class of vessels known as “composite” could be most advantageously substituted for the present wooden ones of our ship-yards—in every respect cheaper, considered with reference to the superior classification, as well as better forming the natural and easy stage of transition to the production of iron ships. Such a substitution would at once curtail the shipwrights’ demand on our rapidly diminishing woodlands, by at least fifty per cenths.

#### A LAMENT FOR MAY-DAY.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

WEEP, weep, thou virgin queen of May !  
 Sit down and weep with me !  
 Forgotten is thy festal day,  
 And lost thy name shall be !

Fling down—fling down that flowery crown !  
 Thy sceptre cast away !  
 For ne’er again, in vale or plain,  
 They’ll hail thee Queen of May.

No maiden now, with glowing brow,  
 Shall rise at early morn,  
 To bind her hair, with chaplets fair,  
 Torn from the blossom’d thorn.

No lark shall spring, on dewy wing,  
 Thy matin hymn to pour :  
 No cuckoo's voice shall shout " Rejoice !"  
 For thou art Queen no more.

Beneath thy flower-encircled wand  
 No peasant trains advance ;  
 No more they lead with sportive tread,  
 The merry, merry dance.

The violet blooms with modest grace  
 Beneath her crest of leaves ;  
 The primrose shows her pale, pale face ;  
 Her wreaths, the woodbine weaves.

The cowslip bends her golden-head,  
 And daisies deck the lea :  
 But, ah ! no more, in grove or bower,  
 The Queen of May we'll see.

Weep, weep, then virgin Queen of May,  
 Thy ancient reign is o'er :  
 Thy vot'ries now are lowly laid—  
 And thou art Queen no more.

LAKEFIELD.

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MY TIGER-CLAW BRACELET.

BY W. H. F.

WHEN John and I were married—of course we had a quite a number of presents from our various friends, and equally, of course, those of the least value were made the most fuss about.

Old Mrs. Stingyton, for instance, who gave us a set of *doyleys*, which she said she had knitted herself; although I am quite sure she bought them at some cheap sale; made quite a speech when she presented them, and really made me feel as if I had received a silver tea-service at the very least; while dear old Mr. Harty sent a lovely little *epergne*, with just a few lines of congratulation.

But of all our presents that which Uncle Robert sent was by far the most beautiful. It was a bracelet made of tiger claws,



polished till they looked like clear amber, and joined together by such tiny delicate gold chains—which looked more like cobwebs than goldsmiths' work, and could only have been produced by the supple fingers of an eastern jeweller.

Uncle Robert has lived many years in India, and has made heaps of money; but he isn't a bit like the old Indian one reads about in novels. *They* are always yellow and cross, and seem to live upon nothing but curry and hot pickles, and have a native servant whom they ill-treat dreadfully; but Uncle is quite rosy and stout, and has such a hearty jolly laugh, and says he would rather be waited upon by our little table-maid, Jessy, than by all the *kitmaghars* in the East Indies. Indeed I confess that Jessy is very brisk and attentive at table; although I must say she is much too pretty for a servant, and rather too fond of ribands, and I *think* I should rather have a plainer table-maid; but then the plain ones are generally cross and disobliging; and, indeed, to tell the truth, Uncle Robert has so often complimented me on being above the weakness of most young wives, who, he says, always pick out ugly servants, that I am rather afraid to change.

John, who is looking over my shoulder, says I am getting "discursive," as most ladies do who attempt to tell a story—but that is all nonsense—and I am sure it is necessary to have the full particulars in order to understand a thing properly. Well, as I was saying, Uncle Robert's bracelet was as lovely a thing as ever was seen, and as I knew that he had been a great sportsman in the East, of course I was very anxious to learn all about his fight with the tiger to whom the claws originally belonged; so I said to him one evening after dinner: "Now, Uncle, it will give additional value to your lovely bracelet if you will tell me the full particulars of how you killed the tiger—in fact I am determined to know all about it." "Well, my dear," replied Uncle, "if you

have made up your mind to that—then the thing I can do, for the sake of my own peace and quietness, is to tell you at once." This is what he told me:—

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Some eight or nine years ago I joined a large sporting party in the North-Western provinces of India. Our principal object was, of course, "big game," by which an English sportsman understands tigers, elephants, and such like; but we were not at all particular, and shot anything that came in our way with a commendable impartiality.

We had made a pretty fair bag of game, but had been singularly unsuccessful as regards the larger animals, and although we had news of several tigers in the neighbourhood we had not succeeded in getting a shot at one. We were encamped on the skirts of the jungle, at the foot of the lower range of the Himalayas; having received information that a famous man-eater tiger had carried off several villagers in the past week, and had been tracked to his lair not far from where we had pitched our tents. Our *shikarees*, or native hunters, started off to procure exact information as to the whereabouts of the animal, and we were awaiting their return before proceeding to surround him.

I was sitting under the verandah of my tent smoking a last cheroot, and listening to the subdued chatter and laughter of our native servants, as they squatted round a fire some little distance off, and passed *hubble-bubbles*—as their rude pipes are called—from hand to hand. The moon was her full—shining as she only shines in the tropics—and pouring down a flood of light by which I could with ease have seen the smallest print of a newspaper. The croak of the frogs and the chirp of the innumerable crickets was incessant, while the distant jungle came at intervals to us with an unearthly howl of the jackal.

I was just about retiring for the night when I observed the tall figure of a

bearing a long matchlock on his shoulder, emerge from the shadow of a clump of bamboos just opposite my tent, and, as he was crossing towards the servants' quarters, I recognized old *Rustum Singh*, who had been sent off in charge of the *shikarees* on the previous evening.

Rustum was a splendid specimen of an old Punjaabee hunter. Nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered, thin flanked, and as straight as a dart, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. He moved about among our crowd of coolies like a stately deer-hound in the midst of a pack of village curs. His breast was almost covered with medals given him by the East India Company as rewards for the destruction of ferocious animals, and the old man wore them with as much pride as a famous general carries the trophies of his hard-won battles.

Anxious to get the earliest intelligence, I called to Rustum as he passed my tent, and enquired if he had brought any news of the tiger. Placing the palms of his hands together, and bowing almost to the ground, he replied, "*Oh hokee, waukee cumfooselah shallabelah*," that is "My Lord, a ferocious tiger which has long been the terror of the surrounding villages, has been tracked to the neighbouring jungle where he awaits the death-dealing bullets of your Highness." You see, my dear, Hindostanee is a very expressive language, and you can say a great deal in a very few words.

At this moment a brilliant idea flashed across my mind. What if I should take Rustum at once and kill the tiger, single-handed? The old *shikaree* and I were great friends, and I knew I could depend upon him to stand by me to the death; and, although I was quite conscious that it was no child's play to encounter a tiger alone and on foot, I thought of the triumph of returning successful in the morning, and became excited beyond the bounds of discretion. I therefore proposed to Rustum that we should

start at once, without saying anything to the others, and attack the tiger in his lair before he could become alarmed and move out of the neighbourhood. The old man looked doubtful; but it is a point of honour with these hunters not to hold back when a European leads, and he merely replied:—"Where the *Sahib* goes Rustum will follow." So I turned into the tent to get my trusty double-barrelled "*Purdy*," and putting my spirit-flask in my pocket, I joined Rustum without giving my enthusiasm time to cool.

From further questioning, I learned that the tiger lay in an old lair in a dense patch of jungle about five miles from the camp. He had carried off a native child on the preceding evening, and would not probably change his quarters for a day or two, unless alarmed. Rustum had tracked him into a thick clump of bushes in which he had no doubt his den was situated; but had retired quietly to avoid disturbing the beast. I should tell you that these "man-eaters" seldom remain more than a few days in the same place, but travel great distances, chiefly by night, so that the first intimation the unfortunate villagers have of the presence of these animals, is the disappearance of one or more of their friends or relatives.

Following the *shikaree*, who led the way with smooth, rapid strides, we made our way through the long grass which fringed the jungle to the eastward, and reached nearly to our knees. Every now and again as we passed through the rank herbage, an ominous rustle, accompanied by an angry hiss, denoted the passage of some prowling snake which we had disturbed, and certainly did not tend to re-animate my fast cooling courage. I now sincerely regretted the unpleasant position into which my foolish impetuosity had led me: but my pride would not allow me to draw back, and I followed my guide with sullen determination. After proceeding in this way for fully an hour, Rustum turned suddenly to the left, and



moved, with cautious steps, along a blind path which led directly into the thickest part of the jungle. I now felt that we were getting to close quarters. So taking a sup from my flask, I placed fresh caps on the nipples of my rifle, and braced myself up for the encounter.

Suddenly pausing at a turn in the path, where an opening in the bushes denoted the frequent passage of some heavy animal, the *shikaree* whispered that we had reached the lair of the tiger. Sinking on my hands and knees and grasping my rifle firmly, I crawled into the low opening, closely followed by Rustum. My nerves have often been severely tried and I believe are as good as those of most sportsmen ; but, I confess, as I made my way cautiously along the low dark passage, I could feel my heart beating with very unusual rapidity and force and I expected every moment to feel the rush of the infuriated animal upon me. The sudden transition from the bright moonlight without—to the darkness within—prevented me from seeing more than a few feet before me, and I crawled slowly on with a sort of blind desperation.

We had groped on, as nearly as I can judge, some twenty yards, when I felt Rustum's hand upon my shoulder and heard him whisper in my ear : "Look ! look ! Sa-

hib, to the left." Gazing intently in the direction he had indicated, I could just about ten yards in advance, what appeared to be two dull balls of fire—which I at once concluded to be the eyes of the tiger. The restless movement of the animal and a growl warned me that no time was to be lost. Rising gently to my knees—I raised my rifle till the white patch I had taken the precaution to affix to the end of the weapon, bore exactly between the two fiery balls, and pulled the trigger ! A roar ! a crash ! and then I was thrown violently on my back by the rush of a large animal which went crashing through the jungle till the sound of its petuous career was lost in the distance.

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"Well but, uncle," I said, "didn't you kill the tiger after all ?"

"Why, the fact is, my dear," replied my uncle, "it wasn't a tiger at all ; and the animal I killed was a remarkably fine porker. My mamma, the sow, had chosen that day for her retreat to bring up her young family. I had to the claws—if you *must* know—I had them in the bazaar in Calcutta, and had them made into a bracelet for my inquisitive little niece."

"Oh !" I said, and John, bursting with a loud laugh, cried "What a sell !"

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## TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

O H, Dick, after all that we've gone through  
And suffered together, it does seem hard  
That all remaining to me of you,  
Is this little bit of pictured card,  
And a few dear letters yellow with years,  
And some books that were pencil-marked by you  
I cannot read them through falling tears,  
For you were *tender*, and I am true.

I cannot forget the fearful day,  
You charged by my side through raging shell !  
Our knees together—our sabres' play,  
Or your maddened face when you saw I fell  
With my sword-arm broken ; there I lay,  
In a little pool from my wounded side,  
Till you bore me in your arms away—  
But, that you nursed me, I had died.

And ever and always after then,  
We clung together in march or fight,  
And seldom quarrelled like other men,  
Your heart was pure as your sword was bright.  
We prayed with Stonewall, and fought again ;  
We followed Stuart, and both are not ;  
Ourselves and swords were with Early, when  
The men in the White House heard his shot.

Always ragged and often starved,  
With jingling spurs on our naked feet,  
We helped our hero while he carved  
His cumbered way on the last retreat !  
When all was over, and Lee had bowed,  
Then parted forever the shattered band.  
We left that land of weeping loud—  
Peace offered the olive, sword in hand.

And together we came to our people dear.  
The welcome we had right dearly cost :  
Some of the loved ones were not here—  
And they all had prayed for us as lost.  
She whom you loved had passed away—  
Grieving for you, to the spirit land ;  
My mother looked on the brighter day,  
And, Dick—your going was near at hand !

And now you have gone—but I must stay,  
With nothing of you but this pictured card—  
Some books, your letters, your coat of grey :  
The heart it covered is still. Oh ! hard,  
I wait for the hour with little fear,  
When my name shall be placed on the muster roll,  
To the beautiful gates of pearl draw near,  
And meet my spirit—oh ! brother soul !

## FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE SEA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

NO fact illustrates more clearly the enterprise and energy of the leading men of the Dominion than the large number of railways and other public undertakings, that are either in progress or in contemplation, at the present time, in every province of Canada. A considerable portion of the Intercolonial Railway will be completed in the course of the present summer, and the tourist will be able, in the autumn, to travel by rail from St. John to Halifax. The "North Shore," the "River du Loup and Fredericton," and the "St. Francis and Megantic" Railways are works which must give a great stimulus to the commerce and industry of the province of Quebec. In Ontario there are numerous lines engaging public attention and about to receive valuable assistance from the well-filled treasury of that province. The Canadian Pacific Railway will probably be undertaken by a company of Canadian capitalists, in the course of the present year, which must always be memorable as dating the commencement of a new era in the history of commercial enterprise and railway construction throughout the Dominion.

But, among the public works necessary to the expansion of the commerce of Canada, none occupy a higher or more important place than the canals which have been constructed for the improvement of inland navigation. These canals have already cost the people over twenty millions of dollars; but every one admits that never was public money more wisely expended, and is prepared to vote as much more to develop works so essential to the commercial prosperity of the Confederation. It is only necessary to consider the topographical features

of the Dominion to see the importance of these works in an intercolonial and national point of view. The eastern province is flanked by the Atlantic, while British Columbia rests on the Pacific, and between those two oceans lies a vast territory in which the St. Lawrence and Mackenzie rivers are the principal arteries. The Mackenzie runs through an unknown wilderness and empties itself into the lonely waters of the Arctic regions. Perhaps, in the future, it may have an important part to play in the development of the commerce of that now unknown North-west, but at present, it is of no value to the people of Canada. The St. Lawrence river, on the other hand, is exercising and must always exercise an important influence upon the political as well as commercial destinies of the communities of the Confederation. It is the natural avenue of communication for many millions of people, and one of the principal auxiliaries of the commercial enterprise of America. It runs through a territory where the climate is bracing and healthy, and nature produces in great abundance. It bears to the ocean, after running a course of over 2,000 miles, the tribute of the Great Lakes, which have been calculated to contain almost half the fresh water of the world, and not far from twelve thousand cubic miles of fluid. Along the coast its navigation there are communities unsurpassed by any in energy, and all the qualities which make peoples great and prosperous. Its natural beauties have long been the theme of the admiration of European travellers, from the days that Cartier and Champlain first sailed on its waters. It gave France the right to claim the

ship of more than half the continent. It is where nature has been most capricious, where falls and rapids awe the spectator by their tumultuous rush, that we now see the evidences of modern enterprise; where the Indian in old times carried his canoe, we now find splendid structures of masonry, illustrating the progress of engineering skill, and the demands of commercial enterprise in a country whose total population in the beginning of the century was hardly above a hundred thousand souls.

It is not necessary that a person should fall under the category of "the oldest inhabitant," to whom reference is so frequently made in newspaper paragraphs, in order to remember the different steps in the progress of canal development in this country. The oldest canal—the Lachine, only dates back as far as 1821, and between then and 1840, were the Rideau, Ottawa and St. Lawrence canals, constructed and put into operation. It was not, indeed, until some time after the union between Quebec and Ontario that measures were taken to enlarge the St. Lawrence and Welland canals to their present capacity. The idea that first originated works like the Rideau and Lachine was the necessity of giving additional facilities for the transport of troops and supplies in the case of the outbreak of hostilities between England and the United States. In the case of the Welland, however, commercial views predominated: for sagacious men, of whom the late Mr. Merritt was the leader, foresaw the rapid development of the magnificent country, of which the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes are the natural outlet. The Welland canal is an admirable illustration of the difficulties which the promoters of great projects have to contend against in the inception of such enterprises. The company which undertook its construction commenced on a very humble scale, and were a long while engaged, with very little success, in endeavouring to enlist the support and sympathy of the cap-

italists of Canada. Constantly in difficulties, they were always before Parliament soliciting provincial assistance; and at last wearied out by their importunities, and conscious of the importance of the project, the government decided that it was desirable for the public interests to purchase all the property and make the canal a public work. The whole expenditure by the government on the canal, at the time they assumed control, was nearly two millions of dollars. It is interesting to notice that nearly all our canals were constructed in the first instance in accordance with plans and reports made by eminent engineers of the British service. The Rideau canal was commenced and carried out under the direction of Colonel By, who arrived in this country in 1826, and whose name was for many years given to the present political capital of the Dominion. The St. Lawrence canals were enlarged in pursuance of the recommendations of Colonel Philpotts who was instructed by the Earl of Dunham, to make up a report on the whole question of the canal system of Canada.

It would not be very interesting to follow, step by step, the different stages in the improvement of the canals, and it will be sufficient for our present purpose to give a few details exhibiting their dimensions. The canal which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron is a work of large size, but it is owned by the people of the United States:—and consequently it has long been among the aspirations of the inhabitants of Ontario to have internal communication of their own in that part of the Dominion. The Canal Commissioners in their report recommend the construction of a canal on the Canada side, where every condition seems favourable, and there is no doubt that, before many years pass by, the work will be in operation. At present, however, the first canal to which we have to refer is a work which has been of great benefit to Ontario—in fact, the only work which has returned



anything like a per-centage on the public money invested by the old Province of Canada. The Welland Canal connects Lake Ontario with Lake Erie, and thereby avoids the Falls of Niagara. The main line from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie has a length of 27 miles and 1,099 feet; 3 pairs of guard gates, and 27 lift locks, 2 of 200 x 45, 24 of 150 x 26½, 1 of 230 x 45; with a depth of water on sills of 10¼. Then we have the Welland River branches, which have one lock at the Aqueduct, and one at Port Robinson, each being 150 x 26½; with a depth of water of 9 feet 10 in. Next comes the Grand River Feeder, 21 miles in length, with 2 locks—1 of 150 x 26½ and the other 200 x 45, having 10¼ feet of water. The Port Maitland Branch is only 1¾ miles in length, with one lock 185 x 45, giving 11 feet of water. From these figures it will be seen that there is nothing like uniformity in the size of the locks on the main line, whilst its depth of water is not equal to that on the Port Maitland Branch.

Passing down Lake Ontario, we come to the Williamsburg series of Canals, which have been constructed to avoid the Galops, Iroquois and other rapids which obstruct navigation on the St. Lawrence River. These Canals are known as the Farran's Point, the Rapide Plat, and the Galops; they have a total length of 12¾ miles, six locks of 200 x 45 feet, with 9 feet depth of water on sills. Then we come to the Cornwall Canal, which extends from Dickenson's Landing on the north side of the river, to the town of Cornwall, with the object of surmounting the obstructions known as the Long Sault Rapids, and has a length of 11½ miles, 7 locks of 200 x 55, with 9 feet of water. Further on, our progress is arrested by the very tumultuous rapids called the Cascades, Cedars, and Coteau, which are overcome by the Beauharnois Canal, which is 11½ miles long, with 9 locks of 200 x 45, and 9 feet of water.

Passing into Lake St. Louis we find navigation is impeded by the rapids best known as

Lachine, and here again public enterprise has met the requirements of commerce. The construction of a canal, which was suggested in 1791 by the military authorities, but actually opened in 1821. This is 8½ miles long, and has 5 locks of 200 x 45, three of which have 9 feet of water on sills, while the other two have been deepened to 16 feet so as to admit sea-going vessels into the basin of the Canal at Montreal.

Besides the great works intended to facilitate the navigation of the St. Lawrence, there are others of commercial importance. On the Ottawa, the Richelieu, and the Rideau. The works on the Ottawa were constructed as well as those on the Rideau River, for military reasons under the auspices of the British Government, and are known as the Carillon, Chute à Blondeau, and Grenville, all necessary to overcome the natural obstacles of the river. Altogether these works have a length of 8½ miles, including the St. Anne lock, situated at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, where stands that quaint little village, with its church rising out of the surrounding woods, and its washed cottages, which the poet Moore immortalized in his musical verses. The locks of these canals vary in size, and the depth of water, the greatest being 6½; but the works are now being enlarged so as to give, eventually, locks with a capacity of 200 x 45 in length of chamber between the gates, 16 feet in width, and 9 feet draught over the mitre sills. Then, there is the Richelieu and Lake Champlain route, a navigation which extends from the mouth of the Richelieu, forty-six miles below Montreal, to the outlet of Lake Champlain, the frontier line of Canada and the United States, or a distance of eighty-one miles within Canadian territory. The canal on this route, by which the greater portion of Canadian sawn lumber reaches Albany and New York, are the St. Ours' lock and the Chambly Canal, the former being one-eighth of a mile, and the latter 12

length. The lock on St. Ours, is 200 x 45, with 7 feet of water, whilst those on the Chambly are 122 x 23 to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ , with a depth of water of 7 feet. This work is intended to avoid the rapids which fall into that beautiful expansion of the Richelieu, known as the basin of Chambly, in the vicinity of which is the picturesque height of Belœil, and the site of the old fort which so long represented the days of the French régime.

In the Maritime Provinces there are no canals of any great extent or importance. The Shubenacadie, intended to give water communication across the province of Nova Scotia by connecting the harbour of Halifax with the river just named, which falls into Cumberland Basin, has never been turned to account, although large sums of money have been expended in opening it up. The only canal which is actually in operation is that which connects the picturesque Bras d'Or Lake in Cape Breton with St. Peter's Bay, and consequently with the Atlantic Ocean. The whole length of this work is some 2,400 feet, with one tidal lock, 26 x 122, with 13 feet at lowest water.

No country in the world can show a more elaborate system of inland navigation than Canada, young as she is, can exhibit. It is in itself a forcible illustration of the public spirit which has animated our public men during the past thirty years. These works were commenced at a very early period in the history of the commercial progress of this country, and were completed, on their present extensive scale, at a time when the expenditures required to accomplish the object, seemed altogether excessive when compared with the actual revenues. Soon after, the Canadas were united into a Legislative Union—the Legislature voted the sum of two millions of dollars for canal enlargement, and yet the whole population of the Province was only a little above a million of souls, whilst the total revenue was below a million and a half of dollars. The public

men of those days, however, like the statesmen of the present, fully recognized the necessity of such improvements, and believed that the returns which the exchequer would eventually receive from the development of industry and commerce would soon reimburse the country for any outlay, however large it might seem at the outset: and the issue has more than proved the wisdom of their enterprize and liberality.

By a reference to the statistics of the Canals we have given in the foregoing paragraphs, it will be seen that there is nothing like uniformity in the size of the locks or the depth of water, and consequently a vessel that passes through the Welland cannot find an outlet by the St. Lawrence Canals. It is in many respects to be regretted that these works of the St. Lawrence navigation were not constructed at the outset on a uniform principle—since the requirements of commerce would have been decidedly subserved; but the history of our public works shows that they were undertaken at different times and under various circumstances. When they were first undertaken and brought to their present dimensions, few persons contemplated the possibility of their being unequal to the demands of commerce for half a century at least—but the development of the country has made such remarkable progress, that these canals, extensive as they are, have, for some time, proved unequal to the task imposed upon them. Along the route of the St. Lawrence navigation, from Quebec to the head of the Great Lakes, there is an immense population, full of activity and enterprize, building up towns and cities, with unparalleled industry, and ever seeking greater facilities to increase their wealth. The history of Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, Milwaukee, and other western cities, aptly illustrates the energy of the Anglo-Saxon or Teuton on this continent. "Muddy little York" has been metamorphosed, in some thirty years, into a city of colleges, commercial palaces, and splendid

mansions, and a never-ceasing tide of traffic keeps pouring into its spacious warehouses. Chicago which, above all other places, illustrates western progress, was unknown to the commercial world thirty years ago, but now it has a population of at least 300,000, and even the fearful march of the Fire-king does not seem to have paralysed the enterprize of the men who have made it what it is, and must long remain the greatest mart of the West. The total value of the trade of the lakes was not much more than \$60,000,000, thirty years ago, but now it is estimated at \$800,000,000: while the tonnage that floats on these waters must be at least 600,000 tons, representing probably \$18,000,000 in value. Ontario raises some 30,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, besides large quantities of barley, and has now a population of 1,620,823, against 77,000 in 1821. The total population of the grain-growing States of the North-west, viz: Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas, is about 12,000,000, against 3,000,000 thirty years ago; whilst they raise, in the aggregate, some 160,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 600,000,000 bushels of corn. The progress of this splendid territory is ever onward, and the wilderness of to-day is a scene of industry to-morrow—while the question that is ever on the lips of the merchants and farmers of this grain-growing region is this: How and

where to find the best and cheapest market for our surplus produce?

This question has been perplexing to commercial men of the West for some years. They have long since recognized the fact that the Erie Canal—we may leave the Mississippi altogether out of the calculation—when the transport of grain is concerned, and the splendid railway system which the American enterprize has constructed to assist the West to reach the sea-board, are altogether inadequate to meet the commercial wants of a territory, which produces in such remarkable abundance. The records of the Board of Trade, the speeches of the magnanimous and energetic public men, the columns of the public press of the West, all testify to the accuracy of the assertion. More than that, the public opinion of the West has long since pointed to the St. Lawrence as the natural outlet of their trade, with which no artificial means of communication can compete—in respect to cheapness and despatch. Even under existing circumstances, a bushel of wheat can be carried from Chicago to Montreal some ten per cent. sooner, and some fifty per cent. cheaper, than from Chicago to New York, *viz* the Erie Canal. The number of American vessels that already avail themselves of the Welland Canal for the purpose of reaching Oswego, and thereby the Erie, is very considerable, as the following returns plainly show:—

	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	Tolls in
American vessels.....	No. 2,932 Ton. 692,169	2,791 719,432	2,884 765,543	3,459 928,330	\$22,9
Canadian vessels.....	No. 3,225 Ton. 548,197	3,278 548,019	3,856 591,574	4,270 625,788	\$12.7

Grand total of vessels and property, up }  
and down Welland Canal, in 1871 } ..... 2,993,178 or 500,000 above 1868

Grand total of vessels and property, up }  
and down St. Lawrence Canal, in 1871 } ..... 2,251,268 or 140,000 " 1868

The American vessels that ply on the Upper Lakes have been steadily increasing in size for some years past ; for experience has proved that the larger class, especially the propeller, is the cheapest for the transport of grain and other heavy freight which seek water communications. The Welland Canal will only admit the smaller vessels, unless, indeed, those of greater tonnage are prepared to unload a considerable part of their cargo at Port Colborne, for transport by the Welland Railway, and then go through with the remaining portion. This trans-shipment at Port Colborne has, in fact, become an important feature of the trade in that section of the country. We learn from the latest report of the Minister of Inland Revenue that during the three months ending on the 30th of June, 1871, 133 vessels, carrying 78,425 tons of grain, transhipped the whole or a part of their cargo. Of these fifty transhipped the entire cargo—amounting to 24,037 tons. The remaining ninety-three transhipped so much as would enable them to pass the Canal with the remainder. These vessels drew from eleven feet six inches to twelve feet of water, whilst the Canal only admitted the passage of vessels drawing ten feet or less. When laden to twelve feet, their cargoes would vary from 19,000 to 24,000, and when drawing only ten feet from 14,000 to 18,500 bushels of wheat. To enable such as could otherwise pass the Canal to do so, they have transhipped from 300 to as much as 7,500 bushels. The vessels that transhipped their entire cargoes were too large for the locks, irrespective of the draught of water. The Canal Commissioners, in their report, dwell particularly on the inadequacy of the Welland to meet the necessities of Western traffic, and refer to the class of vessels that it should benefit. "The tendency in ship-building," say the Commissioners, "for the last quarter of a century on the Upper Lakes, has been to construct larger vessels every-way, whether propelled by steam or sail ; while the screw is super-

seding the paddle everywhere on the lakes as well as on the ocean—the relative number and tonnage of screw steamers is gradually increasing upon the sailing craft. The Lake St. Clair Flats were in former years the accepted gauge of the navigation : but by the combined action of the Canadian and United States' Governments the obstacles in the lake have been so far removed that vessels can now pass through, drawing 14 feet. Then, again, as the line of navigation is extended, so the long voyage demands larger tonnage. As an approximate rule for the size of a vessel for any particular route, it has been observed that any vessel, to be properly adapted to its business, should have one ton of measurement for every mile of her voyage ; and as an example, in illustration of the rule, it may be remarked that the vessels plying between Chicago and Buffalo, 916 miles, now range between 600 and 1,500 tons ; while many persons of considerable experience in the trade are of opinion that a medium size of about 1,000 tons is best suited for this route."

It has been the universal sentiment of the country for some years past that the canal system should be improved at the earliest opportunity when the condition of the finances warranted the outlay that such improvements would necessarily entail. The Quebec Convention in 1865 passed a resolution to this effect—and the Government of the Dominion in 1870 appointed a Commission composed of practical business men of high standing in the country, to examine into the whole question of canal enlargement. Their Report has been for a twelve-month before the people of the Dominion, and has been generally considered as doing complete justice to the great interests involved. The government, in fact, have adopted the report as the basis of improvements which are to commence forthwith, and which comprise the enlargement of the St. Lawrence and Welland canals, so that the large propellers and other craft which are now confined to



the upper lakes will be able to proceed from the western ports to Montreal and the Atlantic ports without trans-shipment at Kingston and other places. These canals will be enlarged on a uniform system, so that all the locks will have 270 feet length of chamber between the gates, 45 feet in width, and 12 feet of clear draught over the mitre sills. Measures are also in progress to improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence river between Montreal and Quebec, with the view of allowing the largest ships to come up directly to the former city and, in order to attain this result it will be necessary to deepen Lake St. Peter to 24 feet, and otherwise make it equal to the passage of the sea-going crafts in question.

A work of great magnitude is also to be constructed in the Maritime Provinces. If our readers will take up a map of Nova Scotia, they will notice how narrow is the Isthmus of Chignecto, that separates that province from New Brunswick, and will at once be struck with the fact that a canal across that neck of land must afford immense facilities to commerce. The total distance across the Isthmus is only fifteen miles, and the country is level and easily excavated; but, nevertheless, there have been some engineering difficulties suggested on account of the difference in the range of tides. Few spectacles of nature are more calculated to awaken awe in the mind of the spectator than the irresistible march of the tides of the Bay of Fundy into its various estuaries. "At low tide"—we quote from Dawson's geology—"wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed, and the distant channel appears a mere strip of muddy water. At the commencement of flood, a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dis-

solved in the turbid waters. At the time the torrent of red water enters the channels, creeks, and estuaries—ing, whirling, and foaming, and often in its front a white, breaking wave, 'bore' which runs steadily forward, ing and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels. The mud flats are soon covered, and then the stranger sees the water gaining noiseless and steady rapidity on the sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of curiosity creeps over him, as if no limit were to be put to the advancing deluge. In time, however, he sees that the fiat, "to shalt thou come and no farther," has been issued to the great bay tide. The treat commences, and the waters rush as rapidly as they had entered." The extreme range of tides in Bay Verte do not reach beyond eight feet, while high water in Cumberland Bay rises about 23 feet above the level of medium tides. These and other obstacles, however, can be surmounted, and it is proposed to go on with the work, which must give a remarkable stimulus to the commerce of the Maritime Provinces. The canal will render more accessible a large amount of mineral wealth which now lies idle. By affording a shorter and cheaper route than that round the coast of Nova Scotia, freights will be lessened and the transport of heavy merchandise to Canadian ports on the St. Lawrence stimulated. With the completion of the work, the inland navigation of the province may be considered perfect: the large propellers of the west will be enabled to make a rapid and secure voyage, breaking bulk from Chicago to Boston and Portland.

Not only will Canada control the export of the surplus produce of the West, but she must develop a large colonial trade, the moment her canal is enlarged and perfected from Erie to the Bay of Fundy. Commercial men have

urged that we cannot see any extensive trade between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces until there are facilities for the passage of craft drawing, at least, twelve feet of water. Ontario wants Nova Scotia coal and minerals ; but she cannot have them until a vessel can go direct from Pictou or Sydney to Hamilton or Toronto, and there unload and take in a return-cargo of flour or barley. The development of Intercolonial trade and the control of the commerce of the North-Western States are the objects which Canadians expect immediately to attain by the improvement of these splendid works ; but, looking into the future, we see the time, when they will be equally invaluable to that Great West which Canada claims as her own. The day is not far distant when Manitoba will be the home of a large population ; and energetic and prosperous communities will be settled from the head of Lake Superior, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway—as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Already words of the poet are in course of realization :—

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
The steamer smokes and raves,  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

"I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea."

Two decades hence, there will be a steady stream of traffic from those fertile regions which are now a wilderness, to give employment to our shipping and our railways. Then, no doubt—if indeed it is not done very soon—the demands of commerce will require the construction of the Ottawa Canal, which will afford a shorter route between the Lakes and Montreal, and considerably relieve the St. Lawrence canals of the superabundant traffic which will be waiting its turn to pass through the locks. Then the riches of the countries washed by the China sea will pass through our country on their way to Europe, in Canadian ships. If the Maritime Provinces continue to exhibit the same enterprise they have hitherto—an enterprise which has placed Canada in the proud position of ranking only below France as a maritime power—they may expect to be the carriers of that immense trade which must necessarily follow the St. Lawrence route and the Pacific Railway. All this is no fancy picture. The shrewdest business men amongst us have pressed the enlargement of our canal system and the construction of the Canadian Pacific, as certain to increase the wealth and population of the Confederation to an incalculable degree. All that Canada requires now is peace and security from all disturbing influences, to work out a career of prosperity unexampled in the history of the commercial communities of the world.

## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

IN MEMORIAM.- FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

*By the REV. CANON KINGSLEY, from "Macmillan" for May.*

ON Friday, the fifth of April, a note-worthy assemblage gathered round an open vault in a corner of Highgate Cemetery. Some hundreds of persons, closely packed up the steep banks among the trees and shrubs, had found in that grave a common bond of brotherhood. I say in that grave. They were no sect, clique, or school of disciples, held together by community of opinions. They were simple men and women, held together, for the moment at least, by love of a man, and that man, as they had believed a man of God. All shades of opinion, almost of creed, were represented there; though the majority were members of the Church of England—many probably reconciled to that Church by him who lay below. All sorts and conditions of men, and indeed of women were there; for he had had a word for all sorts and conditions of men. Most of them had never seen each other before—would never see each other again. But each felt that the man, however unknown to him, who stood next him was indeed a brother, in loyalty to that beautiful soul, beautiful face, beautiful smile, beautiful voice, from which, in public or in secret, each had received noble impulses, tender consolation, loving correction, and clearer and juster conceptions of God, of duty, of the meaning of themselves and of the universe. And when they turned and left his body there, the world—as one said who served him gallantly and long—seemed darker now he had left it; but he had stayed here long enough to do the work for which he was fitted. He had wasted no time, but died, like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work.

He might have been buried in Westminster Abbey. There was no lack of men of mark who held that such a public recognition of his worth was due, not only to the man himself,

but to the honour of the Church of England. His life had been one of rare sanctity; a philosopher of learning and acuteness, surpassed by any man of his generation; he had done more than any man of that time to defend the Church's doctrines, to commend her to highly cultivated men and women; to bring within her pale those who had been born outside it, or had wandered from it; to reconcile the revolutionaries among the workmen of the great cities to Christianity, order, law; to make all understand that if Christianity meant anything, it meant that a man should not strive to save his own soul after death, but he should live here the life of a true Christian, virtuous, earnest, helpful to his human fellow-creatures. He had been the originator of at least the chief mover in, working measures, colleges, schemes for the higher education of women, for the protection of the weak and oppressed. He had been the champion organizer, the helper with his own money, of that co-operative movement—the germ of the economy of the future which seems now destined to spread, and will produce good results, to far other classes, and in other forms, than those of which Mr. Maurice was thinking five-and-twenty years ago. His whole life had been one of unceasing activity for that which he believed to be true and right, and for the practical amelioration of his fellow-creatures. He had not an enemy, but it were here and there a bigot or a doctrinaire man—two classes who could not abate because they knew well that he could not be otherwise. But for the rest, those from whom he had differed most, with whom he had differed ere now, in the sharpest controversies, had learned to admire his sanctity, chari-

tesy—for he was the most perfect of gentlemen—as well as to respect his genius and learning. He had been welcomed to Cambridge, by all the finer spirits of the University, as Professor of Moral Philosophy ; and as such, and as the parish priest of St. Edward's, he had done his work—as far as failing health allowed—as none but he could do it. Nothing save his own too-scrupulous sense of honour had prevented him from accepting some higher ecclesiastical preferment—which he would have used, alas ! not for literary leisure, nor for the physical rest which he absolutely required, but merely as an excuse for greater and more arduous toil. If such a man was not the man whom the Church of England would delight to honour, who was the man ? But he was gone, and a grave among England's worthies was all that could be offered him now ; and it was offered. But those whose will on such a point was law, judged it to be more in keeping with the exquisite modesty and humility of Frederick Denison Maurice, that he should be laid out of sight, though not out of mind, by the side of his father and his mother. Well : be it so. At least that green nook at Highgate will be a sacred spot to hundreds—it may be to thousands—who owe him more than they will care to tell to any created being.

It was, after all, in this—in his personal influence—that Mr. Maurice was greatest. True, he was a great and rare thinker. Those who wish to satisfy themselves of this should measure the capaciousness of his intellect by studying—not by merely reading—his Boyle Lectures on the religions of the world ; and that Kingdom of Christ, the ablest “Apology” for the Catholic Faith which England has seen for more than two hundred years. The ablest, and perhaps practically the most successful ; for it has made the Catholic Faith look living, rational, practical, and practicable, to hundreds who could rest neither in modified Puritanism or modified Romanism, and still less in scepticism, however earnest. The fact that it is written from a Realist point of view, as all Mr. Maurice's books are, will make it obscure to many readers. Nominalism is just now so utterly in the ascendant, that most persons seem to have lost the power of thinking, as well as of talking, by any other method. But when the tide of thought shall turn, this, and the

rest of Mr. Maurice's works, will become not only precious but luminous, to a generation which will have recollected that substance does not mean matter, that a person is not the net result of his circumstances, and that the Real is not the visible Actual, but the invisible Ideal.

If anyone, again, would test Mr. Maurice's faculty as an interpreter of Scripture, let him study the two volumes on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John ; and study, too, the two volumes on the Old Testament, which have been (as a fact) the means of delivering more than one or two from both the Rationalist and the Mythicist theories of interpretation. I mention these only as peculiar examples of Mr. Maurice's power. To those who have read nothing of his, I would say, “Take up what book you will, you will be sure to find in it something new to you, something noble, something which, if you can act on it, will make you a better man.” And if anyone, on making the trial, should say, “But I do not understand the book. It is to me a new world :” then it must be answered, “If you wish to read only books which you can understand at first sight, confine yourself to periodical literature. As for finding yourself in a new world, is it not good sometimes to do that?—to discover how vast the magnitude of mind, as well as of matter, is ; that it contains many worlds ; and that wise and beautiful souls may and do live in more worlds than your own?” Much has been said of the obscurity of Mr. Maurice's style. It is a question whether any great thinker will be anything but obscure at times ; simply because he is possessed by conceptions beyond his powers of expression. But the conceptions may be clear enough ; and it may be worth the wise man's while to search for them under the imperfect words. Only thus—to take an illustrious instance—has St. Paul, often the most obscure of writers, become luminous to students ; and there are those who will hold that St. Paul is by no means understood yet ; and that the Calvinistic system which has been built up upon his Epistles, has been built up upon a total ignoring of the greater part of them, and a total misunderstanding of the remainder : yet, for all that, no Christian man will lightly shut up St. Paul as too obscure for use. Really, when one considers what worthless verbiage



which men have ere now, and do still, take infinite pains to make themselves fancy that they understand, one is tempted to impatience when men confess that they will not take the trouble of trying to understand Mr. Maurice.

Yet, after all, I know no work which gives a fairer measure of Mr. Maurice's intellect, both political and exegetic, and a fairer measure, likewise, of the plain downright common sense which he brought to bear on each of so many subjects, than his Commentary on the very book which is supposed to have least connection with common sense, and on which common sense has, as yet, been seldom employed; namely, the Apocalypse of St. John. That his method of interpretation is the right one can hardly be doubted by those who perceive that it is the one and only method on which any fair exegesis is possible—namely, to ask,—What must these words have meant to those to whom they were actually spoken? That Mr. Maurice is more reverent, by being more accurate, more spiritual, by being more practical in his interpretation than commentators on this book have usually been, will be seen the more the book is studied, and found to be, what any and every commentary on the Revelation ought to be—a mine of political wisdom. Sayings will be found, which will escape the grasp of most readers, as indeed they do mine, so pregnant are they, and swift revealing, like the lightning-flash at night, a whole vision; but only for a moment's space. The reader may find also details of interpretation which are open to doubt; if so he will remember that no man would have shrunk with more horror than Mr. Maurice from the assumption of infallibility. Meanwhile, that the author's manly confidence in the reasonableness of his method will be justified hereafter, I must hope, if the Book of Revelation is to remain, as God grant it may, the political text-book of the Christian Church.

On one matter, however, Mr. Maurice is never obscure—on questions of right and wrong. As with St. Paul, his theology, however seemingly abstruse, always results in some lesson of plain practical morality. To do the right and eschew the wrong, and that not from hope of reward or fear of punishment—in which case the right ceases to be right—but because a man loves the right and hates the wrong,

about this there is no hesitation or even in Mr. Maurice's writings. If any man search of a mere philosophy, like the Neoplatonists of old, or of a mere system of dogma, by assenting to which he will gain a high look down on the un-orthodox, while he is solved from the duty of becoming a better man than he is, and as good a man as he can be, let him beware of Mr. Maurice's books, while searching merely for "thoughts to breathe," he should stumble upon "words to burn," and were meant to burn. His books, like himself, are full of that *θυμός*, that spirit of indignation, which Plato says is the source of all virtues. "There was something," it has been well said, "so awful, and yet so beautiful, like in its awful sternness, in the expression which came over that beautiful face, which I had heard of anything base or cruel or wicked, it brought home to the bystander our own judgment of sin."

And here, perhaps, lay the secret of his extraordinary personal influence which has been exercised; namely, in that truly formidable character which underlaid a character which (as we may say of him) "combined all that was noblest in man and woman; all the tenderness and the strength, all the sensitiveness and all the sternness of both; and with that a humility which made men feel the utter baseness, meanness, and pretension." For can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not Elizabethan "My dear dread" express the noblest voluntary relation in which two souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes; but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through love that love is made perfect; fear, which awakens and guides the lover with awe—even when it is misplaced—of the beloved one's perfection with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that those who have the germ of nobleness within them are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they choose one before whom they dare not say or do anything, even think, an ignoble thing. And if the higher souls are—as they usually are—merely formidable, but tender likewise, true, then the influence which they may exert is unbounded, for good—or, alas! for evil.

to themselves and to those that worship them. Woe to the man who, finding that God has given him influence over human beings for their good, begins to use it after a while, first only to carry out through them his own little system of the Universe, and found a school or sect; and at last, by steady and necessary degradation, mainly to feed his own vanity and his own animal sense of power.

But, Mr. Maurice, above all men whom I have ever met, conquered both these temptations. For, first, he had no system of the Universe. To have founded a sect, or even a school would be, he once said, a sure sign that he was wrong and was leading others wrong. He was a Catholic and a Theologian, and he wished all men to be such likewise. To be so, he held, they must know God in Christ. If they knew God, then with them, as with himself, they would have the key which would unlock all knowledge, ecclesiastical, eschatological (religious, as it is commonly called), historic, political, social. Nay, even, so he hoped, that knowledge of God would prove at last to be the key to the right understanding of that physical science of which he, unfortunately for the world, knew but too little, but which he accepted with a loyal trust in God, and in fact as the voice of God, which won him respect and love from men of science to whom his theology was a foreign world. If he could make men know God, and therefore if he could make men know that God was teaching them; that no man could see a thing unless God first showed it to him—then all would go well, and they might follow the Logos, with old Socrates, whithersoever he led. Therefore he tried not so much to alter men's convictions, as, like Socrates, to make them respect their own convictions, to be true to their own deepest instincts, true to the very words which they used so carelessly, ignorant alike of their meaning and their wealth. He wished all men, all churches, all nations, to be true to the light which they had already, to whatsoever was Godlike, and therefore God-given, in their own thoughts; and so to rise from their partial apprehensions, their scattered gleams of light, toward that full knowledge and light which was contained—so he said, even with his dying lips—in the orthodox Catholic Faith. This was the ideal of the man

and his work; and it left him neither courage nor time to found a school or promulgate a system. God had His own system: a system vaster than Augustine's—vaster than Dante's—vaster than all the thoughts of all thinkers—orthodox and heterodox—put together: for God was His own system, and by him all things consisted, and in Him they lived and moved and had their being: and He was here, living and working, and we were living and working in Him, and had, instead of building systems of our own, to find out His eternal laws for men, for nations, for churches; for only in obedience to them is Life. Yes, a man who held this could found no system. "Other foundation," he used to say, "can no man lay, save that which is laid even Jesus Christ." And as he said it, his voice and eye told those who heard him that it was to him the most potent, the most inevitable, the most terrible, and yet the most hopeful, of all facts.

As for temptations to vanity, and love of power—he may have had to fight with them in the heyday of youth, and genius, and perhaps ambition. But the stories of his childhood are stories of the same generosity, courtesy, unselfishness, which graced his later years. At least, if he had been tempted, he had conquered. In more than five-and-twenty years, I have known no being so utterly unselfish, so utterly humble, so utterly careless of power or influence, for the mere enjoyment—and a terrible enjoyment it is—of using them. Staunch to his own opinion only when it seemed to involve some moral principle, he was almost too ready to yield it, in all practical matters, to anyone whom he supposed to possess more practical knowledge than he. To distrust himself, to accuse himself, to confess his proneness to hard judgments, while, to the eye of those who knew him and the facts, he was exercising a splendid charity and magnanimity; to hold himself up as a warning of "wasted time," while he was, but too literally, working himself to death—this was the childlike temper which made some lower spirits now and then glad to escape from their consciousness of his superiority by patronizing and pitying him; causing in him—for he was, as all such great men are like to be, instinct with genial humour—a certain quiet good-natured amusement, but nothing more.

But it was that very humility, that very self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the "Divine discontent;" who lived—as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousness of defection from that ideal. To him as to David, in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise. How great his influence was; what an amount of teaching, consolation, reproof, instruction in righteousness, that man found time to pour into heart after heart, with a fit word for man and for woman; how wide his sympathies—how deep his understanding of the human heart; how many sorrows he has lightened; how many wandering feet set right, will

never be known till the day when the secret of all hearts are disclosed. His forthcoming biography, if, as is hoped, it contains a selection of his vast correspondence, will tell something of all this: but how little! The most valuable of his letters will be those which were meant for no eye but the recipient's, and which no recipient would give to the world—hardly to the ideal Church; and what he has done will be estimated by wise men hereafter, (as in the case of most great geniuses) a hundred indirect influences, subtle, various, seemingly contradictory, will be found to have had their origin with Frederick Maurice.

And thus I end what little I have dared to say. There is much behind, even more to say, which must not be said. Perhaps far wiser men than I will think that I have said too much already, and be inclined to answer me as Elisha of old answered the meddling sons of the prophets:—

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take thy master from thy head to-day?"

"Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace."

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#### FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

BY EARL DUFFERIN, K. P.

Our new Governor General, Lord Dufferin, is distinguished in many ways. As a public man he has earned a reputation for intelligence, industry and liberality of sentiment. He is a great speaker. He shines in society. By his "Letters from High Latitudes" he won no mean position in the literary world. We have chosen one of the letters as a fair specimen of the author's style and an index of the mind of our new ruler, who is a true descendant of Sheridan in eloquence, wit, brightness and facility as a writer.

BACK in Europe again—within reach of the posts! The glad sun shining, the soft wind blowing, and roses on the cabin table,—as if the region of fog and ice we have just fled forth from were indeed the dream-land these summer sights would make it seem. I cannot tell you how gay and joyous it all appears to us, fresh from a climate that would not have been unworthy of Dante's Inferno. And yet—had it been twice as bad—what we have seen

would have more than repaid us, though it has been no child's play to get to see it.

But I must begin where I left off in my last letter,—just, I think, as we were getting underway, to be towed by *La Reine Hortense* out of Reykjavik Harbour. Having been up all night, as soon as we were clear of the land and it was evident the towing business was doing well, I turned in for a few hours. When I came on deck again we had crossed the F

Fiord on our way north, and were sweeping round the base of Snaefell—an extinct volcano which rises from the sea in an icy cone to the height of 5,000 feet, and grimly looks across to Greenland. The day was beautiful; the mountain's summit beamed down upon us in unclouded splendour, and everything seemed to promise an uninterrupted view of the west coast of Iceland, along whose rugged cliffs few mariners have ever sailed. Indeed, until within these last few years, the passage, I believe, was altogether impracticable, in consequence of the continuous fields of ice which used to drift down the narrow channel between the frozen continent and the northern extremity of the island. Lately, some great change seems to have taken place in the lie of the Greenland ice; and during the summer-time you can pass through, though later in the year a solid belt binds the two shores together.

Both in a historical and scientific point of view, the whole country lying about the basaltic roots of Snaefell is most interesting. At the feet of its southern slopes are to be seen wonderful ranges of columnar basalt, prismatic caverns, ancient craters, and specimens of almost every formation that can result from the agency of subterranean fires; while each glen, and bay, and headland, in the neighbourhood, teems with traditional lore. On the north-western side of the mountain stretches the famous Eyrbiggja district, the most classical ground in Iceland, with the towns, or rather farmsteads, of Froda, Helgafell, and Biarnarhaf.

This last place was the scene of one of the most curious and characteristic Sagas to be found in the whole catalogue of Icelandic chronicles.

In the days when the same Jarl Hakon I have already mentioned lorded it over Norway, an Icelander of the name of Vermund, who had come to pay his court to the lord of Lade, took a violent wish to engage in his own service a couple of gigantic Berserks,\* named Halli and

Leikner, whom the Jarl had retained about his person—fancying that two champions of such great strength and prowess would much add to his consequence on returning home. In vain the Jarl warned him that personages of that description were wont to give trouble and become unruly,—nothing would serve but he must needs carry them away with him; nay, if they would but come, they might ask as wages any boon which might be in his power to grant. The bargain accordingly was made; but, on arriving in Iceland, the first thing Halli took it into his head to require was a wife, who should be rich, nobly born and beautiful. As such a request was difficult to comply with—Vermund, who was noted for being a man of gentle disposition, determined to turn his troublesome retainers over to his brother, Arngrim Styr, *i. e.* the Stirring or Tumultuous One, as being a likelier man than himself to know how to keep them in order.

Arngrim happened to have a beautiful daughter, named Asdisa, with whom the inflammable Berserk of course fell in love. Not daring openly to refuse him, Arngrim told his would-be son-in-law, that before complying with his suit, he must consult his friends, and posted off to Helgafell, where dwelt the pagan Pontiff Snorre. The result of this conference was an agreement on the part of Styr to give his daughter to the Berserk, provided he and his brother would cut a road through the lava rocks of Biarnarhaf. Halli and Leikner immediately set about executing this prodigious task; while the scornful Asdisa, arrayed in her most splendid attire, came sweeping past in silence, as if to mock their toil. The poetical reproaches addressed to the young lady on this occasion by her sturdy admirer and his mate are still extant. In the mean time, the other servants of the crafty Arngrim had constructed a subterranean bath, so contrived that at a moment's notice it could be flooded with boiling water. Their task at last concluded, the two Berserks returned home to claim their reward: but Arngrim Styr, as if in the exuberance of his affections, proposed that they should first refresh themselves in the new bath. No sooner had they descended into it, than Arngrim shut down the trap-door, and having ordered a newly-stripped bullock's hide to be stretched before the entrance, gave the signal

\* Berserk, *i. e.* bare sark. The berserks seem to have been a description of athletes, who were in the habit of stimulating their nervous energies by the use of some intoxicating drug, which rendered them capable of feats of extraordinary strength and daring. The Berserker gang must have been something very like the Malay custom of running a muck. Their moments of excitement were followed by periods of great exhaustion.



for the boiling water to be turned on. Fearful were the struggles of the scalded giants : Halli, indeed, succeeded in bursting up the door ; but his foot slipped on the bloody bull's hide, and Arngrim stabbed him to the heart. His brother was then easily forced back into the seething water.

The effusion composed by the Tumultuous One on the occasion of this exploit is also extant, and does not yield in poetical merit to those which I have already mentioned as having emanated from his victims.

As soon as the Pontiff Snorre heard of the result of Arngrim Styr's stratagem, he came over and married the Lady Asdisa. Traces of the road made by the unhappy champions can yet be detected at Biarnarhaf, and tradition still identifies the grave of the Berserks.

Connected with this same Pontiff Snorre is another of those mysterious notices of a great land in the western ocean which we find in the ancient chronicles, so interwoven with narrative we know to be true, as to make it impossible not to attach a certain amount of credit to them. This particular story is the more interesting as its *dénouement*, abruptly left in the blankest mystery by one Saga, is incidentally revealed to us in the course of another, relating to events with which the first had no connection.\*

It seems that Snorre had a beautiful sister, named Thured of Froda, with whom a certain gallant gentleman—called Bjorn, the son of Astrand—fell head and ears in love. Unfortunately, a richer rival appears in the field ; and though she had given her heart to Bjorn, Snorre—who we have already seen, was a prudent man—insisted upon her giving her hand to his rival. Disgusted by such treatment, Bjorn sails away to the coasts of the Baltic, and joins a famous company of sea-rovers, called the Jomsburg Viking. In this worthy society he so distinguishes himself by his valour and daring that he obtains the title of the Champion of Breidavik. After many doughty deeds, done by sea and land, he at last returns, loaded with wealth and honours, to his native country.

\* From the internal evidence it is certain that the chronicle which contains these Sagas must have been written about the beginning of the thirteenth century.

In the summer-time of the year 999, after his arrival, was held a great fair at which whither all the merchants, "clad in costly garments," congregated from the four quarters of the country. Thither also came Bjorn's old friend, the Lady of Froda : "and Bjorn went to meet her, and spoke to her, and it was thought like that their talk would last long, since they for the first length of time had not seen each other since they parted to this renewal of old acquaintance by the lady's husband and her brother-very much to the lady's objection ; and "it seemed to Snorre that it would be a good plan to kill Bjorn." So, at the time of hay-making, off he rides, with a few retainers, to his victim's home, having carefully instructed one of them how to deal the fatal blow. Bjorn was in the home-field, mending his sledge, when the cavalier appeared in sight ; and guessing what had inspired the visit, went straight to Snorre, who rode in front "in a blue surcoat, and held the knife with which he had been working in such a position as to be ready to stab the Pontiff to the heart should the latter attempt to lift their hands against himself. Comprehending the position of the matter, Snorre's friends kept quiet. "Bjorn told the news." Snorre confesses that he had intended to kill him ; but adds, "thou art such a lucky grip of me at our meeting, thou must have peace this time ; how could it have been determined before." The conversation is concluded by an agreement on the part of Bjorn to leave the country, as it was impossible to abstain from paying Thured as long as he remains in the neighbourhood. Having manned a ship, Bjorn sailed to sea in the summer time. "When he sailed away, a northeast wind was blowing, which wind lasted long during that summer, but of this ship was nothing heard since that long time." And so we conclude it is all over with the poor Champion of Breidavik ! He turns up, thirty years after, safe and sound, in the uttermost parts of the earth.

In the year 1029, a certain Iclander, Gudlief, undertakes a voyage to Limerick, Ireland. On his return home, he is driven off his course by northeast winds, and knows not where. After drifting for many days to the westward, he at last falls in with land, approaching the beach, a great crowd of

came down to meet the strangers, apparently with no very friendly intentions. Shortly afterwards, a tall and venerable chieftain makes his appearance, and, to Gudliof's great astonishment, addresses him in Icelandic. Having entertained the weary mariners very honourably, and supplied them with provisions, the old man bids them speed back to Iceland, as it would be unsafe for them to remain where they were. His own name he refused to tell; but having learnt that Gudliof comes from the neighbourhood of Snaefell, he puts into his hands a sword and a ring. The ring is to be given to Thured of Froda; the sword to her son Kjartan. When Gudliof asks by whom he is to say the gifts are sent, the ancient Chieftain answers, "Say they come from one who was a better friend of the Lady of Froda than of her brother Snorre of Helgafell." Wherefore it is conjectured that this man was Bjorn, the son of Astrand, Champion of Breidavik.

After this, Madam, I hope I shall never hear you depreciate the constancy of men. Thured had better have married Bjorn after all!

I forgot to mention that when Gudliof landed on the strange coast, it seemed to him that the inhabitants spoke Irish. Now, there are many antiquaries inclined to believe in the former existence of an Irish colony to the southward of the Vinland of the Northmen. Scattered through the Sagas are several notices of a distant country in the West, which is called Ireland ed Mekla—Great Ireland, or the White Man's land. When Pizarro penetrated into the heart of Mexico, a tradition already existed of the previous arrival of white men from the East. Among the Shawnasee Indians a story is still preserved of Florida having been once inhabited by white men, who used iron instruments. In 1658, Sir Erland the Priest had in his possession a chart, even then thought ancient, of "The Land of the White Men, or Hibernia Major, situated opposite Vinland the Good;" and Gaelic philologists pretend to trace a remarkable affinity between many of the American-Indian dialects and the ancient Celtic.

But to return to *The Foam*. After passing the cape, away we went across the spacious Brieda Fiord, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, reeling and bounding at the heels of the steamer which seemed scarcely to feel how

uneven was the surface across which we were speeding. Down dropped Snaefell beneath the sea, and dim before us, clad in evening haze, rose the shadowy steeps of Bardestrand. The northwest division of Iceland consists of one huge peninsula, spread out upon the sea like a human hand, the fingers just reaching over the arctic circle; while up between them run the gloomy fiords, sometimes to the length of twenty, thirty, and even forty miles. Anything more grand and mysterious than the appearance of their solemn portals, as we passed across from bluff to bluff, it is impossible to conceive. Each might have served as a separate entrance to some poet's hell—so drear and fatal seemed the vista one's eye just caught receding between the endless ranks of precipice and pyramid.

There is something, moreover, particularly mystical in the effect of the gray, dreamy atmosphere of an arctic night, through whose uncertain medium mountain and headland loom as impalpable as the frontiers of a demon world; and as I kept gazing at the glimmering peaks, and monstrous crags, and shattered stratifications, heaped up along the coast in Cyclopiian disorder, I understood how natural it was that the Scandinavian mythology, of whose mysteries the Icelanders were ever the natural guardians and interpreters, should have assumed that broad, massive simplicity which is its most beautiful characteristic. Amid the rugged features of such a country, the refinements of Paganism would have been dwarfed to insignificance. How out of place would seem a Jove, with his beard in ringlets—a trim Apollo—a sleek Bacchus—an ambrosial Venus—a slim Diana, and all their attendant groups of Oreads and Cupids—amid the ocean mists, and ice-bound torrents, the flame-scarred mountains, and four months' night—of a land which the opposing forces of heat and cold have selected for a battle-field!

The undeveloped reasoning faculty is prone to attach an undue value and meaning to the forms of things, and the infancy of a nation's mind is always more ready to worship the *manifestations* of a Power than to look beyond them for a cause. Was it not natural then that these northerners, dwelling in daily communion with this grand Nature, should fancy they could perceive a mysterious and independent energy

in her operations ; and at last come to confound the moral contest man feels within him, with the physical strife he finds around him ; to see in the returning sun—fostering into renewed existence the winter-stifled world—even more than a *type* of that spiritual consciousness which alone can make the dead heart stir ; to discover even more than an *analogy* between the reign of cold, darkness and desolation, and the still blanker ruin of a sin-perverted soul ? But in that iron clime, amid such awful associations—the conflict going on was too terrible—the contending powers too visibly in presence of each other, for the practical, conscientious Norse mind to be content with the puny godships of a Roman Olympus. Nectar, Sensuality, and Inextinguishable Laughter were elements of felicity too mean for the nobler atmosphere of their Walhalla ; and to those active temperaments and healthy minds,—invigorated and solemnized by the massive mould of the scenery around them,—Strength, Courage, Endurance, and, above all, Self-sacrifice—naturally seemed more essential attributes of divinity than mere elegance and beauty. And we must remember, that whilst the vigorous imagination of the north was delighting itself in creating a stately dream-land, where it strove to blend, in a grand world-picture—always harmonious, though not always consistent—the influences which sustained both the physical and moral system of its universe, an under-current of sober Gothic common sense, induced it—as a kind of protest against the too material interpretation of the symbolism it had employed—to wind up its religious scheme by sweeping into the chaos of oblivion all the glorious fabric it had evoked, and proclaiming—in the place of the transient gods and perishable heaven of its Asgaard—that One Undivided Deity, at whose approach the pillars of Walhalla were to fall, and Odin and his peers to perish, with all the subtle machinery of their existence : while man—himself immortal—was summoned to receive, at the hands of the Eternal All-Father, the sentence that waited upon his deeds. It is true, this purer system belonged only to the early ages. As in the case of every false religion, the symbolism of the Scandinavian mythology lost with each succeeding generation something of its transparency, and at last degenerated into a gross superstition. But traces still remained,

even down to the times of Christian ascendency of the deep, philosophical spirit in which it had been originally conceived : and through the holy imagery, there ran a vein of tenderness, such as still characterizes the warm-hearted, laughter-loving northern races. Our mixture of philosophy and fun, the following story is no bad specimen :—\*

Once on a time, the two Æsir, Thor, the Thunder god, and his brother Lopt, attended by a servant, determined to go eastward to Jotunheim, the land of the giants, in search of adventures. Crossing over a great water, they came to a desolate plain, at whose further end tossing and waving in the wind, rose the tops of a great forest. After journeying for many hours along its dusky labyrinth, they began to be anxious about a resting-place for the night. “At last, Lopt perceived a very spacious house, on one side of which was an entrance as wide as the house itself. There they took up their night-quarters. At midnight they perceived a great earthquake, the ground reeled under them and they were shaken.”

“Then up rose Thor and called to his companions. They sought about, and found a side-building to the right, into which they went. Thor placed himself at the door ; the other two went and sat down further in, and were much afraid.”

“Thor kept his hammer in his hand ready to defend them. They then heard a terrible noise, and roaring. As it began to dawn, Thor went out and saw a man lying in the wood near them ; he was by no means small, and he slept and snored loudly. Then Thor understood what the noise was which they heard at night. He buckled on his belt of power, which he increased his divine strength. At the same instant the man awoke, and rose up. It is said that Thor was so much astonished that he did not dare to slay him with his hammer, but enquired his name. He called himself Skrymer. ‘Thy name,’ said he, ‘I need not ask, for I know that thou art Asar-Thor. Tell me what hast thou done with my glove?’”

“Skrymer stooped and took up his glove.”

\* The story of Thor's journey has been translated from the Edda, both by the Howitts and by Thorpe.

and Thor saw that it was the house in which they had passed the night, and that the out-building was the thumb."

Here follow incidents which do not differ widely from certain passages in the history of Jack the Giant Killer. Thor makes three several attempts to knock out the easy-going giant's brains during his slumber, in which he is represented as "snoring outrageously,"—and after each blow of the Thunder-god's hammer, Skrymer merely wakes up—strokes his beard—and complains of feeling some trifling inconvenience, such as a dropped acorn on his head—a fallen leaf, or—a little moss shaken from the boughs. Finally he takes leave of them,—points out the way to Utgard Loke's palace, advises them not to give themselves airs at his court,—as unbecoming "such little fellows" as they were, and disappears in the wood: "and"—as the old chronicler slyly adds—"it is not said whether the *Æsir* wished ever to see him again."

They then journey on till noon; till they come to a vast palace, where a multitude of men, of whom the greater number were immensely large, sat on two benches. "After this they advanced into the presence of the king, Utgard Loke, and saluted him. He scarcely deigned to give them a look, and said smiling: 'It is late to enquire after true tidings from a great distance; but is it not Thor that I see? Yet you are really bigger than I imagined. What are the exploits that you can perform? For no one is tolerated amongst us who cannot distinguish himself by some art or accomplishment?'

"Then," said Lopt, 'I understand an art of which I am prepared to give proof: and that is, that no one here can dispose of his food as I can.' Then answered Utgard Loke: 'Truly this *is* an art, if thou canst achieve it—which we will now see.' He called from the bench a man named Loge to contend with Lopt. They set a trough in the middle of the hall, filled with meat. Lopt placed himself at one end and Loge at the other. Both ate the best they could, and they met in the middle of the trough. Lopt had picked the meat from the bones, but Loge had eaten meat, bones and trough altogether. All agreed that Lopt was beaten. Then asked Utgard Loke what art the young man (Thor's attendant) understood? Thjalfe answered, that he would run a race with

any one that Utgard Loke would appoint. There was a very good race-ground on a level field. Utgard Loke called a young man named Hugi and bade him run with Thjalfe. Thjalfe runs his best, at three several attempts—according to received Saga customs,—but is, of course, beaten in the race.

"Then asked Utgard Loke of Thor what were the feats that he would attempt corresponding to the fame that went abroad of him? Thor answered that he thought he could beat any one at drinking. Utgard Loke said, 'Very good;' and bade his cup-bearer bring out the horn from which his courtiers were accustomed to drink. Immediately appeared the cup-bearer, and placed the horn in Thor's hand. Utgard Loke then said, 'that to empty that horn at one pull was well done: some drained it at twice; but that he was a wretched drinker who could not finish it at the third draught.' Thor looked at the horn, and thought that it was not large, though it was tolerably long. He was very thirsty—lifted it to his mouth, and was very happy at the thought of so good a draught. When he could drink no more, he took the horn from his mouth, and saw, to his astonishment, that there was little less in it than before. Utgard Loke said: 'Well hast thou drunk? yet not much. I should never have believed but that Asar-Thor could have drunk more; however, of this I am confident, thou wilt empty it at the second time.' He drank again; but when he took away the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him that it had sunk less this time than the first; yet the horn might now be carried without spilling.

"Then said Utgard Loke: 'How is this, Thor? If thou dost not reserve thyself purposely for the third draught, thine honour must be lost? how canst thou be regarded as a great man, as the *Æsir* looks upon thee, if thou dost not distinguish thyself in other ways more than thou hast done in this?'

"Then was Thor angry, put the horn to his mouth, drank with all his might, and strained himself to the utmost; and when he looked into the horn it was now somewhat lessened. He gave up the horn, and would not drink any more. 'Now,' said Utgard Loke, 'now is it clear that thy strength is not so great as we supposed. Wilt thou try some other game, for we see that thou canst not succeed in this?' Thor an-



swered : ' I will now try something else ; but I wonder who, amongst the Æsir, would call that a little drink ! What play will you propose ?'

" Utgard Loke answered : ' Young men think it mere play to lift my cat from the ground ; and I would never have proposed this to Æsir Thor, if I did not perceive that thou art a much less man than I had thought thee.' Thereupon sprang an uncommonly great grey cat upon the floor. Thor advanced, took the cat round the body, and lifted it up. The cat bent its back in the same degree as Thor lifted ; and when Thor had lifted one of its feet from the ground, and was not able to lift it any higher, said Utgard Loke : ' The game has terminated just as I expected. The cat is very great, and Thor is low and small, compared with the great men who are here with us.'

" Then said Thor : ' Little as you call me, I challenge any one to wrestle with me, for now I am angry.' Utgard Loke answered, looking round upon the benches : ' I see no one here who would not deem it play to wrestle with thee ; but let us call hither the old Ella, my nurse ; with her shall Thor prove his strength, if he will. She has given many a one a fall who appeared far stronger than Thor is.' On this there entered the hall an old woman ; and Utgard Loke said she would wrestle with Thor. In short, the contest went so, that the more Thor exerted himself, the firmer she stood ; and now began the old woman to exert herself, and Thor to give way and severe struggles followed. It was not long before Thor was brought down on one knee. Then Utgard Loke stepped forward, bade them cease the struggle, and said that Thor should attempt nothing more at his court. It was now drawing towards night ; Utgard Loke showed Thor and his companions their lodging, where they were well accommodated.

" As soon as it was light the next morning, up rose Thor and his companions, dressed themselves, and prepared to set out. Then came Utgard Loke, and ordered the table to be set, where there wanted no good provisions, either meat or drink. When they had breakfasted, they set out on their way. Utgard Loke accompanied them out of the castle ; but, at parting, he asked Thor how the journey had gone off ; whether he had found any man more mighty than himself ? Thor answered, that the

enterprise had brought him much dishonour, which was not to be denied, and that he must consider himself a man of no account, which mortified him.

" Utgard Loke replied : ' Now will I tell thee the truth, since thou art out of my castle ; so long as I live and reign, thou shalt not enter ; and whither, believe me, thou hast come if I had known before what misfortune thou possessest, and that thou wouldst so plunge us into great trouble. False prophecies have I created for thee, so that at the time when thou meet'st the man in the world who was I ; and when thou wouldst open thy prison-sack, I had laced together with iron band, so that thou couldst not find the way to undo it. After that, thou struckest me three times with the hammer. The first blow was the weakest, and it had been my death if it hit me. Thou sawest by my castle that it was built with three deep square holes, of which the middle was the very deep ; those were the marks of my prison. The rock I placed in the way of thee, so that thou couldst not find the way to without thy perceiving it.

" So also in the games, when thou wast to contend with my courtiers. When Lopti was my essay, the fact was this : he was very strong and ate voraciously ; but he who was my opponent, Loge, was *fire*, which consumed the strength as well as the meat. And Hugi (mind) was my opponent, *thought* with which Thjalfe ran a race ; it was impossible for him to match it. When thou drankest from the horn, thou thoughtest that its contents grew none the less, notwithstanding, a great marvel ; I never believed could have taken place. At one end of the horn stood in the sea, which thou didst not perceive ; and when thou wentest to the shore, thou wilt see how much the water has diminished by what thou hast drunk. *will call it the ebb.*

" Further," said he, " most remarkable to me that thou liftedst the cat, which was the truth, all became terrified when they saw that thou liftedst one of its feet from the ground. For it was no cat, as it seemed unto thee, but the great serpent that lies coiled round the world. Scarcely had he lengthened his tail, and head might reach the earth, and thou liftedst him so high up that it was but a short way to heaven. That was a marvellous thing that thou wrestledst with Ella (old

never has there been any one, nor shall there ever be, let him approach what great age he will, that Ella shall not overcome.

"Now we must part, and it is best for us on both sides that you do not often come to me; but if it should so happen, I shall defend my castle with such other arts that you shall not be able to effect anything against me?"

"When Thor heard this discourse, he grasped his hammer and lifted it into the air, but as he was about to strike, he saw Utgard Loke nowhere. Then he turned back to the castle to destroy it, and he saw only a beautiful and wide plain, but no castle."

So ends the story of Thor's journey to Jotunheim.

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic circle, this,—the last night we were to traverse,—had dwindled to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day! For the few preceding hours, clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die—and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory and the gilded pageant

concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave: reminding one of those tardy honours paid to some great prince of song, who—left during life to languish in a garret—is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The king is dead—the king is dead—the king is dead! Long live the king!" And, up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favours of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning—like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud has kept asunder—clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night.

You must forgive me if sometimes I become a little magniloquent: for really, amid the grandeur of that fresh primæval world, it was almost impossible to prevent one's imagination from absorbing a dash of the local colouring. We seemed to have suddenly waked up among the colossal scenery of Keat's Hyperion. The pulses of young Titans beat within our veins. Time itself,—no longer frittered down into paltry divisions,—had assumed a more majestic aspect. We had the appetites of giants—was it unnatural we should also adopt "the large utterance of the early gods?"

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Brougham adjured his executors to publish this biography just as he had written it, so that it might be exclusively his own. The executors have complied of course; and the result is about as crude and undigested a heap of materials for a biography as ever was flung before the public. A great part of the volumes is filled with correspondence, pitch-

forked in with hardly a connecting thread of narrative, often uninteresting even to political students, and in great measure unintelligible to those who have not present to their minds the details of transactions now almost consigned to oblivion. Instances are not wanting of the carelessness and looseness characteristic of Brougham's mind. Lyndhurst is made in a very circumstantial anecdote to refer to Campbell's lives of the Chancellors many years before they were published. A still stranger blunder has been

pointed out by Lord Stanhope—the publication of an angry letter written by George II to Frederick Prince of Wales as a letter of George III to George IV. The very form and style of the document ought to have been a sufficient warning to any one acquainted with the history of the two periods. Anything in the shape of autobiography written by a man who took part in such events as those in which Brougham was an actor must have a certain value: other value the autobiography of Lord Brougham has none.

Brougham was in some respects a counterpart of Cicero. Neither of the two men belonged to the highest order of minds, but each had extraordinary gifts, above all a facility of acquisition and a power of work which enabled them to attain a wonderful degree of success in very various lines and to be intellectual miracles without being great men. In one sense the chairman of the Edinburgh banquet was not far wrong when he said that Brougham's achievements were greater than had ever been attained by the intellectual powers of a single and unaided man. The saying of Sugden has often been repeated that it was a pity Brougham did not know a little of everything. But if we reckon not merely by a knowledge of practise but by a knowledge of jurisprudence, Brougham as a lawyer was probably worth as much as a pedant like Sugden, while he was an incomparably greater orator and advocate; and he has left a real mark on other subjects, especially popular education, in connection with which, notwithstanding his rather shallow views of mental enlightenment, his name will always deserve grateful commendation. The roots of his eminence were his amazing strength of constitution and the extraordinary fund of nervous energy which played like galvanism through every movement of his strange frame and made that unique feature his nose almost revolve upon his face. In physique and all that directly depend on it at all events he was a giant. In the fifty-second year of his age he was leading on the northern circuit and at the same time "stumping" the immense constituency of Yorkshire, his election for which was perhaps the greatest triumph of his life. "It so happened," he says, "that I had an unusual number of briefs, some in very heavy cases. It was not possible either to give them up or to turn them over to my juniors. I was obliged after a night of hard reading and preparation to be in court every morning by half-past nine o'clock; then I had to address the jury, to examine and cross-examine witnesses—in short to work for my various clients just as though there had been no such thing pending as an election. Then, as soon as the court rose, indeed sometimes before, I jumped into a carriage and was driven as fast as

four horses could go to the various towns—nearly twenty or thirty miles from York. At each town or considerable place I had to make a speech, never getting back to York till nearly midnight, then I had my briefs to read for next day in court. This kind of life lasted nearly three weeks. I have called this the hardest work he ever went through in his life; but those who were best acquainted with his habits say that when he was at once a counsel at the bar and a leading, perhaps the leading speaker in the House of Commons, he went through a whole week with only two hours of sleep each night, and at the end of the week given up his physical powers by making up his arrears of sleep at a stretch. It appears incidentally in the text that on one occasion he had been sitting up all night, and that on the following evening he was at a dinner party, when he was summoned with great haste to the Queen and slept in the hansom coach all the way.

His political career was the natural outcome of such powers and such a temperament. Among the various movements of a very stirring and progressive though not very deep-thinking age, his physical energy declined and his sanguine and buoyant temper declined with it, he grew conservative; and though he has rather cunningly kept short in his autobiography just at the turning-point of the feelings of his latter years unquestionably in their shade over his account of his strenuous, courageous and almost revolutionary prime. Had he said only what he describes himself as having done in these volumes he could never have excited terror and horror which he unquestionably did among the conservative classes. Here he was not a moderate and cautious reformer, much more disposed to revolution than to reaction. But his conservative mind in 1830 he appeared as a tremendous battering-ram shaking the foundations of what was sacred in Church and State.

The mellowing influence of retrospective view unquestionably shed over his conduct in the interval between George IV and Queen Caroline. Of course we cannot question his assertion that he had endeavoured to prevent the Queen from returning to England and thereby forcing on the proscription. But he strongly mystified his contemporaries by his course or the whole was that of a mediaeval moderator of the capital. In fact the truth came out in a passage respecting the relation between Queen and Whitebread, where he says "it is to be denied that both Whitebread and I took any special or peculiar interest in the case of the Princess of Wales from the strong sense which we both had of the public conduct of her husband, his abandonment

his principles, his desertion of his friends and his giving himself up to his and their political enemies : all our most cherished principles were included in an opposition to him which had become personal." Of course even family matters, in which the sovereigns and the members of the royal family are concerned necessarily assume a political character. As Brougham says with regard to the case of the Princess Charlotte, whose cause, as well as that of the Queen he espoused against her father. "Between the family of a sovereign and the children of a subject there is nothing in common. The members of a royal as compared with those of a private family are by law debarred from feelings common to humanity and from all free action. They cannot fall in love without the consent of the Crown ; they may be over head and ears in that passion, but it must remain a dead letter to them unless the sovereign in council permits its indulgence. The king for a wife must choose some Protestant princess he has never seen ; but this he must do for the sake of his people, and to secure a Protestant successor ; and his heir comes into the world not in the privacy of the domestic household, but in the presence of a crowd of the great officers of state. All the tender feelings engendered in the private family, all the closest relations of parent and child must be disregarded as if they had no existence. Such is the penalty of exalted rank and the sacrifice royalty must make, in return for the very inadequate compensation of power and dignity." Still, a domestic quarrel in the royal family is not exactly the ground which a very generous nature would choose for a political attack. Moreover, the very principle which Brougham has stated as rendering the family affairs of princes amenable to political discussion, is one which entitles royal offenders against domestic morality to a large measure of indulgence. George IV. was compelled by state policy to marry a Protestant princess whom he had never seen, and who, when brought to him, proved to be morally coarse and physically repulsive. Had he been permitted to marry Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom he was really and deeply in love, he would probably have been a far better man.

In opening the Queen's defence, Brougham threw out vague threats, which were supposed at the time to point only to recrimination against the King, whose life offered abundant ground for it. But it now appears that in the fury, we may almost call it madness, of the conflict, Brougham had determined, in the last resort, to impeach the King's own title, by proving that he had forfeited the Crown by marrying, while heir apparent, a Roman Catholic, Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is difficult to believe that so insane a determination could ever have been carried into

effect. Supposing that the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert could have been proved, the advocate would have proved at the same time that his client was a harlot, and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, a bastard. But Parliament would never have allowed a lawyer's strategy, or the rancour of an angry politician, to throw the kingdom into confusion, by unsettling the title to the Crown. The marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert had been practically treated by the nation and Parliament as a nullity ; Parliament had sanctioned the second marriage by making provision for the Princess Consort, and that sanction would of course have been upheld.

Brougham here protests his total disbelief of the charges against the Queen, saving certain "indiscretions." "Of the utter groundlessness of these charges we (her counsel) all had the most complete and unhesitating belief ; and I quite as much as any of the others." The last words are probably intended to dissipate the impression, of the prevalence of which in English society Brougham was most likely aware, that he was in the habit of laughing at the credulity of Denman, who believed in the Queen's innocence. By a happy provision of nature, advocates almost always believe in the justice of their client's cause. But it may safely be said that the conviction of all the best informed persons in England was and is, that while the King's conduct had been detestable, and had afforded great excuse for the sins of his unhappy consort, the Queen had been guilty, to say the least, of something worse than indiscretion. That the popular sympathy was founded on indignation at her wrongs, not on belief in her innocence, Brougham himself gives a ludicrous proof. The enthusiastic crowd called her to the window of a house in which she was staying, and among other complimentary cries, saluted her with "Three cheers for Mr. Austin, the Queen's son."

Brougham does not fail to give us the peroration of his speech on Queen Caroline's trial, which he regarded as the masterpiece of his eloquence, and which, according to a current tradition, he wrote over fourteen times. If it is his masterpiece, the verdict must be that his oratory was forcible, as well as copious to excess, but that it fell decidedly short of the highest mark.

The history of the transactions connected with the Reform Bill is coloured, we have little doubt, in the same way. In his latter days Brougham had become naturally enough a strong advocate of the privileges of the peerage, and he probably looked back with rather pensive feelings on the coercion of the House of Lords to which he had been a party—of which indeed he had been the main instigator—in 1832. He gives us a graphic account of the interview in which he and Lord Grey entreated the King's assent



to the creation, if necessary, of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill. The passage is, perhaps, the most interesting and important in these volumes. But Brougham intimates that the power would not have been used. "Since 1832 I have often asked myself the question whether, if no secession had taken place, and the peers had persisted in opposing the bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Above thirty years have rolled over my head since the perilous crisis of 1832. I speak as calmly upon this as I now do upon any political matter whatsoever, and *I cannot answer the question in the affirmative.*" The thirty years which had rolled over the ex-liberal's head, we suspect brought not only calmness, but unwillingness to admit an unpleasant fact. The nation in 1832, thanks in no small measure to Brougham's own inflammatory eloquence, was in no humour to be paltered with, and if the Whig ministers had shrunk from using, when it was in their hands, the only power afforded by the constitution of making the House of Lords defer to the national will, it is almost certain that something much more violent and objectionable would have been done. The policy ascribed by Brougham to himself and Grey was correctly called by the Duke of Wellington "playing a game of brag," and to play a game of brag is scarcely worthy of a statesman. Nor would the majesty of the House of Lords, for which Brougham here affects so much concern, have suffered much more by an actual creation of peers than it did by submission to the threat of such a creation, conveyed by Sir Herbert Taylor to the recalcitrant members in the name of the king. No degradation, indeed, can be deeper than that of voting against your conscience and your recently declared convictions under the palpable influence of fear.

At a later period the Duke of Wellington became the object of Brougham's ardent admiration, and almost of his sycophancy. Hence he gives as liberal a turn as he can to the Duke's conduct on the question of Reform, barely alluding to the dismissal of Huskisson, or the fatal declaration in the House of Lords, by which the Duke, probably from mere oratorical awkwardness as much as from any deliberate policy, broke down the bridge behind himself and his party, and committed them to an utterly hopeless and suicidal struggle against any measure of reform.

Another disturbing influence, egotism, is certainly traceable in the autobiography generally, and especially in the part relating to the Reform Bill. All political tradition is at fault if Brougham was, as he here represents himself, the guide and pillar of the Whig ministry. Tradition represents him, on the contrary, as having been throughout almost as much a source of embarrassment, from his volatility and

imprudence, as he was of strength from his energy and oratoric power. One of his colleagues has been said of him, when he had gone on a mission to Scotland, that the next thing they would hear of him would be that he had been playing dominoes in the back parlour of a Scotch tavern for a week. It is very certain that nobody ever had any disposition to take him into the government, again, and that, discarded by his old associates, he soon began to veer over to the Conservatives. He here states that the Chancellorship was offered upon him against his wish, on the ground that he would accept it, and thus become a member of the Cabinet, a government could not be formed. This statement is at variance with the general opinion in English political circles that he was offered only the Attorney-Generalship, and that by force from Lord Grey the nomination to the latter post. We do not say or believe that he was guilty of a deliberate mis-statement, but it is not surprising when his own reputation was concerned, that a nation had a great power of colouring the facts.

The vanity of Lord Brougham was extremely often breaks out amusingly in these volumes. It is an infirmity scarcely to be avoided by a great man who lives in the fumes of applause, and naturally all his opinions, when in fact it is only expressions of delight at the exhibition of his oratoric power.

Such a life as Brougham when at his zenith, of incessant activity and incessant talking, for a parliamentary man, is not favourable to reflection, and consequently, to sagacity and foresight. Great sagacity is supposed by some to be displayed in one of the speeches in which it is predicted that "Napoleon's empire may, by dynastic aspirations by no means unbecoming, or more probably by insane attempts at aggrandizement, end his life a captive in the Tower of London; and despite the substantial benefits conferred upon his country, may find him a miserable wretch, his mighty predecessor, abandoned, vilified, and forgotten." But inspiration was hardly needed to predict that the Napoleonic empire would revert to the policy of its founder, or that by reverting to the policy of its founder, it would bring upon itself a catastrophe of its doom. Against this apparent instantaneous sight into the future we may set a prediction made as confident, that the battle of Vittoria would be followed by the retreat of the Duke of Wellington, and another, uttered in January 1814, that Napoleon would never dream of crossing the Rhine.

The judgments on contemporaries seem to be, though obviously coloured by personal feeling, yet not an indiscriminating hand. The character of Lord Grey is drawn with a very true and yet not an indiscriminating hand. The Canning which glows in the early pages

seem to have been finally retained; and it must be owned that Canning, if he was a man of genius, was also an adventurer in the bad sense of the term, and somewhat unscrupulous in his eager pursuit of power. Lord Campbell gets some hard blows, but it cannot be denied that he deserved them. He was a great lawyer, but his appetite for place and pelf was more than voracious, and his mendacious lives of the Chancellors evince want of conscientiousness as well as want of historical knowledge. Perhaps the portrait to which most exception will be taken is that of the late Lord Derby. "Stanley, like John Russell, came into the Cabinet some time after it was formed. His talents were of a very high, though not of the highest order. He was a perfectly ready and a very able debater, with great powers of clear and distinct statement, with a high-pitched voice, far from musical, but clearly heard in every part of the House. He argued closely, but he required much backing and cheering, and never could fight an uphill battle. In debate, he, like Canning, stuck at nothing in order to snatch an advantage. With the gravest face he would invent what he assumed his adversary to have said, but what he notoriously never did say. His judgment was *nil* or nearly so. He could make a statement, well aware that it would be answered, and committed the most unpardonable of all errors, that of suppressing a fact or ignoring a paper which he knew must be produced against him. He would invariably have lost his verdict at the bar by such blunders as these, which all proceeded from the desire to gain a momentary triumph." The old advocate comes out in the morality of the last sentence.

The executors of Lord Brougham, like the executors of Sir Robert Peel, were clearly bound to give effect to the wish of the testator, who had directed them to publish a dry and fragmentary memoir; but it is to be regretted in both cases that the option was not given of using the memoir as a portion of the materials for something more palatable and complete.

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT,  
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

lps

Mr. Helps' intellectual reputation is such that he would have a right to be heard on any subject. But he claims a special right to be heard on his present subject, on the ground of his long official experience, and his present tenure of an appointment under the Privy Council, which, he says, compels its holder to have some insight into the working of all the offices under the Crown. His experience, however, has been official in the strictest sense of the term, not parliamentary; and the subject of his work, properly speaking, is not government, which would include legis-

lative as well as executive authority, but administration. Bearing this in mind we may allow that there is reason in his proposition, that there will not be less but more need for government as civilization advances. Civilization, he argues, is mostly attended by complication, and also by a diminution of power as regards individual effort. He takes, as an instance, the case of lighting great cities. When the lighting depended on the owner of each house there was little need for government regulations; but now, no one private person can regulate the matter, or ensure good lighting for himself. The same is the case with water-supply, sewerage, locomotion, and other primary requisites of the comforts of life. The massing of the population and the division of labour tend in the same direction. Paternal government, in Mr. Helps' opinion, though it has an ill name, is a thing to be desired, and in free countries is sure to be kept within reasonable limits. The adulteration of drugs and the pursuit of pestilential trades are given as examples of the necessity of interference. It is not impossible that society, in jealously limiting the administrative action of government in free communities like our own, may be too much under the dominion of prejudices, derived from the errors of despotism in past ages, and inapplicable to our present condition.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Helps is a friend to extreme centralization. On the contrary, he dilates on the advantages of local government, which he regards as a good measure of the freedom and independence of the individuals composing a state. "Many of its advantages are obvious—such, for instance, as the use to be made of special local knowledge, which kind of knowledge can hardly ever be mastered by a central authority. But there are also great indirect advantages attendant upon any system of political government, in which local government has a large sphere of action. In the first place, it compels men, who would not otherwise be versed in the functions of government, to learn and exercise the art of governing. Again, it furnishes employment for those busy and somewhat restless persons who, if they do not find something to occupy their talents in local affairs, are apt to become agitators in imperial affairs—and that too with knowledge very disproportionate to their energy. Moreover, it tends to bring men of different classes together in the conduct of business; and there is hardly any way by which men can become better acquainted, and more readily learn the respective worth of each other than by being thus associated." Another advantage of local government in Mr. Helps' opinion is, that it teaches those engaged in it the difficulties of imperial government, and renders them just towards the rulers of the state. Some of those reasons are more specially applicable to the social and political circumstances of

the old country, but they are not inapplicable here.

The most important portion of the work, perhaps, is that relating to the civil service. Mr. Helps is strongly opposed to the system of competitive examination which has been adopted in England, and seems likely to be adopted in the United States. His objection to it is in effect that it will exclude men of high practical genius, who are often not docile in boyhood. But this objection seems to be based on a rather exaggerated estimate of the importance of the civil service. The examination system secures industry, a certain amount of ability, without which the candidate would be unable to produce his knowledge in the examination, and, if the proper certificates are required, good moral character and sufficient bodily health. No further qualifications are required for any but the highest places in the service; and it is hard if among a hundred elected by competitive examination one cannot be found who possesses high practical ability. Nobody proposes to apply the system of competitive examination to seats in Parliament or Cabinet offices, where practical genius finds its proper sphere, while in the duties of a clerk it will be generally useless, and if accompanied by an impatience of routine and a tendency to originality in action, positively inconvenient. If the present subjects of examination—Latin, mathematics and history—are not well chosen, let them be altered. If whist would be better, as Mr. Helps suggests, let whist be adopted. There must surely be some subjects an available knowledge of which is a fair test of good education and average abilities. No doubt selection by superiors would be better, if we could only find a perfectly impartial and trustworthy superior to select for us; but unluckily we have not yet succeeded in putting salt upon that bird's tail. It is remarkable that in other parts of the volume Mr. Helps dwells emphatically on the necessity of a high education for statesmen, particularly specifying the art of expression and a knowledge of history. The escape from the jobbery and corruption attaching to the nomination system does not seem to weigh much with Mr. Helps, yet it is important even in England and inestimable in the United States.

After all Mr. Helps only predicts the failure of the examination system; he does not say that it has failed, though it has now been pretty well tried both in England and in India. We happen to know that in India an official of the old school complained to one of our greatest practical statesmen of the inefficiency of the "competition Wallahs," and that the statesman in reply offered to take the whole batch of them at once off his hands. Sedan has settled the question for one generation in favour of high education for the public service.

The volume contains a good many valuable remarks, suggested by experience on the working of offices and boards. The following is a sample:—

"In the conduct of councils there are several things to be observed by those who would make judicious use of such bodies, and especially by those who are placed at the head of them. *In this world so many things are decided by fatigue.* The council, if not guided by a skillful person in its discussions, will waste its time upon minor points, and in combating the unreason or the argumentativeness of some one of its members; and then at the last a hasty decision has to be formed, which may be anything but the wisest that could be formed. Lord Bacon has given the world an essay on councils, full, as might be expected, of valuable thoughts, and not disdaining to discuss points apparently somewhat insignificant, such as the shape and size of the council table; but he does not notice the effect of weariness. This omission may be accounted for by the greater powers of endurance of our ancestors, who, moreover, were trained to listen to long discourses patiently, and were not so much oppressed with a variety of business as the men of the present generation are. With us I doubt not that the effect of weariness is one of the main elements of decision in any assembly of men."

Official men will be grateful to Mr. Helps for protesting against needless encroachments on their time. "This want of time (for statesmanship) is one of the most serious evils affecting the government of this country—an evil which is steadily increasing. No sooner does a man attain to any eminence, in whatever calling it may be, than he is forthwith molested by constant demands which should be reserved to maintain that eminence and to make it useful to the world. It must be noted too that these demands are mostly made in matters which are extraneous to the calling in which the unfortunate man has arrived at distinction. It would be well if it were only his time which is thus unreasonably encroached upon. But we are often deluded by vague ideas about that word time. It is energy which is thus lowered and absorbed. People forget that the energy of these fellow-men is a limited quantity, and that a certain amount of energy is exhausted even by that which may appear to be but a small demand upon time. Mr. Helps says that going one day into the office of a statesman, who had retired into the country for rest, he found his private secretary sending off to him the private letters of that morning, a hundred and eight in number, to be followed by another batch in the afternoon. "No man," remarks Mr. Helps, "deals even in the most perfunctory manner with a hundred and eight letters without undergoing considerable exertion of mind."

In his chapter on the Privy Council Mr. Helps suggests that eminent men from the colonies, and those who have distinguished themselves in colonial administration, should occasionally be added to that body. This suggestion seems worthy of attention. A place in the Privy Council would be a more appropriate reward of colonial merit than knighthood, which has been somewhat vulgarized, or a baronetcy, which is out of place in a country where there is no security for the continuance of hereditary wealth.

Though his book is devoted mainly to administration, Mr. Helps gives his opinion on government in the larger sense. A Conservative, dedicating his work to Lord Derby, he regards the British Constitution as the best ever devised by man. He is strongly in favour of an Upper Chamber, and even holds that a man, on choosing a country wherein to reside, would do well to make the existence of an Upper Chamber a primary consideration—a view more gratifying to Quebec than to Ontario. He avows his conviction, however, that it would be very unwise, if it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as it is, and proposes certain modifications—life peerages, official peerages, and a qualification of age. We fear that he, like other reformers of the House of Lords, will find it difficult to make the new piece sit well on the old garment.

Mr. Helps is a fine scholar, but he has fallen into a curious little error on p. 106, by ascribing as an original idea to Machiavelli a classification of the different kinds of practical intellects, which Machiavelli merely translated from some well-known Greek lines.

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A MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATED ANIMALS. By Thomas H. Huxley, L.L.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

It is altogether needless to remark that a work by Professor Huxley upon the Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrate Animals is certain to contain all that any student of this subject can possibly require. Though the work is not of large dimensions, an astonishing amount of facts are collected together in it, and are marshalled in order with all that lucidity and terseness for which Huxley has always been celebrated. The work opens with a short but exceedingly clear sketch of the phenomena of development as exhibited in the vertebrate animals. The remainder of the first, and the whole of the second chapter, extending to p. 100, are occupied with an admirable though condensed account of the general organization of the Vertebrata. The chief subjects treated of under this head are the true skeleton, the integumentary skeleton, when present, the muscular system, the nervous system and organs of sense,

the alimentary system and teeth, the blood and lymph systems, the respiratory system, and the reproductive system. The remainder of the work, including three-fourths of the whole, is taken up with an exposition of the classification, morphology, and distribution in space and time of the classes of the Vertebrata. Each order of every class is carefully defined, and a very noticeable feature is the introduction of all extinct forms, when these differ sufficiently from living forms to constitute separate families. In this way a special value is given to the work in the eyes of the palæontological students. The style is so entirely technical, and the author has so rigidly confined himself to the bare facts of the subject, that there is almost no special point that can suitably be noticed here. Some, however, may be interested in knowing the classification of mankind into races, adopted by such an eminent authority. The character of the hair as affording the basis for a primary classification, and the different races of mankind are divided into two fundamental sections, 'according as they have woolly or smooth hair. The woolly-haired races (*Ulotrichi*) have crisp hair, which varies from yellow-brown to black; their eyes are normally dark, and they are "long-headed." In this section are included the Negroes and Bushmen of Africa beyond the Sahara, and the Negritos of the Malay peninsula and Archipelago, and of the Papuan Islands. The smooth-haired races (*Leiotrichi*) are sub-divided as follows:

1. The *Australoids*, with dark skin, hair, and eyes, wavy black hair, long skulls, and well-developed brow-ridges. Under this head are included the natives of Australia and the Dekhan.
2. The *Mongoloids*, with generally yellowish-brown or reddish-brown skins, and dark eyes, the hair long, black and straight, and the skull sometimes long and sometimes short. Under this head are included the Mongol, Tibetan, Chinese, Polynesian, Esquimaux and American races.
3. The *Xanthochroie* group, with pale skins, blue eyes and abundant fair hair, the skull being sometimes long, sometimes rounded. "The Slavonians, Teutons, Scandinavians, and the fair Celtic-speaking peoples are the chief representatives of this division; but they extend into North Africa and Western Asia."
4. The *Melanochroi*, or dark whites; "pale-complexioned people, with dark hair and eyes, and generally long, but sometimes broad skulls. These are the Iberians and 'black Celts' of Western Europe, and the dark-complexioned white people of the shores of the Mediterranean, Western Asia and Persia."

In conclusion, we need only say that the manual

is illustrated by one hundred and ten engravings of unusual merit and delicacy of execution, two-thirds of the whole number being original. Upon the whole, the work is perhaps better adapted for teacher than for the ordinary student, and a grave defect is the absence of any glossary. The index, also, might with advantage have been made somewhat fuller. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the work is one which must prove of the greatest value alike to the teacher and the learner of Comparative Anatomy.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT CHAMBERS, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"Over the doorway of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily," says the author of this memoir, "was the inscription, carved in stone—

"HE THAT THOLES OVERCOMES."

"I made up my mind to *thole*, a pithy old Scottish word signifying 'to bear with patience.' The inscription might be taken as the motto of Scotland; and the biography of the Brothers Chambers is emblematic of the history of the Scottish nation. Their lives are a record of early struggles and hardships encountered with the utmost fortitude and self-denial, and, on the part of William at least, with the utmost cheerfulness. The cheerfulness is the more remarkable because the father of the two lads, though never opulent, had, during their childhood, been in comparatively comfortable circumstances, and the privations which they had to endure in youth were unfamiliar as well as severe. William Chambers, after weary service as an errand boy at a bookseller's, set up a book-stall with a little stock in trade furnished to him by a lucky accident; then acquired the means of printing and publishing on the humblest possible scale, and thus opened for himself the road to immense success. One of the pleasantest passages in the book is that which describes his first start as a printer, with his old rickety press, and his thirty pounds of worn brevier type.

"My progress in compositorship was at first slow. I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no difficulty. After an interval of fifty years, I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it. \* \* \* I think there was a degree of

infatuation in my attachment to that jingling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment, within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outlines in the silvery moonlight when I awoke, and there in the glowing dawn did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine."

On the tide of the cheap literature movement of 1832, the two brothers, as proprietors of *Chambers's Journal*, floated into golden fortune and high renown, and they continued to combine the calling of the writer with that of the printer and publisher, as when the old press was worked by William in "The Walk."

William Chambers being the biographer, it was perhaps unavoidable that we should have more of his early history than of Robert's; but we should have liked to have a little more of Robert's. It were only that Robert being the more sensitive, and in that sense at least, the finer nature of the two, the endurance of early difficulties and hardships, more interesting in his case. Evidently his fortitude was taxed to the utmost.

"When the family quitted Edinburgh Robert accompanied them, but shortly afterward, with a considerable strain on finances, he was associated with me in my West Port lodgings; there, from the congenial habits with which he was brought in contact, he felt considerably out of place. I was fortunately absent during the greater part of the day at my accustomed duties; but he, after school hours, had to rely on such refuge as could be found at the unattractive fireside of our landlady, who, though disposed to be kind in her way, was so chilled by habits of penury as to give little consideration for the feelings of the poor scholar. He spoke to me of his sufferings and the efforts he made to assuage them. The want of warmth was his principal discomfort. Sometimes benumbed with cold, he was glad to adjourn to that ever hospitable retreat, the old Tolbooth, where, like myself, he was received as a welcome visitor by the West Enders; and it is not unworthy of being mentioned, that the oddities of character among those unfortunate, though on the whole joyous, printers, and their professional associates, not forgetting Durie, formed a fund of recollection on which we afterwards drew for literary purposes. That strange old prison with its homely arrangements was therefore, to him as to me, identified with early associations,—a thing the remembrance of which became to both a subject of life-long amusement. There was also some exhilaration for him in occasionally attending the nightly book-auctions, where, favoured with light and warmth, seated in a by-corner he

could study his lessons, as well as derive a degree of entertainment from the scene which was presented. A further source of evening recreation, but not until past nine o'clock, and then only for an hour, was found in those meetings with the brothers King and myself for mutual scientific instruction. Viewed apart from these solacements, his life was dreary in the extreme. Half-starved, unsympathized with, and looking for no comfort at home, he probably would have lost heart but for the daily exercises at school, where he stood as rival and class-fellow of Mackay's best pupils."

He describes himself as unable to afford candle or fire of his own, and "sitting beside his landlady's fire, if fire it could be called, which was only a little heap of embers, reading Horace and conning his dictionary by a light which required him to hold the books almost close to the grate."

It is not wonderful that, his prospect darkening more than ever through the misfortunes of his father, and kinsmen being unkind, the iron should have entered into his sensitive soul, and that he should have experienced a state of feeling quite unnatural in youth—"a stern and burning defiance of a social world in which we were humbly and coldly treated by former friends, differing only in external respects from ourselves." It is pleasant, after reading such passages, to see the fountain of benevolence flowing freely again in after life. "Mankind, in ignorance of the sweet drop of benevolence which they all, more or less, carry in their hearts, ready to bathe and overflow it in good time, have been too much in the habit of returning mistrust for mistrust, and doubting every one else because each of themselves was doubted. Hence a world of heart-burnings, grudgings, jealousies, mischief, &c., till some, even of the kindest people, were ashamed to seem kind, or to have a better opinion of things than their neighbours. Think what a fine thing it is to help to break up this general ice betwixt men's hearts, and you will no longer have any doubt of the propriety of the steps I have taken."

The book teems with vivid pictures of some of the most curious nooks and crannies of old Scottish life, in which every Scotchman will delight.

Perhaps, if Robert Chambers had been the writer, we should have had rather less of the gospel of worldly success, the precepts of which are reiterated in their pages with a somewhat ludicrous solemnity and earnestness. We begin almost too long for a biography, if it were possible, of some one who *did not* rise in life, but, ignobly content with the humble state to which he was called, found happiness in duty and affection.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE SCIENCE. By Edward Thring, M.A., (Benjamin Place), Head Master of Uppingham School. Second Edition. Enlarged and Revised. London and New York: Macmillan.

It is easy to understand the measure of popularity which this work has attained. To the anti-scientific party it must be very pleasant reading. Mr. Thring pitches into science and intellect *manibus pedibusque*, to use the expressive Latin phrase, and his fists and feet are pretty strong. He also pinches pretty hard in the way of sarcasm and innuendo, and when he has caught Materialistic Philosophy in a particularly tender part he dances off, as it were, and looks into her face with a pleasant grin to see how she likes it. We have no doubt that, to borrow Mr. Thring's words, this is "a time of discovery, change and delusion"—that the chimeras bred by the advance of science bear their full proportion to the advance of science itself. We have as little doubt of the fact that Physical Science, having achieved marvels in her own domain, and being naturally intoxicated by her success, is now stretching out her sceptre over a domain which, in the present state of our knowledge at all events, is not hers, and doing some very unscientific things in her impatience to make herself universal. By the confession of her highest professors she is unable to give any account of the origin or nature of animal life, and this being the case, she is not yet in a position to be throwing out slapdash theories about the origin and nature of moral and spiritual life. To point this out is to do good service to the cause of truth generally and to science herself, provided it be calmly and fairly done; but Mr. Thring, though often forcible, is seldom calm, and we think he is not always fair. He seems really to hate intellect, and there is hardly any mode of argument too invidious for him to employ for the discomfiture of those whom he assumes to be its worshippers. This is the style in which he proves what, perhaps, he might have assumed without proof—that power and intellect are subordinate to morality:—"No one can doubt that man comprises in himself different and sometimes conflicting faculties. Power and the power-instruments evidently put in a claim. Intellect is the great power-instrument, bodily strength and bodily skill the next. Let the case be put in this form: A ploughboy is employed to plough a field, a mechanical bodily work; but he feels within himself a great thirst for knowledge, and he indulges it by studying science instead of ploughing, only ploughing just enough to escape detection. As the intellect is greater and better than bodily skill and the body, he cultivates the greater and better at the expense of the less and worse, and becomes at last, by constantly subtracting time from the common work he is set to do, a great man; and he dies and leaves behind

him an admirable work on the action of water, or whatever other point may be the knowledge-fetich of his day. Now it is clear that the love of knowledge is a higher thing than skill in ploughing, and a great geologist a higher kind of worker than a ploughman; the conclusion from these facts is that a ploughboy is right in stealing time from his employer, time which he has been paid for; is right in acting a lie day by day; is right in making this lie the centre-pivot of his life and his greatness; is right in having left out of his life problem all thought of truth in daily work, of honour between man and man, of the supreme Power which prescribes to all men their proper place. That is, if power and intellect are true ends. But power is not an end to strive for, nor the power-instrument the ruling excellence of man."

Against what man or men of straw is this directed? Does Mr. Thring fancy that Laplace or Goethe or Darwin, or any one else whom he chooses to take as a representative of intellect and an idol of the intellect-worshippers, ever imagined, or that any of their respective admirers ever imagined, that intellectual power was an object in itself independently of the purposes for which it was exercised. There are worshippers, of the Ritualistic Oratory of Canon Liddon as well as of the reasonings of Newton; but in neither case does the most fatuous of them consciously exclude from view the tendency of his idol's intellectual efforts to attain or propagate truth. The sneer at admirable works on the action of water is of a piece with a good many other passages in the work as—"A David at his father's sheepfold, or an Amos, a poor herdsman in his master's fields, gave us undying words of prayer and praise which we still use, and lived high and holy and pure lives; whilst the intellectual philosopher who did not belong to this class, the great Dr. This or Professor That of his day, the leader of the literary world, was chasing the slave girls, and offering a bull in sacrifice to Eros or Phcebus Apollo for a successful amour or a successful problem. So distinct was the empire of intellect from truth." We wonder whether Mr. Thring would undertake to prove what he here clearly insinuates, that there is traceable in ancient history a connection between high intellect and low morality. Physical science had not in those days reared her detested head; but were the philosophers, the historians, the orators, the poets of Greece and Rome, so far as we know, below the general moral level or above it? Few are so ignorant of literary history as not to be able easily to answer this question.

To Intellect Mr. Thring triumphantly opposes Reason, and of reason he thinks every man is endowed by the Creator with enough to guide him to all necessary truth; of which we can only say that it is a very comfortable faith.

Mr. Thring is the author of a work—a very good work by the way, and one which we wish he would revise and enlarge—on grammar; and he seems to us to be biased by the influence of his own pursuits in assigning to the study of language the place which it occupies in his philosophy as the first and most important part of science. "Science," he says, "starts with words and their value; for the value of words is the most important, as it is the first question that comes before science; for till this is secure, nothing else is secure." "Words," he reasons in a previous passage, "are as it were a pipe. Through that pipe, everything distinctive of manfall thought, all knowledge, passes. It is absolutely necessary therefore to arrive at some conclusion about words before any other thing is passed in review: for the simple reason that all other things must pass through words before they reach us. This is decisive." Is it not as decisive in favour of commencing science with the study of the eye, the indispensable organ of observation, as of commencing with the study of language, which no doubt is the indispensable organ of communication? Have the great scientific discoverers spent much time in the preliminary study of language; if they have not, may we not say, in answer to the question whether it is possible to be successful in science without that preliminary study, by saying *solvitur ambulando*? Mr. Thring is very eloquent on the mysterious agency of sound in conveying thought. "What is it that thus defies our search? Is it living? Is it dead? If it is living, how comes it that the words themselves perish in a moment, and are never anything but feelingless common air? If dead, how comes it that they burn with thought, touch hearts, teach a rule, pass on from life to life, always in communion with life, and sometimes, once spoken, never again drop out of heart-sovereignty. Reason tells us that words are more than mere air. Science tells us that scientifically they are nothing but mere air." Then follow some strong deductions in an anti-materialistic sense. But Mr. Thring forgets that whatever mystery attaches to sound as the vehicle of the inspirations of a saint, attaches to it equally as the vehicle of the sensations of a jackass.

The existence of a God and the fundamental doctrines of natural religion, are assumed from the outset, and Mr. Thring adds little in the way of intellectual confirmation, though once or twice, as in his remarks on Beauty, he is on a track which, if he could pursue it philosophically, or if he dislikes that term, methodically, might lead to valuable results. His argument on Miracles seems to resolve itself into an *argumentum ad verecundiam* addressed to human ignorance; but to prove that it would be impudence on our part, as beings of limited intelligence,



to deny the possibility of miracles, is not to prove that there is sufficient evidence of their having been performed. The difficulties found by criticism, or the "rebel-intellect," as Mr. Thring calls it, in Scripture, are disposed of by the dogmatic assertion that the Scriptures are a test of feeling designed to prove whether man loves rightly or not. The author of *Ecce Homo* gets his ears soundly boxed for carving a Christ out of Scripture; and it is certain that his work, being without any critical basis, cannot have much permanent value; but we do not see that his presumption in forming his own idea of Christ is much greater than that of Mr. Thring in laying it down that the Scriptures were written for, and are to be judged with reference to, an object not stated in the Scriptures themselves.

Mr. Thring's antipathy to Science and Philosophy will probably be reciprocated by its objects, and he will not be pressed to assume the objectionable title of a man of science or of a philosopher. But, as we said in commencing, he has a good deal of force, and his work is not without real value as a protest of the spiritual element against being hastily ignored or crushed out of existence by an encroaching physicalism. He is sometimes particularly happy in terse sentences and apothegms:—"Perhaps the age of scientific research, no less than the age of maritime research we look back on, has its El Dorados and Fountains of Youth, and Prester Johns, as well as its America; its gigantic delusions as well as its gigantic achievements." "Custom requires undisturbed possession to establish itself: whereas all the customs of all the world are beginning to be thrown together, and nothing will remain which has not real strength." "As well hunt a rabbit in a wood with a stick as try to kill a lie in an unwilling mind by force of words. 'The subtlest form of a lie, truth out of proportion, is a special pitfall of able men.'" "The jewel of gold in the swine's snout only makes a more conspicuous hog." "As soon as power talks nonsense, it means to eat its victim." Mr. Thring had not the "American case" in his mind when he wrote that last sentence, but he could not have described it more happily.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE; or passages from the life and correspondence of Herbert Ainslie. B. A., late a student of the Church of England. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Putnam & Sons.

Mr. Herbert Ainslie, a student of the Church of England, and destined for the ministry, is disturbed in his mind by the theological difficulties of the day; and having a bigoted, evangelical father, who

would be horrified at his opinions, and who insists on his taking holy orders, he goes forth physically and theologically into the wilderness, and, after trying the West Indies, becomes a gold-digger in California, and afterwards a settler in Australia. He meets with plenty of adventures, and has hair-breadth escapes from perils of the sea, disease, Indians and robbers. All the time he is ruminating and descanting on the difficulties of Christianity and the great problem of existence, the incidents with which he meets and the characters with whom he comes into contact, forming a series of pegs on which the theological and metaphysical dissertations are hung. After being long unsuccessful in his search both for gold and truth, he at last finds both where they are always found in novels, and we are landed in woman-worship, as the satisfactory substitute for all religion, and the complete solution of all the problems of the universe. But Miss Mary Travers is hardly a woman. In the honeymoon, at least, she is really a goddess. Of course she is unutterably beautiful. She unites something far above the highest feminine graces and tenderness, with something far above the highest male intellect and strength of character. She is a great statesman, a great philosopher, and a great artist. All the great poems in the world might have been written on her and she might have written all the great poems. She is Viola, Miranda, Beatrice and Cordelia all in one. She is the original of all the Madonnas. She is an exception to all limitations, is in perfect focus at all distances, and from all points of view looks her best. Epithets cannot describe her; she is the quality itself; not beautiful, but Beauty, not religious, but Religion. When you are fresh from her presence your manner is so bewitching that the rudest people offer you something to drink at their expense. Besides all this, she is an heiress. Now Betsey Jones, though above the average of her sex in good looks and in other respects, is only beautiful, not Beauty; she is not always in perfect focus; great poems could not have been written upon her, nor could she have written a great poem; it would be gross flattery to call her the original of a single Madonna, or to identify her with any one of the female characters in Shakespeare. Nor has she a great fortune to make matrimony a garden of Eden. Union with her, therefore, though it may make you happy, cannot solve for you all the problems of the Universe, supply your need of a religion, or give you "an impetus from the Divine sufficient to influence and direct your whole life." Jones, her husband, though good-looking, sensible and well-informed, could never have sat for a St. Michael trampling on the devil, and is as little capable of standing in place of God to his wife as she is of discharging the same function



for him. Not being wholly devoid of modesty, he could never say in reference to himself, Mrs. and Master Jones, "Who dare limit the drama of the Holy Family to one single representation?" There are passages in the lovesick rhapsodies at the end of this story which we could not quote without shocking the feelings of a religious woman as well as the common sense of all. The first consequence of these extravagances is the growth of such philosophies as that of Eliza Farnham, who proclaims the natural sovereignty and spiritual infallibility of woman in virtue of the complexity of the female organs, holds that St. John, St. Paul, Plato, Shakespeare and Dante, if they had only known their proper places, were mere hodmen carrying coarse materials to be worked up into something more divine by her superior nature, and if Newton presumes to reason with her, tells him that "a Virginian does not reason with his slave." The next consequence will be a violent reaction, and a withdrawal of what is justly due to women. Put a man in a "shrine" and worship him as "the Infinite revealed in the most perfect Finite" and you will very soon degrade him below humanity; the experience of the United States has already gone far enough to show that the result in the case of a woman will be the same. Hard Calvinism, against which Herbert Ainslie is always railing, is in itself neither very lovely nor very rational; but it is lovely as well as rational compared with woman-worship, and it has made far nobler women than the spoilt idols of this new shrine.

To his Mary, Herbert owes it that "his whole being is pervaded and suffused with the soft, dreamy atmosphere of love." This is the way in which love suffuses the part of his being comprised in his relations with his old father and mother:

"P. S.—Since writing the above I have received the sad news of my father's death. This is a most unexpected blow to me. It had never occurred to me that we might never meet again. He would have rejoiced so in my happy prospects; for his heart was really a tender one in spite of the warp of that cursed religion which made a division between us. My mother writes proudly that he was faithful to the last, expressing his confidence in the atonement made for sin, as leaving God no excuse for refusing to receive him into bliss. 'But for that blessed sacrifice,' he said, 'what a wretch should I be now!' And so he died, seeing in God not the loving father of all, but only an avenger baffled of his victim. Would but I had been there to urge him to put his trust in God instead of in the miserable logic of his party.

"You will be glad to learn that I inherit sufficient to make me feel myself no longer an adventurer."

The last sentence shows that woman-worship does

not exclude something very like wealth-worship. Christianity, even Calvinistic Christianity, at such events, does not ask whether a man has inherited enough to make him no longer an adventurer, before he is admitted to the shrine. As to the rest of the passage, it is "dreamy" enough if it pretends to be a description of the sentiments of Wesley, Wilberforce, Clarkson and Heber, but it is hardly "soft" as "love." So far as Herbert Ainslie retains any philosophy unabsorbed by Mary Travers, he is a Necessarian and a Pantheist. Why are not Evangelicals and Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, senior, as necessary, and as much manifestations of all-pervading deity, as anything else in nature?

It is remarkable that as a married man Herbert Ainslie, though his theological antipathies remain unabated, seems to settle down into a practical church-goer, and to be inclined provisionally to teach his children the catechism; and that he welcomes the intelligence that his friend has taken a living, hoping that it is the prelude to a marriage. Surely he cannot think that, while truth is necessary to himself, established falsehood is good enough to his friend.

The moral difficulties of the Christian scheme, and it is commonly expounded by theologians, and the difficulties of natural theology generally, are often treated in this book with remarkable force; so that the book may be useful to those engaged in the candid study of such questions. It may be useful also as a warning to parents against domestic intolerance, in an age when serious doubts are abroad, and are peculiarly apt to disturb the minds of intelligent and conscientious young men, especially of those destined for the ministry, and compelled to study theology for their calling. These we think are the limits of its value, at least as regards the theological part of it; for the narrative and descriptive part of it is interesting, and it is well written throughout. It bears a close resemblance to Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," but the story of youth harassed by religious doubts is so common in these days that we need not suspect plagiarism. The writer cannot be very learned, for he takes *adversaria* to mean contradictions.

The world has been brought face to face with questions at once of the most tremendous difficulty, and of import so deep that it is difficult to see, unless they can be solved, how human society can hold together. The truth must be sought by patient, reverent, learned and scientific inquiry, and we must all assist its seekers at least by our sympathy, and by protecting their conscientious efforts against persecution or misconstruction. But the key to the universe will not be found in a novelette, or even in the honeymoon divinity of a Miss Mary Travers.

FOUR PHASES OF MORALS :—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism. By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

There is in all that Professor Blackie speaks and writes a grotesqueness which prevents our sitting at his feet, but does not prevent our being amused and even occasionally instructed. The present work is a lively raid on the region of moral philosophy from the transcendentalist and tory quarter, and we should read it with pleasure, if it were only as a relief from the rather oppressive domination of physicists and utilitarians. The presentation of Socrates, if it contains nothing very new, is clear and vivid. The causes assigned for the great teacher's death are, however, in part at least, rather evolved from the Professor's inner consciousness and political sympathies, than deduced from the established facts of history. The indictment was for religious innovation and the corruption of youth. This is a conservative indictment, and the precise legal embodiment of the charges levelled against Socrates in the satiric drama of the conservative Aristophanes. It was addressed obviously to vulgar orthodoxy, and from vulgar orthodoxy no doubt the sentence of condemnation was obtained. But the real motives of the prosecutors still remain, to us at least, a mystery, the key to which we suspect is lost with many other details of the political troubles of those times. We are rather surprised that Aristotle should be selected as one of the originators of the leading phases of morals. He is a wonderful analyst and nothing else. His Ethics contain no special motive power, nor, we should say, has any special type of character ever been formed by his influence. He dominated in the middle ages, he has even dominated to no small extent in modern Oxford; but, while both in medieval and in Oxford philosophy we find plenty of Aristotelian method and phraseology, it would be difficult to point to an Aristotelian character. In fact, whatever nominal deference Aristotle as a man of the world might pay to theistic belief, he was philosophically an atheist; and his type of perfect virtue involves a self-sufficiency and a self-appreciation clearly inconsistent with the sense of dependence upon God. The admission of Aristotle is rendered more singular by the exclusion of the founders of Stoicism, a phase of morals which was embodied in characters of the boldest and strongest kind, which played an immense part in history, and which is far from having ceased to be influential even at the present day. As the fundamental distinction of Christian morality Professor Blackie rightly assigns its theological character, the motive power, or as the Professor terms it,

"the steam-power," being entirely religious; whence also humility is a virtue as prominent in Christian ethics as self-respect is in those of Aristotle. The propagation of Christian ethics was the effusion of the Holy Spirit. The "aggressive attitude" of Christianity, as Professor Blackie after Chalmers terms it, springs from the same root. What Professor Blackie's personal views of Christianity as a revelation are, his book does not clearly indicate, and perhaps it would be impertinent to inquire. Priesthood, dogmatism, asceticism, and ritualism, are severely tossed whenever they come within reach of his horns; but he is an advocate for a national church, though we suspect the church he desires is one which would be wanting in "steam power" to extract tithes from the ordinary tax-payer, who fancies that in maintaining a church establishment he is providing for the propagation of some definite belief. The Professor's toryism shows itself in his extreme anxiety to relieve Christianity of the disgraceful imputation of forbidding war; what Christianity really prescribes, he thinks, is only fair fighting and military courtesy. We are not confident that St. John would have accepted the vindication.

When Professor Blackie gets among the Utilitarians he carries out the advice given by the Irishman to his son who was going to Donnybrook fair:—"Whenever you see a head, hit it." Locke gets hard epithets for his notion of innate ideas. He has given particular offence by saying that "children do not join general abstract speculations with their sucking-bottles and rattles." The consistency of his successors is dismissed as "a virtue which even thieves and murderers may achieve." Mill is accused of "extreme nonsensicality," and of "flinging open defiance in the face of reason, and making a public ovation of unmitigated nonsense." Hartley, Hume and Bain come off little better, though Hume gets the benefit of his nationality. Paley, a clerical dignitary, and, unlike most Utilitarians, a Conservative, passes comparatively unscathed. Utilitarianism, as a theory of morals, has in truth burst in attempting to stretch itself so as to embrace self-sacrifice. But partly from the same quarter, partly from that of the Darwinians, has arisen a question as to the genesis of conscience, which Professor Blackie imperfectly apprehends, and has not attempted to investigate.

Curious little crotchets crop up here and there. The Professor of Greek seems not very deeply to reprobate the classic practice of infanticide. We are frequently reminded that the author enjoys the inestimable advantage of being a Scotchman. The world is agreed, we believe, in regarding a somewhat obtrusive patriotism as a grace in the members

of small nationalities ; but corporate self-approbation is carried somewhat high, when a Scotch writer

speaks of "a great moral teacher or reformer, such as the Apostle Paul or Thomas Chalmers."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The American people seem to have a fit of morality upon them at present, if we may judge from the works recently issued by New York publishers, on the vices and immoralities of their city life. The desire for sensational effect, however, seems so largely to enter into their denunciation of these vices, that one is apt to think that this "cry of outrage" is more affected than real. Unfortunately, there is reality enough in the social demoralization of New York and the other great cities of the Union to call for urgent, earnest and vigorous arraignment. But we cannot but think, that a more dignified handling of these vices and greater economy in the tinselled invective of these purists would be more effective. In the pictorial caricaturist we find the same loud and lavish exercise of his art—as in the Nast's cartoons of the Tammany Ring—which evince a vulgarity of treatment in decided contrast to the quiet, yet effective sketches of the English satirist. However, the dish seems to require strong seasoning to suit the American palate, and the rhetoric of the "Daniels come to judgment" must be favoured with all the claptrap of the stump to catch the people's ear. Recently we had from the pen of a Brooklyn clergyman, with all the exaggeration of style and reckless disregard of propriety and good taste, so largely typical of the American pulpit, a book on the depravity of New York fashionable life. The book bore the outre title of "The Abominations of Modern Society," and the American press everywhere greeted it as a "bold, brilliant and incisive work." Now, we have a book from a lady, though on another phase of American life ; yet one, admittedly, calling for earnest and effective denunciation—and it has it, according to the prevailing taste, as far as the language employed by the author and the title of her book is concerned. "Get thee behind me, Satan," for this is its title,—is said to be a home-born book of home truths ; and, no doubt, as the work has for its theme the lively subject of "Free-love, Free-marriage and Free-divorce," it will prove the literary sensation of the summer ! Again, we have another startling work in "The Nether Side of New York ; or the Crime, Poverty and Vice of the Great Metropolis ;" and, we suppose, it will be claimed for this work that it discusses great social questions that affect humanity, and we must read and ponder, while a new regenerator of society dashes off his periods and reclaims the world. Then, there is a class of this literature that fastens itself on the medical profession,—the product, not of the coarse, libidinous charlatan, but the professional physiologist, &c., who affects to write with the strictest decorum, and who professes to be the physical saviour of society, yet whose plainness of speech and indiscreet discussion of subject is more apt to breed a moral plague in the land than any good his nostrums or prescriptions will do to alleviate suffering.

But we pass these productions by, and make a few notes in a more wholesome, though probably, a less exciting literature

Prominent among the books of the month will be found several contributions to political science, the most important of which are Mr. Freeman's useful and instructive little manual on "The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times," and Sir Edward Creasy's work on "The Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannie Empire." Mr. Arthur Help's "Thoughts upon Government," is noticed in our Review Department. Mr. Henry Reeves' "Royal and Republican France," is a collection of able papers originally contributed to the *Quarterlies* ; and Mr. Mathew's "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," discusses Imperial relations with the Colonial possessions, and proposes a great federal parliament for the whole Empire. Mr. Jennings's compilation, "A Book of Parliamentary Anecdotes," published by the Messrs. Cassell, may be mentioned under this department ; while in general literature, the re-issues may be noticed of Lord Brougham's collected writings, (A & C. Black,) and a new and popular edition, (The Kensington,) of Thackeray's Works, in twelve 8vo volumes.

In art, we simply notice, as an evidence of the growth of taste on this continent, a work about to appear in Boston (Osgood), by Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education in Massachusetts. It will be entitled "Art, Education, Scholastic and Industrial," and its objects are to show the benefits of art-studies, and to suggest systematic and profitable methods of pursuing them.

In social and industrial matters, we have the interesting Collection of Essays, second series, published under the auspices of the Cobden Club. The joint volume of Prof. J. W. Fawcett, entitled, "Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects" ; and Prof. Leone Levi's "History of British Commerce and of the Economical progress of the English Nation." We observe that of the former of these a second edition has been called for, and of the latter, an American reprint is announced.

In Biography, and of some interest to Canadian readers, the Letters and Journals of a former Governor-General, the late Lord Elgin, will be particularly noticed.

In Theology, the principal issues have been of an historical and controversial character. These embrace Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Scottish Church," and Prof. Rainy's reply to the Dean's assault ; a second series of the "Church and the Age," a volume of lectures on the principles and present position of the Anglican Church ; a variety of tracts on "The Athanasian Creed ;" and the issue of vols. 3 and 4, on controversial matters, of the Messrs. T. T. Clark's new edition of St. Augustine's Works. In Poetry and Fiction, we have but space to chronicle the appearance of a new volume from Mr. Browning and Mr. Longfellow ; and the reprint of Charles Levers' "Lord Kilgobbin ;" and Lord Brougham's posthumous novel, "Albert Lunel."

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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

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VOL. 2.]

JULY, 1872.

[No. 1.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE commencement of our second volume will be taken, we trust, as a proof that the *Canadian Monthly* is not destined to share the fate of those short-lived predecessors, the recollection of whose brief existence has been one of the chief obstacles to the progress of the present enterprise.

Without exaggerating our success, we may say that the position already attained by the Magazine, is such as fully to warrant our perseverance in the undertaking. The expense is heavy, but the circulation is large, and its tendency has been steadily upwards. Let Canadians be a little kind and helpful to the effort to establish a worthy organ of Canadian intellect, and we shall look forward with confidence to the result.

Contributions which were obtained with difficulty at first, and while the character of the Magazine was unknown, now flow freely in. Their number obliges us to decline many, to the authors of which our best thanks are not the less due for their proffered aid.

We note with pleasure the appearance

among our contributors of members of both the political parties. It shows that our profession of neutrality is felt to be sincere, and that the Magazine is regarded as a suitable place for the impartial discussion of questions relating to the broad interests of our common country. To keep it so will be our earnest endeavour. We can truly say that those who guide it are entirely free from party connections and party bias, and that whether their cause be right or wrong, it can be dictated by no motive but regard for the common good. The national need of an organ devoted not to a party but to Canada is apparent already, and is likely to become more apparent still.

We continue to welcome contributions, especially such as are either amusing or practically interesting. Essays of a more general kind are not unacceptable, but we can afford them only a limited space. We prefer short tales to serials, but we welcome every description of fiction, from the domestic novel to the fairy tale. Humour in any form is as acceptable as it is rare.

## THE IMMIGRANT IN CANADA.\*

BY THOMAS. WHITE, JR.

THERE is an unofficial agency constantly at work in promoting or retarding immigration, which it would be very unwise to overlook in any general scheme for the promotion of this great national interest, and which should prompt us to remember that the work is scarcely half done, when we have provided the most ample and complete system of information bureaux in the countries whence immigrants may be expected. This unofficial agency is in the hands of immigrants themselves, and is not the less effective because it works silently and secretly. The letter from the friend in America is conned not only in the old home-  
stead, by the English fireside, but it passes from hand to hand until all the village has read it; and it becomes the leading subject of conversation at the social gatherings for weeks after its arrival. Against its statements those of official pamphlets or official lecturers can make small headway; and unfortunately the natural tendency to exaggeration on the part of such agents, makes it all the more difficult on their part to combat the assertions of actual experience on the part of the immigrant himself. During the last three years the British weekly press has contained many letters from emigrant settlers in Canada. They have influenced to a considerable extent the direction of emigration; and unfortunately, as it is more easy to appeal to the fears than to the hopes of people, the letters which breathed a spirit of disappointment were invariably the most influential. I have known such letters, or extracts from them, cut out by agents interested in emigration to the United States, and sent to the provincial press throughout the kingdom. They are always, or almost always, inserted;

while it is not so easy to procure the publication of letters written in a spirit of consolation at the fact of the writer having emigrated, of contentment with the present, and of hope for the future. The discontented letters are almost always written within a few days or at most a few weeks of the arrival of the emigrant. The tedium of the voyage; the intense heart-longing for the old faces, lost apparently for ever, and for the old haunts now memories of the past; the landing at the miserable quay at Point Lepreau as forbidding a spot as ever a poor stranger faced in a strange land; the tedious and novel ride by rail, in cars not always as comfortable as they should be, to the western destination; the strangeness and newness of everything; the delay in obtaining employment, and the fact that it was perhaps not that which had been expected; the first realization of the truth that the new world like the old is, after all, but a work-a-day world, subject, like other places, to the curse—was it not rather a blessing?—which fell upon our first parents, “in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;” and the revelation of feeling when the castles in the air which he had been building vanished in the dim distance—all these prompted him to write home to warn his friends against facing the disappointments which had come upon him. It is these letters, written under such impulses, that are the most difficult stumbling-blocks in the way of a conscientious agent. And one of the problems to be solved is, how they can be rendered less frequent, and less justifiable.

The solution of this problem must be found on this, not on the other side of the Atlantic. The very complaints contained in those

\* See article on “Immigration” in the No. for March, page 193, vol. 1.

letters, silent emissaries of mischief to the cause of immigration, suggests the method of that solution. It consists in a kindly provision for the reception of the emigrant on his arrival in the country, and such a system of labour registration as would enable the agents of the Government not to lose sight of him until he was in actual employment of some kind. Since the former article was written, the Government of Ontario have asked the Legislature for a larger appropriation for the promotion of immigration than has ever been voted before by any Legislature in Canada ; and have foreshadowed the policy which they propose to adopt in the expenditure of this liberal appropriation. It would be unfair to criticise this policy for two reasons : first because it is put forward avowedly as an experiment, and as such it should be accepted ; and second because the short time which the administration has been in office, and the circumstances under which they accepted it, during the session, justified their asking to be entrusted with the expenditure of this money as the experience and information of the season may seem to them best. It is to be feared, however, that they have not sufficiently considered the influence of this unofficial agency in the policy which they have foreshadowed. A liberal expenditure upon agencies at leading centres within the Province, and upon a system of internal transit for emigrants, would secure to the cause of emigration to Ontario the active co-operation of the emigrants settling in it. That co-operation is worth more, far more, than any system of agency in Great Britain, in view of the fact that already the agencies abroad have been amply, and on the whole ably, filled by the Dominion Government. It is worth more than any result that will flow from a system of subsidized immigration ; and it can be secured at very much less cost. Such centres of population as Brockville, Belleville, Peterborough, Guelph

and London, whence emigrants could be distributed to the surrounding districts, should be supplied with agents ; the same policy being pursued in each of the other Provinces. These local agents should be charged with the duty of obtaining full information as to the labour wants of their respective districts, thus enabling them to do the double good of securing employment for the immigrant and labour for the employer. They should be in constant communication with the Dominion agencies at the larger centres, so that on the arrival of immigrants these latter would know where to send them ; and in this way they would be made to feel that they were at least welcome, and that the government and people were doing their best to tide over for them the first days of terrible lonesomeness and helplessness.

In order that this plan may be carried out successfully, that the unofficial agent may be prompted to work for, instead of against, emigration to the Dominion, it is essential that there should, as far as possible, be public works in progress at all times. It is true that the ordinary system of labour registration will always do much towards securing employment to the newly arrived emigrant, and under all circumstances it is of the very first importance that it should be kept up as an active and constant agency. Its importance is admirably illustrated in a pamphlet just issued by Mr. F. P. Mackelcan, of Montreal. He points out, what is at once a patent and a painful fact to all who feel an interest in the prosperity of Canada, that while fields have remained uncultivated and workshops partially idle for want of labour, emigrants who could have tilled the fields and laboured in the workshops, have passed through the country into a foreign land under the impression that there was no employment for them here, " The chief subject of anxiety that presses upon the new comers," the writer of this pam-

phlet points out, "is that of their own prospects. All however, that they can discern is an Immigration agent, and Immigration Societies, ready to plant them on wild land, or amongst the farmers; and minor places of information and aid, that are themselves institutions of benevolence or even of charity. This, to the new population flowing in, is a cause of deep, if not lasting, anxiety.— They have heard that they were wanted, that there was room for them, nay more, that prosperity awaited them, but the exact opening for the individual, who is all the world to himself, is not so easily seen." And then he proceeds to draw a picture, the correctness of which every one will at once recognize:—"Now the truth is, all the while, that employers exist here in abundance, farmers are restrained from cultivating the lands they possess for want of able and willing hands, and in almost all departments of industry commonly found in cities there is room for more, and many manufactures would spring up and flourish if the qualified skill could be found. The two great classes, the employer and the worker, the two great elements, capital and labour, are side by side, but they so exist as masses and in that state cannot combine; there is a process required of dividing and sorting and distributing; the ironfounder who needs moulders cannot in their place receive dry-goods clerks or printers, nor can the proprietor of a newspaper, who requires compositors, accept a ploughman or a shepherd, nor the farmer thrive with the aid of working jewellers and cotton spinners. Political economists write about supply and demand adjusting each other mutually, as though such things were fluid, and by some law of nature flowed together and became level. This doctrine will only be realised as a truth when the supply and demand become cognizant of each other, not in mass but in minute detail, for thus and thus only do they ever flow together and neutralize and satisfy each

other; and to accomplish this great result is the object we have in view."

Although this is absolutely true, the promotion of public works in a new country like this is the most important incentive to immigration. It is curious to note the movements of population during different periods of the last quarter of a century. The ten years from 1847 to 1857 inclusive, were years of great activity in Canada. They saw the Great Western and the Grand Trunk Railways, the Northern and a considerable portion of what is to-day the Midland, indeed all the railways excepting those to which the last four years have given birth, spring into existence. They were years of great activity in the United States as well, and they witnessed the discovery of the gold mines of Australia and the consequent rush of emigration to that far off dependency of the Empire. Those ten years, therefore saw an enormous emigration leave the United Kingdom. It averaged over three hundred thousand annually; but Canada received, as its proportion 11.42 per cent. The next ten years the aggregate emigration fell off considerably, reaching an average of only about one hundred and seventy-five thousand each year. These were years, during which scarcely any public works were prosecuted in Canada, and the result is apparent in the falling off of the proportion of the aggregate emigration, which came to our shores, the percentage of this smaller aggregate being but 8.10 per cent. It is impossible to attribute this falling off to want of zeal on the part of the Government. Undoubtedly greater zeal would have produced during the whole twenty years a more gratifying result. But there was as much effort during the latter as during the former decade. It was due simply to the fact that there was no employment, that is no employment for gangs of men, visible to the emigrant on his arrival, and the Government had provided no system of registration of the

labour wants of the country, so as to counteract the evils resulting from the want of public works. Happily we have again entered upon a period of increased prosperity. The last four years have been marked by the greatest activity in the matter of railway construction. They have been years emphatically characterised by energy in the matter of public works, and the result is apparent in the increased immigration to the Dominion. Although the aggregate emigration which left the ports of the United Kingdom during the last four years has largely increased, reaching an annual average of two hundred and seventy-two thousand, the percentage to Canada has been greater than during any period for the last quarter of a century, being 12.64 per cent. Some of this increase of percentage must, of course, be credited to increased efforts on the part of the Ontario Government during that period. But these efforts would have availed little but for the increased prosperity of the Province, and the greater activity in the matter of public works which was at once the cause and consequence of that prosperity.

These considerations afford substantial encouragement for the prosecution of a vigorous policy for the promotion of immigration in the future. Active as have been the last four years, those in the immediate future promise to be still more active. With the railways in course of construction which are now projected, there need be no hesitation about inviting any number of hardy workers from the old world. The extent of mere local enterprise of this kind is apparent from the grants made during the session of the Ontario Legislature just closed. Here they are :—

	MILES	TOTAL
Toronto & Nipissing—Uxbridge to Portage Road.....	33½	\$67,000
Portage Road to Cobocok.....	12½	37,500
Montreal & Ottawa City Province line to Ottawa.....	66	132,000

Wellington, Grey & Bruce—Harrington to Southampton.....	53½	107,000
Hamilton and Lake Erie—Hamilton to Jarvis.....	32	64,000
Kingston and Pembroke.....	151	400,550
Canada Central—Sand Pt. and Pembroke.....	45	119,250
Toronto, Grey and Bruce—Orangeville and Harriston.....	47	94,000
Orangeville & Owen Sound.....	68	136,000
Midland—Beaverton and Orillia... ..	23	46,000
Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka—Orillia and Washago.....	12	48,000
Grand Junction—Belleville and Lindsay.....	85	170,000
North Grey.....	21	42,000
Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka... ..	22	44,000
Total.....	672½	\$1,507,300

All these railways are assisted by large local subsidies, and for the first time in the history of railway enterprises in Canada by large subscriptions to their share capital from private individuals. This latter fact is important as showing on the part of merchants and private capitalists an increased confidence in the permanent prosperity of the country. Nor is railway enterprise by any means confined to the Province of Ontario. In New Brunswick a private company, subsidized by a liberal land grant from the Governments of that Province and of Quebec, has undertaken the construction of a railway from Rivière du Loup to St. John. In Quebec, the North Shore Railway, between Quebec and Montreal has just been placed under contract, and work will, it is authoritatively stated, be commenced during the present season. The Northern Colonization Railway from Montreal to Ottawa, there connecting with the Canada Central, which has recently received a decided impulse by the accession of Sir Hugh Allan as its President, will also be commenced this year. While in the eastern townships of the Province, a perfect net-work of railways are projected, with such influential backing as to justify the belief that they will be prosecuted without delay. These are all private projects, the result of individual and muni-

cial enterprise. But there are to be added to them the Intercolonial Railway, which, for the next two years, will afford employment to a large number of labourers, and the Canada Pacific railway, to the completion of of both of which the faith of the Government of Canada stands pledged. These railways do not simply afford employment to labourers during the progress of their construction, they open up new districts, and make remote ones more accessible, as permanent homes for the labourers after their completion. Thus, in this new country, the railway and the settlement aid each other; the former giving comfort and wealth to the latter, and the latter affording traffic for the former. Let any one travel through the splendid counties of North Wellington, North Huron and Bruce, counties opened up for settlement about the time the construction of the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways invited the emigrant to Canada by affording him assurance of employment on his arrival, and he will find abundant proof of the fact that the navvy who works on the railway becomes ultimately the permanent settler in the country. Farmers by the score in those counties, with their well cultivated and well stocked farms, with their comfortable homesteads and well filled granaries, and some of them with investments in their own municipal securities, came to Canada twenty years ago to work on the railways, and carried the savings of their days' wages to the backwoods where they hewed out for themselves the competence which they now enjoy. Their lot, gratifying as it is, viewed simply as illustrative of the results of emigration, was a hard one compared with that of the emigrant of to-day and of the future. In spite of the splendid district in which they settled, they remained for nearly a score of years without the advantages of a railway: are in fact only this year coming into the enjoyment of those advantages. We live fortunately in a different atmosphere. The

railway may now be said to be the pioneer of the settler; so that the navvy working upon it, can take up his lot within a few miles of a station, and start in his career with all the advantages which his less fortunate brother, the emigrant of twenty years ago, had to wait many weary years to obtain. In the railways projected and under construction we have therefore at once the warrant for a vigorous policy for the encouragement of immigration, and the assurance that the unofficial agency in the hands of the emigrant, will be used in our favour. And when to these is added the other public works which are projected by the Government, such as the enlargement of the canals, bringing with them employment for the labourer, and the greater development of every industry in the country, it is surely not too much to claim that, at this moment, if the Government will only organize a thorough system of internal agency and of labour registration, we have the justification for encouraging emigrants to come to our shores, and the ability to furnish them with employment and with assured prosperity when they arrive here.

There would be smaller grounds for encouragement in the labour of inducing emigration to Canada, but for the fact that the recent acquisition of the North-west territory opens up illimitable fields for settlement, and affords within our own territory the outlet for that inevitable hankering after western homes, which has done so much to build up the western states of America, far more than any special intrinsic advantages possessed by those states themselves. A "great west" has been the practical difficulty for years in the way of a successful policy of emigration. In spite of the advantages which this country presented, in common with the neighbouring republic, and in spite of the political advantages, to British subjects in particular, which it offered in excess of those offered by the neighbour

ing republic, undoubtedly many have emigrated to the west after a residence of a few years in Canada. Every such case has been cited as proof that the country possessed no inducements for settlers; and this argument has been made use of to our prejudice. In a debate which recently took place in the British House of Commons on the subject of emigration, Sir Charles Dilke, availing himself of the exaggerated reports of the efflux of people from Canada to the States, made the startling assertion that the emigration from Canada was annually greater than the emigration to it. To those who had read the young Baronet's "Greater Britain," the statement, coming from him, was possibly not very surprising; but when challenged to the proof of his assertion afterwards, he was compelled to abandon the controversy. Still it is impossible to over-estimate the mischief that has been done in consequence of the reports to which this emigration of Canadians to the States has given rise. An examination of the principle of emigration within the United States themselves is the best answer to the arguments which have been based upon the presence of British Americans among our American neighbours. The details of the census of 1870 have not yet been published in such detail as to enable us to examine them on this point; but those of 1860 are sufficient for the purpose. By them it appears that of the native born population, leaving out of account altogether the migrations of the population of foreign birth, who after a residence of a year or two in one state removed to another, no less than 5,774,443 persons had removed from the state in which they were born. The migrations were almost exclusively to the western states,—as the following table will show, the states being those which had up to that time received a larger number of persons born in other states of the Union than they had lost of persons born within their own limits:—

Alabama, ....	196,080	Michigan, .....	303,582
Arkansas, ....	195,835	Minnesota, .....	78,863
California, ....	154,307	Mississippi, ....	145,239
Florida, .....	38,549	Missouri, .....	428,222
Illinois, .....	676,250	Oregon, .....	30,474
Indiana, .....	455,719	Texas, .....	224,345
Iowa, .....	376,081	Wisconsin, .....	250,410
Kansas, .....	82,562	Dist. of Columbia,	25,079
Louisiana, ....	73,722	Territories, .....	76,201

Six of these states have each received from other states of the Union a larger, in some cases a very much larger, number of persons natives of other states, than the entire number of British Americans resident in all the states combined. In the analysis of the emigration returns given by the American Census Commissioners the entire number from British America is stated at rather under a quarter of a million. This number is, of course, not confined to native British Americans. It includes all who, after a residence of a few months or years in this country, emigrated to the States. Yet how unfair is the use made of the fact of this emigration will be apparent when it is remembered that seven states of the Union, all of them having the reputation of being tolerably prosperous states, had up to 1860 lost a larger native population by emigration than British America had lost of native and foreign as well. The seven states were, Louisiana, 331,904; New York, 867,032; North Carolina, 272,606; Ohio, 593,043; Pennsylvania, 582,512; Tennessee, 344,765; Virginia, 399,700. With the exception of New York, all these states are greatly inferior in population to British America, so that the proportion of persons emigrating from them is much greater. Even the states which a few years ago were regarded as the far western states, the very paradise for the emigrant seeking a western home, have lost largely by migration to new states still further west. New York, in the short period of ten years, 1850 to 1860, lost no less than 332,750 of its native population, and Ohio in the same time 358,748. When the alleged emigration from Canada, even accepting the figures of American statistis, is



contrasted with this internal emigration among the people of the United States themselves, the argument that it proves Canada an unfit country to live in, must surely vanish. It proves that we are not free from the spirit of unrest which is a special characteristic of the people of this continent ; that our young men, like the young men of America generally, have imbibed the roving disposition, and are constantly looking out for the far off hills, which are proverbially the greenest. But it proves further that we have this spirit in a less developed state, and that Canada possesses a greater hold upon its population than does any one of the states of the neighbouring Republic. The mere statement of the emigration of Canadians to the United States makes us suffer in the estimation of the emigrating classes, because it points to a loss of nationality, and is therefore more marked. But this national tie has its restraining influence as well ; and to it are we indebted for the favourable contrast which emigration from Canada presents when compared with migration from any of the older states. With a great west of our own, this emigration will cease, and migration will take its place. Instead of the departure of young, vigorous blood being regarded with regret, it will be hailed, as it is already in its incipient stages being hailed, as evidence of greater development and of increasing prosperity. The emigrant from the United Kingdom will find himself here, with every variety of soil and every class of industry ; among a people not alien, but kindred in blood and sympathy ; owning allegiance to the same great empire, and welcoming as a fellow subject of that empire the new comer. He will escape, what many a British workman has had to suffer in the workshops of the United States, the taunts and jeers at the nationality on which he prides himself, and the allegiance he holds most dear. To be "a

Britisher" will not be a ground of dislike and opposition, but a ground of sympathy and respect. Thus, with an abundance of information circulated among the emigrating classes in the old world ; with public works in progress affording employment to the hard-handed emigrant on his arrival ; with local and central agencies giving to the new comer protection and advice ; with a perfect system of labour registration which will supply the means of placing in employment the skilled mechanic, the artizan and the agricultural labourer ; and finally, with a great west affording the outlet for those to whom the place of the setting sun has special claims, with these, and with free institutions honestly and fairly administered, we may look forward with confidence to our ability to secure a larger share of those whom straitened circumstances or a love of adventure prompt to seek homes on this continent.

I have but one word more to add. If we would achieve success in the new work which saw its inauguration day on the 1st of July, 1867, we must cultivate a spirit of self confidence and self reliance. The curse of Canada has been the tone of depreciation in which its own sons have been too apt to speak of it. If we would have a nation worthy of the name, we want a national spirit wherewith to build it up. Faith is wanted to create nations as well as to remove mountains. Let us have faith : faith in the country itself ; faith in its resources ; faith in our power to develop them ; faith in the institutions we possess ; and faith in the destiny that is before us. The Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races which have been planted on this northern half of this great continent have surely a destiny to work out. Let us be true to that destiny and we may look the future in the face with the utmost confidence in the blessings which it has in store for us as a people.

TECUMSETH.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

BOAST of the old Virginian stock,  
 An untaught Cicero for ease,  
 And power to convince and please ;  
 Born to command, to lead the way  
 In calm debate, in bloody fray ;  
 The brother and the friend of BROCK,  
 The greatest of the Shawanese.

In Britain's earliest career,  
 Flushing her dawn of glory then,  
 There stood apart heroic men  
 That represent the race. Not he  
 Alone of princely memory,  
 The noble, mild, brave knight sincere,  
 King Arthur, pride of Spenser's pen.

But men of flesh and blood, whose arms  
 Were potent as the stroke of Fate—  
 Caractacus, the truly great,  
 And Caledonia's hero, brave  
 Calcagus, he who could not save  
 His country from the Roman swarms  
 That harassed and o'erran the State.

All great in arms, and, when subdued,  
 As great in exile or in chains.  
 But whether, Britons, Romans, Danes,  
 No chief that ever raised a spear,  
 TECUMSETH, but thou wert his peer,  
 In courage, mind, and fortitude ;  
 Manhood ran rife through all thy veins.

The soul of honour, and the soul  
 Of feeling, too, though savage-bred.  
 The grateful heart, the thinking head,  
 In war, in Council, bold and wise,  
 As if from out the fabled skies  
 One of old Homer's heroes stole,  
 And the fierce tribe in triumph led.

Where was true Valour, if not there?  
 Where true integrity, if he,  
 Who left his hunting lodge to free  
 His dusky brother, had it not?  
 True valour without flaw or blot?  
 True to the end, this Champion rare,  
 This chief of rustic chivalry.

Well for the land for which he died  
 If in each senatorial breast  
 The same stern virtues had found rest  
 As those that rank his name so high,  
 'Mongst nature's own nobility,  
 That never lip was known to chide,  
 Or Council doubt his wise behest.

Well for the land if all her peers  
 Were such by nature or by blood;  
 If like this savage chief they stood  
 As far removed from common men  
 As eagles from the sparrow's ken!  
 Vainly they strive, the toiling years,  
 No greater on the scroll appears  
 Than this wise warrior of the wood.

OTTAWA.

## DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

THE sea shore was a favourite resort of Isabel Crofton's and, though it was more than a mile from Elm Lodge, she often walked there to wander along the beach, listening to the wild music of the waves as they came and went upon the yellow strand, or dashed up foaming against the rocks. Very often she met Max Butler in these lonely rambles, who invariably joined her and escorted her home through the mountain gorge leading to the Lodge. One

evening late in the month of November, as she was returning home from visiting a sick woman living near the shore, she was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain and obliged to seek shelter beneath some beetling cliffs which projected sufficiently over the path she was pursuing to keep her from getting wet by the pelting rain; but the delay this caused was followed by alarming consequences, for when the shower ceased and she pursued her way homeward she saw to her dismay that the rising tide was fast covering the broad belt of sand over which it lay. To retrace her steps would have

been of no avail as the same danger lay in that direction: the waves were rolling in all along the coast and lofty grey cliffs presented an impassable barrier to her escape. Her only hope was to outstrip the coming tide and with the speed of terror she rushed onwards towards a distant bend in the line of coast where it receded a little, and where the cliffs being much lower a zig-zag path led up from the strand. A voice calling to her arrested her flying steps showing her she was not alone in her peril. She looked eagerly round and perceived Rose Kavanagh with a crab-basket on her arm hastily following her.

"We'll have to run for our lives, Miss!" she said, panting for breath as she joined Isabel, "but faith I'm afraid the tide will win the race, in spite of us." "We must try and reach the place where the path leads up the cliffs: that is our only chance of escape!" was Isabel's hurried observation as she again fled onward. "It's too far! we'll never get there afore the wild waves bar the way!" rejoined Rose, "but we can try, anyhow." For several minutes the two girls ran on in silence, their rapid motion preventing any conversation. At length Miss Crofton's pace slackened. "I cannot keep on at this rate," she said, gloomily pressing her hand against her heart which throbbed violently rendering her breathless and unable to make any more exertion to out-run the threatening waves. Yielding to her wild despair she stopped suddenly and gave way to an agony of grief. "Oh! don't, Miss Isabel, don't cry and sob that way," entreated Rose with tender sympathy. "Keep up your sperits and we'll be saved yet, with the help of God."

"There is no hope for me!" wildly exclaimed the weeping girl, "I cannot run any farther; I feel quite exhausted now and every moment of delay increases our danger."

"I knew it was no use thrying to reach the low cliffs beyant there, and the big waves

coming in so fast tumbling over one another like mad," remarked Rose, "but the Saints be praised there is another chance left, if you only have courage to do it, Miss."

"Do what?" asked Isabel, raising her white face and fixing her tearful eyes in eager inquiry on Rose Kavanagh. "Just to climb the cliffs up there," was the startling answer. "Climb those perpendicular cliffs! impossible!" burst from Isabel, as she eyed them in despair. "Faix that's just what you'll have to make up your mind to do, if you don't want to be dhrowned. It's not so hard as you think," Rose added encouragingly. "I can never do it," wailed forth Isabel. "Nobody ever did such a thing. It is actually impossible." "It's nothing of the kind for I done it meself," rejoined Rose, with a little flash of pride in her brown eyes as they met Isabel's confidently.

"You did that," exclaimed Isabel, in amazement.

"Of course I did, onc't upon a time, about two years back, when I was overtaken by the tide as we are now. One does not know what they can do till they thry. You see, Miss Isabel, there's steps cut in the rock and hard, rough pieces of it jut out, that you can hould fast by. So the danger afther all isn't so great as you think. And besides we won't have to climb up to the top only half way to where there is a big hole or cave, where we'll be quite safe till the tide goes out. Come on with a brave heart, Miss, and put your thrust in God!"

Isabel Crofton raised her eyes with a look of blank dismay to the tall cliffs. Rosa urged her to climb, then turned her despairing gaze upon the mighty ocean dashing its masses of white crested waves almost at her feet. There was no alternative but to try the difficult mode of escape, Rose Kavanagh proposed. Still she hesitated and hung back from the perilous ascent. "Mount the steps quick for the love of Heaven, Miss Isabel!" pleaded Rose, im-

patiently. "See that big wave, coming in so fast, will dash right over us and carry us off wid it in no time."

The sight of that crested billow gave Isabel resolution to attempt the dangerous ascent and, with an awful terror clutching her heart, she followed her young companion as she sprang up the cliff out of the way of that whelming wave. The steps cut in it and the rude projections afforded a good foot-hold as well as something to cling to. Half way up the wall of rock Rose stopped and crept into a small opening leading into the cave she spoke of, Isabel followed and the next moment lay white and senseless on the rocky floor, her death-like swoon being the consequent re-action of the excitement of terror she had experienced.

"Och! murther! where's the use of fainting now when the danger is over," observed Rose, fretfully, as she regarded with dismay the young lady's death-like face. To her strong nature the fright had not been so overwhelming and she could not understand the more delicate organization of her companion. Isabel, however, soon recovered and she thanked Heaven fervently for her escape, feeling that it was providential, else how could she have climbed those cliffs; but wonderful things have been done by timid women under the influence of strong excitement.

"Do you think we are quite safe here, Rose," she asked, looking timidly down upon the sea of boiling foam, as it dashed against the base of the cliffs and sent up against their dark grey sides showers of salt spray.

"Safe enough Miss, don't be afeard, the tide seldom rises so high, and if it did we could creep back farther into the cave."

"How fortunate it was for me that you were on the shore, Rose. I must have perished if I had been alone. You have been the means of saving my life."

"Och! no, Miss, it was the good Lord that

saved us both! Glory be to him," said the girl reverently.

The shadows of twilight were now gathering over the ocean, but as the darkness deepened, a streak of light was thrown across it from the crescent moon, seen clearly shining in the western sky. One hour passed away, spent by the two girls watching anxiously the still rising tide, whose waves broke against the cliffs, hissing and foaming in the moonlight. At length it reached the mouth of the cave, compelling them to retreat some paces in alarm, but there it ceased to rise, to their great relief, and half an hour afterwards it began slowly to recede.

"I suppose we'll have to spend the night here," said Rose, moodily, "and it'll be such grief to them at home, not knowing what's become of us."

"My father is not at home at present, so he will be spared anxiety on my account. He went to Westport a few days since, and will not return until to-morrow. But how are we to leave this cave, Rose?" Isabel continued, anxiously. I do not think I ever could venture to descend those steps when the excitement of terror is over. It makes me shudder even to think of it."

"Och! don't fret about that, Miss. Sure if you feel so frightened intirely I'll go meself to the Lodge at the first light of day, and the men sarvants there will find some way of getting you down, never fear. It'll be a good long while before the dawn breaks," Rose continued, sadly, "and poor old granny will fret her life out, thinking I'm dhrowned. But it can't be helped, anyhow. She'll only have to bear it, the craythur."

Some hours passed slowly away; the moon had set, and the darkness of night brooded over the waters. The silence was unbroken, save by the booming of the waves. The girls had ceased talking, and were busy with their own thoughts, when suddenly the

murmuring sound of voices broke upon their ears, not proceeding from the shore below, but coming from the interior of the cavern.

"What noise is that?" Isabel asked in astonishment.

"It sounds like people talking. The saints be good to us! Where are they at all, at all?" was Rose's whispered answer, in sudden alarm.

"There must be another outlet to the cavern," Isabel remarked, in the same low tones.

"There must be, sure enough, though it was unknownst to me."

The murmur of voices continued, but it did not approach nearer. Rose's curiosity was aroused.

"Bedad, I'll see what it is!" she said resolutely, and she moved noiselessly farther into the cavern, Isabel following timidly. Before long a light gleamed in the distance.

"I never knew the cavern went so far back," observed Rose, stopping a moment, as if afraid to advance farther. The voices now sounded more distinctly, and the tones seemed strangely familiar to her ears.

"I wondher who they are!" she said, under her breath, "but faix I'll find out;" and curiosity again prevailing, she proceeded cautiously forward.

A strange sight soon met the eyes of both girls. Round a rude wooden table sat a party of men talking eagerly, the light from a flaring torch of bog wood—fastened in a large iron sconce—revealing their faces, in which the working of fierce passions was but too evident. Some of the men were not unknown to Isabel Crofton. She had seen them before on the lawn at Elm Lodge, in that hostile interview with her father. All the party were known to Rose Kavanagh, and among them she was startled by the sight of her brother Dermot.

"The Lord save us!" she whispered in trembling accents. "It's Captain Rock and some of his men!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN THE CAVERN.

THAT was a strange scene on which Isabel Crofton now gazed in silent alarm. Those men, her father's enemies, for what purpose had they met in this subterranean den? In their hard passionate faces she read the startling answer, — the gloomy purpose to avenge the blow recently dealt by Lord Arranmore's agent. Intuitively she felt this, and the first words that distinctly came to her ears from the rude council table confirmed her worst fears.

"As he is from home it ought to be done to-night. We have waited long enough for our revinge. More nor two months, and that's long enough, anyhow."

"It'll be all the sweeter when it comes boys!" was the remark of Captain Rock, an athletic elderly man, with a hard, determined countenance,—a stranger both to Rose and Isabel. "When did you say Crofton was expected?"

"Not till to-morrow," was the answer of one of the party.

"I heard he was coming to-night," put in another eagerly, "and, begorra, it'll be a beautiful bonfire to welcome him," he added, with a discordant laugh.

"It's only what he deserves," bitterly observed Captain Rock; "the villain that's so fond of burning the roof over other people's heads should not have his own left standing."

"Bad luck ever follow him! it is'nt punishment enough for the like of him," broke in a third speaker, with fierce vehemence.

This man Isabel recognize as Flannagan. His face once seen could not easily be forgotten.

"They are going to burn the lodge!"—whispered Rose Kavanagh, in a voice of terror. "Blessed Mary, if they knew we were here listening they'd be the death of us!"

"They cannot see us," answered Isabel, in assuring tones, "that light throws no brightness farther than their own circle, the place where we are is in deep gloom."

"It's a bullet Crofton deserves, through his black heart," Flannagan resumed, a savage hate gleaming in his restless grey eyes.

"No! no! Larry, not that! we'll not go so far as to take his life," broke from several voices.

"And why not, boys? isn't he a tyrant, and haven't we sworn to be revenged on all oppressors?" retorted Flannagan, his voice quivering with vindictive passion.

"Remember his wife, so good to the poor and his purty young daughter, so ready to help every one," pleaded Dermot Kavanagh.

"I'll remimber nothing but me burned home, and houseless wife and children," said Larry, vehemently, a malignant light flashing over his sinister face, upon which Isabel Crofton's eyes were fixed with the fascination of terror. If he only knew she was so near, listening to his wild threats, she felt that her life would not be safe. Unable to support her trembling frame, she sank down, half dead with terror, on the rocky floor of the cavern. Rose, no less frightened, placed herself beside her, and with terrible anxiety both awaited the end of this unexpected adventure.

"To think of his turning us out of our own homes and burning them to the ground!" resumed Larry, with gloomy exasperation. "Shure nothing is too bad for him afther that!"

"And aren't we going to lave his grand place that he spent such a power of money building, a blackened heap of ruins, too?" observed Terrance Carroll.

Isabel looked at this man's face in surprise, so great was the change the last few weeks' suffering had wrought in it. The features, haggard and care-worn, had lost the quiet, kind expression natural to them.

The blighting influence of a desire for revenge had scathed his nature. Still he did not steel his heart against every better feeling like Larry Flannagan: he shrank from the perpetration of murder, and only wished to mete out to Mr. Crofton the same wrong he had received at his hands.

"I tell ye what we had betther do, boys," remarked Dermot Kavanagh, eagerly, after a gloomy silence, "we'll get up a petition to have the Agint removed on account of his grinding us so hard and send it to Lord Arranmore."

A mocking laugh from the lawless group interrupted the young fisherman.

"Are ye a born nathral, Dermot Kavanagh?" asked Larry Flannagan with a sardonic grin. "Don't ye know be this time that the young lord doesn't care a brass farthing how his tenantry is sarved so that he gets the rints reg'lar?"

"No, we'll send no petition," broke in Captain Rock, loftily, "but we'll look to our own strong right arms for all the help or revenge we need."

A hearty cheer marked the men's approval of their captain's lawless determination.

"And now we may as well be going," resumed, rising from the council table: "we have no other business on hand to-night and we are agreed about what is to be done before morning. Meet me, all of you, about half an hour after midnight on the lawn at Elm Lodge. The neighbourhood will then be quiet and we can proceed to fire the premises undisturbed."

"Mr. Crofton will be home by that time," remarked Terrance Carroll.

"No, the Westport coach won't reach Carraghmore till after one o'clock, and then he has to ride the rest of the way home."

"We'll light a bonfire to show him the way, boys! Hooroo for our revinge!" exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing his sheldah with wild excitement, in which the others shared.

The party now broke up, and soon the glaring light of the torch vanished in the distant gloom. What a discovery Isabel Crofton had made! The men her father had evicted were about to execute their threatened vengeance by burning their beautiful home. Could nothing be done to avert this terrible evil? If information of the meditated outrage could be carried to the constabulary force at Carraghmore, Elm Lodge might be saved from the torch of Captain Rock and his reckless, defiant band.

"Rose," she said, with sudden determination of doing all in her power to save her home, "we must find our way out of this cavern by the entrance that admitted those men."

"That's aiser said nor done, Miss Isabel. How are we to do it in the darkness? Sure we can't see where we're going widout a light."

"We can try, however," persisted the young lady. "I cannot remain quietly here and let Elm Lodge be burned."

"Sure it isn't there you are going afther what you just heard," remonstrated Rose.

"No; but if I could get to Carraghmore and tell the police they would save it from the flames. Oh, to think of its being burned! My beautiful home!" Isabel added with a burst of grief and indignation.

"And where would be the good of that?" asked Rose. "If it was saved this night they'd burn it some other time. They would watch their chance and do it if they had to wait for years. There is no escaping their revinge when they make up their mind to have it, and that you'll learn to your cost. And sure it's meself that's sorry for you, Miss, and I'd do all I can to help you."

"Then help me to find my way out of this cave, Rose," pleaded Isabel, earnestly. "If I only could get out and reach Carraghmore all would be well."

"Sure, let us thry anyhow!" said the good-natured girl, and she moved eagerly forward, but the next moment stopped sud-

denly on perceiving a light gleaming in the distance. "Blessed Mary, if there isn't the light again! Somebody is coming back!" she said in accents of alarm.

Again the girls retreated into the deep gloom, for they had advanced as far as the council table, and watched with beating hearts the advancing light. Soon the sound of steps echoed in the silent cave.

"Holy Timothy! if they search the place and find us here listening to what they said they'll murder us without judge or jury. They'll pitch us headlong into the sae," remarked Rose Kavanagh in a hoarse whisper, as she watched with intense anxiety the figure of a man seen indistinctly by the flickering light he carried. As he came nearer a cry of relief escaped her. "It's Dermot, me own brother, the saints be praised!" she exclaimed, and she rushed eagerly forward.

Her sudden and unexpected appearance took the young fisherman by surprise. "Holy Biddy! is it yourself, Rose? How did you get here?" he asked in amazement.

"Meself and Miss Crofton was nearly dhrowned and we climbed up the cliffs into the cave."

"Miss Crofton!" repeated Dermot, and his face blanched with the fear that name suggested. "How long are ye both here? Did ye see or hear anything?"

"Of coorse we did. Sure, we're neither deaf nor blind," was the girl's ready answer.

"Then both of ye must take a solemn oath never to tell to mortal man what ye heard 'the boys' say here this blessed night. Sure our lives is in your hands."

"You needn't be afeard. We'll never dare to speak of it—don't we know what we may expect in case we did?"

"But you must swear upon the Blessed Cross, I tell ye," persisted Dermot, vehemently, "nothing else will satisfy me."

Isabel Crofton now came forward. "I am willing to swear eternal secrecy," she said in trembling accents. "Here by this



sacred symbol of our common faith," and she took in her hand a golden cross depending from a chain round her neck—"I swear never to reveal the names of those men I saw here to-night. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," Dermot answered moodily, "and now Rose, you swear the same. It's well Captain Rock isn't here, or you wouldn't get off so easy," he muttered.

"I swear," said Rose, kissing the Cross reverently, "and now, Dermot, your mind will be at rest. How lucky it was you came back, for now you can show us the way out of this cave. We don't want to stay here all night. But what brought you back?" she asked with eager curiosity.

"I forgot my mask," said Dermot, with a gloomy smile, taking up a piece of black crape from under the council table, where it had fallen. You will have to wait a while afore you can lave the cave," he added, as he turned to go away.

"What for?" asked his sister impatiently.

"Bekase some of 'the boys' is outside, and might find out ye were here. Follow me to the foot of the stairs, anyhow, and I'll lave the big stone that covers the entrance partly aside so that ye can move it asy yerselves."

Silently Isabel and Rose followed Dermot Kavanagh along the subterranean passage, both rejoicing in the prospect of leaving the cave so soon, Isabel still hoping to be able to save Elm Lodge from the torch of Captain Rock and his lawless men. At length they reached a stone stairs terminating the narrow passage.

"Stop here a quarther of an hour afore ye attempt to lave," whispered Dermot. "If it was known ye were in the cave to-night and that I let you off me own life wouldn't be safe."

"Didn't we swear upon the Holy Cross to keep the saycret, and never tell upon one of ye?" asked Rose impatiently. "Sure Captain Rock himself couldn't ask more."

"I'm not so sure of that," was Dermot's reply as he ascended the stairs.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"I WONDER where them stairs leads to," observed Rose, as her brother disappeared at the top. "Into the Friary of St. Bride, you know it is near the cliffs, and such old places have subterranean passages."

"Och, murder! and maybe its the burying ground we are undher!" said Rose, pressing closer to her companion as if for protection, in the superstitious fear that this information called forth.

"Very likely, but why should that trouble you? You are not afraid of ghosts, I hope."

"Faix then, I am mortally afeard of them," replied the girl, shivering with the powerful dread of the supernatural, so common to the Irish peasantry,

"You have more reason to dread the lawless men who are abroad to-night."

"Och, no! Miss Isabel," interrupted Rose; "shure they are flesh and blood, like ourselves. I'd rather meet Captain Rock and all his men, any night, than one of them wandhering sperits from another world," and the girl's teeth chattered with superstitious terror.

"We won't meet any of them, don't alarm yourself," said Isabel encouragingly. "I think we may now venture to the top of these stairs," she continued, after an interval of some minutes. "Everything seems quiet outside."

"They then ascended the stone steps, and listened, but no sound was to be heard. Cautiously putting her head through the aperture, which a large stone partially covered, Isabel peered into the darkness without. The outlet from the cavern opened

into the cemetery of St. Bride, the stone concealing it was made to look like a tombstone, and could not be distinguished from the other gravestones around. No one was to be seen, and the two girls ventured to leave the subterranean passage.

The night was starless, and stumbling in the darkness over the humble graves of the poor, Isabel Crofton and her trembling companion tried to make their way out of the cemetery. As they reached the roofless cloister, a deep sigh was heard from a distant recess. Rose uttered a cry of terror and clung to Miss Crofton.

"It's a ghost! the saints be good to us," she exclaimed.

Again the sigh, or rather groan was heard, sending a thrill of horror to the heart of Rose Kavanagh. Isabel was no believer in the supernatural, and in a voice a little tremulous, however, she asked:

"Who is there?"

"Miss Crofton! can it be possible!"—came from the recess, in accents of astonishment.

"It's Parson Butler himself that's in it!" exclaimed Rose, joyfully, the dread of a ghost suddenly vanishing.

"What's the matter? are you ill?" asked Isabel, anxiously, approaching the place whence the voice of Maxwell Butler proceeded.

"Not ill! but bound hand and foot, unable to move!" was his startling assertion, uttered in tones of strong indignation. "Some fellows wearing crape masks, seized me as I was riding past the Friary, and rendering me helpless, left me to pass the night in these gloomy cloisters."

"Why did they treat you so unceremoniously?" asked Isabel, in surprise.

"To prevent my visiting Elm Lodge. I was going there to inform your father of a meditated outrage, which had just come to my knowledge. Those men he evicted are going to commit a desperate act of revenge

this very night. I had the information from one of 'the boys'—as the lawless villains call themselves—whose death-bed I attended two hours ago. Unfortunately, I was riding by the Friary as some of the gang set apart for this work were issuing from their place of meeting, hidden somewhere in these ruins. But how is it you are here, Isabel? have you fled from your home to escape the midnight incendiary?"

In a few words Miss Crofton explained how she had been overtaken by the tide and saved from a watery grave, by taking refuge in the cavern, but she said nothing of the scene she had witnessed there.

"Good heavens! what an escape, and I knew nothing of your danger! If I had gone to the Lodge and there heard you were missing, what an agony of suspense I should have endured!"

"If I only had the luck to have a knife about me I could set your riverence free," was Rose Kavanagh's abrupt observation.

"So you could, my good girl!" answered Max, joyfully, "and in my vest pocket you will find one with a strong blade."

Rose soon possessed herself of the parson's pen-knife, and in a few minutes the cords that bound him were cut, and he sprang lightly to his feet, with the exclamation:—

"Now if I can find my horse, I shall baffle the villains yet, and inform the police at Carraghmore of their intended outrage!"

"I am afraid they took the horse with them," remarked Rose.

"I think not, for I heard the animal neigh not long since, he is grazing some where near us, I hope," and Max peered eagerly through the gloom.

"There is something white yonder," said Rose. "It is either a ghost or the parson's horse."

"It's my horse!" said Max joyfully, and advancing towards the white object Rose

pointed out he soon returned, mounted on the animal.

"The attack on the Lodge will begin before one o'clock. It is now past midnight, but I hope to reach Carraghmore in time to bring a constabulary force to prevent the outrage. But where are you to take refuge Isabel," Max added anxiously. If I only had time to conduct you to the parsonage. Where shall you spend the night?"

"With Rose Kavanagh, her cottage is close by. I shall be quite safe there till morning. Do not waste any more time, I beg of you," Isabel continued, eagerly. "Ride in all haste to Carraghmore, and leave me to the care of my kind friend, Rose. She has been my good angel this eventful night."

"And shure it's proud I am to be of service to ye, Miss Isabel, and proud we'll be—ould granny and myself—to have you spend the night undher our humble roof. Don't be afeard, I'll take the best of care of her, your riverence, and be off wid ye in hot haste, and ride for the bare life if ye want to save the Lodge from them ruffians. But sure that's a hard word for me to say, and me own brother one of them," Rose added under her breath, and a keen feeling of regret thrilled her heart as she thought of Dermot connected with such lawless men. "They are the curse of Ireland, them White boys or Ribbonmen!" she resumed indignantly, as she and Miss Crofton walked quickly to her humbledwelling, after parting from Max. "Shure no one's life or property is safe from them burning and murdering in their revinge, and the worst of it is the people is afeard to inform agin them. Could not Miss Isabel or myself hang a dozen of them now, if we dare to spake out. But there's that solemn oath upon us both, binding us to saycrecy the rest of our life. Och, my grief! and to think our Dermot is one of them! It would kill ould granny if she only knew!"

The appearance of Rose at the cottage relieved her grandmother's mind from the deepest anxiety on her account, and she listened eagerly to the account of how she and Miss Crofton had escaped being drowned. Their adventure in the cavern was, however, concealed from the old woman, although she was informed of the intended burning of Elm Lodge.

Eagerly did Isabel Crofton watch for the crimson light in the sky, which was to announce the work of destruction begun. At length it came, that bright glow in the grey heavens, and Isabel knew that Max Butler had been too late to save her beautiful home. That crimson light gleaming on the beetling crags, impending over the narrow defile leading into the glen, was seen by Mr. Crofton, as he rode hastily homeward from Carraghmore. "Whence came it," he asked himself, in sudden alarm, and a startling suspicion of what had occurred made him gallop madly forward. Soon emerging from the narrow defile he came in full view of the Lodge, wrapped in a vivid sheet of flame, the red light streaming on the lake and steeping the lawn and trees in brightness.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A STRANGE DISCLOSURE.

THE stillness of death reigned in that secluded glen, where the work of destruction was quickly progressing. Not a creature was to be seen about the Lodge. All the inmates had fled in terror from the scene of the fire unmolested by Captain Rock and his men. What a storm of passion swept over the master of Elm Lodge as he gazed upon his home wrapped in the fire-sheet, and felt assured that this cruel blow was dealt by the hands of those men he had evicted.

"They shall hang for this!" he fiercely

exclaimed, almost choked with the rage that distorted his stern features. Elm Lodge was his pride, he had spared no expense to render it a pleasant residence for his old age. He had hoped to spend the evening of his days there in quiet happiness, and now it maddened him to see it destroyed by the torch of the incendiary. He thought no eye but his witnessed his emotion as he stood there leaning for support against a tree, his strong frame quivering with rage and grief, but other eyes looked with very different feelings upon that burning mass, while they glared from time to time upon the hated agent.

After setting fire to the Lodge, the incendiaries had fled from the glen, but one of them returned to see the end of his revenge, unmindful of the danger he incurred, and now lying on the grass beneath the shade of some trees, concealed by their hanging branches, Larry Flannagan watched with fiendish joy Mr. Crofton's agony of rage, and gloated over his misery at the wreck of his property.

"They shall hang for this night's work! I shall hunt them to the death!" again burst, in a perfect howl of rage, from the frantic agent.

The words were borne on the calm night air to the reclining figure beneath the trees. He sprang to his feet in a paroxysm of fury, and seized a musket lying on the grass beside him. "That threat fixes your doom. It'll be the last ye'll ever spake with yere cruel tongue," he hissed forth, his eyes blazing with hate and fury. "To let the likes of ye live is a sin agin mankind. Betther to put an end to such a tyrant at onct! And here goes!" he added, with a demoniac laugh, pointing the murderous weapon at his unconscious victim. The bullet whizzed through the air, and the next moment Mr. Crofton fell upon the grass weltering in his blood.

"That shot done for him!" and with fiendish satisfaction Flannagan drew near to

look upon the dying agony. The eyes of the agent glared on the well-known face, as he stooped over him, and his hand feebly grasped a revolver, but strength to use it was denied, the bullet had done the work of death, and the spirit of the murdered man passed to its account.

"He has money about him—the rint he was collecting!" was the thought that next flashed through the mind of Flannagan, and he stooped with joyful haste to rifle the agent's pocket, but soon a startling sound interrupted his lawless work. The galloping of horses was heard in the glen, and the mounted constabulary force from Carraghmore appeared upon the scene. With a cry of terror the murderer fled at their approach, but the hand of retributive justice had him in its grasp, and escape was impossible.

The glare of the fire attracted many persons to the scene of the outrage. Among others Sir Gerard Trevor, who joined the Rev. Max Butler, as he was returning with the police from Carraghmore. The sight of the murdered man lying on the lawn before his burning house excited general indignation against the perpetrators of the outrage, and the police were scouring the country in pursuit of them.

"Is he really dead? Can you do nothing for him, Doctor?" asked Sir Gerard, addressing an old physician, who had just arrived upon the spot, and was anxiously examining the wound of Mr. Crofton.

"Nothing, Sir Gerard, I see he has been dead some minutes. No medical skill could bring him back to life. That bullet was well aimed, and caused immediate death. Thank Heaven, we have got the murderer! I hope the other wretches will also be brought to justice. This kind of work is too common in our unhappy country."

At this moment a tall woman, wrapt in a blue cloak, approached the spot where Mr. Crofton's body lay weltering in his blood, and silently regarded it for some moments.

She then exclaimed very bitterly: "It is dead ye are, sure enough! and, bedad, it is few will break their hearts afther ye!"

"Why, Dinah Blake! have you turned up again. Where have you been hiding yourself? I haven't seen you for an age."

These words were addressed by the old physician to the new comer.

"Faith then it would be hard for you to see me, Dochter, dear, and I kep a prisoner all this time."

"Kept a prisoner, Dinah! Where and by whom?"

"By that same villain lying there dead afore ye. He kept me under lock and kay up in the garret of his house, sure. It's well for me it was burned down anyhow!"

"Dinah, this story is incredible! What motive could Crofton have in keeping you a prisoner?"

"Just to prevent me telling the thruth, as how the girl who calls herself Miss Barrington has no right or title to the estate."

"Bless my soul! have you taken leave of your senses, Dinah Blake? You must be crazed to assert this. I don't wonder at Crofton shutting you up. He thought you mad, no doubt."

"He thought nothing of the kind, Dochter Holmes, but he done it to plaze Miss Barrington, as she is called. But she is not the rale heiress at all, she is Norah's child, and Major Barrington was her father."

"Norah Blake's child!" exclaimed the physician, in astonishment.

"The same and no other! You remember Norah, Dochter dear, and how her child was born a few hours afore the young heiress of Barrington Height."

"I remember the birth of both children well," observed the astonished physician, "but until now I did not know that Major Barrington was the father of Norah's child."

"He was, then! I tell it now, for the thruth must all come out. Sir Gerard Trevor, you're a magistrate, and you hear my confession."

"Can this woman's assertion be true?" asked the baronet, turning with a bewildered look to Dr. Holmes.

"I am afraid it is, I do not think Dinah would assert a falsehood. But where is the missing heiress?" the doctor asked, suddenly turning to her, with eager curiosity.

"Och, she is not far off! She is up at the Parsonage, living with Parson Butler's aunt all these years. That's good news for you. Sir Gerard, for now your lady mother wont object to the girl you have set your heart on. She'll be a rich wife for you."

"She means Josephine!" exclaimed Max., who heard this explanation with less surprise than the others did. It was what he had already suspected.

"How did you effect the change of children?" asked Dr. Holmes,

"Asy enough. I stole into Barrington House when the mistress was dying and everything in confusion. You were there at the time yourself, Dochter. I saw you, and the rest of them, standing beside the poor lady's bed. She asked to see the infant afore she went, and sure it was Norah's child they brought her instead of her own, for I had changed the children then."

"Was there no one in the nursery? Had the servants left the infant alone?" asked Dr. Holmes.

"They had then. Nurse Lynch was with her mistress, and Letty the nurse-girl had gone to get her tay, letting me have a good chance to do all I wanted, and to escape without being seen."

"There is no proof of what this woman asserts," observed Sir Gerard, "her evidence——"

"There is evidence enough," interrupted Dinah, hastily, "the mark that is on the real heiress, behind her ear, will prove her rights anywhere."

"By George, there was such a mark!" exclaimed Dr. Holmes, eagerly. "Nurse Lynch and I noticed when the little heiress was born."

"Ask Nurse Lynch if that same mark was on the baby she nursed. She'll tell you no, but she was cute enough to say nothing about it, lest she might be blamed."

"Josephine has the mark of a strawberry behind one ear. You must have noticed it, Sir Gerard," remarked Max. Butler.

"Then she must be the legitimate daughter of Major Barrington, and this woman's assertion is correct," said Dr. Holmes, and my evidence in this matter would go far to establish her claims to the inheritance. Nurse Lynch could also prove the same."

"This affair must be enquired into," remarked Sir Gerard. Poor Eva! what a disgraceful revelation awaits her! How will she bear this cruel change of fortune!"

"She knows it already. She has been told the whole story, standing beside the grave of her misfortunate mother in the Friary of St. Bride." There was a quivering motion about Dinah Blake's stern mouth, which showed the emotion the remembrance of that scene caused.

"And how did she bear the painful disclosure," asked Max Butler.

"It nearly drove her mad, the craythur, and no wonder, sure, when she thought of the disgrace attending her birth. She is mighty proud, entirely."

"How did Crofton come to hear of this?" asked Dr. Holmes. "Did you tell the story to him also?"

"He happened to come into the Friary when we were there discoursing, and heard all about it. He tould me to come to his house that same night to talk the matter over, and so I did, and I incensed him into all the particulars, so that he saw I was spaking the thruth. And then, on account of her taking on so about it, it come into his head to keep me out of the way. So he deludered me into spending the night at his house, bekase I wasn't feeling at all well. His sister, the ould maid, showed me up into a comfortable little room in the garret, where I slept that night, but the next morn-

ing I found meself a prisoner, and so I remained from that day to this. The confinement was fast killing me, but what did they care. They were well paid, no doubt, for keeping me shut up, and if I died, nothing would plaze them better."

"Do you think Eva knew of your imprisonment," asked Sir Gerard, anxiously. It grieved him to think she could be so unprincipled.

"Of course she did, and she paid them well for it. And small blame to her, the craythur, when such disgrace and ruin was hanging over her head."

"You do not seem to cherish resentment towards her. I am glad to see this change for the better," observed Max Butler, in pleased tones.

"I cannot cherish resintment towards poor Norah's child anyhow, although it's my nature to feel resintment for any wrong done me or mine most bitterly, your reverence. It was that same vindictive sperit that made me revinge meself on Major Barrington for what he done. And sure I had the satisfaction of telling him all about it afore he died," Dinah added, with a gleam of exultation in her dark sunken eye.

"How did you gain access to Major Barrington on his death-bed," asked Dr. Holmes, curiously.

"Asy enough. All the servants fled from the house on account of the faver he had except the nurse left to attend him, and she was a friend of mine. She gladly let me take her place beside the dying man, while she slept awhile, for she was worn out with watching and nursing. It was then I tould me story to the Major, and imbitthered his last moments, but, sure, I had my revinge."

"You have not told us how you escaped from the burning house, Dinah," said Dr. Holmes, anxious to hear all the particulars of this woman's strange story, for the good Doctor was as curious as any daughter of Eve. "Did Miss Crofton set you free when she knew what was going to happen?"

"Not she! She fled, with all the servants, and never gave a thought to me, I'll be bound. She was as hard-hearted as her brother himself. But the Lord was good to me, and it happened that one of 'the boys' heard me shouting for help up in the garret, for I knew, by the bright light shining around, that the house was on fire—so he came and let me out, and took me down stairs safely."

"You would know this man again, I suppose," said Sir Gerard, eagerly.

"No, I wouldn't," she answered bluntly, "he wore a black mask."

"Did you not recognise his voice? You might convict him if you wished," resumed the Baronet.

"I'll do nothing of the kind! Do you think I could turn informer, especially agin the man that saved me own life?" Dinah observed, with a look of intense scorn.

"It is your duty to try and bring one of these ruffians to justice if you can, Dinah," said the clergyman, persuasively.

"If I could bring them all to justice I wouldn't," she replied, doggedly. "Not that I don't think they deserve it, but it is n't Dinah Blake that will turn informer what none of her people was afore her."

"That is the reason that outrages are so common," observed Sir Gerard, with asperity. "The people will not give information against the cowardly perpetrators of such deeds."

"You cannot persuade them to do it, Sir Gerard," said Dr. Holmes, gravely, "they shrink from incurring the ignominy attached to the name of informer, and in some cases they dread the enmity of the friends of those men who commit the outrages we deplore."

I shall not attempt to describe the grief of Isabel Crofton when she heard of her father's murder. The loss of home was nothing to this affliction, but she did not want or kind friends to comfort her in her trou-

ble. Mrs. Dormer received her into her house, and showed her all the tender affection of a mother. Flannagan was convicted and hanged for the murder of Mr. Crofton, but none of the others were brought to justice. Isabel and Rose Kavanagh could have convicted several of them, but dared not move in the matter—bound to secrecy by their solemn oath. Although the Lodge was destroyed, a considerable fortune still remained to Isabel Crofton, which she lived many years to enjoy as the happy wife of the Rev. Maxwell Butler. Eva Barrington quietly resigned her claims to Barrington Height, as soon as she found that Dinah Blake had published the disgraceful fact that she was not the rightful owner. Josephine Dormer, herefore, stepped without any trouble into the possession of the estate. She bestowed upon her illegitimate half-sister a sufficient income to maintain her in the position of a lady, during the remainder of her life, which was not a happy one, for the unmerited disgrace that had fallen upon her embittered the proud girl's existence. Lady Trevor no longer opposed her son's marriage with the heiress of Barrington Height, and in due time Josephine became the bride of Sir Gerard Trevor.

Dinah Blake did not live long after the burning of Elm Lodge. Her previous confinement had injured her health, but while her life continued she was well cared for by Josephine, who forgave the injury she had done her in carrying out her revenge, and did all in her power to brighten the evening of her sad lonely life, embittered by vindictive feelings. Dinah Blake died penitent for the wrong she had done, and was buried beside Norah in the Friary of St. Bride, where she sleeps the long sleep of death, with the ivy-covered ruins around, and the wild roar of the Atlantic coming up from the shore below.

THE END.

DROWNED AT THE FORD.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

BURKE was my chum at Richmond.  
    Didn't know him :—you say.  
Is he dead? Yes, dead and buried,  
    Many and many a day.  
Drowned at the Appomattox,  
    Trying to cross the ford  
In the night, when the tossing river  
    With fury raged and roared.

How was it? We two together  
    Were posted on vidette.  
How well I remember us chatting,  
    While shivering in the wet.  
His wife, he said, was lying  
    Weak as the child she gave birth ;  
Not dead, but as surely dying  
    As a blossom floats to earth.

You see these two had married  
    Only a year before,  
When he was at home on furlough,  
    For a month, or maybe more.  
Their parting was all that wakened  
    Them from their dream of bliss ;  
Love had lost none of its glory,  
    Nor the rapture of a kiss.

Well, we talked in the rain together,  
    As quiet our horses stood.—  
I tried to make him more hopeful,  
    And cheered him all I could.  
The only noise, when we listened,  
    Was the falling of the rain ;  
And sounds from the forest near us,  
    As if the trees were in pain.



Now and then, through the darkness,  
Out toward Hatcher's Run,  
We could hear the sullen booming  
Of some far distant gun.  
Nothing was heard to alarm us,  
But danger seemed to be near,—  
When suddenly both of us fired,  
At the sound of an oath in our rear.

Before our reins we could gather  
Our fire was returned,  
Just here upon the shoulder  
I seemed to have been burned.  
Fifty of them were on us ;  
Each of us drew our sword,  
Struck right and left among them,  
And galloped for the ford.

We never thought of the torrent,  
Caused by a week of rain,  
Till we were close upon it,—  
Too late then to draw rein.  
We were swimming before we knew it,  
And the swollen water's force  
Bore horse and rider together  
Downward with its course.

Off went carbine and sabre,  
We cut away our boots ;  
Threw ourselves from the saddles,  
And left the shrieking brutes.  
Burke was a mighty swimmer,  
But I had lost my strength,  
For the bullet in my shoulder  
Was troubling me at length.

He just kept me from drowning.  
Till, as we passed a tree,  
He seized a branch and held it,  
And helped me to get free.  
But while I stood in safety,  
I heard him give one gasp,—  
A root had struck and torn him  
Suddenly from his grasp.

We found him, two days after,  
 Clasp<sup>ing</sup> firm in his hand  
 A long, bright tress of woman's hair,—  
 Yellow as golden sand.  
 His body was frightfully mangled,  
 But the smile on his lips was so plain,  
 That I think before he closed them  
 He saw his wife again.

ALMONTE.

## JESSIE'S LAW SUIT.

A TALE OF THE BAY OF QUINTÉ.

BY C. W. COOPER.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE RETAINING FEE.

THERE was no shadow of doubt that Edgar was "over head and ears" in love with my cousin Jessie, and was regarded by all the family as her lover, but what Jessie's feelings in the matter were was not so generally known; there had been a whisper that she had refused him, but his visits were still continued, apparently on the same footing as ever. This was the state of matters at the time of my first visit. Now, of course, my advent led to a good deal of conversation on family matters and connections, and I then learnt Jessie's little history. Her father, the brother of my host, Mr. Hermann, had formerly owned and occupied a fine farm on the shores of the Bay, not far distant from Mr. Hermann's, and was looked on as a prosperous well-to-do yeoman. He married a young and pretty girl of more than ordinary attainments for those times, and Jessie was their only child—but whilst Jessie was still young, but not before she had trained her young heart and

mind after the model of her own, the mother died. Her loss was to poor Jacob Hermann a blow from which he never recovered—she had been his good angel, and when she was gone he became aimless and dispirited, and after a time negligent of his business, and finally became addicted to the ever-baneful whiskey. Just then came the so-called Canadian Rebellion, and Jacob's restless spirit led him to lend himself to some extent to the designs of the discontented leaders of that insane movement, not that he committed himself to any overt act of treason, or stood in any danger of loss of either life or property; the chances being that if he had staid quietly at home no notice would have been taken of him, as he was known and admitted to be a harmless inoffensive man, but this Jacob would not do; and when the disturbance broke out Jacob borrowed a few hundred dollars of a neighbour of the name of Rogers, and left for the States. To secure the repayment of this money, Jacob made over to Rogers his farm, sold it him, as Rogers always asserted, and considering the disturbed state of the country, and the anxiety of Jacob to leave, such a transaction

was, in one of Jacob's habits, not at all improbable. The farm was now worth from \$6,000 to \$10,000, and even at the time referred to, the sum received by Jacob was scarcely a tithe of its value; nevertheless, such sales had, under similar circumstances, been made by others, and Rogers kept the farm. Little Jessie accompanied her father, and for a short period after their settlement in the States things went well with them—Jacob denied himself the bottle, the change of life affected him favourably, and he often spoke to Jessie of some day returning to Canada. Jessie says that at this period he saved money, and sent some to Mr. Rogers, but she was too young to understand the transaction. Jacob's evil propensities again beset him; that is, his weakness for drink, for it was his only failing, and he at last died poor and almost friendless, leaving his orphan daughter to the care of strangers. His brother sent for the little girl, who had lived with him ever since, almost in sight of the old homestead, her birth-place and childhood's home—the now well tilled farm of Squire Rogers.

"If every one had their rights," said Mr. Hermann, after recounting the fate of his brother, "I believe that the Rogers' place would belong to Jessie."

"Oh! stuff, Uncle, that's what you have often said, but it is only putting nonsense into your little niece's head. It is gone, and it can't be helped, and it is too late now to think about it, it would be far better to forget it was ever in the family, though I, for my part, should find that a little difficult, as I sometimes catch myself peeping over the fences at some familiar tree or spot that calls up old times, but I intend breaking myself of the habit, as I know it does no good."

"Well, nothing will ever persuade me your father intended to sell Rogers the place for some \$300, he always told me he had mortgaged it to him, and you know he often spoke to you of returning to it."

"That is true, Uncle, but you have yourself seen Mr. Rogers' deed for it, and a deed is a deed we all know, even without the aid of Edgar," she said, half playfully, but with a mixture of sadness in her tone, as she looked in his face.

"Well, I wish you had it, it would only be your right."

"I wish so too, Uncle, for your sake, after all the trouble I have given you."

"Tush, child, wish it for your own sake or for some one else's."

"Well, I do, Uncle," muttered Jessie, lowly, and blushing, but the words reached Edgar, and he thought he had found a clue to some little difficulties he had experienced in the course of his wooing.

Mr. Hermann left the verandah to replenish his pipe, and Edgar's arm stole round Jessie's waist as they disappeared among the green vine leaves.

"Jessie, there may be more in this than you seem to think, but I don't know whether if you owned such a property I dare ask you to be mine. You would be quite a little heiress." This was said jokingly, but there was something in the tone that induced Jessie to reply.

"There you know you wrong me, Edgar, it is useless to talk about it, or distract our minds about what might be, in so improbable a case, but I do certainly wish it was, Edgar, just to be able to show you how little you understand me," and a tear stole from beneath the dark eyelashes.

"Jessie, dear, you are far too wise, and too good, and too gentle. I understand your scruples now."

"Hush, Edgar, let us talk about the wonderful farm that is to make me so rich."

"Well, I really think the circumstances worth enquiring into. May I talk to your uncle farther about it, and have your sanction for anything I may deem it necessary to do?"

"Certainly, if Uncle thinks it right."

"And now my fee," said the young lawyer, as he drew fair Jessie closer to his side.

"That will do, sauce-box!"

"Oh! a retainer is a fee, a reward, a gift given and proffered by the client, now, that was not given me at all, I took it."

"There! there! now say good night. I never will have anything to do with lawyers again."

And Jessie became Edgar's client.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DEFENDANT.

I'll tell the truth. He was a man  
Hard, selfish, loving only gold,  
Yet full of guile.

*Rosiland & Hellen.*

THERE was scarcely a prettier farm along the whole of the shore of the Bay of Quinté than the Rogers', or as some persisted in calling it, the old Jacob Hermann place. The old original homestead stood on a slight rise, a little inland. The ground fell in front of the house, and then ran out into a point of level land some distance into the Bay, and formed what is still known as Hermann's Point. The trees had been thinned away on this point, which had now the appearance of a fine park. An avenue of flowering acacias, of large size, led up to the house, which was surrounded by quite a wilderness of lilacs and syringas, and flanked by an extensive orchard. The old place had still a pleasant home-look about it, though long neglected. The park was kept clear of the fallen limbs and rubbish, for it made a capital sheep-walk, and the orchard was not entirely neglected, for it still afforded a fair yield, but the long avenue was grass-grown, and the lilacs and syringas grew unpruned into a thick copse. The old place was uninhabited save occasionally by some farm-servant of the present proprietor,

and he had built himself a new residence on the portion of the property nearest the neighbouring village, and where the road ran near the bank, leaving him just room for his residence and garden between the road and the water. Here he had erected a large white house, with green venetian shutters, and surrounded it with a garden within a tall white picket fence, unornamented and unrelieved by shade or ornamental trees. The staring white building was conspicuous from land and water. It was sprucely kept, and clean, and well painted, and looked new, and hard and bare like its owner, who now sat on the painted verandah in the enjoyment of the calm of an autumn afternoon. The view from Mark Rogers verandah was very fair—the waters of the Bay glinted in the purple rays of the declining sun, the distant woods and islands were clothed in the autumnal shades of changing yellow and red of the maple and other trees, the trading schooners spread their white sails that idly flapped in the falling breeze, the distant steamer left a snake-like ruffled wake behind her as she drew near on her trip up the Bay, and the late flowers that still bloomed in the somewhat trim garden around still linked the early autumn with the receding summer. Mark Rogers' eye rested on the pleasant scene, and fell on the well stocked barns around the old frame-house, and the numerous stacks of grain that filled the stock-yard, and he mentally calculated what their value would be before spring. The beauties of the evening did not distract Mark Rogers thoughts from that practical consideration—for Mark was not sentimentally inclined—a practical man was Rogers, and his practical character had stood him in good stead, for he was the richest merchant and landholder in the neighbourhood; that is to say, he kept a country-shop or store in the neighbouring village, which though very unpretentious in its outward appearance, made Mr. Rogers "a merchant" in local parlance; and the Government had

made him a Magistrate; and the Court of Queen's Bench had made him a Commissioner for taking affidavits; and nature and his own heart had made him a hard, shrewd, money-getting, unscrupulous, grasping man; and fortune and his own untiring energies and some not over-scrupulous mortgage and loan transactions had made him a rich one.

Mark drove a good business in his dingy looking store, and would haggle over and perhaps cheat a farmer's wife in a deal over a basket of eggs with as much avidity as in his earliest days. Mark was not proud or above his business, not he, he looked after everything himself—but still Mark was disturbed this evening; he had caught his eldest boy robbing his till, and strongly suspected that sundry depredations that had been committed lately in the village Post-office and elsewhere might be traced to the same source. It now occurred to him that whilst looking after everything himself he had found no time to inculcate in the boy's mind the necessity of honesty—it never struck him that his own example, and his boastful chuckling over some successful piece of "extra" shrewdness on his own part, might possibly have a somewhat opposite tendency to teaching the youth a high moral lesson. He was vexed and annoyed, and his pride hurt, lest the matter should get wind, and his own respectability suffer thereby, and he was muttering threats of what he would do to the young vagabond, when a horseman stopped at his gate. I have written horseman, for the man had a horse; but he drove him as every traveller here seems to do, in a buggy, or, as in this case, in a "sulky." The roads in the neighbourhood are good, and people appear to prefer this easier and lazier, but less healthy mode of locomotion to the saddle. The visitor was well known to Mr. Rogers, being the sheriff's bailiff from the neighbouring town, and had often been employed by Mark in the course of his numerous transactions. But no seedy-looking Israelite is he, but the son of one of the

earliest settlers, and owner of a good farm in the neighbourhood, who has adopted his present calling because he can make money at it. But Mark's brow darkened as he appeared, for somehow he connected his visit with the conduct of his boy.

"Well, Mr. Lowe, what news?" the Squire asked.

"Nothing new, Squire."

"Has that stuck-up English doctor in Fredericksburg paid off his execution yet?"

"Can't say, Squire, it warn't in my hands you'd best enquire at the office."

"Oh! well, I will. I know he's a long-winded customer; and if I don't look after it, it will lie as long in your sheriff's office as in the debtor's hands. You're a pretty set, you all are."

"But what's up," resumed the speaker "you haven't got any writ agen me, I suppose." And Mark drew himself up in the dignified consciousness of owing no man anything.

"Well, not exactly, Squire, but I was directed to hand you this. It is not a writ, but some paper out of Chancery."

"Well, let's see," answered the Squire, as he took the document with feigned indifference, but with a good deal of secret misgiving. "What's all this? Hermann, plaintiff; Rogers, defendant; and who the devil is Edgar W. Paul who figures on the back?"

"Oh, he's the lawyer employed against you. Don't you know him, a young fellow, comes out to Frank Hermann's a good deal?"

"Yes, I know the fellow; some petty fogging scoundrel. He wrote me a letter I suppose this is about the same matter,—the Jacob Hermann property. But I took no notice of him. I suppose they want to squeeze something out of me to buy them off; but they can't come that game over me. I've got my deed, and I've paid for the place, and the devil himself can't shake my title."

"Who claims it, Mr. Rogers,—old Jacob's daughter?"

"Yes, I suppose so; and I guess the lawyer is spoonying after her or the place; for if I know Frank Hermann, he's not likely to fool away money in any such a way. I reckon he's enough to do to take care of himself. He mortgaged his farm to repair the old barn he lives in; and," musingly continued Rogers, "I fancy the mortgage could be bought cheap. I tell you what, Lowe, you might do worse than look after old Jacob's daughter yourself, and not let that half-alive fellow come sneaking after her. If you can get her, I'll give her £50 to buy wedding fixings; and you can get her to confirm the old man's deed, and drop all this silly nonsense of a suit. It will all amount to nothing, as you can very well see by looking at the deed. You can call on Mr. Chooks, my lawyer, whom you know very well, and he will tell you the same."

"I'm afraid that would not work, Squire."

"What?—about the girl? Well, but whether or no, you could see Frank Hermann, and give him to know you've seen the deed, and what Lawyer Chooks thinks of the matter; and you can tell them that, just for peace sake, and out of regard to the Hermann folks,—nothing else,—I'll give Jessie a hundred dollars to buy herself dresses. If you manage this, I'll make you a present of the other hundred dollars."

"Well, Squire, I'll try, as you wish it; but I don't think we can come it. It strikes me they have taken good advice, and know what they're about. This same Edgar Paul is a smart man."

"Hang him," muttered Rogers.

"Take something, Lowe, before you go."

"I don't care." And the spirit bottle was produced, and Lowe took a tumbler of whiskey and water strong, and departed.

### CHAPTER III.

L—A—W—LAW.

"If you're fond of botheration,  
Or sweet procrastination,  
You're just in a situation  
To enjoy a suit at law."

A VERY nasty and disagreeable thing is a law-suit; and no law-suit can come in a more nasty and disagreeable shape than that of "a Bill in Chancery." The very name conjures up protracted miseries, endless litigation, interminable costs, and tedious vexations. This tribunal of Dame Justice is not a popular one evidently in Canada, any more than in England. Men like Rogers dislike it particularly,—they "don't see any necessity for the court at all. If a man is dragged into it, he don't know what may happen before he gets out. If a man pays for a place, and gets his deed, what more can be wanted? One can't even foreclose a mortgage in it without all sorts of questions cropping up, about usury, or the amount advanced, or something or other, as if a mortgage did not show on the face of it what was due without all that fuss." Thus mused Rogers, as he sat alone at Lowe's departure, with the unopened paper in his hand. He sat sometime thus, but what his thoughts were none may say. At length he called for lights, and opened the document that had set him thinking. It was not very long nor very formidable-looking,—a few pages of manuscript, in a large, clear, clerkly hand, and a printed back, all neatly tied at the corner. But if the statements therein are true, it may cost Mr. Rogers Hermann's Point. What says it? Did the reader ever see such a document? Does he suppose it to be written in Norman-French, in bad Latin, or in incomprehensible legal phraseology, which none but the initiated can comprehend? If so, he is greatly mistaken. Jessie has preserved a copy of this (to her) inter-

esting document. It will help my story along to give it verbatim, and the reader can read it as a curiosity, and perhaps find interest in it too. We beg that he or she will not skip it. Apart from the entitling in a certain court, and the "style of the cause," this formidable bill simply "states" thus:—

"That some time in or about the year 1837, Jacob Hermann, then of the Township of Fredericksburg, since deceased, being seized in fee simple in possession of certain lands and premises known as (and here follows a brief description of the Herman Point Farm); and being indebted to the defendant Marcus Rogers in the sum of \$300 for money loaned and advanced to him, the said Jacob Hermann, on the security of the said lands and premises, made and executed to the said defendant a deed of conveyance of the said premises, which said deed purported to convey the said premises absolutely, and the said defendant made and executed to the said Jacob Hermann a bond of defeasance, bearing even date with said deed of conveyance, whereby he undertook and covenanted to reconvey to the said Jacob Hermann, his heirs or assigns, the said above-described-premises, on payment by him, his heirs, executors, or administrators, of the said sum of \$300 and interest, within — years from the day of the date thereof. That the said defendant entered into possession of the said premises (on a certain date), and has since continued, and now is in possession of the same, and has received the rents and profits of the same to a large amount, and far more than sufficient to pay off the mortgage debt and interest. That the said Jacob Hermann left the Province on or about —, and resided in the U. S. of America, without the jurisdiction of the Court, until on or about the —, when he departed this life, leaving the plaintiff, his heiress at law, him surviving.

"That said Jacob Hermann, in his lifetime, and plaintiff since, has frequently ap-

plied to defendant to be permitted to redeem said premises, and offered to pay the balance, if any, due on said mortgage; but defendant has always refused to allow the said premises to be redeemed, fraudulently claiming, and pretending that he has an indefeasible title in fee simple to the said premises, under the said deed.

"That the said premises are now worth the sum of —, and were at the time of the execution of the said deed well worth the sum of —."

And the plaintiff prayed to be allowed to redeem the said premises, on payment of what, if anything, was due to defendant, &c. and for certain accounts to be taken with that object. And that was all! Mark Rogers' face rather brightened as he perused this specimen of chancery pleading. "I guess," muttered he, "they don't know much about the matter. They can't prove it, anyhow; and if that's all it amounts to. I don't know that I would much care about investing that \$200." And Mark took a glass of grog in apparent good humour, and went to bed considerably relieved.

I don't intend to inflict on the reader all the details of the progress of Jessie's suit. We will only glance at the leading facts as far as it is necessary to the development of our narrative. A good deal of interest was evinced in the neighbourhood in the result of the case. Jessie, on the one hand, was a favourite, and had many friends who heartily wished her success; whilst, on the other, Roger's position and influence brought around him many who professed to sympathise with him under the vexation and annoyance of what they professed to look on as an unfounded and absurd claim; and many of these were very sincere, inasmuch as they had some cause to dread being defendants in similar cases.

Edgar never had the slightest doubt of the strict justice of Jessie's claim. From what he had learnt from Mr. Hermann and others, he felt convinced that Jacob Her-

mann had been imposed upon, and that some fraud had been practised upon him in the acquisition of the property by Rogers. He felt sure, too, that Jacob Hermann had never acquiesced in the absolute title assumed by Rogers, and looked on the remittances of money on account to Rogers as strong evidence of that fact. Jessie had been a minor since her father's death, and brought her suit immediately on coming of age. But it was one thing to be quite certain of these facts, and quite another to be able to establish them. All knowledge of the real circumstances appeared to be confined to the parties themselves. The account of the transaction being other than a sale was altogether derived from Jacob Hermann, and would amount to nothing in the mouth of a witness. No admission could be traced to Rogers, who had carefully kept his own counsel. As yet, no discovery had been made of any papers belonging to Jacob Hermann shewing that the transaction was a mortgage, or even any to shew the payment of the money alleged by Jessie to have been remitted to Rogers. The land could easily be proved to have been worth a much larger sum than that advanced; but this inadequacy of price, although gross, Edgar well knew would not of itself be sufficient to set aside the sale, or establish the case set up on Jessie's part. Rogers' defence or answer had been put in denying distinctly that the transaction was other than an absolute sale; denying also the receipt of payments; negating, in fact, the plaintiff's bill altogether. Edgar might be pardoned if he began to question whether he had not proceeded somewhat hastily, and on insufficient grounds, and brought an action he should fail to establish. His anxiety knew no bounds; and Jessie had often to banter him into a more hopeful humour. She was apparently the least concerned in the matter. She had yielded to the wishes of her friends, and sanctioned the suit, but was certainly not going to break her heart if it failed. She

did not think her uncle was tired of her, she told Edgar, or would turn her out of doors if the suit was lost, at which her uncle laughed, and Edgar half frowned; and so animated to fresh exertion, but very fearful of the ultimate results, he would go back to his briefs. He spared no pains, however, to supply the required links in the chain of evidence. He took a journey to the neighbourhood where Jacob Hermann had died. He found there an old man, named Simmonds, with whom Jacob Hermann had lived, and in whose house he had died. Simmonds had lived in Canada, and knew Jacob Hermann before he left there. He was a strange old mortal, and had not left a very good character behind him; not that any one could say more of him than that he preferred hunting, shooting, and trapping to steady work, and loved whiskey, and a good deal of it. But he was looked upon as a shiftless, ne'er-do-well fellow; and Edgar did not think that much could be made of the evidence of such a man. Simmonds could only say that Jacob Hermann always told him he had mortgaged his place to Rogers for \$300; that he remembered paying him money to remit to Rogers; that he understood and believed he did remit it; did not mail it or see it mailed himself; told him he had sent it; and he denied having any papers belonging to Jacob Hermann. This was the extent of the information Edgar obtained by his journey; but he determined to send for Simmonds when the examination of witnesses came on, trusting to eliciting something fresh from him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE TRIAL.

"Speak truth and shame the devil."  
 "Do you confess the bond?"

THE eventful day fixed for "the examination of witnesses" arrived, and Edgar had not obtained any further evidence.



It was a dark blustering day in November when the Court opened, at the neighbouring county town. The Court-house, a massive stone building, overlooks the bay, and the "white caps" on the waves were seen from the large windows of the Court-room, as the storm dashed over the waters; those within were too anxious to heed the weather, but the dreary day did not tend to enliven their spirits. Other proceedings occupied the time during the morning, and the hours dragged slowly on, until at last the case of *Hermann v. Rogers* was called—more than usual interest appeared to be created by the cause. Jessie had insisted on being present, and Mr. Hermann and most of his family had accompanied her, they had fortunately come the day previous; many friends and acquaintances had joined them, both from town and country. Mr. Rogers was, of course, there, with his acquaintances and persons with whom he had dealings, who flocked to hear the issue of the suit.

The evening was setting in when the cause was called. The numerous jets of gas were burning dimly (not having yet been turned on in force) and the Court room wore a gloomy appearance, as Edgar rose to open his case. I had not before seen Edgar in his gown, and I thought it became him well. I instinctively looked towards Jessie; I have no doubt the same idea was passing in her mind, her eyes were earnestly bent on her lover and advocate, and I really think she felt more interest in the proceedings on his account than on her own. The whole scene to my mind was deeply interesting; the quiet impassive, dignified judge sat in his silk robes, in almost solemn state, and his calm and unmoved air contrasted markedly with the suppressed eagerness and anxiety of contending counsel. The counsel in the cause, four in all, drew their black gowns round them, and prepared for business; the sheriff of the county in formal cut uniform of black with silver scabbarded sword,

sat sedately, and looked as grave as if he was something more in the group than an automaton figure. Jessie's heart fluttered as she heard her name called by those sage looking men. Edgar read the plaintiff's bill, a copy of the interesting document which Mr. Lowe had served on Rogers, and then quietly sat down. The opposing counsel read the answer or defence of Mr. Rogers, a statement on oath denying the allegations by the plaintiff, so far as it was alleged that the transaction was a mortgage, and then he resumed his seat.

THE COURT—"The only question appears to be mortgage or no mortgage."

EDGAR—"Exactly, my Lord, our case, I may say, rests altogether upon that."

THE COURT—"How do you propose to prove it? Is this the only exhibit?" (The deed.) Do you rely on parole evidence?"

EDGAR—"Yes, my Lord."

THE COURT—"Do you think that is admissible in such a case to vary a written instrument?"

EDGAR—"I do, my Lord, I think it competent for me to show that this instrument, apparently a deed, was so made through fraud on part of the defendant, and is in fact a mortgage."

THE COURT—"And to establish that fact by parole evidence?"

THE OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I was about to take the same objection. I object to the reception of any evidence except documentary to alter the character of this deed."

THE COURT—"Is the execution of the deed admitted?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"No, my learned friends have declined to admit its execution and we have the subscribing witness in Court."

THE COURT—"Well, the case had better proceed, subject, of course, to your objection, which must be disposed of at the hearing. Proceed, Mr. Paul."

EDGAR—"I call the subscribing witness to this deed, James Gleason."

The witness stepped into the box.

"Look at this paper,"

"I do."

"Have you seen it before, and is this your name?"

"Yes, that is my signature."

"Whose signature is this?"

"Mr. Jacob Hermann's."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"You are proving our case, Mr. Paul."

EDGAR—"Wait awhile; witness did you see Mr. Hermann sign his name, and when and where?"

"Yes, on the—— day of ——, 1837, the day of the date of the deed, and it was at Fredericksburg, in Mr. Roger's back store."

EDGAR—"Who were present?"

"Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hermann, Mr. Hart, who is since dead, and myself, I don't recollect any one else, there might have been, however."

EDGAR—"Was there any other instrument signed by them at that time?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"If my learned friend is going to prove any bond or other document, let him produce it. I submit the question is not a proper one."

THE COURT—"I think the question is a fair one, of course he cannot go into its contents without producing or accounting for it. Go on witness."

WITNESS—"I think there was another paper signed. It was signed by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hart and myself witnessed it."

EDGAR—"What became of that paper? Did Mr. Rogers get it?"

"I don't know."

Opposing Counsel rising with a smile.

"It may save my learned friend some trouble, perhaps, and also save the expenditure of unnecessary time, for me to say, that the paper referred to, was merely the memorial of the deed, it is registered on the affidavit of Mr. Hart, and this witness and Mr. Hart, are the subscribing witnesses to it."

THE COURT—"That appears probable.

Witness, do you know what description of document it was? Was it the memorial of the deed?"

WITNESS—"I don't know, my Lord, I only happened into the store, and they called me into the back room to witness the signatures."

THE COURT—"Was it a written or a printed paper?"

WITNESS—"Printed I think, my Lord, with the blanks filled in, something like this, only smaller."

THE COURT—"Evidently the memorial. Well proceed."

EDGAR—"Did you see any other paper executed at that time?"

"No."

"Did you see any other papers at all?"

"There were papers on the table, but I went away after putting my name to the two I have mentioned."

THE COURT—"Any further questions?"

"None, my Lord."

The witness went down, Edgar could not completely conceal his chagrin, for he felt that the case was breaking down under him, he had hoped to have wormed something out of the witness.

"One moment, witness, go into the box again. Was anything said by either of the parties about the effect of the deed or about redeeming the land, and if so what?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I object again."

THE COURT—"Never mind, Mr. ——, we will consider the objection at the hearing, it amounts to nothing if the witness answers in the negative, and it may save time. Well was anything said?"

"Nothing, my Lord, that I heard."

The witness left the box, Edgar kept his eyes on his Brief, he conferred a few minutes with his senior.

"There is no other course," he muttered, "I call the defendant, Marcus Rogers."

THE COURT—"Has notice been given?"

"Yes, my Lord, here's the affidavit of service."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"We admit the notice, Mr. Rogers go into the box."

EDGAR—"Mr. Rogers, at the time of the execution of the deed, was there any other document executed between you and Mr. Hermann, besides, of course, the memorial to the deed?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I submit, my Lord, that my learned friend must produce any document he asks the witness to prove or admit."

EDGAR—"Do have patience, perhaps I may trace it to your possession, of course, I should not then be called to produce it."

THE COURT—"I think the question admissible; answer witness."

And the judge turned and looked the defendant full in the face; at that moment the gas was turned on fully, and Rogers visibly paled as the glare fell on his features.

EDGAR—"Answer on your oath, were the deed and the memorial the only writings between you and Mr. Hermann?"

"They were," slowly and firmly answered the witness.

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"He has already sworn so in his answer."

EDGAR—"Was there any and what verbal agreement between you and Mr. Hermann about the land: any agreement as to its redemption?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I submit the defendant is not bound to answer: it is no evidence under the pleadings and would not show any agreement this Court would enforce."

THE COURT—"I agree with you that a verbal agreement contrary to the tenor of the deed would not be enforced; but there may be other circumstances, such as part performance or fraud, which the defendant is bound to disclose, the witness therefore must answer."

ROGER—"There was no verbal agreement of any kind between us."

EDGAR—"What was the consideration money for the deed?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Did you ever receive any portion of that money back? Was any of it repaid you, and why?"

The defendant freely answered. "Never."

Edgar sat down.

The opposing counsel cross-examined Rogers as to what he considered the value of the land at the time of the sale, the amount of improvements he had made, &c., and Rogers left the box.

Jessie's friends were despondent, but Jessie herself was still in Court, casting encouraging glances at her anxious counsel, and looking the most cheerful of all the parties concerned, though she understood enough to know the hopelessness of the case, if she had not read it in Edgar's eyes.

"Call Jacob Simmonds."

Jacob, or Jake Simmonds, a tall, strong, high-shouldered, sharp-featured, sloping old man, took the stand, the counsel and Rogers looked enquiringly at each other and whispered with their client, he looked puzzled but by no means alarmed.

EDGAR—"You formerly lived in Canada?"

"Wa'al, ye'ss."

"Where do you live now?" The witness told him, and that he left Canada about 1837; had known Jacob Hermann well intimately; when he came to the States he and his daughter lived for a while at Mr. Rogers' house.

"Do you know of Jacob Hermann's ever sending money to Mr. Rogers, and on what account?"

"Yes, the first year or two he was ever he wrought hard and steady and put by money; he sent some to Mr. Rogers in the fall of '39, on account of money he got of Mr. Rogers to come away with."

Cross-examined—"How much was it?"

"Can't remember me for certain, between \$100 and \$200."

"Did you see the money?"

"I did and helped make it up and direct it."

"Did you see it mailed?"

"I did not; the Post-office was a mile or two from my place, and Mr. Hermann took it down himself."

"How do you know he mailed it?"

"He told me so himself, I'm sure enough of it."

"Did you ever hear Mr. Rogers say so?"

"No, I did not, but I know wa'al it was sent."

"You can't know that unless you saw it sent." "You've come a long way to tell us very little, you may go down." Jacob Simmonds left the box in very evident ill-humour.

After some general evidence as to value, the Judge asked bluntly, "Is that the case for the plaintiff?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, My Lord," Edgar answered, trying to look unmoved, and to assume an air of professional indifference.

THE COURT—"I fear it is but a bald one, and perhaps you will scarcely deem it necessary to carry it to a hearing. I thought at one time you were about to give evidence of a bond of defeasance, but in the absence of any proof of such a bond—" The eager counsel were holding their breath, perfect stillness prevailed, broken only by the calm measured tones of the Judge.

"Hold on, Mister Judge! let me address the congregation," exclaimed Jake Simmonds, suddenly raising his tall, gaunt figure from the bench whereon he sat. The Judge stopped and looked a little surprised, but with difficulty suppressed a smile; the most anxious present hardly forbore to laugh at this somewhat unseemly interruption. Edgar eagerly stepped over to Simmonds and begged him to be still, and then led him aside and conferred with him for a short

minute, he then turned and addressed the Court.

"Before your Lordship proceeds I beg to ask permission to recall the witness Simmonds, at the same time I beg on his part to apologise for his rather rude interruption, I am quite sure he meant nothing improper."

THE COURT—"What do you say, Mr. —."

"Well, my Lord, I can't reasonably object I suppose, but it is a little unusual."

THE COURT—"Witness, go into the box again. Well, Mr. Paul."

Edgar's eyes glistened with excitement, but he calmed himself by a mighty effort, though he did not trust himself to look towards where Jessie sat.

EDGAR TO THE WITNESS—"I omitted to ask you, when under examination before, if Jacob Hermann left any papers when he died."

"Wa'al, he did."

"Have you them?"

"Wa'al, yes, I found these here two papers, and some others that did not seem of much account, but these looked as though they were of some use in this same business, so I fetched them along."

"What are they? Produce them."

And the witness, with great deliberation and very slowly, drew from the inside breast pocket of his coat two soiled papers; every breath was hushed, and you could have heard a pin drop in that large Court-room during the few minutes (to Edgar ages) he was going through this process. Even his Lordship appear to catch the excitement, and watched the witness intently.

The Judge took the papers.

"Why did you not produce these before?"

"I wasn't axed to, your Honour."

"Did you tell the counsel you had them?"

"On the contrary, my Lord," interrupted Edgar, "he told me he had no such papers."

"Why was that, witness?"

"I wasn't on oath then, your Honour," quietly answered Jake, with a leer.

The Judge eyed him severely for a mo-

ment and then proceeded :—"One is a letter from the defendant acknowledging the receipt of \$150—the other appears to be a bond of defeasance by Rogers, with the usual covenants to recovery; it bears date the — day of — 1837, which, I think, is the same date as the deed. It will, of course, be necessary to prove this, Mr. Paul. It is witnessed by Hart, the witness to the deed since dead I understand, and"—

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"Permit me to see the instrument, my Lord. This is quite new to us, we will submit it to our client, and crave your Lordship's indulgence for a few moments."

But their client was not at hand, no one had noticed Mr. Rogers' departure; but he had quietly withdrawn at the first mention of the bond.

The opposing counsel looked very much crest-fallen, and, addressing the Court, remarked :—"I trust the Court is satisfied that this is the first knowledge we have had of the existence of any such bond. I shall have to leave my learned friend to prove it in the usual way, although I am satisfied, on looking at it, that the signature is Mr. Ro-

gers', but I can make no admissions, having concluded with the learned gentleman who is with me to withdraw entirely from the case."

THE COURT—"You must judge yourself of your proper course. I can only say that the defendant's conduct is most extraordinary, and I shall consider the propriety of proceedings before another tribunal."

But I have no patience to write the dry details that had still to be gone through before the case was completely closed. Every one present understood enough of the proceedings to know that Jessie had virtually won her cause; and an audible buzz of congratulation arose in the Court-room, which no attempts were made to suppress. Can my readers doubt that Edgar also won *his* suit. I have only to add that Rogers, who had evidently speculated on the chances of the bond being lost, or its existence being unknown to the present claimant, she being but a child at the time of her father's death, did not appear at his usual haunts after the trial, and the brightly painted white house on the Bay shore soon after passed into other hands.

## A CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY JOHN READE.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

"**V**IVE la Republique !" We stand on Tyranny's grave ;  
 The days of the Kings are o'er, and Freedom sits on her throne :  
 In the broad, fair fields of France there is no more room for a slave ;  
 And the only despots now are those that are carved in stone.

DECEMBER, 1848.

Hail to our President-prince ! Hail to the people's choice !  
 Hail to him who alone can make us a nation of men !  
 We are sick of this weak Assembly, that hasn't a ruling voice ;  
 Back to our hearts, Napoleon ! Let France be France again !

1851-1853.

"Coup d'état!!" "Ce n'est pas sa faute." Hail to the lord of France!  
His spirit is great as his name, and a Bonaparte sits on the throne:  
How bravely he rides his steed, as his legions renowned advance!  
"Partant pour la Syrie," now Britain and France are one.

1859-1867.

"La gloire!" who won it for us? Who but our cherished lord?  
Who tamed Austria's pride, and made Italy wild with glee?  
Who made Mexico— Bah! they are but a barbarous horde—  
Where such a nation as France? and where such a ruler as he?

JULY, 1870.

"Mais ces Allemands"—it is true they are strong, but they must be cowed:  
"Les bêtes!" when we cut their throats they will sing no more of the Rhine!  
Who but our lord shall lead us to death or victory proud?  
Send the word back to Paris—we have drank German wine!

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

Napoleon is taken, they say. "Eh bien," then never again.  
Will he spoil, and fine, and imprison, and hold our lives in his hand.  
*Now*, let us fight for France, since France is a nation of men.  
"Vive la Republique!" *Our* France is a glorious land.

MARCH, 1871.

"A bas les faux tyrans!" They have sold us like oxen or sheep;  
And the hoofs of the strangers' steeds have trampled our little ones down.  
'Vive la Commune!' Ha! ha! how the fiery serpents creep—  
Hungry and mad like ourselves—through the blood-wet streets of the town!

Down with the gilded pride of the palaces built with our blood!  
Down with the columns raised on the starving orphan's tears!  
Death to the lying priests who steal in the name of God—  
Who live on the fat of the land through an abject people's fears!

JUNE, 1871.

Do we wake from a hideous dream? Thank God! it is over at last.  
Thank God for what he has left us, and let us be modest and wise:  
Let us work each one for the good of the whole, and not like the past,  
When every one grasped for himself, and the basis of all was lies.

MONTREAL.

## THE GREAT DUEL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.\*

## AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THE Thirty Years' War is an old story, but its interest has been recently revived. The conflict, between Austria and German Independence commenced in the struggle of the Protestant Princes against Charles V., and, continued on these battle-fields, was renewed and decided at Sadowa. At Sadowa Germany was fighting for unity as well as for independence. But in the Thirty Years' War it was Austria that with her Croats, the Jesuits who inspired her councils, and her Spanish allies, sought to impose a unity of death, against which Protestant Germany struggled, preserving herself for a unity of life which, opened by the victories of Frederick the Great, and, more nobly promoted by the great uprising of the nation against the tyranny of Napoleon, was finally accomplished at Sadowa, and ratified against French jealousy at Sedan. Costly has been the achievement; lavish has been the expenditure of German blood, severe the sufferings of the German people. It is the lot of all who aspire high: no man or nation ever was dandled into greatness.

The Thirty Years' War was a real world-contest. Austria and Spain drew after them all the powers of reaction: all the powers of liberty and progress were arrayed on the other side. The half-barbarous powers that lay between civilized Europe and Turkey mingled in the conflict: Turkey herself was drawn diplomatically into the vortex. In the mines of Mexico and Peru the Indian toiled to furnish both the Austrian and Spanish hosts. The Treaty of Westphalia,

which concluded the struggle, long remained the public law of Europe.

Half religious, half political, in its character, this war stands midway between the religious wars of the sixteenth century and the political wars of the eighteenth. France took the political view; and, while she crushed her own Huguenots at home, supported the German Protestants against the House of Austria. Even the Pope, Urban VIII., more politician than churchman, more careful of Peter's patrimony than of Peter's creed, went with France to the Protestant side. With the princes, as usual, political motives were the strongest, with the people religious motives. The politics were to a sad extent those of Machiavelli and the Jesuit; but above the meaner characters who crowd the scene rise at least two grand forms.

In a military point of view, the Thirty Years' War will bear no comparison with that which has just run its marvellous course. The armies were small, seldom exceeding thirty thousand. Tilly thought forty thousand the largest number which a general could handle, while Von Moltke has handled half a million. There was no regular commissariat, there were no railroads, there were no good roads, there were no accurate maps, there was no trained staff. The general had to be everything and to do everything himself. The financial resources of the powers were small: their regular revenues soon failed; and they had to fly for loans to great banking houses, such as that of the Fuggers at Augsburg, so that the money power be-

\* In this sketch free use has been made of recent writers—Mitchell, Chapman, Vehse, Freytag and Ranke, as well as of the older authorities. To Chapman's excellent *Life of Gustavus Adolphus* we are under special obligations. In some passages it has been closely followed. Colonel Mitchell has also supplied some remarks and touches, such as are to be found only in a military writer.

came the arbiter even of Imperial elections. The country on which the armies lived was soon eaten up by their rapine. Hence the feebleness of the operations, the absence of anything which Von Moltke would call strategy : and hence again the cruel length of the war, a whole generation of German agony.

But if the war was weak, not so were the warriors. On the Imperial side especially, they were types of a class of men the most terrible perhaps, as well as the vilest, who ever plied the soldier's trade : of those mercenary bands, *soldados*, in the literal and original sense of the term, free companions, *condottieri*, lansquenets, who came between the feudal militia and the standing armies of modern times. In the wars of Italy and the Low Countries under Alva and Parma and Freundsberg, these men had opened new abysses of cruelty and lust in human nature. They were the lineal representatives of the Great Companies which ravaged France in the time of Edward III. They were near of kin to the buccaneers, and Scott's Bertram Risingham is the portrait of a lansquenet as well as of a rover of the Spanish Main. Many of them were Croats, a race well known through all history in the ranks of Austrian tyranny, and Walloons, a name synonymous with that of hired butcher and marauder. But with Croats and Walloons were mingled Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, outcasts of every land, bearing the devil's stamp on faces of every complexion, blaspheming in all European and some non-European tongues. Their only country was the camp ; their cause booty ; their king the bandit general who contracted for their blood. Of attachment to religious principle they had usually just enough to make them prefer murdering and plundering in the name of the Virgin to murdering and plundering in the name of the Gospel ; but outcasts of all nominal creeds were found together in their camps. Even the dignity of hatred

was wanting to their conflicts, for they changed sides without scruple, and the comrade of yesterday was the foeman of to-day, and again the comrade of the morrow. The only moral salt which kept the carcass of their villainy from rotting was a military code of honour, embodying the freemasonry of the soldier's trade, and having as one of its articles the duel with all the forms—an improvement at all events upon assassination. A stronger contrast there cannot be than that between these men and the citizen soldiers whom Germany the other day sent forth to defend their country and their hearths. The soldier had a language of his own, polyglot as the elements of the band, and garnished with unearthly oaths : and the void left by religion in his soul was filled with wild superstitions, bullet charming and spells against bullets, and the natural reflection in dark hearts of the blind chance which since the introduction of firearms seemed to decide the soldier's fate. Having no home but the camp, he carried with him his family, a she wolf and her cubs, cruel and marauding as himself ; and the numbers and unwieldiness of every army were doubled by a train of waggon full of women and children sitting on heaps of booty. It was not, we may guess, as ministering angels that these women went among the wounded after a battle. The chiefs made vast fortunes. Common soldiers sometimes drew a great prize ; left the standard for a time and lived like princes ; but the fiend's gold soon found its way back to the giver through the Jews who prowled in the wake of war, or at the gambling table which was the central object in every camp. When fortune smiled, when pay was good, when a rich city had been stormed, the soldier's life was in its way a merry one ; his camp was full of roystering revelry ; he, his lady and his charger glittered with not over-tasteful finery, the lady sometimes with finery stripped from the altars. Then, glass in hand he might joyously cry, "The sharp



sword is my farm and plundering is my plough; earth is my bed, the sky my covering, this cloak is my house, this wine my paradise;" or chant the doggerel stave which said that 'when a soldier was born three boons were given him, one to find him food, another to find him a comely lass, a third to go to perdition in his stead.' But when the country had been eaten up, when the burghers held the city stoutly, when the money-kings refused to advance the war-kings any more gold, the soldier shared the miseries which he inflicted, and, unless he was of iron, sank under his hardships, unpitied by his stronger comrades; for the rule of that world was war to the weak. Terrible then were the mutinies, fearful was the position of the commander. We cannot altogether resist the romance which attaches to the life of these men, many a one among whom could have told a tale as wild as that with which Othello, the hero of their tribe, won his Desdemona, in whose love he finds the countercharm of his wandering life. But what sort of war such a soldiery made, may be easily imagined. Its treatment of the people and the country wherever it marched, as minutely described by trustworthy witnesses, was literally fiendish. Germany did not recover the effects for two hundred years.

A century had passed since the first preaching of Luther. Jesuitism, working from its great seminary at Ingoldstadt, and backed by Austria, had won back many, especially among the princes and nobility, to the Church of Rome: but in the main the Germans, like the other Teutons, were still Protestant even in the hereditary domains of the House of Austria. The rival religions stood facing each other within the nominal unity of the Empire, in a state of uneasy truce and compromise; questions about ecclesiastical domains and religious privileges, still open; formularies styled of concord proving formularies of discord; no mediating authority being able to make church authority and

liberty of private judgment, Reaction and Progress, the Spirit of the Past and the Spirit of the Future lie down in real peace together. The Protestants had formed an Evangelical Union, their opponents a Catholic League, of which Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, a pupil of the Jesuits, was chief. The Protestants were ill prepared for the struggle. There was fatal division between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, Luther himself having said in his haste that he hated a Calvinist more than a Papist. The great Protestant princes were lukewarm and weakened: like the Tudor nobility of England, they clung much more firmly to the lands which they had taken from the Catholics than to the faith in the name of which the lands were taken; and as powers of order, naturally alarmed by the disorders which attended the great religious revolution, they were politically inclined to the Imperial side. The lesser nobility and gentry, staunch Protestants for the most part, had shown no capacity for vigorous and united action since their premature attempt under Arnold Von Sickingen. On the peasantry, also staunch Protestants, still weighed the reaction produced by the Peasant's war and the excesses of the Anabaptists. In the free cities there was a strong burgher element ready to fight for Protestantism and liberty; but even in the free cities wealth was Conservative, and to the Rothschilds of the day the cause which offered high interest and good security was the cause of Heaven.

The smouldering fire burst into a flame in Bohemia, a kingdom of the House of Austria, and a member of the Empire; but peopled by hot, impulsive Slaves, jealous of their nationality, as well as of their Protestant faith—Bohemia, whither the spark of Wycliffism had passed along the electric chain of common universities by which mediæval Christendom was bound, and where it had kindled first the martyr fire of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, then the fiercer conflagration of the Hussite war. In that

romantic city by the Moldau, with its strange, half Oriental beauty, where Jesuitism now reigns supreme, and St John Nepemuch is the popular divinity, Protestantism and Jesuitism then lay in jealous neighbourhood,—Protestantism supported by the native nobility, from anarchical propensity as well as from religious conviction; Jesuitism patronized and furtively aided by the intrusive Austrian power. From the Emperor Rudolph II, the Protestants had obtained a charter of religious liberties. But Rudolph's successor, Ferdinand II, was the Philip II of Germany in bigotry, though not in cruelty. In his youth, after a pilgrimage to Loretto, he had vowed at the feet of the Pope to restore Catholicism at the hazard of his life. He was a pupil of the Jesuits, almost worshipped priests, was passionately devoted to the ceremonies of his religion, delighting even in the functions of an acolyte, and, as he said, preferred a desert to an empire full of heretics. He had, moreover, before his accession to the throne, come into collision with Protestantism where it was triumphant, and had found in its violence too good an excuse for his bigotry. It was inevitable that as King of Bohemia he should attempt to narrow the Protestant liberties. The hot Czech blood took fire, the fierceness of political turbulence mingled with that of religious zeal, and at a council held at Prague, in the old palace of the Bohemian kings, Martinitz and Slavata, the most hated of Ferdinand's creatures, were thrown out of a window in what was called good Bohemian fashion, and only by a marvellous accident escaped with their lives. The first blow was struck, the signal was given for thirty years of havoc. Insurrection flamed up in Bohemia. At the head of the insurgents, Count Thurn rushed on Vienna. The Emperor was saved only by a miracle, as Jesuitism averred,—as Rationalism says, by the arrival of Dampierre's Imperial horse. He suffered a fright which must have made him more than

ever prefer a desert to an empire full of heretics. By a vote of the States of Bohemia the crown was taken from Ferdinand and offered to Frederic, Elector Palatine. Frederic was married to the bright and fascinating Princess Elizabeth of England, the darling of Protestant hearts; other qualifications for that crown of peril he had none. But in an evil hour he accepted the offer. Soon his unfitness appeared. A foreigner, he could not rein the restive and hard-mouthed Czech nobility; a Calvinist and a pupil of the Huguenots, he unwisely let loose Calvinist iconoclasm among a people who clung to their ancient images though they had renounced their ancient faith. Supinely he allowed Austria and the Catholic League to raise their Croats and Walloons with the ready aid, so valuable in that age of unready finance, of Spanish gold. Supinely he saw the storm gather and roll towards him. Supinely he lingered in his palace, while on the White Hill, a name fatal in Protestant annals, his army, filled with his own discouragement, was broken by the combined forces of the Empire, under Bucquoi, and of the Catholic League, under Count Tilly. Still there was hope in resistance: yet Frederic fled. He was in great danger, say his apologists. It was to face a great danger, and show others how to face it, that he had come there. Let a man, before he takes the crown of Bohemia, look well into his own heart. Then followed a scaffold scene like that of Egmont and Horn, but on a larger scale. Ferdinand, it seems, hesitated to shed blood, but his confessor calmed his scruples. Before the City Hall of Prague, and near the Thein Church, bearing the Hussite emblems of the chalice and sword, amidst stern military pomp, the Emperor presiding in the person of his High Commissioner, twenty-four victims of high rank were led forth to death. Just as the executions commenced a bright rainbow spanned the sky. To the victims it seemed an assurance of Heaven's mercy. To the

more far-reaching eye of history it may seem to have been an assurance that, dark as the sky then was, the flood of Reaction should no more cover the earth. But dark the sky was: the counter reformation rode on the wings of victory, and with ruthless cruelty, through Bohemia, through Moravia, through Austria Proper, which had shown sympathy with the Bohemian revolt. The lands of the Protestant nobility were confiscated; the nobility itself crushed; in its place was erected a new nobility of courtiers, foreigners, military adventurers devoted to the Empire and to Catholicism, the seed of the Metternichs.

For ten years the tide ran steadily against Protestantism and German Independence. The Protestants were without cohesion, without powerful chiefs. Count Mansfeldt was a brilliant soldier, with a strong dash of the robber. Christian of Brunswick was a brave knight errant, fighting, as his motto had it, for God and for Elizabeth of Bohemia. But neither of them had any great or stable force at his back; and if a ray of victory shone for a moment on their standards, it was soon lost in gloom. In Frederick, ex-king of Bohemia, was no help; and his charming queen could only win for him hearts like that of Christian of Brunswick. The great Protestant Princes of the North, Saxony and Brandenburg, twin pillars of the cause that should have been, were not only lukewarm, timorous, superstitiously afraid of taking part against the Emperor, but they were sybarites, or rather sots, to whose gross hearts no noble thought could find its way. Their inaction was almost justified by the conduct of the Protestant chiefs, whose councils were full of folly and selfishness, whose policy seemed mere anarchy, and who too often made war like buccaneers. The Evangelical Union, in which Lutheranism and political quietism prevailed, refused its aid to the Calvinist and usurping King of Bohemia. Among foreign powers, England was divided in will,

the nation being enthusiastically for Protestantism and Elizabeth of Bohemia, while the Court leant to the side of order and hankered after the Spanish marriage. France was not divided in will: her single will was that of Richelieu, who, to weaken Austria, fanned the flame of civil war in Germany, as he did in England, but lent no decisive aid. Bethlem Gabor, the Evangelical prince of Transylvania, led semi-barbarous hosts, useful as auxiliaries, but incapable of bearing the main brunt of the struggle; and he was trammelled by his allegiance to his suzerain, the Sultan. The Catholic League was served by a first-rate general in the person of Tilly; the Empire by a first-rate general and a first-rate statesman in the person of Wallenstein. The Palatinate was conquered, and the Electorate was transferred by Imperial fiat to Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the Catholic League, whereby a majority was given to the Catholics in the hitherto equally-divided College of Electors. An Imperial Edict of Restitution went forth, restoring to Catholicism all that it had lost by conversion within the last seventy years. Over all Germany, Jesuits and Capuchins swarmed with the mandates of reaction in their hands. The King of Denmark tardily took up arms only to be overthrown by Tilly at Lutter, and again at Wolgast by Wallenstein. The Catholic and Imperial armies were on the northern sea. Wallenstein, made Admiral of the Empire, was preparing a basis of maritime operations against the Protestant kingdoms of Scandinavia, against the last asylum of Protestantism and liberty in Holland. Germany, with all its intellect and all its hopes, was on the point of becoming a second Spain. Teutonism was all but enslaved to the Croat. The double star of the House of Austria seemed with baleful aspect to dominate in the sky, and to threaten with extinction European liberty and progress. One bright spot alone remained amidst the

gloom. By the side of the brave burghers who beat back the Prince of Parma from the cities of Holland, a place must be made in history for the brave burghers who beat back Wallenstein from Stralsund, after he had sworn, in his grand, impious way, that he would take it though it were bound by a chain to Heaven. The eyes of all Protestants were turned, says Richelieu, like those of sailors, towards the North. And from the North a deliverer came. On Midsummer day, 1630, a bright day in the annals of Protestantism, of Germany, and, as Protestants and Germans must believe, of human liberty and progress, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, landed at Penemünde, on the Pomeranian coast, and knelt down on the shore to give thanks to God for his safe passage: then showed at once his knowledge of the art of war and of the soldier's heart, by himself taking spade in hand, and commencing the entrenchment of his camp. Gustavus was the grandson of that Gustavus Vasa who had broken at once the bonds of Denmark and of Rome, and had made Sweden independent and Lutheran. He was the son of that Charles Vasa who had defeated the counter-reformation. Devoted from his childhood to the Protestant cause, hardily trained in a country where even the palace was the abode of thrift and self-denial, his mind enlarged by a liberal education, in regard for which, amidst her poverty, as in the general character and habits of her people, his Sweden greatly resembled Scotland; his imagination stimulated by the wild scenery, the dark forests, the starry nights of Scandinavia; gifted by nature both in mind and body; the young king had already shown himself a hero. He had waged grim war with the powers of the icy north; he bore several scars, proofs of a valour only too great for the vast interests which depended on his life; he had been a successful innovator in tactics, or rather a successful restorer of the military science of the Romans. But the best of his military innovations were

discipline and religion. His discipline re-deemed the war from savagery, and made it again, so far as war, and war in that iron age could be, a school of humanity and self-control. In religion he was himself not an ascetic saint: there is one light passage at least in his early life: and at Augsburg they show a ruff plucked from his neck by a fair Augsburg at the crisis of a very brisk flirtation. But he was devout, and he inspired his army with his devotion. The traveller is still struck with the prayer and hymn which open and close the march of the soldiers of Gustavus. Schools for the soldiers' children were held in his camp. It is true that the besetting sin of the Swedes, and of all dwellers in cold countries, is disclosed by the article in his military code directed against the drunkenness of army chaplains.

Sir Thomas Roe, the most sagacious of the English diplomatists of that age, wrote of Gustavus to James I.:—"The king hath solemnly protested that he will not depose arms till he hath spoken one word for your majesty in Germany (that was his own phrase); and glory will contend with policy in his resolution; for he hath unlimited thoughts, and is the likeliest instrument for God to work by in Europe. We have often observed great alterations to follow great spirits, as if they were fitted for the times. Certainly, *ambit fortunam Cæsaris*: he thinks the ship cannot sink that carries him, and doth thus oblige prosperity."

Gustavus justified his landing in Germany by a manifesto setting forth hostile acts of the Emperor against him in Poland. No doubt, there was a technical *casus belli*. But, morally, the landing of Gustavus was a glorious breach of the principle of non-intervention. He came to save the world. He was not the less a fit instrument for God to work by because it was likely that he would rule the world when he had saved it.

"A snow king!" tittered the courtiers of Vienna, "he will soon melt away." He soon began to prove to them, both in war and di-

plomacy, that his melting would be slow. Richelieu at last ventured on a treaty of alliance. Charles I., now on the throne of England, and angry at having been jilted by Spain, also entered into a treaty, and sent British auxiliaries, who, though soon reduced in numbers by sickness, always formed a substantial part of the armies of Gustavus, and in battle and storm earned their full share of the honour of his campaigns. Many British volunteers had already joined the standard of Mansfeldt and other Protestant chiefs; and if some of these men were mere soldiers of the Dugald Dalgetty type, some were the Garibaldians of their day, and brought back at once enthusiasm and military skill from German battlefields to Marston and Naseby. Diplomacy, aided by a little gentle pressure, drew Saxony and Brandenburg to the better cause, now that the better cause was so strong. But while they dallied and haggled one more great disaster was added to the sum of Protestant calamity. Magdeburgh, the queen of Protestant cities, the citadel of North German liberty fell—fell with Gustavus and rescue near—and nameless atrocities were perpetrated by the ferocious bands of the Empire on innocents of all ages and both sexes, whose cry goes up against bloodthirsty fanaticism for ever. A shriek of horror rang through the Protestant world, not without reproaches against Gustavus, who cleared himself by words, and was soon to clear himself better by deeds.

Count Tilly was now, in sole command on the Catholic and Imperial side. Wallenstein had been dismissed. A military Richelieu, an absolutist in politics, an indifferentist in religion, caring at least for the religious quarrel only as it affected the political question, he aimed at crushing the independence of all the princes, Catholic as well as Protestant, and making the Emperor, or rather Wallenstein in the name of the Imperial devotee, as much master of Germany as the Spanish king was of Spain.

But the disclosure of this policy, and the towering pride of its author had alarmed the Catholic princes, and produced a reaction similar to that caused by the absolutist encroachments of Charles V. Aided by the Jesuits, who marked in Wallenstein a statesman whose policy was independent of theirs, and who, if not a traitor to the faith, was at least a bad persecutor, Maximilian and his confederates forced the Emperor to remove Wallenstein from command. The great prince received the bearers of the mandate with stately courtesy, with princely hospitality, showed them that he had read in the stars the predominance of Maximilian over Ferdinand, slightly glanced at the Emperor's weakness, then withdrew to that palace in Prague, so like its mysterious lord, so remote and so fantastic in its splendour, yet so gloomy, so jealously guarded, so full of the spirit of dark ambition, so haunted by the shadow of the dagger. There he lay, waiting the storm that gathered in the North, scanning the stars and waiting for his hour.

When the Swedes and Saxons, under Gustavus and the Elector of Saxony, drew near to the Imperial army under Tilly, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, there was a crisis, a thrill of worldwide expectation, as when the Armada approached the shores of England; as when the allies met the forces of Louis XIV. at Blenheim; as when, on those same plains of Leipsic, the uprisings advanced to battle against Napoleon. Count Tilly's military genius fell short of the highest. His figure was one which showed that war had become a science, and that the days of the Paladins were past. He was a little old man, with a broad wrinkled forehead, hollow cheeks, a long nose and projecting chin, grotesquely attired in a slashed doublet of green satin with a peaked hat and a long red feather hanging down behind. His charger was a grey pony, his only weapon a pistol, which it was his delight to say he had never fired in the thirty pitched fields which he had

fought and won. He was a Walloon by birth, a pupil of the Jesuits, a sincere devotee, and could boast that he had never yielded to the allurements of wine or women, as well as that he had never lost a battle. His name was now one of horror, for he was the captor of Magdeburg, and if he had not commanded the massacre, or, as it was said, jested at it, he could not be acquitted of cruel connivance. That it was the death of his honour to survive the butchery which he ought to have died, if necessary, in resisting sword in hand, is a soldier's judgment on his case. At his side was Pappenheim, another pupil of the Jesuits, the Dundee of the thirty years' war, with all the devotion, all the loyalty, all the ferocity of the Cavalier, the most fiery and brilliant of cavalry officers, the leader of the storming column at Magdeburg.

In those armies the heavy cavalry was the principal arm. The musket was a heavy matchlock fired from a rest, and without a bayonet, so that in the infantry regiments it was necessary to combine pikemen with the musketeers. Cannon there were of all calibres and with a whole vocabulary of fantastic names, but none capable of advancing and manœuvring with troops in battle. The Imperial troops were formed in heavy masses. Gustavus, taking his lesson from the Roman legion, had introduced a more open order—he had lightened the musket, dispensed with the rest, given the musketeer a cartridge box instead of the flapping bandoleer. He had trained his cavalry, instead of firing their carbines and wheeling to charge home with the sword. He had created a real field artillery of imperfect structure, but which told on the Imperial masses.

The harvest had been reaped, and a strong wind blew clouds of dust over the bare autumn fields, when Count Tilly formed the victorious veterans of the Empire, in what was called Spanish order—infantry in the centre, cavalry on the flanks—upon a

rising ground overlooking the broad plain of Breitenfeldt. On him marched the allies in two columns—Gustavus with his Swedes upon the right, the Elector with his Saxons on the left. As they passed a brook in front of the Imperial position, Pappenheim dashed upon them with his cavalry, but was driven back, and the two columns deployed upon the plain. The night before the battle Gustavus had dreamt that he was wrestling with Tilly, and that Tilly bit him in the left arm, but that he overpowered Tilly with his right arm. That dream came through the Gate of Horn, for the Saxons who formed the left wing were raw troops, but victory was sure to the Swede. Soldiers of the old school proudly compare the shock of charging armies at Leipsic with modern battles, which they call battles of skirmishers with armies in reserve. However this may be, all that day the plain of Breitenfeldt with the fierce eddies of a hand-to-hand struggle between mail-clad masses, their cuirasses and helmets gleaming fitfully amidst the clouds of smoke and dust, the mortal shock of the charge and the deadly ring of steel striking the ear with a distinctness impossible in modern battle. Tilly with his right soon shattered the Saxons, but his centre and left were shattered by the unconquerable Swede. The day was won by the genius of the Swedish king, by the steadiness with which his troops manœuvred, and the promptness with which they formed a new front when the defeat of the Saxons exposed their left, by the rapidity of their fire and by the vigour with which their cavalry charged. The victory was complete. At sunset four veteran Walloon regiments made a last stand for the honour of the Empire, and with difficulty bore off their redoubtable commander from his first lost field. Through all Protestant Europe flew the tidings of a great deliverance and the name of a great deliverer.

"On to Vienna!" cried hope and daring then. "On to Vienna!" history still regret-

fully repeats the cry. Gustavus judged otherwise,—and whatever his reason was, we may be sure that it was not weak. Not to the Danube, therefore, but to the Main and Rhine the tide of conquest rolled. The Thuringian forest gleams with fires that guide the night march of the Swede. Frankfurt, the city of Empire, opens her gates to him who will soon come, as the hearts of all men divine, not as a conqueror in the iron garb of war, but as the elect of Germany to put on the imperial crown. In the cellars of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg and Wurtzburg the rich wine is broached for heretic lips. Protestantism everywhere uplifts its head: the Archbishop of Mainz, chief of the Catholic persecutors, becomes a fugitive in his turn; Jesuit and Capuchin must cower or fly. All fortresses are opened by the arms of Gustavus; all hearts are opened by his gracious manner, his winning words, his sunny smile. To the people, accustomed to a war of massacre and persecution, he came as from a better world, a spirit of humanity and toleration. His toleration was politic, no doubt, but it was also sincere. So novel was it that a monk, finding himself not butchered or tortured, thought the king's faith must be weak, and attempted his conversion. His zeal was repaid with a gracious smile. Once more, on the Lech, Tilly crossed the path of the thunderbolt. Dishonoured at Magdeburg, defeated at Leipsic, the old man seems to have been weary of life; his leg shattered by a cannon ball, he was borne dying from the field, and left the Imperial cause headless as well as beaten. Gustavus is in Augsburg, the queen of German commerce, the city of the Fuggers, with their splendid and romantic money-kingdom, the city of the Confession. He is in Munich, the capital of Maximilian and the Catholic League. His allies, the Saxons, are in Prague. A few marches more, and he will dictate peace at Vienna, with all Germany at his back. A few marches more, the Germans will be a Protestant na-

tion, under a Protestant chief, and many a dark page will be torn from the book of fate.

Ferdinand and Maximilian had sought counsel of the dying Tilly. Tilly had given them counsel, bitter but inevitable. Dissembling their hate and fear, they called, like trembling necromancers when they invoke the fiend, upon the name of power. The name of Wallenstein gave new life to the Imperial cause, under the very ribs of death. At once he stood between the Empire and destruction, with an army of 50,000 men. Conjured, as it were, out of the earth by the spell of his influence alone. All whose trade was war came at the call of the grand master of their trade. The secret of Wallenstein's ambition is buried in his grave; but the man himself was the prince of adventurers, the ideal chief of mercenary bands, the arch contractor for the hireling's blood. His character was formed in a vast political gambling house, a world given up to pillage and the strong hand, an Eldorado of confiscations. Of the lofty dreamer portrayed in the noble dramatic poem of Schiller, there is little trace in the intensely practical character of the man. A scion of a good Bohemian house, poor himself, but married to a rich wife, whose wealth was the first step on the ladder of his marvellous fortunes, Wallenstein had amassed immense domains by the purchase of confiscated estates, a traffic redeemed from meanness only by the vastness of the scale on which he practised it, and the loftiness of the aim which he had in view. Then he took to raising and commanding mercenary troops, improving on his predecessors in that trade by doubling the size of his army, on the theory, coolly avowed by him, that a large army would subsist by its command of the country, where a small army would starve. But all was subservient to his towering ambition, and to a pride which has been called theatrical, and which often wore an eccentric garb, but which his death scene proves to have been

the native grand infirmity of the man. He walked in dark ways and was unscrupulous and ruthless when on the path of his ambition; but none can doubt the self-sustaining force of his lonely intellect, his power of command, the spell which his character cast over the fierce and restless spirits of his age. Prince-Duke of Friedland, Mecklenburgh, and Sagan, Generalissimo of the armies of the House of Austria,—to this height had the landless and obscure adventurer risen, in envy's despite, as his motto proudly said; not by the arts of a courtier or a demagogue, but by strength of brain and heart, in a contest with rivals whose brains and hearts were strong. Highest he stood among the uncrowned heads of Europe, and dreaded by the crowned. We wonder how the boisterous soldiers can have loved a chief who was so far from being a comrade, a being so disdainful and reserved, who at the sumptuous table kept by his officers never appeared, never joined in the revelry, even in the camp lived alone, punished intrusion on his haughty privacy as a crime. But his name was victory and plunder; he was lavishly munificent, as one who knew that those who play a deep game must lay down heavy stakes; his eye was quick to discern, his hand prompt to reward the merit of the buccaneer; and those who followed his soaring fortunes knew that they would share them. If he was prompt to reward, he was also stern in punishment, and a certain arbitrariness both in reward and punishment made the soldier feel that the commander's will was law. If Wallenstein was not the boon companion of the mercenaries, he was their divinity; and he was himself essentially one of them,—even his superstition was theirs, and filled the same void of faith in his as in their hearts; though, while the common soldier raised the fiend to charm bullets, or bought spells and amulets of a quack at Nuremberg or Augsburg, Seni, the first astrologer of the age, explored the sympathizing stars for the august destiny of the

Duke of Friedland. Like Uriel and Satan in *Paradise Lost*, Gustavus and Wallenstein stood opposed to each other. On one side was the enthusiast, on the other the mighty gamester, playing the great game of his life without emotion, by intensity of intellect alone. On one side was the crusader, on the other the indifferentist, without faith except in his star. On the one side was as much good, perhaps, as has ever appeared in the form of a conqueror, on the other side the majesty of evil. Gustavus was young, his frame was vigorous and active, though inclined to corpulence, his complexion fair, his hair golden, his eye blue and merry, his countenance frank as day, and the image of a heart which had felt the kindest influences of love and friendship. Wallenstein was past his prime, his frame was tall, spare, somewhat bowed by pain, his complexion dark, his eye black and piercing, his look that of a man who trod slippery paths with deadly rivals at his side, and of whose many letters not one is to a friend. But, opposites in all else, the two champions were well matched in power. Perhaps there is hardly such another duel in history. Such another there would have been if Strafford had lived to encounter Cromwell.

The market for the great adventurer's services having risen so high, the price which he asked was large—a principality in hand, a province to be conquered, supreme command of the army which he had raised. The court suggested that if the emperor's son, the King of Hungary, were put over Wallenstein's head, his name would be a tower of strength; but Wallenstein answered with a blasphemous frankness which must have made the ears of courtiers tingle. He would be emperor of the army; he would be emperor in the matter of confiscations. The last article shews how he won the soldier's heart. Perhaps in framing his terms, he gave something to his wounded pride. If he did, the luxury cost him dear: for here he trod upon the serpent that stung his life.



The career of Gustavus was at once arrested, and he took shelter against the storm in an entrenched camp protected by three hundred cannon under the walls of Nuremberg—Nuremberg, the eldest daughter of the German Reformation, the Florence of Germany in art, wealth and freedom, then the beautiful home of early commerce, now its romantic tomb. The desolation of her grass-grown streets dates from that terrible hour. The Swedish lines were scarcely completed when Wallenstein appeared with all his power; and, sweeping past, entrenched himself four miles from his enemy in a position the key of which were the wooded hill and old castle of the Altenberg. Those who chance to visit that spot may fancy there Wallenstein's camp as it is in Schiller, ringing with the boisterous revelry of its wild and motley bands. And they may fancy the sudden silence, the awe of men who knew no other awe, as in his well-known dress, the laced buff coat with crimson scarf, and the grey hat with crimson plume, Wallenstein rode by. Week after week and month after month these two heavy clouds of war hung close together, and Europe looked for the bursting of the storm. But famine was to do Wallenstein's work; and by famine and the pestilence, bred by the horrible state of the camp, at last his work was done. The utmost limit of deadly inaction for the Swedes arrived. Discipline and honour gave way, and could scarcely be restored by the passionate eloquence of Gustavus. Oxenstiern brought large reinforcements; and on the 24th August Wallenstein saw—with grim pleasure he must have seen—Gustavus advancing to attack him in his lines. By five hundred at a time—there was room for no more in the narrow path of death—the Swedes scaled the flashing and thundering Altenberg. They scaled it again and again through a long summer's day. Once it was all but won. But at evening the Nurembergers saw their hero and protector retiring, for the first time de-

feated, from the field. Yet Gustavus had not lost the confidence of his soldiers. He had shared their danger and had spared their blood. In ten hours' hard fighting he had lost only 2000 men. But Wallenstein might well shower upon his wounded soldiers the only balm for the wounds of men fighting without a country or a cause. He might well write to the emperor: "The King of Sweden has blunted his horns a good deal. Henceforth the title of Invincible belongs not to him, but to your Majesty." No doubt Ferdinand thought it did.

Gustavus now broke up and marched on Bavaria, abandoning the great Protestant city, with the memory of Magdeburg in his heart. But Nuremberg was not to share the fate of Magdeburg. The Imperial army was not in a condition to form the siege. It had suffered as much as that of Gustavus. That such troops should have been held together in such extremity proves their general's power of command. Wallenstein soon gladdened the eyes of the Nurembergers by firing his camp, and declining to follow the lure into Bavaria, marched on Saxony, joined another Imperial army under Pappenheim and took Leipsic.

To save Saxony Gustavus left Bavaria half-conquered. As he hurried to the rescue the people on his line of march knelt to kiss the hem of his garment, the sheath of his delivering sword, and could scarcely be prevented from adoring him as a god. His religious spirit was filled with a presentiment that the idol in which they trusted would be soon laid low. On the 14th of November he was leaving a strongly entrenched camp at Naumberg, where the Imperialists fancied, the season being so far advanced, he intended to remain, when news reached his ear like the sight which struck Wellington's eye as it ranged over Marmont's army on the morning of Salamanca.\* The impetuous Pappenheim, ever anxious for separate com-

\* We owe the parallel, we believe, to an article by Lord Ellesmere, in the *Quarterly Review*.

mand, had persuaded an Imperial council of war to detach him with a large force against Halle. The rest of the Imperialists, under Wallenstein, were quartered in the villages around Lutzen, close within the king's reach, and unaware of his approach. "The Lord," cried Gustavus, "has delivered him into my hand." And at once he swooped upon his prey.

"Break up and march with every man and gun. The enemy is advancing hither. He is already at the pass by the hollow road." So wrote Wallenstein to Pappenheim. The letter is still preserved, stained with Pappenheim's life-blood. But, in that mortal race Pappenheim stood no chance. Halle was a long day's march off, and the troopers, whom Pappenheim could lead gallantly, but could not control, after taking the town had dispersed to plunder. Yet the Swede's great opportunity was lost. Lutzen, though in sight, proved not so near as flattering guides and eager eyes had made it. The deep-banked Rippach, its bridge all too narrow for the impetuous columns, the roads heavy from rain, delayed the march. A skirmish with some Imperial cavalry under Isolani wasted minutes when minutes were years; and the short November day was at an end when the Swede reached the plain of Lutzen.

No military advantage marks the spot where the storm overtook the Duke of Friedland. He was caught like a traveller in a tempest on a shelterless plain, and had nothing for it but to bide the brunt. What could be done with ditches, two windmills, a mud wall, a small canal, he did, moving from point to point during the long night; and before morning all his troops, except Pappenheim's division, had come in and were in line.

When the morning broke a heavy fog lay on the ground. Historians have not failed to remark that there is a sympathy in things, and that the day was loath to dawn which was to be the last day of Gustavus. But

if Nature sympathized with Gustavus, she chose a bad mode of showing her sympathy, for, while the fog prevented the Swedes from advancing, part of Pappenheim's cavalry arrived. After prayers, the king and all his army sang Luther's hymn, "Our God is a strong tower"—the Marseillaise of the militant Reformation. Then Gustavus mounted his horse, and addressed the different divisions, adjuring them by their victorious name, by the memory of the Breitenfeld, by the great cause whose issue hung upon their swords, to fight well for that cause, for their country and their God. His heart was uplifted at Lutzen, and with that Hebrew fervour which uplifted the heart of Cromwell at Dunbar. Old wounds made it irksome to him to wear a cuirass. "God," he said, "shall be my armour this day."

Wallenstein has been much belied if he thought of anything that morning more religious than the order of battle, which has been preserved, drawn up by his own hand, and in which his troops are seen still drawn up in heavy masses, in contrast to the lighter formations of Gustavus. He was carried down his lines in a litter, being crippled by gout, which the surgeons of that day had tried to cure by cutting into the flesh. But when the action began, he placed his mangled foot in a stirrup lined with silk, and mounted the small charger, the skin of which is still shown in the deserted palace of his pride. We may be sure that confidence sat undisturbed upon his brow; but in his heart he must have felt that though he had brave men around him, the Swedes, fighting for their cause under their king, were more than men; and that in the balance of battle then held out, his scale had kicked the beam. There can hardly be a harder trial for human fortitude than to command in a great action on the weaker side. Villeneuve was a brave man, though an unfortunate admiral; but he owned that his heart sank within him at Trafalgar when he saw Nelson bearing down.

"God with us," was the Swedish battle-cry. On the other side the words "Jesus-Maria," passed round, as twenty-five thousand of the most godless and lawless ruffians the world ever saw, stood to the arms which they had imbrued in the blood not of soldiers only, but of women and children of captured towns. Doubtless many a wild Walloon and savage Croat, many a fierce Spaniard and cruel Italian, who had butchered and tortured at Magdeburg, was here come to bite the dust. These men were children of the camp and the battle-field, long familiar with every form of death, yet, had they known what a day was now before them, they might have felt like a recruit on the morning of his first field. Some were afterwards broken or beheaded for misconduct before the enemy; others earned rich rewards: most paid, like men of honour, the price for which they were allowed to glut every lust and revel in every kind of crime.

At nine the sky began to clear; straggling shots told that the armies were catching sight of each other, and a red glare broke the mist, where the Imperialists had set fire to Lutzen to cover their right. At ten Gustavus placed himself at the head of his cavalry. War has now changed; and the telescope is the general's sword. Yet we cannot help feeling that the gallant king, who cast in his own life with the lives of the peasants he had drawn from their Swedish homes, is a nobler figure than the great Emperor who, on the same plains, two centuries afterwards, ordered to their death the masses of youthful valour sent by a ruthless conscription to feed the vanity of a heart of clay.

The Swedes, after the manner of war in that fierce and hardy age, fell at once with their main force on the whole of the Imperial line. On the left, after a murderous struggle, they gained ground and took the enemy's guns. But on the right the Imperialists held firm, and while Gustavus was carrying victory with him to that quarter, Wallenstein

restored the day upon the right. Again Gustavus hurried to that part of the field. Again the Imperialists gave way, and Gustavus, uncovering his head, thanked God for his victory. At this moment it seems the mist returned. The Swedes were confused and lost their advantage. A horse, too well known, ran riderless down their line; and when their cavalry next advanced, they found the stripped and mangled body of their king. According to the most credible witness, Gustavus, who had galloped forward to see how his advantage might be best followed up, got too near the enemy, was shot first in the arm, then in the back, and fell from his horse. A party of Imperial cuirassiers came up, and learning from the wounded man himself who he was, finished the work of death. They then stripped the body for proofs of their great enemy's fate and relics of the mighty slain. Dark reports of treason were spread abroad, and one of these reports followed the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who was with Gustavus that day, through his questionable life to his unhappy end. In those times a great man could scarcely die without suspicion of foul play, and in all times men are unwilling to believe that a life on which the destiny of a cause or a nation hangs can be swept away by the blind, indiscriminate hand of common death.

Gustavus dead, the first thought of his officers was retreat; and that thought was his best eulogy. Their second thought was revenge. Yet so great was the discouragement, that one Swedish colonel refused to advance, and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar cut him down with his own hand. Again the struggle began, and with all the morning's fury. Wallenstein had used his respite well. He knew that his great antagonist was dead, and that he was now the master spirit on the field. And with friendly night near, and victory within his grasp, he directed in person the most desperate combats, prodigal of the life on which, according to his enemies, his treasonable projects hung. Yet

the day was again going against him, when the remainder of Pappenheim's corps arrived, and the road was once more opened to victory by a charge which cost Pappenheim his own life. At four o'clock the battle was at its last gasp. The carnage had been fearful on both sides, and as fearful was the exhaustion. For six hours almost every man in both armies had borne the terrible excitement of mortal combat with pike and sword; and four times that excitement had been strained by general charges to its highest pitch. The Imperialists held their ground, but confused and shattered; their constancy sustained only by that commanding presence which still moved along their lines, unhurt, though grazed and even marked by the storm of death through which he rode. Just as the sun was setting, the Swedes made the supreme effort which heroism alone can make. Then Wallenstein gave the signal for retreat, welcome to the bravest; and as darkness fell upon the field, the shattered masses of the Imperialists drew off slowly and sullenly into the gloom. Slowly and sullenly they drew off, leaving nothing to the victor except some guns of position; but they had not gone far when they fell into the disorganization of defeat.

The judgment of a cause by battle is dreadful. Dreadful it must have seemed to all who were within sight or hearing of the field of Lutzen when that battle was over. But it is not altogether irrational and blind. Providence does not visibly interpose in favour of the right. The stars in their courses do not now fight for the good cause. At Lutzen they fought against it. But the good cause is its own star. The strength given to the spirit of the Swedes by religious enthusiasm, the strength given to their bodies by the comparative purity of their lives, enabled them, when the bravest and hardest ruffians were exhausted in spirit and body, to make that last effort which won the day.

*Te Deum* was sung at Vienna and Madrid, and with good reason. For Vienna and Madrid the death of Gustavus was better than any victory. For humanity, if the interests of humanity were not those of Vienna and Madrid, it was worse than any defeat. But for Gustavus himself, was it good thus to die glorious and stainless, but before his hour? Triumph and empire, it is said, might have corrupted the soul which up to this time had been so pure and true. It was, perhaps, well for him that he was saved from temptation. A deeper morality replies that what was bad for Gustavus' cause and for his kind, could not be good for Gustavus; and that whether he were to stand or fall in the hour of temptation, he had better have lived his time and done his work. We, with our small philosophy, can make allowance for the greater dangers of the higher sphere; and shall we arrogate to ourselves a larger judgment and ampler sympathies than we allow to God? Yet Gustavus was happy. Among soldiers and statesmen, if there is a greater, there is hardly a purer name. He had won not only honour but love, and the friend and comrade was as much bewailed as the deliverer and the king. In him his Sweden appeared for the first and last time with true glory on the scene of universal history. In him the spirit of the famous house of Vasa rose to the first heroic height. It was soon to mount to madness in Christina and Charles XII.

Not till a year had passed could Sweden bring herself to consign the remains of her Gustavus to the dust. Then came a hero's funeral, with pomp not unmeaning, with trophies not unbecoming the obsequies of a Christian, and for mourners the sorrowing nations. In early youth Gustavus had loved the beautiful Ebba Brahé, daughter of a Swedish nobleman, and she had returned his love. But etiquette and policy interposed, and Gustavus married Eleanor, a princess of Brandenburg, also renowned for beauty

The widowed Queen of Gustavus, though she had loved him with a fondness too great for their perfect happiness, admitted his first love to a partnership in her grief, and sent Ebba with her own portrait the portrait of him who was gone where, if love still is, there is no more rivalry in love.

The death of Gustavus was the death of his great antagonist. Gustavus gone, Wallenstein was no longer indispensable, and he was more formidable than ever. Lutzen had abated nothing either of his pride or power. He went forth again from Prague to resume command in almost imperial pomp. The army was completely in his hands. He negotiated as an independent power, and was carrying into effect a policy of his own, which seems to have been one of peace for the empire with amnesty and toleration, and which certainly crossed the policy of the Jesuits and Spain, now dominant in the Imperial councils. No doubt the great adventurer also intended that his own grandeur should be augmented and secured. Whether his proceedings gave his master just cause for alarm remains a mystery. The word, however, went forth against him, and in Austrian fashion, a friendly correspondence being kept up with him when he had been secretly deposed and his command transferred to another. Finding himself denounced and outlawed, he resolved to throw himself on the Swedes. He had arrived at Eger, a frontier fortress of Bohemia. It was a night apt for crime, dark and stormy, when Gordon, a Scotch Calvinist in the Imperial service, (for Wallenstein's camp welcomed adventurers of all creeds), and commandant of Eger, received the most faithful of Wallenstein's officers, Terzka, Kinsky, Illo and Neumann, at supper in the citadel. The social meal was over, the wine cup was going round; misgiving, if any misgiving there was, had yielded to comradeship and good cheer, when the door opened and death, in the shape of a party of Irish troopers, stalked in. The conspirators sprang

from the side of their victims, and shouting, "Long live the Emperor," ranged themselves with drawn swords against the wall, while the assassins overturned the table and did their work. Wallenstein, as usual, was not at the banquet. He was indeed in no condition for revelry. Gout had shattered his stately form, reduced his bold handwriting to a feeble scrawl, probably shaken his powerful mind, though it could rally itself, as at Lutzen, for a decisive hour; and, perhaps, if his enemies could have waited, the course of nature might have spared them the very high price which they paid for his blood. He had just dismissed his astrologer, Seni, into whose mouth the romance of history does not fail to put prophetic warnings; his valet was carrying away the golden salver on which his night draught had been brought to him, and he was about to lie down, when he was drawn to the window by the noise of Butler's regiment surrounding his quarters, and by the shrieks of the Countesses Terzka and Kinsky, who were wailing for their murdered husbands. A moment afterwards the Irish Captain Devereux burst into the room, followed by his fellow-assassins shouting "Rebels, rebels." Devereux himself, with a halbert in his hand, rushed up to Wallenstein, and cried "Villain, you are to die!" True to his own majesty the great man spread out his arms, received the weapon in his breast, and fell dead without a word. But as thought at such moments is swift, no doubt he saw it all—saw the dark conclave of Italians and Spaniards sitting at Vienna—knew that the murderer before him was the hand and not the head—read at once his own doom and the doom of his grand designs for Germany and Friedland. His body was wrapped in a carpet, carried in Gordon's carriage to the citadel, and there left for a day with those of his murdered friends in the court-yard, then huddled into a hastily constructed coffin, the legs of the corpse being broken to force it in. Different obsequies from those of

Gustavus, but perhaps equally appropriate, at least equally characteristic of the cause which the dead man served.

Did Friedland desire to be more than Friedland, to unite some shadow of command with the substance, to wear some crown of tinsel, as well as the crown of power? We do not know, we know only that his ways were dark, that his ambition was vast, and that he was thwarting the policy of the Jesuits and Spain. Great efforts were made in vain to get up a case against his memory; recourse was had to torture, the use of which always proves that no good evidence is forthcoming; absurd charges were included in the indictment, such as that of having failed to pursue and destroy the Swedish army after Lutzen. The three thousand masses which Ferdinand caused to be sung for Wallenstein's soul, whether they benefited his soul or not have benefited his fame, for they seem like the weak self-betrayal of an uneasy conscience, vainly seeking to stifle infamy and appease the injured shade. Assassination itself condemns all who take part in it or are accomplices in it; and Ferdinand, who rewarded the assassins of Wallenstein, was at least an accomplice after the fact. Vast as Wallenstein's ambition was, even for him age and gout must have begun to close the possibilities of life; and he cannot have been made restless by the pangs of abortive genius, for he had played the grandest part upon the grandest stage. He had done enough, it would seem, to make repose welcome, and his retirement would not have been dull. Often in his letters his mind turns from the camp and council to his own domains, his rising palaces, his farms, his gardens, his schools, his manufactures, the Italian civilization which the student of Padua was trying to create in Bohemian wilds, the little empire in the administration of which he showed that he might have been a good Emperor on a larger scale. Against his Imperial master

he is probably entitled at least to a verdict of not proven, and to the sympathy due to vast services requited by murder. Against accusing humanity his plea is far weaker, or rather he has no plea but one of extenuation. If there is a gloomy majesty about him the fascination of which we cannot help owning, if he was the noblest spirit that served evil, still it was evil that he served. The bandit hordes which he led were the scourges of the defenceless people, and in making war support war he set the evil example which was followed by Napoleon on a greater scale, and perhaps with more guilt, because in a more moral age. If in any measure he fell a martyr to a policy of toleration, his memory may be credited with the sacrifice. His toleration was that of indifference, not that of a Christian; yet the passages of his letters in which he pleads for milder methods of conversion, and claims for widows an exemption from the extremities of persecution, seem preserved by his better angel to shed a ray of brightness on his lurid name. Of his importance in history there can be no doubt. Take your stand on the battle field of Lutzen. To the North all was rescued by Gustavus, to the South all was held till yesterday by the darker genius of Wallenstein.

Like the mystic bark in the *Mort d'Arthur*, the ship which carried the remains of Gustavus from the German shore bore away heroism as well as the hero. Gustavus left great captains in Bernard of Weimar, Banner, Horn, Wrangel and Tortensohn; in the last, perhaps, a captain equal to himself. He left in Oxenstiern the greatest statesman and diplomatist of the age. But the guiding light, the grand aim, the ennobling influence were gone. The Swedes sank almost to the level of the vile element around, and a torture used by the buccaneers to extract confessions of hidden treasure bore the name of the Swedish draught. The last grand figure left

the scene is Wallenstein. Nothing remained but mean ferocity and rapine, coarse filibustering among the soldiers, among the statesmen and diplomatists filibustering a little more refined. All high motives and interests were dead. The din of controversy which at the outset accompanied the firing of the cannon, and proved that the cannon was being fired in a great cause, had long since sunk into silence. Yet for fourteen years after the death of Wallenstein this foulest, aimless drama of horror and agony dragged on. Every part of Germany was repeatedly laid under heavy war contributions, and swept through by pillage, murder, rape and arson. For thirty years all countries, even those of the Cossack and the Stradiot, sent their worst sons to the scene of butchery and plunder. It may be doubted whether such desolation ever fell upon any civilized and cultivated country. When the war began Germany was rich and prosperous, full of smiling villages, of goodly cities, of flourishing universities, of active industry, of invention and discovery, of literature and learning, of happiness, of progress, of national energy and hope. At its close she was a material and moral wilderness. In a district, selected as a fair average specimen of the effects of the war, it is found that of the inhabitants three-fourths, of the cattle four-fifths, perished. For thirty years the husbandman never sowed with any confidence that he should reap; the seed-corn was no doubt often consumed by the reckless troopers or the starving peasantry; and if foreign countries had been able to supply food there were no railroads to bring it. The villages through whole provinces were burnt or pulled down to supply materials for the huts of the soldiery; the people hid themselves in dens and caves of the earth; took to the woods and mountains, where many of them remained swelling the multitude of brigands. When they could they wreaked upon the lansquenets a vengeance as dreadful as what they had

suffered, and were thus degraded to the same level of ferocity. Moral life was broken up. The Germany of Luther with its order and piety and domestic virtue, with its old ways and customs, even with its fashions of dress and furniture, perished almost as though it had been swallowed by an earthquake. The nation would hardly have survived had it not been for the desperate tenacity with which the peasant clung to his own soil, and the efforts of the pastors, men of contracted views, of dogmatic habits of mind, and of a somewhat narrow and sour morality, but staunch and faithful in the hour of need, who continued to preach and pray amidst blackened ruins to the miserable remnants of their flocks, and sustained something of moral order and of social life.

Hence in the succeeding centuries, the political nullity of the German nation, the absence of any strong popular element to make head against the petty despotism of the princes, and launch Germany in the career of progress. Hence the backwardness and torpor of the Teutonic race in its original seat, while elsewhere it led the world. Hence, while England was producing Chatham and Burkes, Germany was producing the great musical composers. Hence when the movement came it was rather intellectual than political, rather a movement of the universities than of the nation.

At last, nothing being left for the armies to devour, the masters of the armies began to think of peace. The diplomatists went to work, and in true diplomatic fashion. Two years they spent in formalities and haggling, while Germany was swarming with disbanded lansquenets. It was then that old Oxenstiern said to his son, who had modestly declined an ambassadorship on the ground of inexperience: "Thou knowest not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." The object of all the parties to the negotiations was acquisition of territory at the expense of their neighbours:

and the treaty of Westphalia, though, as we have said, it was long the public law of Europe, was an embodiment, not of principles of justice or of the rights of nations, but of the relative force and cunning of what are happily called the powers. France obtained, as the fruit of the diplomatic skill with which she had prolonged the agony of Germany, a portion of the territory which she has recently disgorged. The independence of Germany was saved ; and though it was not a national independence, but an independence of petty despotisms, it was redemption from Austrian and Jesuit bondage for the present, with the hope of national independence in the future. When Gustavus broke the Imperial line at Lutzen,

Luther and Loyola might have turned in their graves. Luther had still two centuries and a half to wait ; so much difference in the course of history, in spite of all our philosophies and our general laws, may be made by an arrow shot at a venture, a wandering breath of pestilence, a random bullet, a wreath of mist lingering on one of the world's battle-fields. But Luther has conquered at last. Would that he had conquered by other means than war—war with all its sufferings, with all its passions, with the hatred, the revenge, the evil pride which it leaves behind it ! But he has conquered ; and his victory opens a new and, so far as we can see, a happier era for Europe.

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THE SLEEPERS.

GRAND, O ! grand is the mariner's grave,  
 Deep in the heart of the unreposing wave,—  
 Compassed around with marvellous things,  
 That the sea hath won in its wanderings ;  
 Royaller far than the tomb of kings.

Sweet, O ! sweet is the rest of him  
 Who is laid to sleep beneath the yew trees dim,  
 Where gather the village folk to pray,  
 And a solemn calm is night and day,  
 And the mounded grave is green alway.

But sweeter, solemner, grander far,  
 To be laid where England's royallest ashes are :  
 Carved in marble pure and rare,  
 With white hands clasped as if in prayer,  
 While the great anthem fills the air.

Ah me, what mattereth land or sea,  
 Rest or unrest to him who hath ceased to be ?  
 And yet it were sweetly sad to know  
 That about the grave to which we go,  
 Worshippers worship, winds breathe low.

PORT HOPE.



## THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

BY A BYSTANDER.

A STRANGER enters the chamber of the Legislature at Ottawa under the influence of all the favourable prepossessions which architectural beauty and stateliness can produce. Criticism may no doubt find weak points in the Parliament buildings. But taken as a whole they are the finest thing on this continent, the University of Toronto being their only possible rival; and it would hardly be too much to say that the general view of them is one of the architectural glories of the world. Their situation is almost unequalled, and may well have contributed to attract the choice of the Government to Ottawa as the capital of the Dominion, especially if the tradition is correct that a lady had great influence in the selection. The sum laid out on them though large has not been ill spent. It is good that the majesty of the nation should be duly symbolized in the abode of its legislature; it is good that we should have before our eyes a stimulating example of high art; it is good that we should at once give to our nationality that element of stability which grand official buildings seldom fail to bring to an institution, and which the European cathedrals have so manifestly imparted to the religious system of which they are the fanes; it is good that the mansion of the community should rise in unapproached magnificence above the proudest dwellings of the wealthiest citizens. We have only to regret that Parliament delays expending the small additional sum necessary to put the grounds in order, for want of which the near view of the buildings loses half its effect.

Ottawa is pre-eminently an official capital. It will probably cease to be a place of much business when, in the course of time, the lum-

ber trade departs, as there is nothing in its situation or climate to make it a pleasure city. The relegation of the seat of government to this spot was no doubt determined by the mutual jealousies of the great cities, combined, perhaps, with the military security, which, however, now that war is winged by science, cannot be very great. It is said, however, that it was politic to place the legislature beyond the influence of the populace of great cities. Paris no doubt affords a signal instance of the calamitous interference of such a populace with the independence of the national legislature, and a parallel on a small scale is to be found in the history of Montreal. It is very likely that evil consequences might have ensued if the legislature of the United States during the civil war had sat surrounded by the mob of New York. On the other hand it is a bad thing to remove politicians wholly from the tempering influences of general society, and to set them during the whole session to the exclusive and unmitigated pursuit of their own trade.

It is interesting to see in the Colonial Parliament the exact preservation of all the forms, ceremonies and paraphernalia of its Imperial prototype; all, at least, saving the Speaker's wig, which, though peculiarly dear to the imagination of the British Constitutionalist, could hardly be naturalized in the new world.

Unfortunately the colonies have reproduced British institutions as the Chinese ship-builder reproduced the British merchant's ship—dry-rot and all. In the very arrangement of the House at Ottawa the eye detects at once the sinister apparatus of party government. The framers of our con-

stitution indeed were the first to recognize what British law, and even the constitutional writers of England still ignore—"In such nomination (of members of the Legislative Council) due regard shall be had to the claims of the members of the Legislative Council of the *Opposition* in each Province, so that all political parties may as nearly as possible be fairly represented." This, it is believed, is the first formal acknowledgment of party as an element of the constitution and of party interests, as distinct from those of the country and the public good.

The Cabinet, which is the organ of party government, is still wholly unknown to English law. Its meetings are perfectly informal in every respect, nor is any record of them preserved. The only council known to the law is the Privy Council, a non-party body, which was the ancient government with the Sovereign of England, though it has long since become, except in respect of its Judicial and Educational Committees, a venerable shade. The system of party and cabinet government grew out of the fierce divisions between Whig and Tory generated by the civil war, which rendered it impossible for leaders of opposite factions to sit together in the royal council. William III. at first attempted to form his council without regard to party, but he was compelled to succumb to circumstances and accept a party cabinet. The contests of party during his reign brought fully into view the evils of the system. Patriotism and honour were trampled under foot; excluded aspirants to office intrigued with the foreign enemies of the country, and party malignity vented itself in the groundless indictment of an opponent for murder. George I., being ignorant of the English language, was unable to preside over the council of his Ministers. From that time the Sovereign was excluded from the sittings of the Cabinet, and the Cabinet itself became definitively a caucus, or to use the historic name applied to the first of these unconstitutional councils in England, a

"cabal," of the leaders of the dominant party. The continuance of the system was marked by the prevalence of the same malignant and unpatriotic spirit which had predominated at its birth. Party drove Walpole into the causeless and calamitous war with Spain; and Chatham himself, under the influence of faction, was one of the chief participants in that crime. Nor was corruption any more than faction absent even at the very best of times.

Still, party in England has been saved from utter absurdity and vileness by the general presence of some dividing principle, such as might raise the struggle above a mere scramble for place, make party allegiance tolerably consistent with patriotism, and render possible, in the case of the better men at least, something like a realization of that ideal of Burke, to which reference was made in the last of these papers. The temporary absence or weakness of the dividing principle has, as was there remarked, always been accompanied by a reign of corruption, and by all the evils, moral and material, with which corruption in the government fills a nation.

Party without a dividing principle becomes faction. The aim of faction is place, its bond is selfishness, the means which it universally and inevitably employs to hold together its forces and attain its ends are intrigue, jobbery, and corruption; its deliberations are conspiracies; its patriotism is the sacrifice of country to cabal; its eloquence is slander of opponents. The tendency of government by faction is always downward; good men and intellects of the higher order are more and more repelled from politics; each generation of rulers is smaller and viler than the last; corruption grows ever more necessary and more familiar; the last twilight of honour fades away; and the end is a domination of scoundrels. In the meantime caucuses and wire-pulling have extinguished the freedom of the suffrage, and such public virtue as may be left in the na-

tion is left powerless even to move in the direction of reform. The public journals become organs of faction, and by their daily teaching leave little in the hearts of the people to which a high-minded statesman and a reformer can appeal. This may be a dark picture, but we know from experience that it is true.

Opposition leaders under such a system denounce with an indignation which at the time is sincere the jobbery and corruption by which the government unavoidably subsists; but when they have themselves obtained power, they find themselves obliged to subsist by the same means. Public writers come forth with professions, equally sincere, of superiority to the narrowness, the dishonesty, the slanderous malignity of the party press, but they soon fall into the common groove and sink to the general level.

In the colonies, where, saving the formal representation of monarchy in the person of the Governor, only the popular portion of British institutions has been adopted, and where, consequently, the questions between aristocracy and democracy which still agitate the mother country do not arise, parties are without any dividing principle. Their names, if they have names, are as unmeaning as Neri and Bianchi, or Caravats and Shanavests. Swift's picture of the Big-endians and Little-endians is far more applicable to them than it was to the Whigs and Tories of his time. Almost all the political leaders of Canada have been in every kind of combination. Apart from personal enmities and rivalries, there is no reason why any two of them, however opposed to each other at present, and however violent their mutual vituperation, should not sit together in the same national councils. The most discordant of them did sit together in the national councils at the time of Confederation, and only the personal animosities which had then become inveterate prevented the permanence of the conjunction.

Why, then, it may be asked, are we to be

doomed for ever to the continuance of this party system, which, so far as we are concerned, is the servile imitation of a model alien to our case? Why should not the members of our Executive, instead of being nominated by party, under the mask of royal appointment, be elected by Parliament, which is now the real sovereign power, for such terms as may be deemed expedient, and with a proper rule of rotation, so as to preserve the harmony between the executive and the legislative? If the form of royal appointment were still deemed essential, in accordance with the general habits of British formalism, it might be preserved by turning the election a presentation or recommendation, to be ratified by the Crown. This simple change, though of course it would not extinguish factiousness or cupidity at the breasts of politicians, would cut up the root of party government and party corruption, which is the constant struggle of two organized factions for the offices and patronage of the State.

As matters stand, however, we must be content, in writing of politics, to descend to a comparatively low moral level, to accept the sinister code of party law, to acquiesce in types of political character such as a better age will repudiate, to bestow the name of statesmanship on the art which holds parties together, and to judge with leniency a party government which keeps evil influences within decent bounds, and does not utterly sacrifice to its party objects the great interests of the country. To "take care of Dowb" is the universal rule, though the frankness and succinctness of telegraphic expression are unfortunately rare. That Puritanism will not do in politics is the universal maxim, and "Puritanism" is the politician's epithet for honour. One of the best and most upright of Canadian statesmen owned that in the whole course of his public life he had never been able to appoint to any office the man whom, in his conscience, he believed to be the fittest for the place.

The basis, however, if not the principle, of party in this country, is obvious enough. The united mass of French in Lower Canada, welded together by a separate nationality, and, as peasantry of the France before the Revolution, greatly under ecclesiastical control, and steady in allegiance to the leaders who have the confidence of their clergy, could not fail to be the dominant power under a party system; for, under a party system, cohesiveness is force, independent intelligence is weakness. A government which has formed an alliance with this mass, has only to add to it a certain number of auxiliaries, of whom the smaller Provinces, since Confederation, have been the natural recruiting ground, and whom skill and address in the use of Government influence can hardly fail to secure. It may be pretty safely predicted that, even if the present Opposition were to come into power, it would be compelled to make terms with French Canada; indeed, its movements show a consciousness of this fact. The present Ministry derives additional strength from the British connection, which, being peculiarly a connection with the aristocratic and conservative party in England, is the channel of sentiments and influences congenial to the clerical conservatism of French Canada and to the traditional leanings of the principal members of our present Government.

Throughout the Session, the Ministry showed overwhelming strength; so overwhelming that the country might be said to be practically destitute of that essential security for tolerable government under the party system,—an effective opposition. Where, as in the present case, an opposition represents no antagonistic principles, the mere possession of power and patronage is a rampart almost impregnable, if the defence is conducted with ordinary skill. Grave errors on the part of Walpole at last opened a breach for the assailants who had pressed the siege in vain, in spite of all their

ability and eloquence, for twenty years. In default of an antagonistic principle, the administrative acts of the Government may be criticized, and attacks may be made on it in cases of jobbery and corruption: but the merely administrative acts of a government will always be sustained by its majority; and with regard to jobbery and corruption, the moral fibre of the public under the party system is soon deadened, and indignant purity, thundering from the opposition benches, is heard with scepticism or indifference.

The Canadian Opposition is further weakened, and very materially, by the uncertainty as to its leadership, and the prevalence of the impression that it is really controlled by a leader outside Parliament, allusions to whose influence are constantly made by the hostile party, and appear invariably to tell. Its apparent narrowness may be partly traceable to the same cause. For a leader out of Parliament may indulge with impunity in his Shibboleth, while a leader in Parliament is compelled to attract recruits by greater liberality and toleration. The General Election, however, will probably set this right.

The Treaty debate was the great field-day of the Session, though the ground for decisive battle was ill chosen by the leaders of the Opposition. It had become manifest to all impartial observers before the meeting of Parliament that the Treaty was accepted by the fishermen, that it was approved by Montreal, and that the feeling against it in Ontario, though pretty general, was not intense enough to sustain extreme measures. It had even received the accession of the leading member of the Opposition at Montreal. The criticism of the Opposition press had failed of effect from its excessively party character, and the supporters of the Treaty, and the Minister by whom it was negotiated, were enabled to appeal to the broader patriotism which, in questions between our common country and foreign na-

tions, suspends the war of party, and rises to the national point of view. But the leaders of the Opposition were desperately committed to mortal combat on this issue before public opinion had been settled, and even before the facts were completely known. When the fatal hour arrived, they led their party, with the greatest gallantry and ability, to its certain doom: and the defeat which it encountered in what had been so long and so loudly proclaimed as the grand trial of party strength, broke its force for the session, and prevented it from giving battle with effect upon more auspicious fields. If the party system of government is to continue, it is essential, as was said before, that we should have a strong opposition: for, without a strong opposition, party government becomes a corrupt despotism, cloaked by a Parliament. But there cannot be a strong opposition without a parliamentary chief, having, so far as the circumstances of a voluntary combination will permit, the full control of his party, able deliberately to forecast its policy, to exercise reserve and reticence similar to those exercised by the head of the government till the field of action is fairly within his view, and to husband the energy and prestige of his followers for attacks upon those points where there is fair ground for hoping that an impression may be made.

The Minister, sure of his majority, made to an assembly, which hung upon his lips, a defence of the Treaty and of his own conduct in relation to it, rich in details valuable to history. Such was the importance attached to his words, and such the public expectation, that by an extraordinary effort of journalistic enterprise his whole speech was telegraphed from Ottawa to his leading organ at Toronto. He was pressed by the Opposition with the apparent contrast between the face which he had presented to the British Government in protesting against the Treaty with a view to exacting compensation for it, and the face which he present-

ed in recommending the Treaty to the Parliament of Canada. To this charge, and the array of documentary proofs by which it was enforced, he did not care to reply. He knew, no doubt, that in the minds of those on whose votes he depended such criticism would only enhance the admiration felt for the statesmanship which had been able to secure at once an advantageous Treaty and an indemnification for accepting it.

Those who regard material advantages insufficient, and in the end precarious, without regard for the national honour, and at the same time those who desire to have our relations with the mother country placed on a sound and honourable footing, will be grateful to the independent members who pressed the special consideration of the Fenian claim. No reparation has ever been obtained, or even sought, either by the British or by the Canadian Government for the great wrong. No doubt, so far as Canada is concerned, the guarantee of the Pacific bonds might cover, among our other material losses, the loss of our slain citizens, considered merely as contributors to our wealth; but it could afford no compensation for the blood, murdered as they were by a piratical force, openly organized, armed and drilled in the territory, and with the connivance, or worse than connivance, of a professed friendly government, towards which Canada had, under the most trying circumstances, scrupulously performed all international obligations. Nor was any adequate security taken against a recurrence of the outrage for members of our legislature who can believe that the Americans will feel themselves bound by merely inferential corollaries from the rule laid down in the case of the *Alabama*. They have surely little reason for taunting Englishmen with ignorance of American history. It seems not even clear as a point of law that the peculiar case of the Fenian raid would be covered by rules regulating the conduct of neutrals in time of war; and if any question should arise, the American

might plead with considerable force that the consideration of the Fenian case had been actually pressed and rejected at the time when the Treaty was made. Had the British and Canadian Governments conjointly insisted on the claim, it is at least possible that the point might have been yielded by the American Government, which, on financial grounds, was very anxious for a settlement, and was too conscious of the state of affairs at the South to push matters to extremities with Great Britain. But at all events we should have been true to international principle and to national self-respect; we should have kept the path of honour, which is the only path of peace, especially in dealing with the Government of the American Republic.

With regard to the merits and demerits of the Treaty as a whole, apart from the Fenian question, the bystander looking for an independent judgment amidst the conflicting tides of party assertion and invective, found it in the words of Mr. Holton, the seceding member of the Opposition. "He (Mr. Holton) supposed it would be admitted on all hands that this was not a Treaty to which Canada would have become a party as an independent country. It would also, he thought, be admitted that it was not a Treaty to which England would become a party if she had not these provinces as part of the Empire. This consideration elevated the whole question to the domain of the Imperial policy, and made the object to be gained not what was best for Canada or for England, but for the Empire as a whole. He thought, therefore, and the best consideration he was able to give the subject convinced him that, in the interest of the Empire at large, and of this country as a part of it, the Treaty should be accepted." In quoting Mr. Holton against his political friends, it is due to him to say that his speech was marked by the utmost respect for their feelings, and for the tie between himself and them.

The Treaty of Washington was a sincere attempt on the part of the British Government to bring about a reconciliation with the Government of the United States; and it might have succeeded had the Government of the United States simply desired a reconciliation with Great Britain, not a victory for electioneering purposes over British honour. But its vaunted importance as the inauguration of a new international era fell to the ground upon the rejection of the Fenian claim, after which it became not a signal submission of force to public law, but a signal assertion of the immunity of the American Republic from international responsibility, and a step backwards instead of forwards in the moral progress of humanity. All hope of its producing a better state of feeling between the two nations expired in the bickerings and recriminations consequent on the dispute as to its interpretation with reference to the indirect claims; and though it was Lord Granville's duty to labour as he did with temper and perseverance for its preservation, even he must have felt after such a taste of the "amity" of the opposite party to the arbitration that he might be saved by an early miscarriage from worse evils to come. It appears, on conclusive authority, that Mr. Bancroft Davis, in addition to his indirect claims, sent in inflated estimates (to use no harsher expression) of the direct claims; and even if the injustice of these estimates were admitted by the Americans themselves as openly as was the untenable character of the claim for consequential damages, the retraction of a wrongful demand would still be held, in the latter case as in the former, incompatible with American honour. We have learnt something as to the value of that transcendental morality, spouted from innumerable platforms, which in theory soars above angels, but in practice is unequal to efforts easy and familiar to every man of honour.

If the treaty dies the American case

will live a monument to the civilized world, and in all books on international law, of the temper and habits of the American Government. British statesmen also have now probably learnt what they were naturally and perhaps laudably slow to learn—the vanity of attempting by unreciprocated demonstrations of good-will and caresses which are invariably misconstrued, to gain the friendship of the one nation on earth whose friendship is not to be gained. The identity of language veils the fact that the people of the United States have become, under the influence of different institutions, and from the infusion of foreign elements, at least as alien to the British as any other foreign nation. Among the other leading features of British character they have lost the power of forgiving and forgetting an old quarrel; and while Washington is revered in England almost as a national hero, Americans still rancorously brood over the memories of the Revolutionary war. School histories, entirely made up of inflated and malignant accounts of the two quarrels with Great Britain, inoculate each rising generation with the ancestral hatred, and Irish and protectionist sentiment add their quota to the sum of bitterness. We may not be altogether misled by our vanity in supposing that some degree of envy, however strange on the part of so prosperous and powerful a nation, still mingles with the other causes of hostility; and Hawthorne may have been right in saying, as he did with singular frankness, that Americans would be able to regard England with cordiality when she had been compelled by some great calamity to implore their help. Be this as it may, the notion that beneath incessant and universal manifestations of ill-will there lurks a fund of affection fed by the memory of a common origin is unfounded, and if assumed as the basis of action, must lead to disappointment and humiliation. No political capital is so valuable to an American politician as the reputation of having injured or insulted

Great Britain, and it was evidently felt by President Grant that to yield to her, even when every sane American admitted her to be undeniably in the right, would be absolutely fatal to his chance of re-election. Peace with the United States is to Great Britain and Canada an object of the very highest importance; but it will be best secured by a scrupulous observance of all obligations, coupled with a certain measure of reserve, at least with abstinence from anxious and overstrained demonstrations of friendship, and with a due maintenance of our own rights and of the rights of nations. The effect of the temperate but unanimous resistance of the British people to the recent attempt at extortion has been entirely good; and equally good, we are persuaded, would have been the effect of a courteous but manly and resolute adherence to the Fenian claim.

It is to be regretted that the beneficent principle of international arbitration should, upon its first grand application, have received so severe a blow; but there is no reason for despairing of its success in the case of nations different in their temper and habits from the people of the United States, and uninfamed by traditional animosity against the other party to the suit. Where actual submission to arbitration may seem perilous it may perhaps be useful to take the opinion of impartial jurists as a guide to the parties, and by way of moderating the angry extravagances into which nations are hurried by their mutual excitement and the violence of an irresponsible press.

The debate on the Washington Treaty was further memorable as an epoch in the relations between the mother country and the colonies, since by the submission of the Canadian articles to our Parliament, England in effect abdicated almost the last remnant of authority which she had retained over the colony—the treaty-making power.

Had not the Opposition been suffering under the effects of their great defeat they

could hardly have failed to make a more vigorous stand, and to produce a greater public impression than they did on the question respecting the trial of controverted elections. This might well have been chosen by them as the field for a pitched battle. The claim of the House of Commons to act judicially in the matter of controverted elections is admitted in England to be obsolete, and a relic of that early period of constitutional history in which the functions of political assemblies had not yet been clearly distinguished from those of judicial tribunals, and when the House was not unfrequently tempted to usurp judicial authority in questions of a more general kind. The failure of justice, the electoral malpractices, the popular discontent, the aspersions on the honour of Parliament, which prevailed under the system of parliamentary committees, have been happily removed by the transfer of these trials to the judges, to whom all trials, whatever their subject matter, belong. At the same time, an end has been put to the enormous expense and inconvenience involved in bringing every election case to be tried at the capital, and which in themselves often constituted an effectual bar to justice and a complete screen for criminal tampering with the suffrage, by sending the judges to the constituency, and thus bringing justice home to the petitioners' door. Experience was hardly needed to prove that a trial is more properly conducted by those trained to sift evidence than by the untrained, that an impartial judge is preferable to a court made up, even in equal proportions, of the parties to the suit, or that cheap and ready justice is better than the reverse. But, if it were, the experience of England has been decisive; and Canada happily shares with England that greatest of political blessings, an independent judiciary, fully possessing the confidence of the people. To rebut any possible suggestion as to a difference between the circumstances of the two countries, Ontario has adopted the

English law, and with equally good results. That the system of trial by the judges is favourable to the freedom and purity of suffrage, as the system of trial by parliamentary committees was to intimidation and corruption, is, in truth, established beyond the possibility of doubt. Yet the Minister, on the eve of a general election, resisted the reform, enumerating mechanical difficulties, which seemed not insurmountable, and appealing somewhat palpably to the pugnacity of his party. A government could hardly place itself in a more assailable position, or afford an opposition a better opportunity of coming forward as the champions of the honour of Parliament and of the rights of the people. Yet, mainly, it would seem, for the reason before mentioned, comparatively little impression was made.

The debates on the New Brunswick School Law afforded matter both for reflection and mirth. The Minister who, to the authority of his official position, added the reputation of an eminent constitutional lawyer, began by pronouncing that the New Brunswick Legislature, in passing the Act establishing secular education, had acted clearly within its constitutional jurisdiction, and that the Dominion Parliament "could have no voice or opinion in the matter." This, it would seem, ought to have closed the discussion. Yet, after several adjournments, the Government ended by supporting a resolution, which was, in effect, a vote of censure against the New Brunswick Legislature, and an injunction to repeal the obnoxious law. No logical process could have conducted from the legal opinion to the resolution; but the interval of time between them had been filled with a Cabinet agony caused by the pressure of Roman Catholic supporters on one side and of constitutional law and New Brunswick on the other—an agony, no doubt, replete with picturesque and touching incidents in interview and caucus. After boxing



the compass in search of an expedient, the Ministers were landed at last in a course which they, no doubt, judged rightly in deeming practically the easiest, though it was logically the most untenable of all. On the other hand, the Opposition was not in a condition to take advantage of the perplexities of the Government, which it watched for some time in silence with wistful eyes. It, as well as the Government, had its Roman Catholic supporters, the dread of whose anger ruled its movements, and was visible beneath all rhetorical disguise. The Roman Catholics spoke frankly and sincerely for their separate schools, the New Brunswickers for their local liberties; in all other quarters strategical considerations manifestly prevailed.

It will be interesting to see what course will be taken by the New Brunswick Legislature. The provincial right is admitted, subject, at least, to a reference to England on a special point; and it is admitted that had the right not been respected and assured, Confederation could not have been carried. Public education, moreover, is in itself a subject on which, as all who have studied the subject dispassionately will allow, it is desirable to grant as much liberty of local experiment as possible. The difficulties of the question, which divides and agitates almost every community, are caused, in a great degree, by forcing all parts of a nation, however different their circumstances, social, economical, or intellectual, to adopt the same system. The remark may be extended to national progress generally, which would go on more smoothly and more rapidly if we were not all forced to advance abreast.

In any event it is to be hoped that local liberties will not be sacrificed, nor Dominion party permitted more than is necessary to control Provincial Governments. Without strong local institutions democracy may become the worst of tyrannies. The Provincial Governments are likely always to be sounder than that of the Dominion, because

they are more under the eyes of their constituents, and the means of corruption in their case are not so great. Under institutions such as ours every step away from the constituent is apt to be a step nearer to corruption.

One evening the galleries were filled with members of the civil service and their families, who had come to listen to a debate touching the disposal of a surplus fund formed out of the contributions of that body. They must have heard from one of the speakers some harsh sentiments harshly expressed, and which it may be added, were fallacious as well as unkind. The interests of those by whom the permanent administration is carried on, and on whose character its efficiency and integrity depend, are at least as intimately connected with those of the country as are the interests of the Parliamentary politicians. Their salaries are fixed, generally, with a pretty strict regard to economy, and are constantly decreasing in real amount with the general rise of wages and the general decline in the purchasing power of gold. To tell an efficient and experienced civil servant, in contumelious and sarcastic terms, to take inadequate wages or to go about his business, is to misconceive the real circumstances of the case and the requirements of the public. Of course the civil servant cannot go; he has committed himself to the service, and, especially if he is at all advanced in years, is incapacitated for other callings; he must perforce keep his place, and take such wages as he can get. But though the civil servant will not go, the civil service will. Young men of good character will not enter a calling in which they cannot expect fair treatment and reasonable remuneration and the faithfulness and efficiency of the service in course of time will cease. In ordinary cases justice is done, and the interest of the community is most surely promoted by leaving each man to make the best terms

that he can for himself ; but a civil service must be dealt with collectively, and to keep it trustworthy Government must give its members what is just. Even great employers of ordinary labour, such as the Cunard Company, find the benefit of acting in some degree on the same principle, and attaching those in their employment to the service by making them feel that it is one of liberality and justice.

The Government measure for the assimilation of our law relating to unions and strikes to the English law was no doubt in the main right and necessary, though the English law, framed in a period of agitation, would probably admit of considerable improvement on a cool review. But the circumstances under which the measure was brought forward, and the point which had been given to it by supporters of the Government for electioneering purposes, would have warranted some grave words of warning as to the criminality of allowing party motives ever to influence the treatment of a question so fearfully important to the industrial life and the social happiness of our country. The only aim of the Opposition, however, appeared to be to bid a little higher for the working man's vote.

The debate on the Pacific Railway seemed to a bystander amply to confirm the saying of a leading authority on Canadian commerce, that the enterprise, however popular and beneficent, was a "leap in the dark." The same debate confirmed the misgivings which are beginning to be felt as to the fitness of numerous assemblies to deal with any but broad political questions. On such subjects as the details of a railway route the discussion is a mere babel ; real deliberation is out of the question, weariness decides more than counsel, and only those who have some particular end in view press through the general confusion and indifference to their own mark. Parliaments, originally summoned merely to grant taxes and accept the measures framed by the

sovereign, since they have themselves become the sovereign power, require much adaptation to qualify them properly for the work of legislation.

In Committee on Mr. Costigan's Dual Representation Bill, Mr. Blake, as the organ of the Opposition, moved as an amendment that "every person who is a shareholder in the Pacific Railway Company, which is to receive on terms to be fixed by the Government of the day \$30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land, shall be ineligible to a seat in this House ; and any member of this House becoming a shareholder in such Company shall vacate his seat in the House." Mr. Blake's speech is ill reported, the gravity of the subject not having been appreciated by the public at the time, though it is probably one of more serious import to us as a nation than even the Treaty of Washington ; an oversight due partly to the error committed, as it would seem, by the Opposition, in bringing forward a question, which might well have been made one of the great questions of the session, merely in the form of amendment in committee on a comparatively unimportant bill. Mr. Blake, however, urged in effect that it was the duty of the House to guard against a great danger. He referred to the formation of the company for the construction of the Railway, pointing out that the Government would have such a control over the members of the company that their prosperity would depend on its good will, and its ill will might effect their ruin. He believed that sufficient means had not yet been provided for the railway, and that further application for assistance would yet be made ; in addition to which the company was deeply interested in getting the land and money as it wanted them. There had already been rumours of discontent on account of an amendment providing that the subsidy should be payable in proportion to the construction, as calculated to hamper the company. Everything was to be left in the hands of the Government, and under these circum-

stances he entertained the strongest opinion that it was essential to the independence of the House that they should exclude from it members of a company supported and sustained by the Government, and which would have to obtain its resources for the prosecution of its work from the Government of the day. He found that in the list of provisional directors there were twenty-five members of Parliament; and if these directors remained in the House the virtue of the Minister would not long resist the attack of twenty-five members saying to him: "We support you, but we can no longer do so if you are so niggardly of the public lands and monies; we want the lands and money faster, and a little more of them, or the next vote of want of confidence may find us on the other side." \*

The debate unfortunately diverged at once into personalities of the most irrelevant kind, and no answer was given on the part of the Government to the very grave question raised by Mr. Blake's motion.

The principle of excluding from Parliament, as a necessary security for its independence, government contractors and others pecuniarily dependent upon Government, may be regarded as a fundamental part of British institutions, and it is one which it is still deemed essential, in the case of the British House of Commons, to guard with unabated vigilance. The principle that no man can act as a guardian of the public interest in matters in which his private interest is involved, though, like any other principle, it may be tampered with and obscured by casuistry, is indelibly engraved on the heart of every man of honour. The presence of leading commercial men in the councils of the nation, though most desirable, cannot compensate for the breach of principles so vital to the very existence of a council worthy of being called national. In the present case, however, if the facts are

correctly stated in Mr. Blake's speech, we are presented with the picture of a Parliament actually swarming with members dependent on the favour of the Government, and able, in turn, by their united force, to compel the Government to grant what they desire. The apprehensions which such a prospect creates imply no disparagement to the character of any particular Government, or to the character of the Government more than to that of the leaders of the Opposition, who, as aspirants to power, will be subjected to the same pressure and the same temptation. The exclusion of the members of a particular company from the Legislature is certainly an awkward and invidious expedient, and fair exception might have been taken to that mode of providing a security. But unless some security can be provided a great danger seems to threaten the country. If the Minister has any regard for his fame, he will consider the subject more seriously than he appeared inclined to do in the debate.

More than one motion was made for the reform of the Senate, while that body was pursuing the even and decorous tenor of its way amidst those splendours of upholstery which, according to British tradition, seem to be the appanage and the consolation of legislative weakness. We will not be tempted to launch into the question of Second Chambers, and the mode of appointing them, or to dwell on the curious aberrations into which the framers of the Canadian Constitution, among others, have been led by taking the House of Lords for a Second Chamber, when, in fact, it is an Estate of the Realm; though the First Minister says that these are topics specially suited to magazines. There was, probably, an under-current of gentle irony in his own panegyric on the practical working of the Senate at Ottawa. On the other hand, if his nominations have not been above criticism, a writer in a magazine may put in for him a plea which he could hardly have put

\* The best report is that in the *Mail*, June 4, which we have mainly followed.

in for himself. Under the party system of government, party must engross everything. For every vacancy in the Senate there is a claimant, who has done something, or expended something, for the party, and whose claims cannot be set aside. The Minister may feel as strongly as his critics how much the Senate would be strengthened, and his own reputation enhanced, by the introduction of some of the merit, ability, and experience which do not take the stump. But party demands its pound of flesh. The result, however, will probably be that, after a long course of nominations by the head of one party, the Senate will, upon a change of Government, be brought into collision with the elective assembly, and the end of the "Peers" will arrive.

The amount of public time expended during the session in the discussion of the Proton outrage and similar historic themes, was not unreasonably large, nor, upon the whole, did we much miss the moderating and refining influence of the Speaker's wig. Unfortunately, the dark presence of the Proton outrage once or twice clouded the scene when it was particularly desirable that the vision of members should be clear.

There is no lack in the Dominion Parliament of the oratory which rules the world in our generation, though future generations will perhaps regard its ascendancy as a singular phenomenon of the past. What may be the amount of those qualities in which the community has a more real interest, is a question on which a bystander cannot presume to form an opinion. Rare in any political assembly are those noble forms whose very bearing bespeaks integrity, truth, and single-hearted devotion to the public good. May the youth of Canada learn to aim high, and to remain, amidst parties struggling for place, loyal to honour and to our common country!

It would be ungrateful to close a paper on the session of the Dominion Parliament without noticing that, with that session, Lord Lisgar closed not only his rule in Canada, but a long period of service as the Imperial representative in Colonies and dependencies, in the course of which his discretion, urbanity, and experience in public business have removed difficulties, smoothed asperities, and taught the somewhat heady current of colonial politics to run more calmly, and not to overflow the fields.

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REVERIE.

BY THE REV. C. P. MULVANEY.

TO-NIGHT my heart is lonely,  
 And sad as sad can be :  
 There is not one in the wide world  
 To look with love on me.  
 And wearily the wind blows,  
 And blindly falls the rain,—  
 It seems to strike upon my heart,—  
 Not on the window pane.

The weary wind will rest it ;  
 The rain will slumber well,  
 Deep hidden in the rosebud's breast,  
 Or in the sweet blue-bell ;  
 But still my heart is throbbing,  
 As sad as sad can be,—  
 There is not one in the wide world  
 To think with love on me.

Not always wave the branches  
 At the wind's imperious will ;  
 'Neath the burning feet of summer  
 The tossing waves are still.  
 But for that sad-voiced prophet  
 Within the human breast,  
 And its dull, monotonous warnings,  
 There comes no hope, nor rest.

HUNTLEY, ONT.

## ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY PROF. H. CORSON.

THERE is a growing suspicion in the educational world that the study of English grammar, as pursued in our schools, is not generally attended with the best results ; that it is quite as often attended with bad results. It can be asserted, almost without qualification, that those whose education is confined to what is afforded by the common schools, end their school-days with no available knowledge of the general principles of language, and, what is still worse, no correct knowledge whatever, of the structure of their mother tongue. The English child who studies no other language than its own, is at a peculiar disadvantage in the matter of grammar, in comparison, for example, with the German child. For the German language is still highly inflected, and all whose vernacular it is can, through it alone, be exercised in grammatical relations.

But the relations of words in an English sentence are for the most part logical, not grammatical, stripped as the language is of nearly all inflections, their place being supplied by separate prepositive particles, and by auxiliaries ; in other words, English is almost exclusively an analytic language, ideas and their relations in thought being separately expressed. And yet our schoolmaster grammarians treat the language as though it were inflected, and talk about agreement and government ; and about voices, moods, and tenses that have no existence, except in analytic forms. For example, (I, he, she, we, they, you,) "shall have written," is called the future perfect tense of the verb *write*, first and third persons, singular, and first, second and third persons plural, and equivalent to the Latin *scripsero*, *scripserit*, *scripserimus*, *scripseritis*, *scripserint*. That it is

*equivalent* to these Latin forms is true enough; but the pupil, in so learning the English verb, gets no idea of its peculiar structure. English grammar was originally based on Latin grammar, and has been ever since treated, except by a few German scholars, who have taken it in hand, analogically—*per aliud*, instead of *per se*, as it should be. Dr. Wallis, whose *Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*, published as early as 1653 is still worthy to be ranked among the very best English grammars that have yet been written either by English or American grammarians, was the first to see the error of this analogical treatment of English grammar. Alluding to his predecessors, Gill, Ben Jonson, and others, he remarks:—"Omnes ad Latinae linguae normam hanc nostram Anglicanam nimium exigentes multa inutilia praecepta de Nominum casibus, Generibus, et Declinationibus, atque Verborum Temporibus, *Modis et Conjugationibus*, de Nominum item et Verborum Regimine, aliisque similibus tradiderunt quae a lingua nostra sunt prorsus aliena, adeoque confusionem potius et obscuritatem pariunt, quam explicationi inserviunt." That is, "They all subject this our English tongue too much to the rule of the Latin, and deliver many useless precepts respecting the cases, genders and declensions of nouns, the tenses, moods and conjugations of verbs, the government of nouns and verbs, and other like things, which are altogether foreign to our tongue, and beget confusion and obscurity, rather than serve for explanation."

If his successors had profited, as they should have done, by what he has so succinctly set forth in this passage, we should have had English grammar, long ere this, placed on its own bottom, and the fact would have been recognized and acted upon that modern English is no proper medium for grammatical discipline; and, in the absence of the study of Latin and Greek, a resort would have been had to Anglo-Saxon, both as a means of exercising the young

pupil in grammatical relations, and of tracing the origin of modern English phraseology. The writer of this article has frequently gone into country schools where they pretend to teach English grammar, and has heard both teachers and pupils talk about the agreement of adjectives and nouns, the government exercised by verbs and prepositions, none of which exist except to a very limited extent; and what is worst of all, when grammar is so taught, neither teachers nor pupils ever think, perhaps, what agreement and government really mean, so that a grammar lesson is made up of a set of meaningless, stereotyped expressions, whose idle repetitions leave the mind only the more vacant the more glibly they are gone over.

The study of grammar, if properly pursued, *ought* to be one of the most interesting of all school studies, revealing, as it does, the working of the ingenious and subtle organ the mind employs for the expression of its myriad impressions, thoughts and sentiments. As generally pursued, it is the driest, most barren, and most repulsive; as repulsive as what is called "composition"—an exercise which is generally hated with a holy hatred by all young pupils upon whom it is imposed, as it too often is, before they have any ideas to compose.

For some years past, the curriculum of study in our schools and colleges has been verging more and more toward the natural sciences. The great strides that these have made within the memory of living men, and their important bearing upon every-day life and the progress of civilization and refinement, render it difficult to resist their tendency to displace many of the time-honoured means of mental discipline. There is now a large class of educators in England and America, who look upon the study of Latin and Greek, for example, as a sad waste of time, when there is such an accumulation of useful knowledge in the world. This study, they argue, was all very

well when there was little else to be learned ; but that we should now sweep from our halls of learning the mediæval dust and cobwebs, and let in the wholesome and invigorating light of science. This sounds very plausible, even to those who regard education in its true character, as an out-drawing and a discipline of the mental faculties, irrespective of the special outward direction their exercise may take in after life ; and to those who regard it as identical with the acquisition of useful knowledge—and they constitute a numerous class—as perfectly conclusive.

Of one thing classical scholars are quite certain, that the study of Latin and Greek affords a certain kind of discipline such as no other study has yet been found to afford, and that, too, at an age when the mind is not prepared for much knowledge of any kind.

The science of comparative philology, which is little more than half a century old, has already quite as great a claim upon educators as any of the more developed sciences, bearing, as it does, upon ethnology, and claiming the attention not of the scholar only, but also of the historian, the mental and moral philosopher, and the theologian ; and which, " though it professes to treat of words only, teaches us that there is more in words than is dreamt of in our philosophies."

For the study of this important science, there is no better preparation in early life than a thorough training in Latin and Greek, especially Greek ; while the study of the development of the Greek verb affords of itself the best discipline to the young mind that has, perhaps, ever been devised. And then, as the foundation of a sound literary taste, the study of Latin and Greek may be said to be indispensable. Every Professor who has had any experience in conducting classes of young men in the critical reading of an English author, knows the great advantage enjoyed by those who have had a classical training over those who have not.

But if the old college curriculum must be departed from, the next best course to be pursued towards securing a similar, if not an equivalent, discipline, is to study our own language in its historical development. Any one who will take the trouble to examine all the more important and ambitious English grammars that have been written, must arrive at the inevitable conclusion that the English language cannot be studied, with any satisfactory results, on the basis of modern English. No man ever worked harder or more earnestly, " to do up " English grammar, than Gould Brown. He spent a third of a century on his " Grammar of English Grammars," the 6th edition of which contains 1,102 pages 8vo., of closely printed matter, painstakingly sifted from 463 grammars and 85 other works. And with what result ? A great cartload of a book which, so far as an adequate exposition of the construction of the English language is concerned, isn't worth the shelf-room it occupies in a library. And the secret of the failure may be stated in very few words : The author did the best, perhaps, condensation apart, that could be done, on the principle adopted, namely, of sifting nearly 500 grammars, all of which, with few exceptions, were based on the assumption that English grammar could be treated on the basis of the modern forms of the language. The modern English is, as we have already said, almost entirely stripped of inflection ; but its syntax, and what is peculiar in its phraseology, have grown out of a highly inflected tongue, the Anglo-Saxon, which, more than eight hundred years ago, was brought in conflict with the language of a conquering people, with which it struggled for more than four hundred years, and came out of the struggle victorious, indeed, but shorn of all its inflectional trappings. Yet all the residual forms of its phraseology were explainable and still are, only through the forms it had cast off before the struggle was ended. Take, for example, the familiar use of the definite article before

comparatives, as in the following sentence : "For neither if we eat, are we *the* better ; neither if we eat not, are we *the* worse." How could the formation of *the* before *better* and *worse* be explained to a class of young pupils knowing nothing of Latin nor of any other inflected language ? Its explanation would be attended with some difficulty. But a mere smattering of Latin on the part of the class would enable the teacher to make this use of *the* before comparatives perfectly plain, by showing its correspondence with *eo*, the ablative neuter of *is*, *ea*, *id*, in the same situation. But if the class were to begin with Anglo-Saxon grammar instead of modern English, a resort to Latin would be unnecessary ; *the* would be at once recognized as the ablative *the* or *thy* of the Anglo-Saxon demonstrative adjective pronoun, *se*, *seo*, *that*, (corresponding with the Latin *is*, *ea*, *id*), representing, in its old pronominal character, the two propositions, "we eat," and "we eat not," and as an ablative of cause or means, qualifying or limiting, adverbially, *better* and *worse*. "For neither if we eat, are we *the* (that is) on *that* account, namely, that we eat) better ; neither if we eat not, are we *the* (that is, on *that* account, namely, that we eat not) worse."

Sometimes phrases occur in the most familiar, every-day English, which are totally unexplainable in any other way than by a resort to their original forms. Take, for example, the expression "a forty foot rope." No one would say "a forty feet rope," and yet how is the apparent inconsistency of uniting the numeral "forty" with "foot" to be explained ? Only by going back to the original Anglo-Saxon construction, which required nouns denoting measure, weight, value, &c., and also when used after large numerals, to be put in the genitive. The genitive plural of nouns and adjectives in Anglo-Saxon invariably ended in -a, which, in the gradual dropping off of inflections, dwindled into an obscure -e, and this was finally displaced by the predominant ending

-es or -s of the nominative and accusative plural (derived from Anglo-Saxon -as, of the 2nd declension), which became the common ending of all cases in the plural. But in the expression "forty foot," "foot" is the remains of the old genitive plural "fōta." There is a small class of nouns in Anglo-Saxon, to which fōt, *foot*, belongs, that, instead of inflection, undergo a vowel change in the dative singular and in the nominative and accusative plural ; e.g., fōt, *foot*, bōc, *book*, gēs, *goose*, tōth *tooth*, lūs, *louse*, mūs, *mouse*, etc. ; dative singular and nominative and accusative plural, fēt, bēc, gēs, tēth, lēs, mēs, respectively. But in the genitive plural, the vowel of the nominative singular is always retained ; fōta, *of feet*, bōca, *of books*, gōsa, *of geese*, tōtha, *of teeth*, lūsa, *of lice*, mūsa, *of mice*. And this explains the apparently singular form of "foot," in the expression, "a forty foot rope," which is the genitive plural after "forty," with the ending dropt. The expression in Anglo-Saxon would be "rāp feowertig fōta lāng," a rope forty of feet long, or "a forty of feet long rope, or, by an ellipsis of "long," a forty of feet (fōta] rope.

But to explain the modern English verb to a class of young learners is attended with still greater difficulties—difficulties not real, but resulting from the attempt to study the language at the wrong end ; and that part of the verb which is generally the least understood is the infinitive. What is the infinitive form of a verb ? It is its name or nominative form, that form by which an act is designated. It is, in fact, an abstract noun, being the name given to an act conceived apart from an actor. Hence we find it used in all languages as a noun, in the character of a subject of a proposition, and of a complement of a predicate. When we turn to the parent language, we find that our modern infinitive is derived from an oblique case of the old infinitive. The old infinitive ended invariably in -an, as bindan, *to bind*, dūfan, *to drive*, standan, *to stand*,



&c., and was used as a nominative and as an accusative. In addition to this, there was a dative form, preceded always by *tô-*, and ending in *-anne*, the final *-e* being the dative ending of nouns of the 2nd declension, the final *-n* of the nominative form being doubled in accordance with the rule that a single final consonant, preceded by a single unaccented vowel, is doubled when a vowel follows in the inflection; so that the infinitive or abstract verb *bindan*, *to bind*, was declined, nom., *bindan*, dat., *tô-bindanne*, acc., *bindan*. This dative form of the infinitive, as the prefix *tô-* indicates, was employed after adjectives to express the *drift* of the feeling or quality which they designated, and after verbs to express their purpose, while the distinctive ending *-en*, of the early English infinitive, derived from the Anglo-Saxon *-an*, was fading out (in Chaucer's day, already it had generally dwindled down to an obscure *-e*, which constituted a light syllable in his verse when followed by a consonant); this dative form was gradually taking its place, and the prefix *tô-* was as gradually losing its occupation as the exponent of a relation, and becoming the meaningless sign of the infinitive in the place of the old ending. This prefix *tô-* has become so inseparable from the infinitive, that it is difficult for the mere English scholar to think of an infinitive apart from it; so much so, that in the places where the pure infinitive is still used, as after the so-called auxiliaries *do*, *did*, *will*, *would*, *shall*, *should*, *may*, *might*, *can*, *could*, *must*, &c., of which it is the direct complement, and after a few verbs like *see*, *bid*, *dare*, *let*, &c., its true character is not always recognised. The same thing has happened with nouns and pronouns; dative and accusative forms have become *name* or *nominative* forms. For example, the modern English pronoun *you* was originally a dative and an accusative plural, Anglo-Saxon *eow*, the nominative being *ge*, Anglo-Saxon *ge*. The Quakers are often accused of speaking ungrammatical-

ly, in their use of *thee* as a nominative "How does thee do?" But it is a case exactly similar to that of *you*; *thee* was in Saxon the dative and accusative singular of *thû*, *thou*. The only difference is, that the Quakers use as a nominative the singular of the old dative and accusative, instead of the plural, when addressing a single individual.

But while the old dative of the infinitive has become the *name* or *nominative* form, it still retains its dative force in many situations; as in *house to let*, he is *to blame*, *eager to learn*, *wonderful to tell*; they went *to scoff* and remained *to pray*. When the modern English infinitive is used as a nominative or an accusative, the prefix *to* cannot be parsed as an element of speech, as it is a meaningless sign of the infinitive; but when used as a dative, as in the above examples, and expressive of the *drift* of a feeling or quality, or the purpose of an act, the prefix has its old force. Now any attempt to explain our present infinitive to a class of beginners must, we are persuaded, result only in perplexity. And without a clear understanding of the infinitive, the analytic forms of the English verb cannot be understood: while to take those forms collectively, as is done by grammarians, gives the learner no idea of their structure. To learn from Gould Brown that "might have been loved" is the passive voice, potential mood, pluperfect tense, of the verb *love*, is of no use to the pupil as a grammatical exercise. In grammatical parsing, every word should be treated as a distinct part of speech, if we would have a clear understanding of the structure of language; but in the case of the English composite tenses, this would not be possible, except by studying them historically.

We did not set out to write a treatise on the study of grammar. Our purpose has been to make a few suggestions as to how that study should be pursued; and we maintain—

1st. That a thorough grammatical discipline in early life is the indispensable basis of a sound education.

2ndly. That the Latin and Greek languages are the best media through which that discipline can be secured.

3rdly. That the uninflected modern English is no proper medium for grammatical

discipline, and that in the absence of the study of Latin and Greek, resort must be had to the parent language, the Anglo-Saxon, both as a means of exercising the young pupil in grammatical relations, and of tracing the origin of modern English construction and phraseology.

## ON A DEAD FLY FOUND CRUSHED IN MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY D. W.

OUT of a hundred thousand million flies  
It chances that this one,  
On this white page, here prone at last, thus lies,  
Life's mummied shadow, thrown.

Here in this mausoleum of odd scraps  
I mean to let him lie ;  
In sepulchre as decent as, perhaps,  
Ere chanced a common fly.

And thus his epitaph in brief I pen :—  
“Here lies a mean house-fly :  
Was born, passed through the common lot, and then  
Here 'twas his fate to die.

“He ate, he drank the best, like I or you,  
Whene'er he had a choice ;  
And then this thoughtless fly, life's summer through,  
Just buzzed and made a noise.

“What else he e'er accomplished, I don't know ;  
What useful purpose here ;  
What end or aim his life work had to show,  
Does nowhere now appear.

“So wherefore such a thing of wondrous art  
Was fashioned thus so well,  
To sport one summer through life's little part,  
I'm sure I cannot tell.

“But if it had no purpose to achieve,  
So far as one can see ;  
The very same is true of many a knave,—  
Perchance of you or me.”

TORONTO.

## CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND ART.

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

"La vraie beauté est la beauté idéale, et la beauté idéale est un reflet de l'infini. Ainsi, l'art est par lui-même essentiellement moral et religieux; car, à moins de manquer à sa propre loi, à son propre génie, il exprime partout dans ses œuvres la beauté éternelle."—*Victor Cousin.*

"O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,  
There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty  
glows." *Kibble.*

A LATE writer in the *Westminster Review*, in attempting to take the "Bearings of Modern Science and Art," has shown himself, we think, somewhat *overbearing* toward the latter. There is apparently no intentional injustice, but an evident misconception of the real dignity of Art pervades the whole article; while the future achievements of science in the domains of Art are described in a tone of amusing exaggeration, far more characteristic of a cockney house-decorator than of the reverential feelings of the true artist. Take, for instance the following passage:—

"It is surely not too much to say that our walls ought now to be delicately diversified with the inexhaustible patterns of polarized light; ceilings and roofs should sparkle with the beaming arabesques of the prism; underfoot we ought to be treading on a mosaic of chemical gems. But instead of this we potter on with the primitive brush and chisel. The other, however, is the finest style of Art, which Science must in the end give us; unmanual, mechanicalized, experimental, illustrative; enabling us to reproduce and amend the natural rainbow, not imperfectly to mimic it only."

Surely this writer's heart never did

"leap up when he beheld  
A rainbow in the sky."

"The shades of his prison house" may have closed around him uncommonly early, or he would never have become so completely science-bound as to talk about "*amending the natural rainbow.*" In view of the artless confession our feeling would be one of profound sorrow for the misfortune of the essayist in being condemned to a residence in such a ruinous and imperfect world; but for his evident satisfaction in the coming millenium of "Scientific Art" which is to resuscitate it completely. Pity would therefore be thrown away upon this philosophical critic, who evidently enjoys the prospect of renovation which he pictures to himself as lying in the near future. He writes in the joyous spirit of an enthusiastic improver who, in buying an estate for a homestead, prefers one that, with manifest capabilities for amelioration about it, has been neglected, only half cultivated, and in many places, may be, left wild and desolate, in order that he may have the pleasure of creating his own home, and evoking order and beauty out of uncultured wilderness. He dwells on the imperfection of "the old representative symbolical Art," and we are let into the supposed secret of its defectiveness, and told that it insufficiently exercises the senses: a grave fault, no doubt in the eyes of one whose philosophy is wholly of an experimental character. But, behold the remedy! in the good days coming, when Art under the tutelary direction of Science will reach perfection:—

"Scientific art will so habituate the senses to inexhaustible splendour of hue, and to accuracy of intricate form, that manual achievements must come to show a glaring rudeness. The polarizing mirror will spoil us for the noble child's play of Titian's yellows and Turner's scarlets; the crystal, with its pellucid severities of form, will train us to see hesitating crooks in all lines drawn or sculptured with the fingers."

It is further suggested that through the advance of science we are becoming so thoroughly *en rapport* with what have hitherto been the secrets of nature, that Manual Art, not being able to find symbols "for the subtler presentiments of cellular and crystalline organization," must cease altogether, not being "able to content the fully aroused organic appetites!"

Such appetites were indeed difficult to satisfy with the grand spiritual conceptions and teachings of High Art. It would be as rational to attempt to satisfy the appetite of a hungry boor with the symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven, as the soul of a positive philosopher with the feeling of ideal beauty.

But does it thence follow that all art that is not under mechanical direction and influence is of an inferior quality? Is the genius of the heaven-born artist to become powerless and fruitless unless it becomes the slave of science—a thing to be summoned by what this essayist has himself fitly enough described as a "mechanical spell"? Under such conditions art would indeed become effete, and, losing its divine strength, become a servant to the Philistines, condemned

"To grind in brazen fetters under task."

This is a philosophy of very narrow comprehension,—“a reason very little reasonable, since it does not include all parts of human nature.” And herein lies the source of the reviewer's misapprehension of the true function of Art. His range of view is narrow and incomplete, though an admirable

one as far as it goes. He has dwelt with great ability on the advantages which Art may reap from her alliance with Science; and these we do not at all question. But we earnestly maintain if this alliance, which must and will grow closer day by day, is to be a happy one, Science must not attempt to play the *role* of dictator, but attend to its own business, and wait duteously upon the "imperial faculty" of the creative imagination of

"those whose kingly power  
And aptitude for utterance divine  
Have made them artists." \*

The truth is that Art has a nobler mission than to address the senses alone. She comes to us with "messages of splendour" from the grand unapproachable Central Source of light and beauty, † telling us of a larger and fuller life beyond and around this present one, and giving us glimpses, too swift and short, of its supersensual glories,—whisperings of things not seen, like those of the shell concerning which Wordsworth beautifully sings, whose "sonorous cadences" express

"Mysterious union with its native sea,"

telling of

"ever-during power  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation." ‡

As the Prophetess of Nature, the Revealer and Expositor of her mysteries, Art takes up the same parable, and by her interpretations makes more widely and fully manifest the "invisible things" of the Creator. If the language of the artist-preacher is symbolical, it is not on that account either uncertain, or untruthful. The objection that the intellect is offended by "an imperfect and partially symbolical representation is simply absurd. The intellect can no more be offended by anything that enables it to grasp more firmly objects of mental conception (*intelligenda*)

\* Dr. Holland's "Kathrina."

† Φῶς οὐκ ὄν ἀπρόσιτον." 1 Tim. vi.—16.

‡ The Excursion, Book 4.

than the eye can be offended by more distinct vision of physical objects. What, indeed, are words but symbols of the most abstract kind; and yet we all feel their inestimable value in the expression and interpretation of our thoughts far too deeply to be offended by their acknowledged inadequacy. How contracted our knowledge would be without the use of these signs or symbols of thought! How terribly imperfect the intercourse between mind and mind! Yet if inadequacy of expression is to be accepted as a reason for silence, most of us would be struck dumb. More especially would this be the case in regard to matters of the highest importance. The greatest of the prophets often spoke—"as little children lisp, and sing of heaven"—of things beyond their ken—"of thoughts beyond their thought."

Symbolical representation (understanding by that term any variation from the plain narration, or literal expression of any mental conception, facts, or external appearances), may then really be, as indeed we often experience, a fuller exponent of the idea, a more perfect representation of the truth—the soul of things, than the best attempt at literal exposition. Artists of the pre-Raphaelite or realistic school appear to miss this truth. Excellent in their aims, in their love of truth, and hatred of shams and conventionalisms, they succeed at times in the production of very fine pictures. Yet too generally they overshoot the mark, and in exaggerated efforts to be faithful, lose the truth and the life of their subject by too sedulous attention to the minute details of external form and finish. The life and spirit of their subjects evaporate under such laborious manipulation. The language of painting is synthetic in its character, and therefore inconsistent with the analytical effect of realism, which draws the attention too much to the consideration of details. In verbal description, on the other hand, this minuteness of detail is requisite in order to secure pictorial effect, as is finely exemplified in the

works of Sir Walter Scott. But too often both writers and painters appear to do their utmost to stifle the spirit of their subject: the abundance of its rich and heavy drapery. Yet the highest development of even the excellence of expression is seldom to be attained thus. "It is," as an able Art critic has well observed, "almost always combined with excellence of *thought*, expressed or spoken. But when it falls short of this it is foolishness and emptiness. It may be beautiful exceedingly—it may be rich in gorgeous colouring, and lovely with all the loveliness of effective light and shadow, but if 'the last bright drop from the soul' be absent, it is not the highest art."\*

There are, doubtless, many branches or departments of the Fine Arts in which accuracy, delicacy and precision are specially needed, and in these the services of science are invaluable. In architecture, artistic metallurgy, and some kinds of textile fabrics, mechanical and other appliances are used very largely with great advantage; and hereafter they will become increasingly valuable in adding beauty and elegance to these and other kinds of artistic work. We go even farther in this direction, and admit that we think it is quite possible for empirical and mechanical Art to rival, perchance to surpass the "Dutch Interiors" of Teniers, the fine pieces of Lance, beautiful as most of these are in their way, or even the exuberant bodily excellence of the Flemish type of humanity in which Rubens so much delighted. But the chief merits of such paintings as these is that of *expression*, that is to say, the effective use of the *material* employed to convey the idea. Such pictures are like popular orations, intended only to please by brilliancy of dress. Both are alike appeals to the senses, and both alike fail in reaching the heart, which indeed they were not intended to do. Many paintings of the schools referred to are undoubtedly good in their

\* *North British Review*, February, 1862.

way, but they neither seek after, nor point to the highest good. Nay, some of them tend the other way, and fold the senses so

"Thick and dark  
About the stifled soul within"

that it can hardly even "guess diviner things beyond." \*

The difference between empirical and ideal art is finely illustrated by Mrs. Newton Crosland in two beautiful sonnets lately published in *Appleton's Journal*,\* which are here submitted to the reader :

#### PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART.

##### I.

"He who hath made the sun his serf can show  
Man's life-leased house, each window pane and bar  
With all the lines that beautify or mar  
The human soul's palatial prison now ;  
And at the wonder still doth reverence grow ;  
For, sometimes lured by happy guiding star  
Which even shines to prison homes from far  
The Royal Captive looks through casement low.  
But only thus we see—or we miss-see—  
The soul's fine traceries, which seem so mean  
Through the dull glass ; we turn with childish glee  
To dote upon the wall the panes between,  
And marvel how its shapely forms agree,  
And own the Prison has a lovely sheen.

##### II.

"The Artist labours in a nobler way ;  
He hath a mighty wand that subtly breaks  
The hard, straight bar which every casement  
streaks ;  
And as he quickly opens to the day  
The thick dim panes, he bids the prisoner stay  
Full statured at the window ; then there wakes  
A fresh creation ; which an art life takes  
Diviner than the fairest thing Sun's ray  
Can father ! And forgiving we forget  
If casement panes and bars less fact-like glow  
Than those the Sun's sharp-pointed ray hath set,  
More glad to have the Prisoner fairly show  
With all the jewels of his coronet  
Than perfect outline of his Prison know !"

This fine description reminds us of a painting we saw on exhibition at Boston, eight years ago, of St. Paul before Festus and Agrippa—a grand ideal face which has

haunted our mind and memory ever since, as the most perfect conception of the great Apostle of the Gentiles that we have ever seen. The spare, attenuated form (truer to the Scriptural ideal than the superb creation of Raphael's pencil) was not above the middle height, but in the grand, heroic face, worn as it was with care and suffering, might be traced the lineaments of an ambassador of heaven. The noble expression of a highly cultivated intellect was suffused and irradiated with a calmer, diviner light which

"told that the soul within  
Had tasted that true peace which never fails."

On the bema before which the Apostle stood, the Roman Governor sat in a half-averted position, a haughty scepticism, mingled with impatience, written on his face. On his left was "King Agrippa," his somewhat hard features wearing a perplexed, half-convinced expression ; while near by the careless attitude and fair but disdainful features of his sister Berenice bore witness to her contemptuous indifference to all that was passing. In the back ground appeared a group of Jewish rabbis, their dark, malicious visages glaring at the dignified prisoner with implacable fierceness, as if only the strong leash of the military power of Rome, (indicated by the presence of a lictor, and one or two soldiers) kept them from tearing him to pieces.

Weak and feeble as was the bodily aspect of the prisoner, there was on his part no quailing in that august presence. Conscious of a better position, and a nobler heritage than any of his judges or accusers, he stood before them unmoved, save by a divine compassion. It was, as the Apostle knew, a supremely solemn moment in the lives of those present. Truth had been spoken which would never again reach their ears—truth on which hung everlasting things ; and as he realized this, the grand soul within shone with heavenly brightness out of that worn countenance, and prompted the utter-

\* Mrs. Browning.

ance (its expression touchingly aided by the uplifting of his fettered arm) of the earnest wish of his generous heart, in the well-known words to Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*."

In the creation of such a picture as this, empirical science can never have any share, save as a devout servant of the genius which evokes it into being. There is in these creations of mind a "grandeur surpassing all physics." They take us beyond ourselves, toward the Infinite. They teach us the important lesson that no beauty exclusively physical can fully satisfy the lofty æsthetic cravings of the soul of man, any more than the largest amount of scientific or literary acquirements can satisfy his intellect. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing."

"Our longings are on larger scale  
Than lower worlds can grant us ;"

and the best alchemy of earth can only produce phantom roses from the ashes of our brightest dreams, destitute alike of bloom and perfume.\*

But there is a Divine Science by means

\* See Longfellow's fine poem "Palingenesis," which is touchingly suffused with that feeling of soul-weariness which characterizes most of his writings.

of which we can place ourselves in harmonious relationship with that primeval beauty of which all true loveliness is a more or less faint reflection ; and to reach this is the highest wisdom. As an able living writer\* has well observed, "No true reason is or ought to be satisfied with an echo, a type, a symbol of something higher which it cannot reach. If it finds transitory beauty in the type, it turns, by its own law, to gaze on the eternal beauty beneath ; if it finds broken music in the echo, it yearns after the perfect harmony which roused the echo."

This is the conclusion we wish to reach, and with the beautiful antiphonal words of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, in a little volume (not so well known as it deserves to be) whose "Sabbath chimes" echo the peaceful bearing music of the skies, we end our paper :

"No light, no rest below !  
Our hearts are weary, and our voices falter  
Ah ! whither shall our anguished spirits go ?  
Lord, be Thy love our plea—Thy Cross our rest !  
"All, all we want is Thine !  
Greek beauty, Roman reverence in Thee blend  
And nature glows into a holy shrine  
And form is spirit—and doubt is ended."

\*Mr. R. H. Hutton, in the first of two volumes of "Essays," recently published by Strahan & London.

## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY FRANCES (MINTO) ELLIOT.

*(Authoress of "An Idle Woman in Italy.")*

I live on a high hill in the charming boccage County of Berkshire—the royal county, as we love to call it, because Windsor Castle, that glorious legacy from our Norman Kings, half feudal, half palatial, lies within our limits.

From our garden terraces, towards the south—a kindly place for brightest flowers and rudest fruits—peaceful woodlands rise all around. Here and there higher and larger woods break the horizon, marking the loftier timber of neighbouring park and pleasure-ground. Every inch of country is rich, trim, and cultivated, realizing the Frenchman's notion that England is all a garden. To the right, plainly seen from our lawn, are the dark lines of the Strathfieldsaye woods—oak, spruce, fir, feathery ash, and spirey poplar, stretching along one side of a picturesque common, half heather, half woodland, and wholly sylvan, called Heckfield.

Looking out again from our garden terraces, towards the left, are certain vast forests of dark fir—nothing but fir; no brighter colour or livelier green to gladden these sombre masses, covering a wild moorland district that stretches miles away towards the south. Those are the Bramshill woods, enshrouding one of the grandest Elizabethan mansions in England, built by an Italian architect for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James 1st, and brother of the ill-fated Charles. It is a kind of ditto of Hatfield, also built for the same prince, and now the great house of the Salisbury family. Only Hatfield lies flat and low, and Bramshill crowns an eminence like Windsor Castle, with an avenue of elms resembling the Windsor Long Walk stretching from the sculptured grand entrance—a magnificent avenue, falling in the middle into a valley, rising upwards to a second emi-

nence, and finally losing itself in a purple distance of boundless heather. This place, called Bramshill, belongs to the Cope family, and is the glory of our country-side. The house (grey with age, and checkered by many-shaded lichen) has remained untouched since the day it was built. It is a happy architectural inspiration, blending the grand outlines of the Italian palace with the rich ornamentation of the Tudor period. Over the principal entrance, lavishly decorated with carved stonework, are the coat of arms and feathers of the Prince, while large latticed windows, mullions, and cyphers break the line of the brick walls with bold effect. A lovely stone cornice, rich, yet open, like guipure lace, ornaments the top. Stone terraces and delicate turf run parallel to long ranges of windows on the south front, and there is an orangery and a bowling-green under the shadow of the great house, broken by flights of steps, and balustraded with carved stone.

Beyond—a foreground of sylvan beauty one would gladly walk ten miles to see—lies the grand old chase, half grass, half heather, studded with oaks, that stand calmly surveying themselves in their shadows on the grass, as if sitting for their portraits as magnificent patriarchs. Prodigious lime trees scent the air with blossoms, and the largest, wierdest firs ever seen in England, frown over the margin of a placid lake. A lovely scene, bright in the summer sunshine, and fitly framing the stately mansion towering over the woods.

Within are spacious rooms laid out in large suites on the first and second floors, lined with ancient Flemish tapestry, and decorated with choice old china, pictures and marbles. A ghost is supposed to inhabit one very ghastly



looking room at the end of a long gallery—a gallery so long, indeed, that persons standing at the further end look quite dim and small.

Well, this glorious old place (historical without any special history but that of its own exceeding beauty) was selected by the nation as a fitting home for our Iron Duke, when just warm from the great struggle at Waterloo. But unluckily, the very merit of this grey, unaltered edifice was, in his practical eyes, its *demerit*, for it was much out of repair, and it would have required the expenditure of many thousands to secure its venerable walls against further decay. A large sum of money being voted by Parliament for the purpose of purchasing a residence for the Duke, his grace characteristically took the unromantic view of the matter, and, failing to appreciate the mediæval charm of this ancient mansion, preferred Strathfieldsaye—a good, fat, well-to-do, well-preserved house and estate, which the willing nation purchased for him from the Rivers' family.

How often I have driven through that flat, uninteresting park, traversed by that most sluggish of Berkshire rivers, the Loddon, celebrated by Pope as the "Fair Lodona!" It would not do, however. No poet could make anything but prose of that lazy, muddy stream, which drags its weary way through beds of bulrush and flags, under withes and aspen trees, until it drops fairly asleep, and is absorbed by the Thames. Never was any park so conventional, so dull. A stone bridge, of the most ordinary stereotyped pattern, spans the turbid river; a road runs here, and a road there; and then tufts of plantations, and single trees, and groups of timber, all, according to immemorial precedent, like any number of other English parks all over the kingdom. No one would care for the place but for the all-pervading memory of the great man whose shadow will ever linger among these woods, and up and down these roads where he rode, and walked, and hunted, and shot, and fished for so many years. He was keen at country sports, and loved to be thought the perfect country gentleman. He was kind to munificence to all his people, and when he died, not a servant or a keeper on the property but had a pension for life, and was remembered by name in his will.

Yet, driving through that park there is one feature especially to recall—an avenue of elms,

very long and very high, closing overhead like an early English cloister, in the pointed style, a wonderfully symmetrical avenue, where the trees harmonize, and seem mutually agreed to grow up, and live and die simultaneously, to do honour to the hero who so loved their overarching shadow, and was so proud of their proportions. This avenue conducts to the house, which, with little divergencies, we are approaching.

The Duke was a great farmer, and his park being always full of cattle, was consequently obstructed by innumerable gates. These gates were a heavy affliction, for having no footman it devolved upon me, then a child, to open them, causing thereby much injury to the beauty of my white frock, which I had desired to keep in contact for the Duchess' eyes.

Now we are at the house—a low, brick building, with window-facings of stone, after the fashion prevalent in domestic architecture during the reign of Queen Anne. There are scores of these windows above and below, all of one unbroken pattern, very monotonous, and the building is surmounted by a sloping roof, like a long extinguisher. Opposite the house, and divided from it by an oval carriage-drive, are seen one or two blocks of square white buildings. These are the stables, and between them runs a road ending in a bit of flat park. At a short distance is the church, a strange-looking building, in shape something like a cannon ball, with a little cupola, and two bits of wings tacked on each side, to keep it steady. But the Duke liked it, as he liked the house, and when any disparaging remark was ventured upon in his presence, always said it was "good enough for him," which, of course, as he was the greatest hero living, the modern Alexander, covered the bold critic with abject confusion.

That church was served by the Duke's nephew, the present Dean of Windsor, conscientious and zealous as a parish priest among country hinds and boors, as he is now, in a sphere where his duties lie exclusively within the precincts of a royal court. The Duke (his most regular attendant) sat in a large gallery pew, like a parlour, with a stove in the middle, and when the sermon became wearisome, he passed the prescribed limit of twenty minutes, the Duke would fall to poking and mending the

fire so vigorously that the preacher was fain to conclude, for he would scarce hear himself speak.

On entering the house we find ourselves in a handsome hall, hung with pictures, and from thence we pass into a long low gallery, overlooking the flat park, the sluggish river, and the conventional bridge. The gallery was papered all over with exquisite engravings—a fancy of the Duke's. The Duchess was sitting in a small room beyond; she was the gentlest lady I ever knew, yet gentle with a dignity all her own. Her face was pale and sad, and slightly scarred with small-pox. She had a pensive, tender look, that made one love her even before her sweet manner had settled that matter altogether. No creature could approach her without feeling her influence. Her friendliness to her country neighbours was unfailing. At a great diplomatic reception at Apsley House, a somewhat rustic old squire led her, at her own desire, among her brilliant guests.

"Really, madam," said he at length, "I am unworthy of the honour you are conferring on me."

"Nonsense," said the Duchess, "everyone takes you for the Hanoverian Ambassador; so hold your tongue, and do not undeceive them."

When we entered the boudoir, a great album and a case of drawing materials lay before her, and we found that she was finishing a collection of sketches illustrative of the history of Charles V. Now this was a work naturally suggested by her surroundings, for in the dining-room hard by hung many splendid portraits of that period. A Velasquez presented to the Duke by the King of Spain from his own gallery at Madrid, a sedate Margaret, Governess of the low countries, and replice of the well-known portraits of Philip le Beau, and Jeanne la Folle. Did the Duchess, I wonder, ever compare the adoring love she bore her absent hero, to the passion that turned this royal lady's brain? Perhaps in the course of her solitary life (for she was often alone) some vague sympathy may have grown up in her heart for the plaintive, anxious face looking out of that tarnished frame!

Luncheon over, a meal of unexampled magnificence to my young imagination, the Duchess proposed a walk. A basket was brought to her full of bread, to feed the Duke's favourite

charger, Copenhagen, on whose back he sat for fifteen hours during the battle of Waterloo. Poor Duchess! she found an outlet for her wifely, womanly love, in the daily feeding of this old horse, now turned out luxuriously to live and die in a paddock close by the garden. On through the shrubberies we walked—I a mere child, bearing the basket, and trotting by the Duchess' side—while my mother followed in silent fear of my untamed garrulity. By-and-by she heard with horror the following remark from her "*enfant terrible*."

"This is a beautiful place, Duchess, and these are beautiful gardens; but if the Duke had not fought well on Copenhagen's back at Waterloo, you would never have had them, you know!"

"No," replied she, "we should not have had them; neither would *you* have had your place, for the French and Bonaparte would have had it all."

The last time I saw this gentle lady was shortly before her death. She was lying on a sofa, ill with her last illness; and soon after that she was taken up to town to die. Before leaving Strathfieldsaye she addressed a pencilled note (being too weak to hold a pen) to my mother, asking after her "dear little girl," to whom she sent her "best love." Such was the wife of the great Duke, a domestic saint, too modest and too refined to fill the large frame his glory had made for her! All this time I had never seen the Duke.

Some three or four years afterwards it chanced that I was staying in a house to which he came one day, accompanied by lovely Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lady Stanhope, and the then Lady Salisbury, (*née* Gascoigne) to see a collection of pictures which he much admired. I was then a long gawky girl in short petticoats, and sat half hidden behind the sofas, terribly ashamed of my legs. No one noticed me. I ran home presently to tell my mother that I had seen the great Duke; and she piqued, mother-like, that her cub had been overlooked, sent him message to say the girl he had met that day, had been much loved by his Duchess. Her memory had now become very dear to him, and all she had loved he valued. A few days after the great hero came trotting down our park avenue in his own decided way, and after being received by my mother, specially begged to see me. Bold enough now, I advanced, held out

my hand, and fell to talking with such good will, that he was evidently amused. I asked him to look at our view from the garden terrace.

"There, sir," said I, (for everyone called him "sir," as if he were a royal duke) "that is your lodge, and there are your trees."

"How far off do you call it?" says he.

"Two miles, sir," I replied, "as a bird flies over the river."

"Yes," said he, looking hard at it, "it is more than a mile, and I will tell you why. Look at that white lodge of mine; it is but a white mass. If it were less than a mile, you would see an angle. This is a rule in distance which you should always remember."

A vision of the Duke peering with his keen grey eyes, over the barren Sierras of Spain, or the grassy folds of Belgian plains, flitted before me. How often must he have had occasion to put this rule into practice when calculating the distance from the enemy; arranging troops for battle, or looking out for his bivouac!

From this day forward, nothing could exceed his kindness. I was too young to dine out, but my mother was constantly his guest. He was one of the first who introduced the Russian mode of dining with only flowers and fruit upon the table; and this, perhaps, because he was proud of his garden and its fine produce. The dinner was always served to the minute. If any guests were but five minutes late, woe betide them! Watch in hand the Duke's keen eyes met them in no dulcet mood; nor did he fail to give them some verbal intimation of his displeasure. The house was always full, for he loved the society of beautiful, high-born ladies—loved to hear them sing, or to play with them at little games. Especially did he enjoy the song of "Miss Myrtle, the wonderful woman," which he would nightly call for, and nightly encore. It was Hercules surrounded by many Omphales—the warrior resting from his toils, and sunning himself in the rays of beauty. Still, now and then, the rough side would peep out, especially in his letters; and well as he liked my mother, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington could, and did, write her many a curt epistle. Once she asked his intercession for lengthened leave for a young officer whose regiment was serving in India. "F. M., the Duke of Wellington," in reply, "assured his

dear Mrs.—, that if he applied for leave of absence for all the young officers who wished it, he would have nothing else to do. F. M., the Duke of Wellington, must decline to make any such application on any pretext whatever."

But when asked by her to give an introduction to the brother of an old comrade he had much esteemed at Madras, and who was since dead, he furnished such a letter to the Governor General of India as assured that officer's advancement for life.

The Duke's correspondence occupied a large portion of his day; for, when out of office, he made it a point of conscience to reply to every note or letter he received. Hence the curious specimens of his style, which are extant in his own handwriting; for as his habits were generally known, every autograph-hunter provoked him to an immediate and characteristic reply.

In order to write undisturbed, he used to retire for several hours each day to his library—a pleasant, irregular room on the ground-floor, opening into a conservatory, and thence upon the well-trimmed gravel walks of the garden-plaisance. Adjoining was his bedroom, furnished with Spartan simplicity, containing only a shabby iron sofa-bedstead, and all the scanty appurtenances of his camp life. This love of simplicity in dress, furniture, and habits, was the outward index of his character.

His conversation was singularly straightforward, and his views on men and things presented a curious compound of dictatorial assertion and simple expression. The habit of command was always present with him, and the possibility of contradiction or opposition never entered his head for an instant. Ordinarily courteous, and really benevolent when unprovoked, he could, even in the most familiar converse, become exceedingly stern, both in look and manner; and it was thus, in a perfectly naïve assumption of infallibility, that the conscious supremacy of the Commander-in-Chief asserted itself.

Flattered, loved, consulted as an oracle by every man, woman and child who came in contact with him, from his gamekeepers and gardeners to the Ministers and the Queen, it is only surprising that he should have preserved, even to extreme old age, his mental equilibrium, and escaped to the extent he did the pitfalls of vanity. As years went by, I re-

joyed more and more frequently the large hospitalities of Strathfieldsaye, and whenever he saw me, the great soldier, then grown old, and very white-haired and pale, with his head much bent to one side, and speaking with a loud, strident voice, always singled me out, and addressed me with an interest and kindness that I felt was accorded to me not for my own sake, but for the sake of the gentle Duchess long since passed away.

By-and-by his son, the present Duke, married the present Duchess, then the lovely Lady Douro, who quite engrossed him. She was, in truth, the daughter of his affection, and there was ever a charming mixture of paternal pride

and chivalric admiration in his bearing towards her. At Strathfieldsaye they were always to be seen side by side, either in her pony-carriage, driven by herself, or on horseback. No meet of the hounds within any possible distance took place without the presence of that aged hero and that young and queenly beauty.

The Duke died at Walmer, on his soldier's bed, an exact duplicate of the shabby iron sofa at Strathfieldsaye. His early and industrious habits never varied until the hour when he lay down on his hard little couch, never to rise again, and passed away without pain or struggle, in his sleep.

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BEOWULF.

*From Cox's Romances of the Middle Ages.*

[There can hardly be a more striking contrast than that between the German tales which have appeared among our selections and "Beowulf." The German tales are a characteristic product of the most refined civilization; "Beowulf" is an equally characteristic product of the rudest antiquity. Anglo-Saxon scholars are pretty well agreed that "Beowulf" belongs to the period before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, and that it was probably brought over by the race from Germany to England. Sleswig is the probable scene of the tale.

The following version of the tale is taken from "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," by Mr. G. W. Cox and Mr. E. H. Jones. Mr. Cox is well known as the author of an *ingenious* work on Aryan mythology, in which he endeavours with great learning and ingenuity to prove that all the myths of the Aryan race, including the Iliad and the romance of King Arthur, are simply different versions of the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year! In the introduction to his present work he refers to Beowulf in illustration of the myths relating to "the ship or barge of the dead, which, while it carries the dead to their last home, also tells the story of their lives or proclaims their wrongs." "A clearer light," he says, "is thrown on the nature of this ship in the story of Scéf, the father of Scyld, in the myth of Beowulf. Here Scéf, whose name tells its own tale, comes, as he goes, in a ship, with a sheaf of corn at his head; and when his work among men is done, he bids his people lay him in the ship, and in the ship he is laid accordingly, with the goodliest weapons and the most costly of ornaments, and with all things which may gladden his heart in the phantom land. Here we have in its fairer colours the picture which in many lands and ages has been realized in terrible completeness. In all these instances we see the expression of the ancient and universal animistic conviction which ascribed to the dead all the feelings and wants of the living, and which led men to slay beasts to furnish them with food, and to slaughter their wives or comrades, that they might journey to their new home with a goodly retinue. For the ideal of the ship itself we must look elsewhere. All these vessels move of their own will, and though without oar, or rudder, or sail, or rigging, they never fail to reach the port for which they are making. They belong, in short, to that goodly fleet in which the ships may assume all shapes and sizes, so that the bark which can bear all the Æsir may be folded up like a napkin. The child who is asked where he has seen such ships will assuredly say, 'In the sky;' and when this answer is given the old animism, which, as Mr. Tylor well says, is the ultimate source of human fancy, explains everything in the myths related of these mysterious barks, which grow big and become small again at their pleasure, which gleam with gold and purple and crimson, or sail on in sombre and gloomy majesty, which leave neither mountain nor field nor glen unvisited, and

which carry with them wealth or poverty, health or disease, which, in short, are living beings. As such they have the thoughts and words of men, and can speak with those whom they carry across the seas of heaven; and thus we have the ship which bears Odysseus from the Pheidian land to the shores of Ithaca, and carries the Argonauts to the coast of Colchis.]

**S**CEF and Scyld and Beówulf—these were the god-like kings of the Gar-Danes in days of yore.

Upon the sea and alone came Scéf to the land of Scāni. He came in fashion as a babe, floating in an ark upon the waters, and at his head a sheaf of corn. God sent him for the comfort of the people because they had no king. He tore down the foemen's thrones, and gave the people peace and passed away.

From him proceeded Scyld the Scefing, the strong war-prince, wise in counsel, generous ring-giver. When Scyld grew old and decrepit, and the time drew near that he should go away into the peace of the Lord, he would be carried to the sea-shore. Thither with sad hearts his people bare him, and laid him in the bosom of a war-ship heaped with treasure of gold and costly ornaments, with battle-weapons, bills and spears and axes, and the linked war-mail. Rich sea-offerings of jewels and precious things they laid upon his breast. High over head they set up a golden ensign; then unfurled the sail to the wind, and mournfully gave their king and all his treasures to the deep and solemn sea; to journey none knew whither. Upon the sea, and alone, went Scyld from the land of the Scāni. He went in fashion as a king, floating away in his good ship along the track of the swans, his war-weeds and his battle-spoils beside him. He gave the people peace and passed away.

From him came Beówulf the Scylding, glorious and majestic, strong of hand, the beloved chieftain. He gave the people peace and passed away.

After the days of the god-like kings, the Danes chose Healfdene for their leader. He ruled long and well, and died in a good old age, and Hrothgár his son reigned in his stead. To Hrothgár good fortune and success in war were given, so that he overcame his enemies, and made the Gar-Danes a powerful and wealthy people.

Now, in his prosperity, it came into Hrothgár's mind to build a great mead-hall in his chief city; a lordly palace wherein his warriors and counsellors might feast, they and their

children for ever, and be glad because of the riches which God had given them. Biggest of all palaces was the mead-hall of Hrothgár; high-arched and fair with pinnacles. He named it Heorot, that men might think of it as the heart and centre of the realm; that, banded together in friendship at one common banquet table, they might talk of measures for the common good. With a great feast he opened Heorot the palace, with sound of harp and song of Skald, giving gifts of rings and treasure; so that all the people rejoiced and became of one mind, and swore fealty to him. Then Hrothgár's heart was lifted up because of Heorot which he had builded.

But far away in the darkness, where dwell the Jötuns and Orks and giants which war against God, there abode a mighty evil spirit, a Jötun both terrible and grim called Grendel, a haunter of the marshes, whose fastnesses were dank and fenny places. Grendel saw the lofty palace reared, and was filled with jealous anger because the people were as one, and because there was no longer any discord among them. At night he came to the mead-hall, where slept the nobles and thanes after the feast, forgetful of sorrow and unmindful of harm; he seized upon thirty men and carried them away to his dwelling-place, there to prey upon their carcasses. Bitterly mourned the Gar-Danes for their brothers when awaking in the morning twilight they saw the track of the accursed spirit, and knew that mortal strength availed for nought against their enemy. Next night Grendel came and did the like, and so for twelve years thereafter came he oftentimes and snatched the Danes whilst they slumbered, and carried them away to slay and tear them, neither for any ransom would he be prevailed upon to make peace. The houses in the land became empty, because of the counsellors and warriors that were swept away to the death-shade of the Ogre of the misty marshes. But like a shepherd for his flock grieved Hrothgár for the desolation of his people. Broken in spirit he sat in the many-coloured mead-hall, watching among his vassals through the night; but Grendel touched him not. To right and left of him the monster seized strong-hearted

men, a helpless prey, but passed Hrothgár by. God set his finger on the king that the Jötun should not harm him. Hrothgár grew wearied that he was spared while his dear friends were taken; and when men came to him for counsel, he, the wise counsellor, had none to give but sat in silence, his head bowed in sorrow on his hands. Vainly the people prayed in the tabernacles to their idols that they would send a spirit-slayer down to save them.

Away to the westward among the people of the Geáts lived a man, strongest of his race, tall, mighty-handed, and clean made. He was a thane, kinsman to Hygelác the Geátish chief, and nobly born, being son of Ecgtheow the Wægmunding, a war-prince who wedded with the daughter of Hrethel the Geát. This man heard of Grendel's deeds, of Hrothgár's sorrow, and the sore distress of the Danes, and having sought out fifteen warriors, he entered into a new-pitched ship to seek the war-king across the sea. Bird-like the vessel's swan-necked prow breasted the white sea-foam till the warriors reached the windy walls of cliff and the steep mountains of the Danish shores. They thanked God because the wave-ways had been easy to them; then, sea-wearied, lashed their wide-bosomed ship to an anchorage, donned their war-weeds, and came to Heorot, the gold and jewelled house. Brightly gleamed their armour, and merrily sang the ring-iron of their trappings as they marched into the palace; and having leaned their ample shields against the wall, and piled their ashen javelins, steel-headed, in a heap, they came to where sat Hrothgár, old and bald, among his earls. Hrothgár looked upon the Geátish warriors, chief of whom Hygelác's servant, the mighty son of Ecgtheow, towered tall above the rest, god-like in his shining armour and the dazzling war-net of mail woven by the armourer. Seeing him, Hrothgár knew that the son of Ecgtheow was Beowulf, raised up of God to be a champion against Grendel the evil spirit,—Beowulf the mighty-handed one, in the gripe of whose fingers was the strength of thirty men. And while wonderingly he gave him welcome, Beowulf spake, 'Hail, O King Hrothgár! Alone and at night I have fought with evil-beings, both Jötuns and Nicors, and have overcome; and now, in order to deliver the bright Danes from their peril, have I sailed across the sea

to undertake battle with Grendel the Ogre. And since no weapon may avail to wound the flinty-hided fiend, I will lay by my sword and shield, and empty-handed go to meet him. I will grapple with him, strength against strength, till God shall doom whether of us two Death taketh. If I should be bereft of life, send back to Hygelác the war-shroud which Wayland forged to guard my breast, but make no corpse-feast for me: bury my body, and mark its resting place; but let the passer-by eat without mourning; fate goeth ever as it must.'

Hrothgár answered, 'Well know I, O my friend Beowulf, of your bravery, and the might that dwelleth in your fingers! But very terrible is Grendel. Full oft my hardy warriors fierce over the ale-cup at night, have promised to await the Ogre with the terror of their swords and dare his wrath; but as oft at morning-tide the benched floor of the palace has reeked with their blood. But since your mind is valiant, sit down with us to our evening feast, where by old custom we incite each other to a brave and careless mind before night set in, and Grendel come to choose his prey.'

Then were the benches cleared and Beowulf and the Geáts sate in the mead-hall at the banquet with the Danes. Freely flowed the bright sweet liquor from the twisted ale-cup borne by the cup-bearer in his office, whilst the Skald sang of old deeds of valour.

Then said Beowulf, 'Full many a man of you hath Grendel made to sleep the sleep of the sword, and now he looketh for no battle from your hands. But I, a Geát, who in the old time have slain strange shapes of horror in the air or deep down underneath the waves, will encounter him, and alone; unarmed, I will guard this mead-hall through the night. Alone with the fiend will I await the shining of the morrow's sun on victory, or else sink down into death's darkness fast in the Ogre's grasp. Hrothgár, the old-haired king, took comfort at his steadfast intent, and Wealtheow the Queen, so fair and royally hung with gold, herself bare forth the mead-cup to Beowulf, and greeted him with winsome words as champion of her people. Beowulf took the cup from Wealtheow's hands saying, 'No more shall Grendel prey upon the javelin-bearing Danes till he has felt the might of my fingers.' Happy were the

people at his boldness, and blithe their joy over the well-served hall-cup.

Then King Hrothgár would seek his evening rest, for the wan shadows of night were already darkening the welkin. The company arose and greeted man to man, and Hrothgár greeted Beówulf and said, 'O friend, never before did I commit this hall to any man's keeping since I might lift a spear. Have now and hold this best of palaces. Be wakeful and be valorous, and nothing that thou mayest ask shall be too great a prize for victory.' So the king departed with his troop of heroes from the mead-hall.

Beówulf took off his coat of iron mail, loosed the helmet from his head, and from his thigh the well-chased sword; and having put aside his war-gear wholly, stepped upon his bed and laid him down. Around him in the dusk lay many well-armed Danes slumbering from weariness. The darkness fell, and all the keepers of the palace slept save one. Beówulf in a restless mood, naked and weaponless, waited for the foe.

Then in the pale night Grendel the shadow-walker rose up with the mists from the marshes and came to Heorot, the pinnacled palace. He tore away the iron bands, fire-hardened, where-with the doors were fastened, and trod the many-coloured floor of the sounding hall. Like fire the anger flashed from his eyes, lightening the darkness with a hideous light. Terribly he laughed as he gloated on the sleeping Danes and saw the abundant feast of human flesh spread out around him.

Beówulf, the strong Wægmunding, held his breath to watch the method of the Ogre's onset. Nor did the fiend delay, for quickly seizing a sleeping warrior he bit him in the throat, drank the blood from his veins, and tare his limbs and ate the dead man's feet and hands. Then coming nearer, Grendel laid his hands upon the watchful champion. Suddenly Beówulf raised himself upon his elbow and clutched the Ogre fast; against the shoulder he fastened on the grim Jötun with his hands; and held him. Never before had Grendel met the gripe of hands so strong. He bent himself with all his might against Beówulf and dragged him from his bed, and toward the door; but Beówulf's fingers never slackened from their hold: he drew the Ogre back. Together they struggled upon the hall pavement till the palace rocked and thundered with their battle. Great

wonder was it that the palace fell not, but it was made fast with well-forged iron bands within and without; yet many a mead-bench overlaid with twisted gold was torn from its place in the furious strife, and the ale spilled on the floor. But Grendel found the clutch of his enemy too strong; he could not loose it with all his wrestlings; and he knew that he must seek to flee away and hide himself in his marsh dwellings. But Beówulf griped him tight; and when the fiend would drag him down the hall he put forth all his strength into his clenched hands. Suddenly the Ogre's shoulder rift from neck to waist. The sinews burst asunder, the joints gave way, and Beówulf tare the shoulder and the shoulder-blade from out his body. So Grendel escaped from Beówulf's grasp and in his mortal sickness fled to the fens. There Death clutched him and he died.

Then in the morning many warriors gathered to the mead-hall; and Beówulf brought his trophy, Grendel's hand and arm and shoulder, and hung it high in the palace that all might see. So hard were the fingers and the stiff nails of the war-hand that no well-proven steel would touch them. Hrothgár thanked God and Beówulf for this deliverance, and having made the broken palace strong again with iron bonds and hung it round about with tapestry, he held therein a costly feast of rejoicing with his warriors and kinsmen, whereat many a mead-cup was outpoured. To Beówulf he gave rich gifts: a golden ensign and a helm, a breastplate and a sword, each wrought with twisted work of gold, together with eight horses whose housings shone with precious stones. And when the lay of the glee-man was sung and the wine flowed, and the jocund noise from the mead-benches rose loud, Queen Wealtheow went forth under her golden crown and bare the royal cup to Beówulf to drink. A ring she gave him of rare workmanship all aglow with carven gems, likewise sumptuous dresses, rich with brodered gold and needlework of divers colours. 'Be happy and fortunate, my lord Beówulf!' she said. 'Enjoy these well-earned gifts, dear warrior, for thou hast cleansed the mead-hall of the realm, and for thy prowess fame shall gather to thee, wide as the in-rolling sea that comes from all the corners of the world to circle round our windy walls.'

Then Wealtheow and her Lord King Hrothgár departed to take their evening rest, and

Beowulf went to a house appointed for him.— But the warriors bared the benches, spread out their beds and bolsters, set their hard-rimmed shields at their heads, and lay down to sleep in the mead-hall. In their ringed mail-shirts they laid them down, ready for war, as was their custom in house and field; ready, if need should befall their lord. Good was the people. So darkness fell in the hall and the Hring-Danes slept, nor wot they that any were fated to die. But at midnight Grendel's mother arose from her dwelling in the cold streams, from her home in the terrible waters, and fiercely grieving for her son's death came and walked the beautiful pavement of Heorot. Greedy of revenge she clutched a noble, very dear to Hrothgár, and tare him in his sleep. Then while the Danes, waking in tumult, were yet smitten with the terror of her presence, she seized from its hanging-place the well-known arm and shoulder of her son, and passed out quickly with the prize. A great cry rose in the mead-hall. Beowulf and King Hrothgár heard it, and came hastily to Heorot.

When King Hrothgár knew what had been done, he said, 'O Beowulf, my friend; still sorrow for my people bindeth me. Aeschere, my counsellor and war-companion, hath been foully torn to death, nor can we tell whose shall be the next blood with which this new wolf-hearted fiend shall glut herself. Scarce a mile hence is her dwelling-place, a stagnant lake within a darksome grove of hoary-rinded trees whose snaky roots twine all about the margin, shadowing it. A foul black water, whereon fire dwelleth at night, a loathely lake wide-shunned of man and beast. The hunted stag, driven thither, will rather part from life upon the brink than plunge therein. Darest thou seek this place, to battle with the monster and deliver us?'

The son of Ecgtheow the Wægmunding answered, 'Yea I dare. For to avenge a friend is better than to mourn for him. Neither can a man hasten nor delay his death hour. Fate waiteth for us all; and he that goeth forth to wreak justice need not trouble about his end, neither about what shall be in the days when he no longer lives.'

Then King Hrothgár gave thanks to the mighty God, and caused a steed with curled hair to be bitted and led forth for Beowulf. With a troop of shield-bearers he accompanied

the hero along the narrow path across steep stone-cliffs overhung with mountain trees, till they came to the joyless wood and the drear water where Grendel's mother dwelt. Snakes and strange sea-dragons basked upon the turbid pool, and Nicors lay upon the promontories. Beowulf blew upon his horn a terrible war-dirge, and they sank and hid themselves. Then in his war-mail shirt which knew well how to guard his body from the clutch of battle, his white helmet, mail-hooded, on his head, and in his hand his hilted knife Hrunting, of trusty steel blood-hardened, Beowulf plunged into the slimy lake and the sea-wave closed above him. Long he swam downward into the dark abyss before he found the bottom. Grendel's mother lay in wait and grappled him in her claws, and bore him to her roofed sea-hall beneath the water, where gleamed a pale fire-light. Then Beowulf saw the mighty sea-woman, and furious, swung his heavy sword and brought it down with a crash upon her head. But the keen steel failed him in his need, for her hard skull turned its biting edge. So angrily flinging from him his twisted blade, and trusting wholly to his mighty hand-gripe, he caught the wolf-woman by the shoulders and bent her backwards to the floor. Fiercely she gave back his grappling, and wrestled him till from weariness he rolled and fell; then, drawing her brown-edged knife she sought at one blow to avenge her son. But the hard battle-net upon his breast hindered the entrance of the knife, and God who rules the firmament protected him, so that he gat upon his feet again. Then Beowulf saw hanging in the sea-hall a huge sword made by giants, a weapon fortunate in victory, doughty of edge, which none but he could wield. Hard grasped he the war-bill by the hilt, and whirled it savagely against the sea-woman's ring-mail in despair of life. Furious he struck, and the bone-rings of her neck gave way before it; so the blade passed through her doomed body, and, war-wearied, her carcase lay lifeless on the floor.

Long time with patience waited Hrothgár and his counsellors, looking into the dark lake where Beowulf went down. Noon-day came, and seeing the water stained with blood, they deemed their champion was dead, and sorrowfully gat them home.

But beneath the water was a great marvel.— Beowulf cut off the sea-woman's head, but so



hot and poisonous was her blood that the mighty sword which reeked therewith melted and burnt away, all save the hilt. So it wasted like the ice when the sun loosens the frost-chain and unwinds the wave-ropes. Then Beówulf swam upwards with his heavy burden, the sea-woman's head and the sword-hilt, and having reached the shore he saw the lake dry up. By its hair he carried the woman's head, awful and glaring, to the mead-hall, and showed the wondering Danes the golden sword-hilt wrought in fashion as a snake, and marked with Runic characters wherein the history of its forging was set forth. Beówulf said, 'God and my strong hand prospered me and gave me victory. Yea, in my strength I have wrested away the sword wherewith the giants before the Flood defied the Eternal God ! I have overcome the enemies of God, who have battled with Him unsubdued for countless years ! Wherefore fear not, King Hrothgár, for thou and thine may sleep secure in Heorot which I have cleansed.'

The wise and hoary king, the mingled-haired, gazed long in silence on the sword-hilt, reading of the wondrous smiths that made it after the fall of the devils. Then he spake gently, 'O my friend Beówulf, great is thy glory and uplifted high, and wondrous are the ways of God who through the wisdom of His great mind distributeth so much strength to one man, making him a refuge-city for the peoples. But suffer a kindly word of counsel, dear warrior. When all things are subject to a man, when the world turneth at his will, he forgetteth that the flower of his strength and his glory are but for a little while before he leave these poor days and fade away forgotten and another come in his place. But the great Shepherd of the Heavens liveth on, and raiseth up and putteth down whom He will. Dear friend, beware of pride, which groweth up and anon beguileth the heart so fast to sleep that the warrior remembereth not how Death will overpower him at the last. So gloried I, when with spear and sword having freed the Hring-Danes from all their enemies under heaven, I built this mead-hall in my pride and reckoned not upon an adversary. But God sent Grendel many years to trouble me, till my pride was humbled, and He brought me a deliverer in thee. Wherefore I give Him thanks and pray thee to be-like-minded, to bear thine honours meekly, and to choose eternal

gains. Go now with gladness to the feast, and to-morrow we will give forth treasure, the dear meed of warriors.'

Great joy was there in many-windowed Heorot, and when Night covered the land with her dusky helmet the warriors laid them down in peace and slept beneath the lofty arches, various with gold : no foe came near the noble dwelling-place ; for Heorot was fully purged.

After that, when Beówulf would make ready his vessel to cross the sea again to his kinsman Hygelác, lord of the Geáts, King Hrothgár loaded him with a multitude of gifts of gold and rings and battle-harness, and made a treaty with him that there should be peace for ever betwixt the Gar-Danes and the Geáts, and that the treasures of both peoples should be held in common. So Beówulf and his companions entered their sharp-keeled ship and sailed to their home across the wide sea-plain, the sea-gull's path. Hygelác welcomed him returning spoil-laden from the game of war, and Beówulf shared his treasures with his friends and kinsfolk. Yet was it for a long time a shame and reproach to the Geáts that they held the might and courage of Beówulf in but little esteem, neither made they him a ruler or a chief among them. During many years the son of Ecgtheow grew old in good and quiet deeds ; for he, the fierce in war, was gentle of mind, and meekly held the might and strength wherewith he was endued of God. But the Swedes came up to battle against the Geáts, and in his time of need Hygelác went to his treasure-house and brought forth Nagling, the wound-hardened sword, old and grey-spotted, of Hrethel, Beówulf's grandfather, and gave it to the strong Wægmunding, and made him captain over seven thousand warriors and gave him a royal seat. So Beówulf went to battle and drave out the enemy. But Hygelác fell in the war-tumult. Thereby the broad kingdom came by inheritance into Beówulf's hand ; and he was made king, and held it fifty years with a strong arm against all foes, ruling wisely as a prudent guardian of his people.

Now, in those days, a terrible flaming dragon began to rule in the dark nights, a fire-drake which long had abode in the cavern of a rocky cliff hard by the sea, along a difficult and stony path unknown to men. All his cavern

was full of ancient treasure in rings and vases and golden ornaments, which he had secretly stolen during a space of three hundred years. Folk missed their gold and jewels but knew not who the robber was, until one night a wayfarer by chance wandered into the cave and saw the precious hoard and the dragon slumbering by it, and snatched a golden drinking cup, from the glittering heap and fled. Hot burned the dragon's anger when, awaking, he missed the gold drinking cup, and saw that his secret treasure-hoard was known to men. He rose upon his flaming wings each night and sped to and fro seeking the man who had done him this evil; and where he went he consumed houses and people and scorched the land into a wilderness. The waves of fire reached the palace and destroyed that best of buildings, the fastness of the Geats, and the people trembled for fear of the terrible flyer of the air.—Dark thoughts came into Beowulf's mind, inso-much that he was even angry with the Almighty because of the plague which visited the people, and in his bitterness he spak hard things against the Eternal Lord such as befitted him not. Then he commanded to make a variegated shield of iron, strong and well-tempered, to withstand the fire-breath of the adversary, and having put on his war-mail, he called together his warriors and said, 'Many a battle, O my comrades, have I dared from my youth up; many a warrior's soul have I loosed from its shattered house of bone with my biting war-bill. Now for the greater glory of my age will I seek this flaming war-fly alone. Be it yours to abide afar off on the hill and watch the combat, but take no part therein. The glory and the treasure and the war are mine alone. Would I might proudly grapple with nothing but my naked hands against this wretch, as of old I did with Grendel! But since the war-fire is so fierce and poisonous, I take my shield and byrnie and my sword. Not a foot-step will I flee till fate make up her reckoning betwixt us.'

Then arose the famous warrior, stoutly trusting in his strength, and came to the hoary stone cliff whence waves of fire flowed like a rushing mountain torrent. Boldly and with angry words the lord of the Geats defied the fire-drake to come out and face the fiery steel of Nagling, his sharp-edged blade.

Quickly the winged worm answered to his

challenge. Bending itself together for the contest, and darting furious flames, it closed in battle with the haughty warrior; and they who beheld afar off saw nothing but the fire which wrapped the fighters round. The good shield guarded Beowulf's body less truly than he had hoped from the beams of fire. Nagling, the hard-edged, bit less strongly than the champion, who knew so well to swing the war-bill, had need in his extremity: the keen sword deceived him as a blade of such old goodness ought not to have done. The fierce treasure-keeper, boiling with fury, flooded the plain in a sea of fire, so that the nobles which watched the combat turned and fled to the wood for safety. All turned and fled save one. Wiglaf, son of Weohstán, a dear shield-warrior, only kinsman of Beowulf, saw his lord suffer in the bitter strife, and his heart could no longer refrain. He seized his shield of yellow linden-wood, and his old tried sword. 'Comrades,' he cried, 'forget ye all the gifts of rings and treasure we have received from Beowulf's hands at the daily out-pouring of the mead? Forget ye his past benefits and his present need?' Then he ran through the deadly smoke and the clinging fire to succour his dear lord. The flame burnt up his linden shield, but Wiglaf ran boldly underneath the shield of his master and fought at his side. Then Beowulf, jealous for his single fame, though heat-oppressed and wearied, swung his great war-sword and drove it down mightily upon the head of the fire-drake. But Nagling failed him, and brake in sunder with the blow; for Beowulf's hand was too strong and overpowered every sword-blade forged by mortal man, neither was it granted to him at any time that the edges of the smith's iron might avail him in war. Wildly he spurned the treacherous sword-hilt from him, and furious rushed upon the fiery worm and clutched it by the neck in the terrible gripe of his naked hands. There upon the plain he throttled it, while the burning life-blood of the fire-drake boiled up from its throat and set his hands aflame. Yet loosened he never his gripe, but held the twining worm till Wiglaf carved its body in twain with his sword. Then Beowulf flung the carcass to the earth and the fire ceased.

But the fiery blood was on his hands; and they began to burn and swell; and he felt the poison course through all his veins and boil up

in his breast. Then Beówulf knew that he drew nigh the end of this poor life; and whilst Wigláf cooled his wounds with water, he said, 'Fifty years have I shepherded my people, and though so strong no king dared greet me with his warriors, I have only fought to hold my own. Neither have I made war on any man for lust of gain or conquest, nor oppressed the weak, nor sworn unjustly. Wherefore I fear not that the Ruler of Men will reproach me with the doings of my life. But now, dear Wigláf, go quickly to the cavern and bring me of the gold and many-coloured gems that I may look thereon before I die; that so, feasting my eyes with the treasure I have purchased for my people, I may more gently yield up my life.'

So Wigláf hastened and came to the fire-drake's treasure-house; and lo! his eyes were dazzled with the glittering gold, the dishes, cups, and bracelets that were heaped within the cave and lightened it. Then he laded himself with gem-bright treasure, one trinket of each kind, and a lofty golden ensign, the greatest wonder made with hands, and a war-bill jewelled, shod with brass and iron-edged; and came again to his master. Fast ebb'd the chieftain's life upon the sward. Senseless he lay, and very near his end. Wigláf cooled his fiery veins with sprinkled water, and the lord of the Geáts opened his eyes and gazed upon the golden cups and variegated gems. He said, 'Now give I thanks to the Lord of All, the King of Glory, for the precious riches which mine eyes behold; nor do I grudge to have spent my life to purchase such a treasure for my people. Bid them not to weep my death, but rather glory in my life. Let them make a funeral fire wherein to give my body to the hot war-waves; and let them build for my memorial a lofty mound to sea-wards on the windy promontory of Hronesnaes, that the sea-sailors as they journey on the deep may see it from afar and say, "That is Beówulf's cairn."

Then from his neck he lifted his golden chain, and took his helmet and his byrnie and his ring and gave them to Wigláf, saying, 'Dear friend, thou art the last of all our kin, the last of the Wægmundings. Fate hath long swept my sons away to death. I must go and seek them!' So parted his soul from his breast.

Presently came the nobles which before had fled, and found Wigláf washing the body of

their prince with water and sorrowfully call'd him by name. Bitterly spake Wigláf to them, 'Brave warriors! Now that the war is over, have you in truth summoned courage up to come and share the treasure? You, who took the treasure-earner in his need; for, in his extremity the high prince who gave you the very war-trappings wherein you stand? I tell you nay. You shall see the treasure with your eyes and hold it in your hands, but it shall not profit you. The Swedes beyond the sea who came against Hygelác and slew him, the same that Beówulf overcame and drove off, when they learn that our strong warrior has passed into his rest, will come again and snatch the land from your weak holding and carry you away into bondage, and seize the treasure. Let it be his who won it! Safer will he guard it in his sleep than you with feeble war-blades and weak javelins. Let the lord of the Geats slumber with it in the cairn which we shall build for him; so shall men fear to touch the treasure as they would to snatch a sleeping lion's prey.'

So with one accord they bare the hoary warrior to Hronesnaes, and from the cavern drew out the twisted gold in countless waggon-loads.

Then for Beówulf did the people of the Geats prepare a funeral pile, strong, hung round with helmets, with war-boards and bright byrnes, and weeping they laid their lord upon the wood. Eight chosen warriors walked with Wigláf round the pile with torches to kindle the bonfire. The wood-smoke rose aloft, the noise of mourning of a people sorry of mood mingled with the crackling of the blaze, and the wind blew on the war-bier till the flames consumed the bone-house of the mighty-handed chief.

Then the Geats wrought a great cairn beside the sea. It was high and broad, and easily behold by the sailors over the waves. Ten days they wrought thereat, and built up the beacon vast and tall, and laid the ashes of their lord therein. Then they brought the rings and gems and ornaments and put them in the mound. No earl ever wore the twisted gold as a memorial, no maiden was made glad with the golden rings upon her neck, but the treasure sleeps in the earth with him who won it. Twelve nobles rode about the mound calling to mind their king in speech and song; praising his valour; even as it is fit that a man should

extol his lord and love him in his soul after his body has become valueless and only his deeds remain.

So mourned the people of the Geats for their

dear lord. And they said of him that he was the mildest and gentlest of all the kings of the world, the most gracious to his people and the most jealous for their glory.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

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COBDEN CLUB ESSAYS, SECOND SERIES, 1871-2.

By Emile De Laveleye, the Hon. George Brodrick, W. Fowler, M.P., T. E. Cliffe Leslie, Herr Julius Faucher, Herr John Prince Smith, Joseph Goslick, James E. Thorold Rogers, the Hon. David A. Wells, LL.D., of the United States. Cassell, Petter and Galpin : London, Paris and New York.

A club was formed some years ago in England, to perpetuate the memory and propagate the principles of Richard Cobden, whose great friend, Mr. T. Bayley Potter, M.P., took a leading part in the movement. At first the Association was rather at a loss for a practical object, and seemed in danger of degenerating into an annual dining club, the very last thing which would have been desired as a tribute of respect by Cobden's shade. An annual essay prize was tried, but proved a failure. At last the club hit on the idea of an annual volume of essays, which has so far proved a success. The volume before us has passed very rapidly to a second edition, and seems fully to deserve that honour. The principles of the essayists, like those of the club, are of course Liberal and Free Trade ; but no opponent, we believe, can deny that these principles are advocated in a worthy and philosophic manner, with firmness of tone, calmness of reasoning, and fulness of information.

M. De Laveleye's essay "On the Causes of War, and the means of reducing their number," is worthy of a distinguished publicist, comprehensive, acute, and, though strongly pacific, free from millennial reverie. He has, however, fallen into the prevalent error with regard to the Treaty of Washington, which he celebrates as "an event on which all humanity may justly congratulate itself." Had he considered the question of the Fenian claim, he must have seen that, as we have said before, the refusal to submit that claim to arbitration while reparation was exacted for the escape of the *Alabama*, makes the Treaty

a rampant assertion of the immunity of the United States from responsibility, and a repudiation instead of a vindication of international morality. The two most important essays in the volume, however, at least with reference to British legislation, are those of the Hon. George Brodrick and Mr. Fowler. Even the strongest Conservatives are beginning to be somewhat anxious with regard to the land question, and to perceive that it will be a dangerous state of things when the great bulk of the land of England is in the hands of a small number of wealthy proprietors, and the nation is reduced to the condition of a tenant-at-will on its own soil. All experience tends to prove that a numerous body of freeholders is the strongest support of national institutions. Both essayists conclude in effect in favour of the same measure, viz., such an alteration of the law that no tenure shall be recognized but a tenure in fee simple, so as to preclude the tying-up of land ; and to some such policy British legislation probably points. "No new or startling change," says Mr. Brodrick in conclusion, "would be wrought by the new law in the characteristic features of English country life. There would still be a squire occupying the great house in most rural parishes, and this squire would generally be the eldest son of the last squire ; though he would sometimes be a younger son of superior merit or capacity, and sometimes a wealthy and enterprising purchaser from the manufacturing district. Only here and there would a noble park be deserted or neglected for want of means to keep it up and want of resolution to part with it, but it is not impossible that deer might often be replaced by equally picturesque herds of cattle ; that landscape gardening and ornamental building might be carried on with less contempt for expense ; that game preserving might be reduced within the limits which satisfied our sporting forefathers ; that some country gentlemen would be compelled to contract their speculations on the turf, and that others would have less to spare for yachting or for amusement at Con-

tinental watering-places. Indeed, it would not be surprising if greater simplicity of manners, and less exclusive notions of their own dignity, should come to prevail among our landed gentry, leading to a revival of that free and kindly social intercourse which made rural neighbourhoods what they were in olden times. The peculiar agricultural system of England would remain intact, with its three-fold division of labour between the landlord charged with the public duties attaching to property, the farmer contributing most of the capital and all the skill, and the labourer relieved by the assurance of continuous wages from all risks except that of illness. But the landlords would be a larger body, containing fewer grandees and more practical agriculturists, living at their country homes all the year round, and putting their savings into land, instead of wasting them in the social competition of the metropolis. The majority of them would still be eldest sons, many of whom, however, would have learned to work hard till middle life for the support of their families; and besides these there would be not a few younger sons who had retired to pass the evening of their days on little properties near the place of their birth, either left them by will or bought out of their own acquisitions. With these would be mingled other elements in far larger measure and greater variety than at present—wealthy capitalists eager to enter the ranks of the landed gentry, merchants, traders and professional men content with a country villa and a hundred freehold acres round it; yeomen-farmers and even labourers of rare intelligence, who had seized favourable chances of investing in land. Under such conditions it is not too much to expect that some links, now missing, between rich and poor, gentle and simple, might be supplied in country districts, and that 'plain living and high thinking' might again find a home in some of our ancient manor houses; that with less of dependence and subordination to a dominant will there would be more of true neighbourly feeling and even of clanship; and that posterity, reaping the beneficent fruits of greater social equality, would marvel, and not without cause, how the main obstacle to greater social equality—the law and custom of primogeniture—escaped revision for more than two centuries after the final abolition of feudal tenures." This may seem to be a rather sanguine view; but there is nothing in it chimerical, much less is there anything savouring of communism or even of social revolution. Mr. Brodric's essay has won great, and we think well-deserved, praise, even from opponents, by its ability and by the spirit in which it is written.

The essay of Mr. Rogers on the Colonial question is marked by his usual force and vigour. It is written from the "Manchester" point of view, of course, but no Colonist will be offended in it by anything anti-colonial, if by that term is meant a want of right and kindly feeling towards the Colonies. It is absurd to suppose that we can close a discussion which has been going on among the greatest and most revered masters of economical science for a century, merely by imputing to people sordid motives, and calling them hard names. Every man is a patriot who, whether on the right road or not, is sincerely seeking the good of his country. In this very volume M. De Laveleye protests strongly against the policy of retaining Algeria, that possession which France cherishes so passionately, and on which she has wasted so much money and so much

blood without even a shadow of return, for even as a military training-place, it has proved the mere destroyer of her strategy. "I would suggest," says M. De Laveleye, "that France had a means of making Prussia pay dearly for the conquest of Alsacia; it was to give up at the same time Algeria, as a cause of weakness and ruin. Oh! Frenchmen, borrow compulsory education from the Germans, and give them Algiers in exchange, and you will be avenged." A total severance of the Colonies from the old country, Mr. Rogers holds, would be a misfortune. "The invitation to secede, so freely tendered to the colonists is, in my opinion, inexpedient as well as uncivil. It would be much wiser to tell them that we do wish to keep them not only in amity but in alliance, but that in treating on the terms of the alliance, we and they must act with equal independence." The least agreeable part of Mr. Rogers' essay, to many colonists, will be the discouraging terms in which he speaks of proposals for extensive emigration.

We believe we may say that all the essays in this volume, without exception, will be found instructive to the economist and politician, whether he agrees with them or not. Perhaps some day a Derby club may be instituted for the propagation of the principles of Lord Derby, and we may then have volumes of philosophic essays on the other side.

The presence of no less than four foreigners (though one of them is of English birth) among the nine essayists, is significant not only of the cosmopolitan character of political and economical science, but of the growth of European sympathies, and of the more European character which is being gradually assumed by political and economical as well as by religious and intellectual movements.

A SURVEY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—By John Macdonell, M. A. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

This work is based on a series of articles contributed to the *Scotsman* newspaper. We have read it with interest and profit. It is a comprehensive, sensible and well written account of the chief topics and problems of Political Economy, and is marked throughout by openness of mind and a desire to do justice to the different writers and schools whose theories are passed in review. Mr. Macdonell's candour is particularly shown in his treatment of the land question, which in England is one of such exceeding bitterness, not only on economical but on political grounds. While he repudiates, as might have been expected, Mr. Mills' extreme plans of exceptional dealing with rents, and vindicates private property in land; he combats with equal fairness the extravagances of the opposite school, enforces the special duties and restrictions which attach to the ownership of land, and condemns primogeniture and entails. He even goes so far as to look forward to a time "when the landlord shall be regarded as a public functionary or trustee entrusted with the care of certain portions of the soil of the State, and bound to use it to the common advantage, and when the last and greatest of sinecures shall be reformed." We confess that he does not make it clear to our mind why in this, which is the commercial, not the feudal era, investments in land should be treated so differ-

ently from other investments ; but this does not impair the service rendered by the discussion in an impartial spirit of a rancorous and dangerous party question. The same spirit is shown in dealing with Protectionism, though in this case we should desire more completeness, the disquisition closing with a string of secondary arguments, of a miscellaneous character, on the side of Protection, each of which, we believe, may be conclusively answered, but with regard to which Mr. Macdonell only says generally, that, in his opinion, all European countries and the United States have outgrown the necessities of Protectionism. It was also unnecessary to limit the history of Protectionism to the period subsequent to the rise of the mercantile theory, if such a theory ever really existed, which Mr. Macdonell doubts. Protectionism has existed whenever and wherever political power has been used in the commercial interest of a class. The mediæval baron who forced the people to grind their corn at the baronial mill, use the baronial ferry, and resort to the baronial fair-ground, was as much entitled to the high-sounding name of Protectionist as the monopolist of New England or Pennsylvania, though he did not frame moral and patriotic theories or construct imposing diagrams, like those of Mr. Henry Carey, in defence of his very natural proceedings.

The point on which, as at present advised, we differ most widely from Mr. Macdonell, is female labour. He imagines that by availing ourselves of this discovery, as he calls it, we should all but double the productive power of the human race without necessitating any increase in the amount devoted to subsistence. Such an expectation appears chimerical. Women cannot do any work requiring muscular strength or physical endurance ; they cannot even print a newspaper, because it involves night work. They could not, as a general rule, engage in any calling requiring permanent devotion, or the skill which can only be gained by experience, because the immense majority of them marry, and hardly any of them renounce marriage. All that they can do therefore, ordinarily speaking, is to take the place of the feeble and more delicate portion of the male sex in certain indoor callings of a light and easy kind. It may be a good thing that they should do so, but this is a limited source from which to anticipate the doubling of human wealth. This question, like many others, economical and of all kinds, appears to be ridden by a fallacious term. All useful occupations are *labour* in the only rational sense of the word. A woman is labouring to the very best purpose, and rendering to humanity the full equivalent of any male labour, when she bears children, rears them, and manages her household. Young women, if they look forward to being wives and mothers, are best occupied in the very needful preparation for that state, and even mothers-in-law and grandmothers on whom, at any rate, the female labour theorists think themselves entitled to lay their hands, may generally find more profitable employment in the domestic circle than they would find in the general labour market. The gain which would accrue to humanity from training the female sex to labour, would be pretty much the same as would accrue from training our feet to discharge the functions of a second pair of hands, and leaving us without anything to discharge the functions of the feet.

A great service will be rendered and a great fame

will be won by the first writer who treats history economically or political economy historically. In this work political economy is to a certain extent treated historically, and the value and interest of the work are thereby greatly enhanced, but the amount of history is limited by the general brevity of treatment. Mr. Macdonell seems to have accumulated materials which would enable him to expand this element of his work or to write another book on an enlarged scale, and we should be very glad if he would use them for that purpose.

SECRET HISTORY OF "THE INTERNATIONAL" WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION. By Onslow Yorke. London : Strahan and Co.

The shadow of the terrible "International" is supposed by some to have fallen even on Canadian industry, and to have been visible in the recent strikes. Mr. Onslow Yorke's little volume may therefore have for us not only a general, but a practical, interest. So far as it goes it confirms us in the belief which we had before entertained, that the shadow of the International, as is the case with the shadows of other objects, is much larger than the substance.

The name, which now sounds like a menace to all nations of industrial revolt and political communism, originally at all events had no such signification.—Two French artisans, Tolain and Fribourg, we are told, having come over to England at the time of the International Exhibition of 1862, carried back to France a seductive account of the English Trade Unions. The French artisans wished to found an organization on the same model, but found themselves precluded by the law forbidding associations of workmen in France. A sharp lawyer hinted to them that they might evade the law by affiliating themselves to a foreign society. A society was accordingly formed in London, with Odger, Cremer and a German domiciled in England named Eccarius, at its head, to which the Frenchmen were affiliated, and which was called the International. This society ramified, became European, and held a Congress at Geneva, at which the English delegates advocated practical measures for raising wages and reducing the hours of work, while the French delegates advocated aerial schemes for the regeneration of the industrial world. If Mr. Yorke may be trusted the French Empire conquered to a considerable extent with the leaders of this industrial movement. The policy of the French Cæsars, like that of their Roman prototypes, was a mixture of despotism and demagogism ; and while they "saved society" with their bayonets, they carried on intrigues in the lower strata of society with the view of gaining allies against the liberal middle classes, and beneath a surface of military order charged the mine which exploded in the insurrection of the Commune. The French artisans, as might have been expected, soon grew jealous of English ascendancy, and a dispute, in which the French were victorious, ended in the practical transfer of the headquarters of the Society to Paris.

At the Geneva Congress the Polish question had been introduced, and the red flag had been displayed on an excursion steamboat. But during the earlier period of its history the society was essentially industrial. Gradually however, by a natural affinity, there mingled with it a political movement, at the

bottom of which, darkly and fitfully, appear the sinister features of Karl Marx, a wandering Jew, whose personal aims appear to be enveloped in mystery, but who no doubt expected by troubling the waters of society to take some kind of fish. This worthy we are told spent his days in studying politics and economy at the British Museum, and his nights in studying the working-men at their places of social resort. Armand Levi, another Jew, in the secret service of the French Empire, attempted to give the movement an Imperialist direction, but was cut short in his machinations by his master's fall. A predominating influence seems to have been at last excited by Bakounine, a gigantic Russian savage, and a type of the extravagant socialism and atheism to which the ill-balanced mind of the semi-barbarous Slave rebounds from the extreme of paternal despotism and superstition. Cluseret, politically if anything a Fenian, but who was above all things a military adventurer, opening the world oyster with his sword, also gained an influence which of course increased when, from organizing and speech-making, affairs began to tend towards fighting. Ultimately Tolain, the French chief of the industrial movement, was thrust aside, and the secret history of the International merged in the secret history of the Commune, at which point Mr. Onslow Yorke's work terminates.

In spite of the uneasiness felt, and not very wisely betrayed, by the European governments, we are disposed to think that the mine has been pretty well emptied of its explosive contents in the Parisian insurrection. The military circumstances of Paris after the siege, and the antagonism between the Parisians and the Assembly which represented the power of the despised and detested "rurals," furnished the Communistic leaders with forces such as they are not likely again to command. Whether the International plays any important part in the industrial conflicts which still rage in Europe, and are unhappily extending themselves to this country, we are unable to say; but these conflicts present no feature at present which they did not equally present before the International came into existence.

**FAIR TO SEE.**—A novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: Harper Brothers.

A good novel, with well drawn characters, and an interesting plot fairly woven out of character and situation, without assistance from the stores of the sensation scene-painter. The subject of the story is a shooting party in the Highlands, out of which grows a love affair between Bertrand Cameron and Eila McKillop who is "fair to see." The weak part of the novel is that Eila can hardly be said to be fair even to see. Her false and hateful character is visible from the beginning. The ultimate marriage of Eila with old Sir Roland Cameron is rather a repulsive incident, and there is a flatness in the way in which Bertrand, after his misadventure with Eila, falls back on Morna Grant. Mr. McKillop's end, perhaps, should have been excepted in saying that the tale was free from sensationalism; but it was necessary for the happy winding up of the piece to get rid of him. The author is a military man, and, like most of his profession, a strong Tory; and he cannot help mingling his politics with his fiction. When will

literary artists learn that art and controversy are not compatible with each other? It is true that the author, being a Tory of the good old type, is tolerably impartial between parties as they are, and shows them pretty handsomely all round. Indeed, in his indignation at Conservative back-lidings, he is forced to confess that the Radicals are the best of the lot, who "is enough to break a gentleman's, not to say a nation's, heart." Of the leaders of the two great parties he says, perhaps with more point than elegance, that "one (Mr. Gladstone) has a spasmodic conscience and a twisted brain, and the other (Mr. Disraeli) has a spasmodic brain and no conscience at all." Mr. Gladstone's army reforms are however pretty well justified in the most forcible manner by the character of Coppinger, one of the best things in the book, and the true portrait of a large number of the wealthy triflers to whom the lives of British soldiers and the honour of the empire were sacrificed under the old system. After Sadowa and Sedan it was high time to replace these men by soldiers professionally trained and devoted to their calling. They need not on that account be any the less gentlemen. The "Kicker" is no more a gentleman than his soldier.

**DEAD MEN'S SHOES.**—A Romance by Jeannette Hademann, author of "Forgiven at Last." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is decidedly a lively novel. The scene is laid in Louisiana. The plot runs through two generations of two families, but the interest centres in the attempt of Dr. John Reynard to dispose of his step-son and step-daughter, the first by a career of dissipation and absinthe, the second by marriage to a tool of his own in the person of his rascal brother. Like the evil spirit in a novel generally, Dr. Reynard makes all the fun, and we are really very sorry when his schemes are foiled by the virtues of the heroic Miss Bertha Lombard, and when he is ultimately drowned in a flood of the Mississippi. The bad characters, Dr. Reynard himself, his brother James and his wife, are well drawn; the good characters are rather flat, as is too apt to be the case. Miss Bertha Lombard, who is the angel of the piece, gets beyond the range of our sympathies from the moment when, being stabbed in the arm with a knife by her beloved, but demented cousin, she does not feel the stab, but only the word of reproach by which it was accompanied. There is something of the rawness of Louisiana in the scenery, more of domestic as well as physical; and the ladies and gentlemen have a decided tinge both of the plantation and of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "Deuced girls; star of the first magnitude; diamond of the first water; pearl without price; pretty as a picture; dances like a fay; face piquant; worth going a far for; charming little witch; first class prize; sharp as a needle; manners of a little princess; the world in which such phrases as these are current may safely be said not to be highly refined. Since is in the background, but has little to do with the tale. We must protest against many of the constructions and expressions, if they are tendered as English and not as the language of Louisiana. "Let this out," "given up to be beyond comparison," "kissed him good-night," "hush talking nonsense," "would rank middling fair," "would have gone

long ways," "equally as devoid," "to go on (for to go) after a person," "to go alee," "that calm a face,"—if the fashionable Mrs. Reynard's teeth are set on edge by being asked what country she "hails from," our teeth are not less set on edge by such phrases as these.

ANTIDOTE TO THE "THE GATES AJAR," by J. S. W. Sixth thousand. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

"The Gates Ajar" was nonsense, though nonsense of a most marketable kind, as its success and the sum realized by it proved. We can understand its having an enormous run in the States, among the people who erect sentimental monuments in the Rose Walk of the Jeffersonville Cemetery, and bury their dead friend in a glass case, dressed in a blue surtout with a flower in his button-hole. Probably people did not really believe that Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had any special information about the occupation of the blessed in the other world; but they bought her book with the sort of half curiosity, half credulity, with which the simpler sort of mortals buy an astrological almanac or an infallible cure for all diseases. The best antidote to nonsense is our own sense. But it seems that in the present case there is a large demand for another "Antidote," which has run through six thousands—probably by this time still more. We have read it, and can sincerely declare ourselves convinced that Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has no special information about the occupations of the blessed in the other world. It is something, in this age of doubt and perplexity, to have distinctly arrived even at a negative conclusion.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE REV. WM. MCCLURE, for more than forty years a minister of the Methodist New Connexion. Chiefly an Autobiography. Edited by the Rev. David Savage. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1872.

This tribute to the memory of a good and earnest minister of the Gospel is very creditable both to the Editor and to the Conference of which he was a member. There are many in Toronto, not belonging to the New Connexion Church, who will remember, with deep respect, the subject of this memoir. A tall figure, slightly bowed, though it scarcely appeared to be by age—the neck enveloped in one of those extraordinary white neckerchiefs, admirably drawn in the portrait prefixed to this volume, to get into or out of which seems a mystery to us of this generation—the face always beaming with meekness and good-nature, which were distinguishing marks of his character. Few of those who saw him in those latter peaceful days knew of the struggles through which he had passed, and the severer sufferings of his father before him. Much of the volume under review is made up of the religious experiences of Mr. McClure, into which it is not our province to enter; there is also much of permanent interest in anecdotes of the Repeal movement under Daniel O'Connell, and of the state of Ireland in the early part of this century, which we can only collect from the journals of acute observers like Mr. McClure. A true Irishman, the rev. gentleman possessed a full measure of the humour of his race, and although it was chastened by the essentially spiritual tone of his

nature, it usually asserted itself in a quiet way on every social occasion. Yet, withal, he was a man thoroughly in earnest about the work he believed to be set before him in the Gospel; an active apostle of total abstinence; an energetic friend of the University of Toronto, on the Senate of which he sat as a member. Without great brilliancy or superior talent, his earnestness, his unaffected meekness, his genial and kindly disposition, endeared him to those with whom he came in contact, and, therefore, we think with Mr. Savage that it is well that some memorial of his laborious life should be placed on record.

NOTES ON ENGLAND. By H. Taine, D.C.L., Oxon. &c. Translated with an Introductory Chapter by W. F. Rae. London: Strahan & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The popularity of M. Taine's *Notes on England* is already established, and that the work should be made accessible to all Englishmen in a translation was a matter of course. The translator, it appears to us, has done his work remarkably well, preserving to an unusual extent the vivacity and piquancy of the original, with little sacrifice of English idiom. In this respect, indeed, Mr. Rae's work equals, perhaps, any translation from the French which we know, and is singularly happy in giving, to those who do not read French, an idea of the French mind as reflected in the forms of expression. Here and there, perhaps, one feels a little inclined to smile at the skittishness to which our staid language is stimulated, and to wonder what old Johnson would have thought of this or that phrase or construction. But as a whole the work could hardly have been better done.

Mr. Rae's introductory chapter is also judicious, and most people will agree with its criticisms on the method of observation which M. Taine prides himself on having invented and professes to follow. Happily, when travelling in England, he observed with his eyes and not with his method.

It is superfluous to repeat the praises which have been bestowed on M. Taine's *Notes* by the British journals and reviews. The best part of the work, in our judgment, is that which relates to national character, especially in its social aspect. It is true that M. Taine's point of view is rather that of the French *salon*, and that the worst of all social phenomena in his estimation appears to be a lady ill-dressed and with prominent teeth. But with this qualification the remarks are acute, subtle, sometimes profound. They are always candid, discriminating, and if not free from national bias, perfectly free from national antipathy. John Bull, seeing himself in the glass held up by M. Taine, will sometimes wince a little, but generally he will not be displeased, and he will admit that in intention at all events the critic is always just. The general descriptions of the country are also graphic, and in the main correct, though M. Taine is a little under the influence of conventional comedy on the subject of the British climate, the perpetual humidity of which must be broken by an occasional gleam of sun, or it could not ripen an immense crop of cereals every year. The weak portion of the *Notes*, as might have been expected, is the political part, which consists mainly of hasty and not very consistent generalizations, and is, moreover, written under the fatal influence of a manifest bias derived from the recent course of events in France.



## LITERARY NOTES.

Senator Ryan's Copyright Bill received the Royal assent at the close of the late session of the Dominion Parliament. This new Act ought to prove satisfactory to all the parties interested—the British author, the Colonial publisher and the reading public of Canada. The subject was so fully discussed in the April number of this Magazine, that we are spared the necessity of referring to it at any length on the present occasion. The injustice inflicted upon Canadian industry and enterprise under the old system was manifest to every one who gave the subject a moment's consideration. The English publisher issued his works at a price beyond the means of the mass of Colonial readers. The American publishers reprinted these works, in many cases, without remunerating the author. These reprints were published at a cheaper rate; but, in addition to the publishing price, the Canadian reader had to pay the *ad valorem* duty, ostensibly as a royalty to the author, although, in fact, it seldom, if ever, found its way into the author's pocket. The Canadian publisher, with superior facilities, cheaper materials and a lower rate of wages, was virtually shut out of the competition. If a work of general interest issued from the English press, negotiations with the author were necessary before he could venture to undertake its republication. Meanwhile, before a "form" of the work could be put in type, he found the market fully supplied by an American reprint. All our publishers asked therefore was, not to be protected against foreign competition, but that foreign publishers should not be protected against them. The chief credit of the recent change in the law belongs of right to Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal. He proved, conclusively, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, that he could do in exile what, as a Canadian, he was not permitted to do at home. The provisions of the new law may be briefly stated as follows:—Any publisher, having a license for that purpose from the Governor-General, and having deposited \$100 as security for the payment of an excise duty of 12½ per cent. on the wholesale value of the work when printed in Canada, may within one month of securing the copyright, republish any British copyright work. The period of one month may be extended, for sufficient cause; the importation of foreign reprints of such works as are published under the Act is prohibited; and the excise duty is to be paid, not nominally but actually, to the party or parties beneficially interested in the British copyright. The question still remains whether our Parliament has not acted *ultra vires* in passing the new law. It is true that the B. N. America Act gives the Dominion legislature jurisdiction over the subject of copyright (30 & 31 Vic., c. 3, sec. 91), but it does not appear that any power was intended to be granted thereby in addition to that possessed by the old Province of Canada. The Imperial Copyright Act extends to the colonies, and it would seem, therefore, that Imperial legislation is necessary to give validity to the new Act. According to the Hon. Mr. Campbell, our Government is satisfied that the Act is constitutional; but

as it only comes in force after a proclamation by the Governor-General, it is probable that the opinion of the law officers of the crown in England will be taken upon the point. In any case, there is no reason to doubt the ultimate confirmation of so necessary an enactment.

As the summer advances there is a noticeable falling off in theological literature. We do not regret this, as it enables us to devote more attention to the works of merit now lying before us. The latest instalment of Lange's Commentary—The Books of Kings (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is the work of Dr. Karl Bæhr, of Karlsruhe, translated by competent American scholars. Like its predecessors, this volume is a monument of critical power, thorough scholarship and unwearied industry of German theologians. Without attempting a general review of the work here, we may take as a crucial example, which will at once occur to the student of Scripture—the sign given to Hezekiah on the sun-dial (or more properly, the steps) of Ahaz (2 Kings xx. 9-11 and Isaiah xxxviii. 8.) The commentator and his American editor (an Episcopalian) are far from being Rationalists, although they do seek to cloak the difficulties in the text. It is admitted that there is an inconsistency in the statement—(1) that Hezekiah had recovered, and (2) that after his recovery, he desired a sign "that the Lord would heal" him; and further, that the parallel account in Isaiah is "disjointed," and attributed a different reason for the giving of the sign. On the other hand, the opinion of Bosanquet, Adams, and others—the discoverers of the planet Neptune, and other astronomers—that the recession of the shadow on the stairs of Ahaz can be fully accounted for by a partial eclipse of the sun—is summarily repudiated. To those who think it a sound canon of biblical criticism that no phenomenon explicable by natural causes should be attributed to causes ultra-natural, we commend an article in the June No. of the *Sunday Magazine*, on "The Eclipses of Scripture Times." "Paul of Tarsus, by a Graduate," (Boston: Roberts Brothers) is an American reprint of an English work which has attracted considerable attention. It is a book which may be earnestly recommended to the general as well as to the theological reader. The author evidently possesses considerable acquaintance with classical, rabbinical and patristic literature, and he is at the same time master of a lucid and attractive style. We do not know any work which, within the same compass, contains so accurate and life-like an account of the apostle and his surroundings, of his enemies within and without the church, and of the heroic energy by which he overcame them all, and thus, humanly speaking, saved Christianity from the fate which seemed to await it—that "Judaea, the cradle of Christianity" did not also "become its grave." We are bound to confess, however, that some of the author's views, notably those on the Sunday question, the atonement, and dogmatic theology generally, will scarcely pass muster in orthodox quarters.

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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in every sense of the word a brilliant wedding. Montreal, the fair city that reclines at the foot of Mount Royal, had not for many months witnessed anything like it. Every embellishment that wealth could purchase had been procured—every rule prescribed by taste or fashion followed—till the whole affair might have been safely pronounced a perfect success. Season and weather, often chary of their favours on similar occasions, were both propitious. The sunshine of a glorious October day bathed in golden radiance the new reaped field and meadow, the mountain with its glowing scarlet and yellow foliage, and the broad, sparkling St. Lawrence beyond. Brightly too it lit up the grinning gargoyles and rich architectural ornaments of Christ Church Cathedral, where amid breathless silence the bride had just pronounced in a sweet, perfectly

audible voice, the solemn words that united her life and destiny with those of another. The sacred edifice was crowded with fair and fashionably attired women, and a bevy of bewitching young bride's maids distracted the heart and attention of the one masculine supporter or sympathizer to whom fashion now frequently restricts the bridegroom. The latter personage was tall, gentlemanly and intellectual looking. But the chief object of attraction was of course the bride herself, who stood there fair, pale as a lily, stately as a young princess. She needed not the softening aid of glimmering pearls, misty clouds of tulle, nor of the flowing bridal veil, that invest with a certain charm even the plainest of Eve's daughters. No, Virginia Bentley was beautiful in form and feature, and rarely bride had borrowed less from art. But what excited remark even more than her statuesque loveliness was her wonderful self-possession. Knowing as she did that every eye in that

vast edifice was bent either in criticism, curiosity or admiration, on herself, her superb serenity never varied. No nervous tremour ran through her slight frame—no tinge of colour flushed the creamy white of her cheek, and when she at length walked slowly down the crowded aisle, she looked indeed a marvel of womanly stateliness and grace.

As the bridal procession drove off, many and varied were the comments passed on the newly married couple. "Superb!" lisped a faultlessly attired exquisite, as he adjusted his eye-glass to obtain a fuller view of the departing carriages.

"Never saw anything like it since Ristori."

"Weston is a fortunate man!" sighed another fop whose dark eyes and hair, and slightly foreign accent, bespoke him a French Canadian.

"'Tis very well for you two gentlemen, who were, as every body knows, thoroughly bewitched by her, to prate about Weston's luck," interrupted a third, "but I, for one, pity him from my heart. Why she will not let him call his soul his own!"

"Tut, Stone, you are jealous, man!" interposed another. One act of Virginia Bentley's goes far to prove that her heart is not unworthy of her face. She delayed her marriage till she had attained her majority, that she might place her large fortune, unrestricted by any conditions, in her husband's hands, a thing strenuously opposed by her guardians."

"Ah! had I not reason to say Weston was a lucky man?" reiterated a former speaker.

"Who is she?" queried a fair haired, sleepy eyed man in military garb, who had been leaning listlessly against the church door during the preceding dialogue.

"Our leading belle and beauty, and an heiress to boot," replied one of the group, secretly wondering how the last speaker could possibly be ignorant on so interesting

a topic. Captain Dacre, however, had only arrived in Montreal two days previous, to join his regiment, and whilst strolling past the church had been induced to enter by the crowd already gathered in front of its portal.

"Ah, Dacre, how do you do?" cried a frank, ringing voice, and another military man joined the little knot. "You were just in time to catch a first and last glance of the most bewitching beauty and accomplished coquette I have ever met."

"Rather young, I should think, to have fairly earned as yet the latter title," rejoined Dacre, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"I do not know that. If you had been exposed to the artillery of her charms as we have been for some time past, you would have a higher opinion of their power."

Again Captain Dacre raised his eyebrows, more sarcastically this time than before.

"Beauty, belle, and heiress—how did you all permit so rare a prize to escape you?"

"Because Miss Bentley, like most of such feminine paragons, has a will and mind of her own. Besides, she and her husband have been engaged for many months past."

"But what qualities does this invincible bridegroom possess that he succeeded where so many failed?"

"Nothing out of the common. Honourable, moral, steady, and all that sort of thing; money-making, cleverish too, I believe."

"Well, I do not exactly look on myself as a prophet, but I would venture to predict," and here the speaker, Colford Stone, smiled disagreeably, "that this time next year Clive Weston will not look as triumphant as he does to-day."

After a few more words of idle talk the group separated, and the space in front of the church was left vacant.

Meanwhile the wedding breakfast went gaily enough. There was a magnificent display of silver and rare china; all the delicacies of the season; everything that fashion

could suggest. Through this second ordeal, with its wearisome felicitations, toasts, and laboured attempts at wit, the bride bore herself with the unruffled composure that had distinguished her in the church. At the proper time she withdrew, and in her dressing-room, amid the smiles and gay ministrations of her bride's maids, changed her Honiton lace and satin for the plain brown suit in which it was her will to travel.

The first bride's maid, a pretty, rosy little creature, very youthful in appearance, though in reality a year or two older than the bride, was the one who placed the tiny hat with its long ostrich plume on the bride's head, and as she did so, she drew her to a deep bay window apart from their companions, and tenderly kissed her.

"I can scarcely believe, my darling, that you are really married—that all is over. Do you feel very happy?"

"A singular question, Letty! Have I not married the husband of my choice?"

"True, very true. Well, let us hope for the best, but listen to a parting word from Letty Maberly, a friend who loves you dearly. I have known Clive Weston longer than you have, and warn you that he is one to hold the reins tightly if he once gets them into his grasp."

A slight smile wreathed the new-made wife's delicate lip as she rejoined: "To carry out your simile, Letty, I am not afraid that Mr. Weston will seek either to drive or rein me in. In any case, I can take care of myself."

Here an elderly lady, frail and shadowy in appearance, entered, and approaching the bride, tearfully said:

"I must bid you goodbye, my love, here, for my heart is too full and sorrowful to do it before all those people in the drawing-room."

"Why should you be sorrowful, dear aunt? You have known Clive a long time and like him well?"

"But I am losing you, my pet; the house

will be very large and empty without you. And, oh, the trouble I have had with you, my darling, between one thing and another. Watching that you wore overshoes in wet weather, warm woollens in winter, and guarding you from fortune hunters at all seasons."

"You have nobly fulfilled your charge, good Aunt Jane, and an onerous one it has been. Kiss me now, and say that you pardon all my obstinacy and waywardness during the fifteen years you have watched me with such patient care?"

Miss Jane Ponton burst into tears, and throwing her thin arms around the girl's neck whispered: "God bless you, my pet, you were never obstinate or wayward with me."

"Poor Aunt Jane, because you always gave me my own way; but kiss me again!"

When Mrs. Weston raised her proud young head there was a suspicious brightness in her large dark eyes, the first token of emotion she had given that day.

Miss Ponton sank sobbing on a chair whilst the attendants and bride swept lightly down the broad stairs. The latter received farewells as calmly as she had done felicitations, and when Clive Weston sprang forward with joyous smile and eager face to assist her into the carriage, whispering at the same time some tender word, the slight smile she vouchsafed him was no warmer than the one she had just bestowed on a comparative stranger who had officiously moved the door an inch farther back for her egress.

"Does she love him?" asked more than one of the guests as they noted that cold look and smile.

"Does she love me?" asked Clive Weston of himself, as another word of tender inquiry on his part as to whether she felt fatigued, won nothing more for him than a careless: "Not in the least, I am used to crowds."

And yet Virginia really loved her husband, though her indomitable pride prevented her showing it, and Clive Weston was scarcely

the man to make the continual advances that the spoiled child of fortune was likely to exact.

## CHAPTER II.

FOUR weeks after their wedding day the newly married couple returned from their trip, and installed themselves in a handsome and elegantly furnished villa residence on Sherbrooke street. The bride joyously entered on her new duties, which consisted, according to her idea, principally in paying and receiving visits, attending concerts, balls and *matinées*, entertaining on a large and fashionable scale at home, and presiding over the selection and fashioning of the elaborate and costly toilettes which distinguished her as much as her rare beauty in all those scenes of fashionable amusement. It was truly sad to see a woman whom God had endowed with intellectual qualities of a high order, calculated to render her in every way friend and counsellor of her husband, or to enable her to exert a marvellous influence in elevating and ennobling those of her own sex with whom she came in contact, devoting hours of deep thought to the fashioning of a dinner robe or the trimming of a ball dress.

Mr. Weston, on his side, devoted himself as closely to business pursuits as ever, and toiled unceasingly in his dingy office in St. Paul street. Scion of an old and respected English family, he had emigrated at an early age to Canada, and after passing some years in a leading mercantile house in Montreal, had entered into business for himself, meeting with rare and brilliant success. Clever, wealthy, gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he was greatly courted in society, and many bright eyes had smiled encouragingly on him. Foremost in showing her preference was Letty Maberly, and when it became evident that Virginia Bentley was his choice, Miss Maberly's love, at best a selfish feeling, turned to dis-

like. It was this sentiment that prompted the equivocal advice given by her at the hour of parting to the young bride, who, by the way, did not seem to stand in need of such strengthening counsel.

Left an orphaned heiress at an early age to the care of a kind but weak-minded female relative, Virginia Bentley reached the age of womanhood without ever hearing the accent of reproof. Indulged in every whim when the thing was possible, when not, consoled with and petted, it was not wonderful that the noble qualities of her nature were smothered by the evil ones, even as the grains of wheat in the parable were choked by the thorns.

By deferring her marriage till she had attained her majority she gained her point, that of bestowing her fortune on Mr. Weston without reserve or stipulation, and her baffled guardian, a quiet, punctilious old gentleman, shook his head, and secretly pitied the new-made husband, thinking he would in the end pay dearly enough for the fortune thus given him.

The domestic sky at Weston Villa was still cloudless, however, and Clive, devotedly fond of his beautiful wife, indulgently overlooked occasional caprice or waywardness. He seemed tacitly to admit that the mere butterfly sort of existence she led was quite correct; and never remonstrated or reasoned with her on the subject, satisfied that she met him with a smile on his entrance, even though she seldom had anything more serious to ask him than his opinion on a new toilette, or on some frivolous item of feminine gossip.

An uneasy fear at times haunted him that his own absorbing love was but feebly returned, and Virginia's careless, undemonstrative manner, served to confirm him in this unfortunate impression. Still he cared not to go deeper into the question, and was contented, or strove to be so, with things as they were.

"Who do you think is coming to stay

with us on a visit, Clive ?" asked his wife one morning, as they stood together in the hall, awaiting the sleigh which was to convey Mr. Weston to his place of business.

"I can scarcely guess, for the name of our friends and acquaintances is legion."

"Then I will tell you. My, or rather our, old friend Letty Maberly. You remember, she returned to Kingston, where she lives, shortly after our marriage, and has been starring it there ever since."

"She is really a beautiful little creature," was Weston's reply, "but empty-headed. Never thinks of anything beyond dress and pleasure."

"For the matter of that, sir, neither do I."

"But then, my wife," and he laid his hand gently on her graceful young head, "is capable of better, nobler things, which I do not think Letty Maberly is."

"All very well to say so now, Mr. Weston, but you cannot deny that you once made love to her."

"It may seem sadly foppish to say such a thing, but it really was she who made love to me."

"All men say such things of women, Clive."

"Would that I could say it of my wife !" and he bent towards her with a look of earnest appeal in his dark eyes. "Ah, Virginia, you have never made love to me yet."

"Nor do I intend to either, so a truce to such sentimental nonsense." She laughed lightly, throwing off the hand that still tenderly rested on her head.

A look of pain contracted her husband's features, but it instantly passed, and in a quick, matter-of-fact tone he said :

"Here is James at last. My time is more profitably spent down at the office than in love-making here. Don't you think so, Virginia ?"

Now she thought nothing of the sort, but pride would not allow her to make the admission, and with a gay laugh she rejoined :  
"Of course it is."

So husband and wife parted, each with a feeling of dissatisfaction, Virginia resolving for the first time to be less jealously guarded in concealing her affection for her husband. Her reception of him on his return to dinner was probably influenced by this resolve, for as they sat together before the grate fire in their pleasant sitting-room, the proud, fond look of the morning again rested on Weston's face. Very lovely Virginia looked in the dark violet dress she wore, and which, despite the absurd frillings and furbelows covering it, could not conceal the grace of her slight figure. Seated in a low chair, she gaily laughed and chatted, alternately teasing and caressing the while a tiny spaniel that lay on her lap.

"Is he not a beauty ?" she questioned, during a pause in the conversation. "Two of my former admirers wanted to shoot him, they were so jealous of my curly darling. You can afford to tolerate him, Clive, as he is your only rival."

"Promise me that it will always be so, and I will love the little fluffy, glossy heap as well as you do yourself," and he tenderly bent towards her as he spoke.

At that moment Miss Maberly, looking fresh and pretty as a rose, entered the room. The meeting between the two friends was very cordial, and quite demonstrative on the new-comer's part, so much so that when the latter turned to Mr. Weston, the smile it had awakened yet lingered on his lip. Of course conversation flowed freely, for both ladies were adepts in the conversational art. Quebec and Montreal gossip were animatedly discussed, and when, after a time, Weston under some plausible pretext withdrew, his absence seemed unnoted. Suddenly Miss Maberly paused in the flow of her light chit-chat and abruptly questioned.

"Tell me, Virginia, are you quite happy ?"

"Yes, very."

"I thought as much. You cannot imagine what a charmingly complete picture of connubial felicity you both afforded when

I entered to-night. But are you not tired of love-making yet?"

Virginia winced. She greatly disliked ridicule, and hastily replied: "Love-making, Letty! Why it was only a rehearsal of your usual interviews with your gentlemen friends after you have known them for a couple of weeks."

"Exactly, darling, and, blameable in me, in you, a wife, it is admirable. The only thing is I thought you might find it insipid, tiresome, after a time. You used to pique yourself so much on your utter freedom from sentiment, and smile so contemptuously at graduates of the gushing school."

"Well, leave that question now, Miss Letty, and speak to me about yourself. Have you made many new conquests in Kingston, or have you been conquered yourself?"

"Lost my heart a dozen times, but regained it, and have it now in safe keeping. Virginia, dear, nothing less than a millionaire or something of that sort will ever induce me to give up my liberty. I had two offers. The first was young and handsome, but with limited means; of course I refused him. The second was old and plain, and in a similar financial position, so I need not tell you I rejected him also."

"I suppose you acted wisely, Letty; at least you have acted up to your principles. The young girls of our set always looked on you as a model of feminine prudence in that respect."

"Yes, thank Heaven, I am not troubled with sentiment or nonsense of any kind, and intend to have as little love-making after as before marriage."

"Quite right, Letty, and if you can only meet a congenial spirit, enjoying a suitable financial position, your mutual lot will be supremely happy. But come with me now, I have so much to show you that I scarcely know where to begin."

Miss Maberly threw her arm round her friend's waist, and they moved off gaily together.

The above dialogue may serve to give a correct idea of Letty Maberly's character, and of the unfortunate influence she was likely to exert on Clive Weston's young wife. Never were two friends more inseparable. They rode, drove, walked together, and all the while the new-comer was steadily influencing for evil her beautiful friend. The latter, fearing Letty's playful satire and mock felicitations, grew daily more careless or reserved towards her husband, and he was quick to perceive the unwelcome change after endeavouring awhile to combat it by increased tenderness and devotion, finally resented it, and entrenched himself in a quiet courtesy and careless indulgence which was but a pale, faint reflection, of the deep absorbing love he really felt for his young wife. The long pleasant evenings passed alone with her, the quiet walks or drives enjoyed together, became things of the past. When the drawing-rooms were not filled by company, Letty was always there to represent the outer world; and Mr. Weston saw with deep pain, that the train of his wife's thoughts and aspirations became day by day more petty and frivolous.

Bent on being voted a queen of fashion, she dressed, talked, acted, with no other end in view; and her light phaeton and two spirited horses, driven by herself, were to be seen at nearly every review, band rehearsal, or cricket match. Letty, of course, was her constant companion, and contrived with wily art to render herself indispensable.

### CHAPTER III.

AT one of the gay re-unions where Mrs. Clive Weston and her friend shone as stars of the first magnitude, the latter approached Virginia and whispered:

"Congratulate me, he is here! You know I hinted to you last week that my inconstant heart had again found an idol. Would you like me to introduce him?"

"By all means, and at once."

"Well, be civil to him for my sake, and invite him up for to-morrow, like a darling, so that I may meet him again under favourable circumstances."

Letty glided off and soon returned leaning on the arm of the tall, light haired officer who had formed one of the group congregated near the door of Christ Church Cathedral on Virginia's wedding day. This gentleman she introduced as Captain Dacre.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Weston before, on the morning of her marriage," he said with a low bow.

"And I should hope you saw myself, the first bride's maid also, though you have not seen fit to allude to the circumstance in my case."

Captain Dacre imperturbably smiled—nothing could disconcert or discompose him. "You are really too severe, Miss Maberly," he languidly rejoined. "Pray be merciful! Virginia, with more curiosity than politeness, studied at her leisure the new idol that ruled her friend's fickle fancy, somewhat wondering at her choice. Regular but expressionless features, large, light, sleepy looking eyes, drawling voice and intonations, such was Henry Dacre; but what she saw not at first sight was a fund of astuteness—a gift of delicate, insidious flattery, all the more dangerous that it was generally concealed beneath a veil of listless indifference and apathy. The invitation bespoken for him by Miss Maberly was after some moments of gay conversation accorded, and he then moved off with his partner in the direction of the dancers, having first asked and obtained the hand of his hostess for her next disengaged dance.

Partly through Letty's management, partly through his own tact, Captain Dacre soon found himself received at Weston Villa on the most intimate footing. Thrown off her guard by the knowledge that he was her friend's admirer, Virginia soon granted him more privileges than she extended to any

other of her gentlemen visitors, a circumstance speedily observed and in many cases misinterpreted. Wealthy, fastidiously particular in his dress, horses, indeed in all his belongings, he was to a certain extent a valuable addition to the fashionable circle of which she formed one of the leaders, and soon no project of gaiety was started at Weston Villa in which he was not included.

His first introduction to the master of the house was not propitious. Having called by appointment at a certain hour for Mrs. Weston and her friend, he was leaning against the drawing-room window and looking out on the lawn, inwardly thinking what unpunctual creatures women were, when Mr. Weston entered. The latter, on seeing a stranger standing there in a wearied attitude, courteously enquired if he wished to see the ladies of the house. Without discontinuing the monotonous rapping of his cane on the window sill, he shortly rejoined: "Thanks. The ladies know I am here."

Irritated by the visitor's supercilious manner, Weston threw himself on a lounge, and taking up a magazine, endeavoured to occupy himself with it.

Soon gay voices and rustling silks sounded in the passage, and the lady of the house and her friend entered, ready equipped for walking. The ceremony of introduction was gone through, the gentlemen favouring each other with almost imperceptible bows, and after a few gay words from Mrs. Weston to her husband, the three went down the steps. Clive stood looking after them a moment, and as he noted the intimate terms on which this supercilious stranger seemed to be with his wife, his brow darkened, and with a short sigh he turned away. He had returned to bring Virginia to town with him for the purpose of selecting some ornaments that he had promised her, but pride had kept him silent in this obtrusive visitor's presence, and now there seemed nothing for him but to retrace his steps to the office, which he accordingly did. He



returned home half an hour later than usual, and, wonderful to relate, found his wife alone in the drawing-room. She was cutting the leaves of a new novel, and carelessly asked his opinion of the author as he entered. He gave it in the briefest terms possible, and then said :

"May I ask what you have done with your very unapproachable friend of the morning?"

"Sent him home to dinner, but he will call to-morrow afternoon, to bring Letty and me to Mrs. Kempt's kettle-drum. Will you join us?"

"Thanks, I have no time. A word more about this Captain Dacre. You know, Virginia, I rarely interfere with your plans or friendships, but his society will probably prove so distasteful to me, to judge by our first interview, that I must beg to be spared it as much as possible."

"Singular! He is invited everywhere, known by everybody."

"It may be so, but I do not like him.—Will that reason for once prove sufficient?"

"Scarcely," was the cold reply. "He is a particular friend of Letty's, and very useful to us both, so you see it would be quite a sacrifice to give him up."

A compression of the lips, a slight frown, followed by a victory over self, and the husband spoke again.

"When I came in yesterday it was to ask you to accompany me to Hill's to choose those new vases you were asking me about some time since. You were engaged, however. Can I claim my turn now and ask you to go with me there to-morrow morning?"

A smile on the speaker's face, an inflexion of tenderness in his voice, and she would have yielded, but his gravity seemed to her a sort of menace, and she carelessly rejoined: "Out of the question. Letty and I have some indispensable shopping to do, so you must choose the vases without me."

Weston's first impulse was to leave the room, but his passionate love for his way-

ward young wife proved stronger, and he calmly said :

"Do you not think I have a just claim to a short portion of your time, that a wife"—

"Pray, Clive, don't talk old-fashioned nonsense! Such ideas belong to the days of our grandmothers, when those greatly over-rated ladies used to pass their lives in pickling, preserving and spinning, doing all the while with one new dress in a year, and one silk in a lifetime. We belong to different times and must conform to them. It is actually unfashionable for husband and wife to be too much together."

"Then you think our obeying fashion will render our married lives happier?"

Had Virginia looked up and met the earnest, eager gaze bent towards her, she would perhaps have replied differently, but hearing only the calm, unmoved tones, she replied, examining as she did so, the wood-cuts in her new novel,—

"Of course. Besides we cannot do otherwise."

A moment after the door closed and she was left alone. A slight uneasy feeling flashed across her, and she half regretted her wilfulness, but resolving to atone for it later, she turned to her book and soon forgot all unpleasant reflections in its pages. Most unfortunate had this interview proved for the young couple, laying the foundation of a wall of separation between them, which Mr. Weston's reserve and his wife's thoughtlessness was likely to widen and strengthen day by day.

Two nights after, a gay and brilliant party met at Weston Villa, and as the host, fulfilling his part with perfect ease and courtesy, seemed to enjoy the gay scene equally with his guests, and the young wife moved gaily among her visitors, followed everywhere by admiring glances, more than one observer pronounced them a happy couple. Notwithstanding their late unpleasant discussion, Clive felt himself won to softer feelings as his glance fell on Virginia, ra-

diant in beauty and happiness, but such kindly thoughts were promptly put to flight by the appearance of Captain Dacre, who approached the hostess, and after a moment of gay conversation, moved off with her to join the dancers.

It was not so much the bright smiles Virginia vouchsafed her partner that annoyed Weston; he was accustomed to her gay, coquettish ways, and knew that they meant nothing. But there was that in the devoted manner of Dacre, in the rapt attention with which he, usually so apathetic both with women and men, listened to the airy nothings of his beautiful partner, that filled Weston with anger and vague alarm. Time wore on, the revel reached its end, and as the last guest descended the steps, Clive entered his dressing-room and flung himself on the sofa with a heavy heart.

Ah! where would it all end? Would he, could he speak to her; and if he did what would it avail? Look at the estrangement a word of remonstrance had caused between them already. Still, if she entered the room now, he would kindly meet her, and freely, openly renew his warnings about this new military acquaintance. But she came not. Miss Maberly had waylaid her, and under pretext of talking the party over, had drawn her into her own cosy room, where nearly two hours were spent in the important discussion.

Mr. Weston left for his office the following morning, long before Virginia was up, and the latter was still sleeping when Letty entered with the intention of sitting on the foot of her bed, as she often did, and planning the programme of the day. Her glance, in carelessly wandering round the room, fell on a tiny note placed in a conspicuous position on the toilet table, and she took it up. Imperfectly fastened, it almost opened of itself, and after a glance at the quiet sleeper she walked towards the window, intending to seal the note more

carefully after reading it, and to put it back. It contained but these lines:

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I feel assured you will not set me aside to-day for Captain Dacre or anyone else! I shall return at two this afternoon, and despite the tyrannous laws of fashion, hope to have a pleasant drive with you, for once without the *inevitable* Letty or any other of your followers. Yours fondly.

"CLIVE."

Moved by a sudden impulse of anger, Miss Maberly tore the paper in two, and then, startled at her own act, cast an alarmed glance towards the bed, but Virginia still slept on. Her resolution was at once taken. Thrusting the note into her bosom, she stole from the room and rapidly regained her own. "Thank fortune!" she murmured, committing the fragments of the note to the fire, "none of the servants saw me leaving Virginia's chamber, and the disappearance of the letter will be attributed to their carelessness. Ah, Clive, the inevitable Letty will yet pay the debt she owes with interest!" And then sinking into the easy chair in front of the fire, she gazed into its depths, an angry light yet gleaming in the deep brown eyes that could look so dove-like when she willed it. "Yes, you will be set aside for Captain Dacre to-day, and your wife will not go out with you, despite your tender entreaty. Letty Maberly is not to be slighted with impunity."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE two friends met, gay and talkative, at the breakfast table, and during the course of the meal Miss Maberly requested Virginia to accompany her and Captain Dacre to town that afternoon, for the purpose of selecting some new waltzes. A remembrance of the conversation with Mr. Weston, in which he had so

plainly expressed his dislike to that gallant officer, here flashed across the young wife's mind, and she answered :

"I am sorry, Letty, but I cannot go with you. Yourself and Dacre must for once do without me."

"Indeed, dearest, we cannot, unless at the risk of giving food for gossip to all the ill-natured people we may chance to meet. Frankly, Virginia, if you are so unfriendly as to refuse us the shield of your patronage, I will remain in the house, and thus, perhaps, offend that over-susceptible Dacre."

"Why, you are growing wonderfully scrupulous, Letty, all at once. 'Tis something new for you to mind what ill-natured gossips, or indeed any one else may say."

"And 'tis something new for you, Virginia dear, to refuse me any request, however trifling, without a good reason. Your affection has spoiled me."

Mrs. Weston had not the courage to brave her friend's ridicule by acknowledging the real cause of her unwillingness to accompany her, so after a few more coaxing words and pathetic entreaties on Miss Letty's part, she promised to be of the party.

Captain Dacre was punctual to the moment, and, thanks to Letty's generalship, the ladies for once were ready, so that the party had just left the grounds when the master of the house entered and hastened up to his wife's room.

Much had it cost him to write that note the night previous, but the deed accomplished, he had congratulated himself more than once since. It would dispel the coldness between them, which was increasing day by day, and would perhaps restore them to the old affectionate intercourse from which they were so rapidly drifting. Yes, he, man of the world, knew better than his thoughtless, girlish wife, the danger that lay in such conjugal estrangements, and was it not for him, even at the expense of a passing humiliation, to do away with—to end them? How pleased he felt that the kind, conciliatory

tone of the note ensured her compliance with the request contained in it.

But the dressing-room was empty. Perhaps she was in the parlour or conservatory. An imperious ring at the bell brought Virginia's maid, Cranstoun, who, to his enquiry for Mrs. Weston, informed him that she had gone out a few moments before with Miss Maberly and Captain Dacre.

No hasty movement or angry look betrayed to the woman the storm of indignation her answer had awakened in her master's breast, and he quietly dismissed her. Ah, he had never for one moment anticipated anything like this. Pettishness or irritability he was prepared for, and would have borne patiently, as he had already often borne them, but this open defiance, this reckless disregard of his wishes, evinced so remorselessly, just after he had bowed his pride to make concessions and entreaties, which should more justly have come from her, was surely trying him too far. And yet what could he do? Stronger than wounded pride and anger, stronger even than the jealousy that began to burn so fiercely within him, was the deep, passionate love for her that filled his very being, and covering his face with his hands, he groaned "Would to God I loved her less!"

The prayer availed him nothing. His heart was hers, hers to torture, wound, trample on as her wayward, cold, coquettish nature prompted; hers to sting with mockery or ridicule, and to turn into a jest the holy sacred feelings cherished therein, feelings which such as she could neither return nor comprehend. Well, men had suffered before, and from the same cause, yet the world had quietly gone on, so all that remained for him was to endure bravely, and preserve at least his self-respect by hiding from his idol the pangs which would only awake her mockery or impatience.

He went back to his office, and with a dreary feeling of satisfaction entered its narrow, dark precincts, hoping that its matter-

of fact duties might shut out the bright mocking vision that brought such mental pain with it. But it was not so. Mechanically he turned over ledgers, letters, and accounts, seeking to concentrate his attention as usual on them, but with indifferent success.

"It will soon come," he wearily sighed. "This pain is new, but when I have grown used to it, I will bear it better."

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of his head clerk with an open telegram in his hand.

"What is it, Reeves? You look troubled."

"With cause, Mr. Weston. Darrel and Co., of Quebec, have just failed, with no assets to speak of, and you know how heavily they are in our debt."

This intelligence would, a day previous, have almost overwhelmed Clive Weston, but to-day it seemed to fall on a dulled ear and heart. Taking the paper from the clerk's hand he glanced over it, and after a moment's reflection, rejoined:

"Telegraph immediately to find out as closely as possible amount of assets, and file our claim."

The clerk bowed low and withdrew, impressed beyond measure with the sublime self-command of the man who could receive such news in such a manner. In the passage he encountered the book-keeper, who with himself had been in Mr. Weston's employment almost since the latter had entered into business.

"Well, how did he take it?" was the anxious enquiry.

"Wonderfully easy! Thirty thousand dollars gone at one slap, and he seemed no more troubled than if he had lost a game of sixpenny points. I can't understand it, unless that he is so happy now he's married."

"That's just it, Reeves. His wife is a real beauty, and he seems uncommonly fond of her."

Ah, it was just the reverse! The secret

of Clive Weston's philosophy lay in his unhappiness, which steeled his heart against the assaults of ill-fortune in any other form than the one which had so cruelly wounded him. As he sat there alone in his office, before him the paper announcing the loss of so large a portion of the wealth accumulated by steady industry, he was conscious that the intelligence had scarcely added a pang to those that had previously gnawed so fiercely at his heart. It only seemed to give him an incentive to turn in reality to the work before him, which he at last succeeded in doing.

That evening, as he slowly walked back to his home, having sent away, despite the fast-falling rain, the carriage that had as usual called for him, he made up his mind to repress, as far as lay in his power, all outward tokens of the deep love which he feared would henceforth prove but a source of anguish to him. He would also interfere as little as possible with his wife, her plans or pleasures, but should she ever in her wayward coquetry, seriously compromise his name—a dangerous light gleamed in his eyes as the thought presented itself—he would avenge his honour in a different manner to that in which he was now doing his outraged love.

It so happened that the object of his thoughts had just been revolving, with something like remorse, her late disobedience to his wishes in the matter of Captain Dacre—of his letter to her she had of course no knowledge whatever—and had formed the resolve of making some atonement for it. So when he entered the hall, careless of Letty's remarks or ridicule, she hurried out to meet him.

"Clive, let me help you off with your coat. Why did you walk home? You are quite wet," and her tiny white hands stole up to unfasten his coat collar.

Gravely he looked down on her as she stood there, smiling, unconscious, wondering that she could meet him thus after her

late daring disregard of his wishes ; and as the thought of it rose upon his memory, he shortly said :—

“Stand back, Virginia, you will take cold. I shall go to my room at once;” and with a quick step he passed up stairs.

“The cut direct, my fair friend !” and a silvery laugh rippled from Letty Maberly’s lips. “Just what you deserved for your folly, in risking your exquisite amber silk in the neighbourhood of his uncomfortably damp coat. Ah, Virginia ! have not novelists, moralists, essayists, all united in assuring us, poor women, that man’s love rarely outlives the honeymoon ?”

Deeply mortified by the unexpected rebuff she had received, administered too, as it was, in the presence of her friend, the young wife disguised her real feelings under a light laugh, and as she returned to her position near the piano, philosophically rejoined :

“Why, some have asserted it did not last even that long ; but come over here and try our duett again ?”

After dinner, which proved a very wearisome meal, the hostess all petulance and irony, the host calm courtesy, the latter rose, and politely pleading an engagement, left the house.

Evening callers soon dropped in, and if Virginia still smarted under a sense of injury, she showed it only by increased gaiety, and a shade more friendliness of manner towards the chief cause of the trouble, Henry Dacre.

Matters now remained for some time on this uncomfortable footing, and all the while the estrangement between husband and wife was widening. Mrs. Weston’s entertainments, toilettes, movements, became more and more subject of public talk ; whilst closely as a shadow, her evil genius, Letty Maberly, followed her. Ever there to prevent confidential meeting, show of affectionate feeling, or kindly intercourse that might have bridged over the gulf that pride had made be-

tween the newly-married pair, she fully carried out the promise of vengeance made to her heart, if not her lips, the day Clive Weston became the husband of another.

But it must not be supposed that Letty the while was bent only on prosecuting, with the fidelity of a Corsican, her meditated revenge. Anything but that. Determined rather on enjoyment, she danced, dressed, flirted and carried on unflaggingly the siege she had laid to Henry Dacre’s heart—wondering at times if he possessed such an organ. Of the progress she made in her love affairs it was difficult to judge. The gentleman was, in general, devotion itself—apparently on the point of laying heart and fortune at her feet ; but occasionally he would become unaccountably apathetic and reticent, till she despairingly felt herself far as ever from the wished for goal. Yet hope generally whispered all would end as she desired. Rarely a day passed without his presenting himself at Weston villa, and a half mention of a plan or a proposed excursion, whether to church, town, or even for the prosecution of that masculine aversion—shopping—was followed by an earnest petition on his part to be permitted to join it. Did he not pass whole afternoons learning, under her direction how to crotchet, or assisting in winding off her wools and floss, when, as she well knew, he had been invited to gay parties elsewhere. And what did not his eyes, his voice, his insidious flatteries reveal ? Ah, something more than a mere idle flirtation ! yes, yes, he must, he did love her.

What Letty found the most deplorable circumstance connected with this new entanglement, was the consciousness that the sleepy eyed, slow moving cavalier, had obtained an ascendancy over her heart such as no man save Clive Weston, in days gone by, had ever yet done. Less and less frequently her thoughts recurred to his wealth and social position, till she finally arrived at a point which to herself seemed little short

of insanity, that of feeling she could brave for and with him that fate which to her vain luxurious nature had heretofore seemed intolerable—poverty.

## CHAPTER V.

ABOUT this time a short check was given to the gaieties at Weston Villa, by the sudden indisposition of its young mistress. Prolonged exposure to a strong draught resulted in a violent cold, feverish pulse and sore throat. Notwithstanding her apparent bodily fragility, Virginia rarely suffered from sickness, and so chafed and fretted under her present illness like a wayward child.

Mr. Weston had left in the morning before his wife awoke, and was consequently unaware of her illness. Unexpected as well as unpleasant business had prevented his returning till evening. Greatly pre-occupied, for the day had been an unusually trying and unfortunate one for the business firm of Clive Weston, the latter, on his arrival at home, had shut himself up at once in the library, to pore over some papers he had brought with him.

Miss Maberly had purposely retreated into a side room on hearing his latch key in the door, so as to avoid the necessity of acquainting him with his wife's indisposition, rejoining her friend shortly after.

Meanwhile Virginia, who longed for his presence, longed in the hour of sickness for that tenderness on which she apparently set such light store whilst in health, lay back on her pillow, restless but silent, and wondering when he would come.

"Letty."

"What is it, darling?" and the young lady addressed, raised her head half an inch from the deep cushioned chair in which she reclined.

"Is Mr. Weston home yet?"

"Long ago."

"Does he know that I am ill?"

"Why of course he must. Some of the servants doubtless told him."

A short sigh, suppressed almost in its birth, involuntarily escaped the sick wife's lips. Miss Maberly's quick ear caught the sound, and leaving her seat she approached the bed. Bending tenderly over its inmate, she pressed her lips to the latter's flushed cheek, whispering softly:

"Virginia, love, do not fret. Such neglect is in the order of things. Just as the Arab prefers his horse to wife and child, so do our civilized husbands rank ledger or profession before both."

"Please do not lean so closely over the bed, Letty, you smother me," was the pettish reply.

"Just as you will dear," and Miss Maberly philosophically went back to her easy chair.

Another half hour of silence, Letty, with half closed eyes dreaming of Captain Dacre, her companion tossing ever and anon from side to side:

"Letty."

"Well, dearest?"

"Would you mind going to Mr. Weston and telling him I am ill?"

"Most willingly. Shall I request the pleasure of his presence up here?"

"Just as you like."

Softly down the stairs sped the daintily-shod messenger. Fires and lights blazed unheeded in the large drawing room, but Clive was not there. The light streaming from between the library door, which was slightly ajar, revealed at once his whereabouts, and Letty drawing near, silently gazed on him. With head resting on his hand, and eyes bent down as if studying the pattern of the rep cloth covering the table on which he was leaning, he sat as if carved in stone.

Long as Letty had known Clive Weston, and she had known him before he had ever met Virginia, she had never yet seen on his

face that harassed, wearied look, and it fairly startled her. What could be the secret care or sorrow over which he was brooding? Was it the estrangement between himself and Virginia?

"Good evening, Mr. Weston;" she at length said, in her usual gay tones.

He started, and an expression of annoyance, indeed of dislike, passed across his features. The look came and went rapidly as a flash, but the girl had seen it, and it effectually dispelled the touch of compassion his careworn look had just awakened within her breast.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Maberly! I thought you and Mrs. Weston were spending the evening out."

"No, Virginia is not very well to-day."

He started and anxiously asked what was the matter.

"Nothing serious, she has taken a slight cold, and is in bed now."

"Do you think I had better go up?" he hesitatingly questioned, uncertain whether his presence would be welcome to his wife.

"Just as you like, Mr. Weston. She has not slept all day and requires rest greatly."

"Perhaps it would be wiser to defer my visit then," and Mr. Weston, anything but disposed for a *little à l'alle* with his present companion, took up a newspaper, and commenced studying the fashions with great intentness.

How angrily the dove-like brown eyes gleamed as their owner turned away, and retraced her steps to the sick room.

"Did you tell him Letty?"

"Yes love."

"What is he doing?"

"Reading the paper. Thinks it better to defer his visit till later."

Ah! another pair of beautiful eyes flashed angrily from their covert amid the pillows. but the young wife felt too humbled and sick at heart to make reply.

"I really think our civilized husbands are worse than their wandering Bedouin proto-

types," was Miss Maberly's consoling remark.

"Please leave me Letty, I will try to sleep," came from the sick bed.

"The best thing you could do, dearest; you require rest. Shall I send Cranstoun up to sit with you?"

"No, thank you, I require nothing."

After affectionately kissing the invalid and arranging her pillows, Miss Maberly withdrew, not one moment too soon, for as the door closed behind her, Virginia burst into a perfect storm of angry weeping. How cold, how shamelessly neglectful had this husband of a few months become! Surely she had not merited such treatment at his hands. Well, she would repay him, and that before long for it all. Oh, if she could only sleep—forget for a while the dull pain that throbbed in head and heart. It was insufferable to be lying thus hour after hour, so lonely—neglected and uncared for. With such thoughts did she fill up the time, and when at length a cautious step stole up the passage, and entered her room, she could not have been in a more unfavorable mood for an interview with the unfortunate Clive.

"Virginia," he gently whispered, as he bent over her, "do you feel better?"

There was no reply beyond the angry and almost audible beating of the young wife's heart.

Tenderly, as he would have touched the brow of a sleeping infant, he laid his hand on her forehead, but she turned from him with a violence that caused him involuntarily to recoil, ejaculating the one sentence, "Let me sleep!"

Mingled annoyance and sorrow looked from the depths of Clive's sad eyes as he turned away. "My very presence is unwelcome to her," he thought. "However, I can at least free her from it;" and he left the room as noiselessly as he had entered.

Destiny seemed determined on playing into Miss Maberly's hands as far as

estrangement between husband and wife was concerned, and when Virginia was restored to health after her short indisposition, she threw herself into gaiety with a feverish restlessness and recklessness which she had not before exhibited. In her intercourse with her husband a cold, icy reserve now completely replaced her former pettishness, and proved far more repellant.

Quietly—almost mechanically—Weston went about his daily business, but care was marking deep lines on his forehead and round his mouth. His days, and indeed a great portion of his nights, were spent at his office, still few suspected that a business established on so solid a basis was passing through a terrible crisis. Its master was not one to take many into his confidence.

Meanwhile young Mrs. Weston queened it in fashionable life more despotically than ever, and her real friends remarked with regret that she was growing more reckless in her wild pursuit of pleasure, less feminine and gentle than she had been. How this change was interpreted by some of her friends may be inferred from an interview which took place with one of them during the time Miss Maberly was out purchasing some flowers and toilet paraphernalia for a large ball at Weston Villa, the invitations to which had been already issued.

Virginia was sitting alone in the drawing-room, some silken netting in her fingers, her eyes absently fixed on the dripping trees and rain-beat flowers without. Quite in unison with the dreary aspect of nature was the vein of thought in which she was indulging, and as the contrast between her present life

and that she had led in the early days of her marriage presented itself, more than one impatient sigh escaped her. How tired she was becoming of the endless round of fashionable folly in which she was steeped, so to speak, till it seemed that not a minute remained to herself! How indifferent to, how wearied of the flattery and homage which had for a time gratified her vanity, but which had now nearly lost all charm. Yes, *he*, her husband, had once said she was capable of better and higher things, and she felt herself that such was the case, but why had he not striven to lead her into that nobler path;—and her pencilled brows met in an angry frown. Simply because, like many others, he had grown tired of wife and fireside, and found more charms, as Letty had often hinted, in money than in love-making.

Plainly nothing was open to her but to go on in the frivolous path upon which she had entered, and whatever might be the result, Clive Weston would be alone to blame. If he could never spare her an evening, nay an hour, she must fill up her time, drown thought in some other way. No consciousness of her own countless shortcomings, of the unreasonable devotion to pleasure on her part, that had in all probability helped to estrange Weston from his home, recurred to her. In her own one-sided judgment she stood not only self-acquitted, but worthy of all compassion as a victim of conjugal indifference and neglect.

Just at this stage of her reverie a visitor was announced, and Captain Dacre entered.

*(To be completed in our next.)*



## AT THE GATE.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

O PEN the casement wide, mother,  
Open the casement wide ;  
Lay by your work a little while,  
And sit here by my side.  
I love the scented air that comes  
Up from the new-mown hay ;  
And there is something, mother dear,  
That I would like to say.

I'll lean my head upon your breast,  
You know I am not strong ;  
And let me clasp your hand, mother,  
I shall not hold it long.  
I thought that in the years to come,  
Your form should lean on *me* ;  
But now I know, my mother dear,  
That this can never be.

I've thought of what my father said,  
And often laid the plan  
Of all that I should be and do,  
When I was grown a man.  
I've thought how nobly I would strive,  
How bravely I would toil—  
How gladly I would bear the load,  
That you might rest awhile.

And oh ! I'm loath to part from you,  
And leave this world so bright,  
But something whispers to my heart  
That I must go to-night.  
You will not fret for me, mother !  
It will be hard to bear ;  
But then—'twill not be *very* long  
Till we shall meet—up there !

And Harry will come by and by,  
He'll learn to read and pray :  
Methinks 'twould not be perfect bliss  
If one should be away.  
He is too young to miss me much :  
He is too young to weep ;  
But you will sometimes speak of me,  
And show him where I sleep.

He shall have all my toys, mother,  
My kite, and top, and ball,  
The knife that Uncle Jacob bought,—  
Give little Hal them all.  
And he will learn to feed my birds,  
And weed my garden-plot ;  
And sometimes water, for my sake,  
The blue forget-me-not.

Now lay me down to rest, mother,  
And kiss me yet once more ;  
'Tis growing *very, very* dark—  
The day will soon be o'er.  
There, take my hand, I cannot see,  
My eyes have lost their sight :  
I scarce can speak,—bend down your ear,  
Sweet mother—say—good-night.

ST. CATHARINES, June, 1872.

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## THE UNSETTLED BOUNDARIES OF ONTARIO.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

WHEN the different nations of Europe which planted colonies in America first set up trading posts, or established feeble and scattered settlements, they clutched with avidity at territories they had never explored, and of the extent of which they had only the most imperfect ideas. Sometimes a claim to the ownership of a country several times as large as a first class European power, was set up on the strength of a trading vessel having sailed up the mouth of a river on a coast frequently visited before by the vessels of other nations, though the existence of that particular river had not been discovered. Raising a cross, burying a bottle, and attaching an inscription to the trunk of a tree, have each, in turn, been pleaded as conveying a title to immense tracts of territory, and the right to control the destinies of thousands of natives, whose freedom had not been filched from them by actual conquest. Circumstantial accounts of voyages that were never made, and discoveries that had no existence, added to the complexity of rival claims, till the imposture was detected. Such was Maldona's account of the discovery of the Strait of Anian, published in 1620, in which the author related a pretended voyage from the Labrador coast across the continent to the Pacific. The rivalry in discovery, for trade and colonization, among European nations, on this continent, raised questions of boundaries on all sides; between the French in New France and the English in New England; in the valley of the St. John, in the east; in the valley of the Ohio, in the north-west; on Hudson's Bay, in the north. The disputes over the latter led to many contests of arms, before the end of the seventeenth century, sometimes when the countries, by whose individual subjects they were carried on, were at peace with one

another. The territorial dispute over the limits of the two powers in the Ohio Valley, led to the seven years' war in which Canada changed owners. And the North-Eastern boundary question was reserved for England and the United States to wrangle over until the Ashburton Treaty put an end to it. Nor was this the only boundary question that survived the ownership of Canada by France. There are still left two questions of boundaries between the Dominion and one of the Provinces of which it is composed. The boundary on the north and the boundary on the west of Ontario are alike undetermined. On the west the disputed territory covers some five degrees of longitude, and comprises lands of great known and supposed metallic richness. On the north, it may perhaps be said, the boundary is unsettled rather than disputed; at least the dispute has not taken so definite a shape. The determination of this boundary may raise the question whether Ontario or the Dominion shall grant certain lands on the eastern section of the Pacific Railway in aid of that work. It is a question whether that road can be constructed at some points much south of the northern water-shed; and it may, in this view, become a question of some importance whether the Height of Land be the northern boundary of Ontario.

The northern boundary question presents less difficulty than the western. There seems no reason to doubt that this boundary is that laid down by the 10th article of the Treaty of Utrecht; but it may be necessary to a clear comprehension of the subject to trace the question from the beginning to the close. The early commissions granted by the French kings, in which boundaries were given, have little or no practical bearing on

the question. Of this nature is the commission of Sieur de Monts, dated Nov. 8, 1603; since it extended only northward to the 46° n. lat. Even for the purpose of discovery De Monts was not authorized to go beyond that parallel. Six weeks later, all the king's other subjects were forbidden to traffic in furs or other things, and the letters patent containing this *Défense du Roy*, extended the limits to the whole water-shed of the St. Lawrence. The northern boundary of his grant was described as “\* \* \* *Tadousac et la rivière de Canada (the St. Lawrence), tant d'un côté que d'autre, et toutes les Bayes et rivières qui entrent au dedans de dite côtes.*” This extends as far north as the Treaty of Utrecht extended Canada; and yet of the extent either of the St. Lawrence or its tributaries no European could, in 1603, have any other idea than what might be derived from the descriptions given by Indians. Champlain's commission, dated October 15th, 1612, was essentially one of discovery. He, as the king's lieutenant, representing the royal authority in New France, was to build fortresses, and to extend as far as he could into the country above Quebec; and into rivers which discharged into the St. Lawrence, with a view of finding a passage to China and the East Indies. When his commission was renewed in 1625, no description of boundaries was given.

In the *Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie de cent associés pour le commerce du Canada*, April 29, 1627, there is a specific description—*jusqu'au cercle Arctique pour latitude*—but it is quite certain the French had made no discoveries to entitle them to claim any such extent of territory. Of all the maritime nations of Europe they had least to claim on the score of Arctic discovery. Nearly a century before, Spain had made an attempt to discover a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Molucca Islands. But among the nations which had attempted to discover a north-west passage, and which had made important discoveries on the east

and the west coasts of America—England, Holland, Denmark, Russia—England was the foremost. Her voyages had been the most numerous, and her discoveries the most important. Sir Thomas Button, who went (1615) in search of Hudson the navigator, whose name has been given to a strait and a bay, was the first European who reached the east coast of America, on the west side of Hudson's Bay. The master of the ship, who lost his life on this voyage, perpetuated his name in Nelson's river, in spite of subsequent attempts of the French to supplant it by the once ubiquitous Bourbon. This discovery shows how untenable was the French claim to make the Arctic circle the boundary of Canada, in 1627. If that nation had in the meantime, and in the absence of continuous occupation by the English, taken possession of the country anywhere near the line of boundary claimed—even at the head of the rivers which run northward—they might have had some pretext for their pretension. But they had done nothing of the kind. Champlain had been as high as Lake Nipissing, and in virtue of that discovery a claim might be set up to the whole country which drained into the St. Lawrence. Individual Basque fishermen had probably been far up these northern seas; but they had been in the service of the Dutch Republic, and could not claim anything on the score of national discovery. A company which obtained from the United Provinces, in 1614, an exclusive right of fishing from Nova Zembla to Davis Strait, comprising Spitzberg, Isle of Ours, and Greenland, stated, in making application for this privilege, that they had employed large numbers of Basque fishermen in pursuit of the whale and other large fish. They claimed to have ascended to 83° north latitude, and to have there found a vast sea free from ice.\* But these discoveries

\* *Histoire des Pêches dans les mers du nord.* Translated from the Dutch, at the expense of the French government.

whatever they were, were due to the energy and enterprise of the Dutch. The French made no claim to discovery in these high latitudes, even when they described the Arctic circle as the northern boundary of Canada.

The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated in 1670. Their charter gave them the exclusive right of trade and commerce in seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, which they might find to be in possession whether of British subjects or those of any other Christian Prince or State. How far south did they occupy territories in this condition? Where did they meet the subjects of the King of France? Where was the southern boundary of Hudson's Bay territory in 1774, when the Quebec Act recognizes it as having an undefined existence? Was it ever settled by competent authority? These questions involve the whole ground of any possible dispute about the northern boundary of Ontario. Frenchmen from Canada had travelled overland to Hudson's Bay before Hudson's Bay Company was in existence. As early as 1656, Jean Bourdon reached James' Bay, and went through the ceremony, usual on such occasions, of taking possession of the country, in the name of Louis XIV. In 1663, Després-Coutres arrived, overland, at Hudson's Bay, where he constructed several forts; but Dussieux, (*Le Canada sous la Domination Française*) after reading all the documents relating to Canada in the Marine and Colonial Departments, tells us the English had even then several fortified trading posts on that coast. Other French accounts represent the English as having arrived at the bay only in 1677, whither they were conducted by the French Huguenot refugees, Degrossilliers and Radison. Certain it is there was a contest, extending from 1678 to 1694\* between English and French sub-

jects for the possession of Forts on the Hudson Bay, including the southern extension known as James' Bay. Colbert is said to have sent Father Chas. Albonel along with Jean Bourdon and Després-Coutres to Hudson's Bay, to enter into a treaty with a dozen tribes whom they invited to go, in future, to Lake St John to trade. This attempt to carry the centre of the Indian trade so far south may have arisen from either of two causes: a doubt in the minds of the French whether they should be able to maintain their position on Hudson's Bay, or a desire to draw the fur trade of the north so far south as to be safe from the competition of the English.

The establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company at the mouth of the Nelson River seems to have incited, at this early day, a desire of rivalry in the merchants of Quebec and the Compagnie du Nord was formed to compete for this trade. Degrossilliers and Radison acted as their guides, with as little compunction as they had performed the same service for the English. An English fort, at the mouth of the river Ste. Thérèse fell into their hands. The English afterwards retook it, with a large quantity of furs. The Compagnie du Nord obtained from the Marquis de Denonville eighty men, nearly all Canadians; and this force, under command of Chevalier du Troye, undertook a land journey from Quebec, (March, 1686), to carry on the contest against the English for the trade of Hudson's Bay. They succeeded in taking the square fort on the river Montserrat, which mounted four pieces of cannon. Fort St. Anne, with forty pieces of cannon and Fort Rupert, on the southern extremity of James' Bay.† The two nations whose suc-

\* While this contest was going on Baron La Hontan (*Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale*, 1686) was certainly wrong in contending that Canada extended to the 65° north latitude. *Tout le monde sait qu'il (Canada) s'étend depuis le 39 degré de latitude jus-*

*qu'au 65 degré c'est à dire du Sud du Lac Erie jusqu'au Nord de la Baye de Hudson; et en longitude depuis le 284 degré jusqu'au 336, à savoir du fleuve de Mississippi jusqu'au Cap de Race en l'île de Terre Neuve.*

† Governor Pelly of the Hudson's Bay Company, in a letter to Lord Glenelg, February 10th, 1837, says:—"For many years prior to the conquest of Canada

jects were at war in this distant part of the world concluded a treaty, making piracy the carrying on of war by private persons, not acting under commission, in the isles and continent of America. But the sceptre was fast passing from the feeble hands of James II., and he could not prevent his subjects attacking Fort St. Anne. Iberville repulsed the attack.

In the wars that followed the English revolution of 1688, some of these forts changed hands several times. Iberville, in 1695, making an attack by sea, completed the conquest of Hudson's Bay, which was temporarily ceded to France by the Treaty of Ryswick. But it was restored to England by the Treaty of Utrecht, with all the gulfs and rivers connecting with it. Of the war of the Austrian Succession Canada was made to feel the shock. Louisburg was lost to France: otherwise the boundaries between the British and French possessions in America, which a commission was to settle, remained unaltered. This throws us back on the 10th article of the Treaty of Utrecht for a definition of the boundary between the Canada of that day and Hudson's Bay territory.

In an official report signed by M. Cauchon, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, and laid before the Legislature in 1857, the ground is taken that the English were intruders on the shores of Hudson's Bay when first the fur trade was entered into, after the granting of the Company's charter, because Canada had been relinquished to the French, after the first British conquest of Quebec, in 1632, without a particular designation of limits. Even if the pretensions of France respecting the extent of Canada or Nouvelle France could have

been sustained, though it is plain they could not, the Treaty of Utrecht, by guaranteeing Hudson's Bay and its dependencies to England would have rendered any stipulations of the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, over ninety years before, of no account as against the new international agreement covering the same ground.

Up to 1748, when the war of the Austrian Succession closed, the Height of Land may be taken to have been the boundary between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory. That boundary was not afterwards altered, by treaty or otherwise, till the conquest of Canada. It must have continued to be the boundary recognized by the Quebec Act of 1774, since there was no possible process by which it could have been altered.

It is one thing to describe a line of boundary on paper and another thing to run it on the ground. To agree upon a paper line, without an actual survey for its basis, is to do what is almost certain to lead to difficulty. When the determination of a boundary depends on striking a mean line between the upper branches of rivers, which run on different water-shed and frequently overlap, it must be impossible to do the work accurately anywhere but on the ground. The sources of a number of rivers, flowing in opposite directions, are often on marshy grounds of little value for any possible purpose. For this reason, it is conceivable, a common line may sometimes be agreed upon between the two parties interested, without an actual survey. They may agree to accept it, on the supposition that the difference of territory to be gained or lost would not equal the cost of the necessary field operations. But in any case, a line drawn on paper must be an uncertain line, unless where it is hydrographical or traced to certain recognized points; and if it ever becomes necessary to establish a line not so distinguished, the work would have to be done on the ground, with the chance of disagreement on some point of the definition

French subjects had penetrated by the St. Lawrence to the frontiers of Rupert's Land, but no competition had occurred between the traders of the two countries within the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company previous to the cession of Canada to Great Britain." Either this is a clear mis-statement of the facts, or the territory in which the disputes took place did not belong to the Company; the latter proposition the Company's governor could not have intended to admit.

on which it would depend. So early as 1719, six years after the Treaty of Utrecht had defined the boundary between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory, the Company proposed to settle it by the very simple process of drawing a line on the map. The line which they proposed was described by Chief Justice Draper, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th May, 1859; and he himself, on behalf of Canada, suggested its adoption by the Company. He said:

"With regard to the eastern portion of the Territory, the limit I should at present suggest would be rather that limit which was proposed under the Treaty of Utrecht, which was to start from Cape Perdrix in  $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of latitude, just below Cape Chudleigh on the Labrador coast. The Hudson's Bay Company themselves proposed that a line should be run from there (in one of the papers it is called  $59\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and in the other  $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ); that it should come down through the island of a lake called Lake Mistassinuie, and from thence in a south-west direction, extending to what they then required as the boundary to be given to them, namely, the 49th parallel of latitude directly through the continent. Grimington Island, I think, was the name of the island, and Cape Perdrix the name of the cape."

When this line was first proposed the French refused to accept it. The proposal was renewed in 1750, on a request from the Lords of Trade that the Company should define the southern limits of its territories; but nothing came of it. Several English maps, published in the last century, contain the supposed line of boundary, and some of them place it on the Height of Land. One of them, that in *Carver's Travels*, published in 1779, is nearly identical with that referred to by Chief Justice Draper, but it is not produced westward beyond the Lake of the Woods. It is described as the "proposed limits of Hudson's Bay." It strikes the north-east corner of Lake Mistassia—nearly

all these Indian names are spelt in a dozen different ways—then it goes back to the north-east for some distance, and then curves round in exactly the opposite direction, sweeping along the southern shore of the lake; after which its general direction may vary two degrees, sometimes one degree on one side and sometimes one on the other, from the 49th parallel. This map, published five years after the Act of 1774, made reference to the southern boundary of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and contains a line probably as near as any line could then be drawn on a map, to that prescribed by the Treaty of Utrecht.

Chief Justice Draper, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons already referred to, said, on the question of this boundary:

"There are two definitions; it must depend, perhaps, upon the legal construction, which of the two shall prevail: one of them is given by the statute of 1774, the 14th of George the 3rd, which speaks of the boundaries of Canada to the north as being the limit of the lands granted to the merchant-adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company; the latter boundary is under the statute of 1791, the 31st of the King; in which, instead of using the terms that the two Provinces are to be bounded by the lands granted to the merchant-adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company, this form of expression is used, that 'they are to be bounded by the line of the Hudson's Bay Territory,' as if between the two periods a new light had entered the minds of those who were drawing up that Act."

If the "new light" threw a doubt on the validity of the grant, it shone to no purpose, as Canada has since then consented to purchase the whole of the territory, except a certain proportion which the Company insisted on keeping. The latter description referred to by Chief Justice Draper is not found in the Act of 1791, but in a proclamation assumed to have been made under

its authority. The description contained in this instrument starts from:

"A stone boundary on the north bank of Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Point au Bodet, in the limit between the Township of Lancaster and the Seignory of New Longueuil, running along the said limit in the direction of north thirty-four degrees west to the westernmost angle of the said Seignory of New Longueuil, thence along the north-western boundary of the Seignory of Vaudreuil, running north twenty-five degrees east, until it strikes the Ottawa river, to ascend that river into Lake Temiscaming, and from the head of the said lake, by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada."

At the trial of Charles de Reinhard and Archibald McLellan, on a charge of murder committed in the Indian territories, which took place at Quebec in 1818, Mr., (afterwards Chief Justice) Stuart, one of the counsel for the defence, contended, but without inducing the Court to admit, that the Act of 1774 had been temporary, and that it was "completely done away with by the broad and liberal proclamation of 1791; and surely," continued the advocate, "my learned friend will allow as much weight to one proclamation as another." From 1763 to the passing of the Quebec Act (1774), the country was governed under the sole authority of a royal proclamation; and the constitutionality of this use of the prerogative was not left unquestioned. The rough draft of this proclamation was left by the Earl of Chatham, when he went out of office, and was retouched by his successor. It promised to call a general assembly, as soon as the state and circumstances of the colony would admit of it. Chatham afterwards complained that the Quebec Bill "established a despotism in that country, to which the Royal proclamation of 1763 promised the protec-

tion of English laws." Crown lawyers must be left to deal with the legal aspect of the question stated by Chief Justice Draper; but Mr. (afterwards Sir James Chief Justice) Stuart's claim that a like exercise of prerogative, by means of a proclamation, is equally permissible and valid under all circumstances, is historically and constitutionally untrue. Yet it formed the main ground on which the lawyers for the defence, who knew not where to find the evidence they wanted, ultimately rested their case, in the only suit in which the western boundary of Ontario has been judicially determined.

There were in England, at the time the Quebec Act was passed, two opinions held by lawyers as to how a conquered country could be constitutionally governed. One was that as the King, Lords and Commons conjointly form the Legislature, their authority extends over every country which becomes through conquest dependent on Great Britain. The other, and it was adopted and declared by Chief Justice Mansfield, in the case of Campbell against Hall, that the King could, in virtue of his prerogative, alter the laws and impose taxes on a conquered country until Parliament made provision for its government. Hall was a collector of taxes in the Island of Granada, and he had levied a four-and-a-half per cent. duty on sugar belonging to the defendant, the produce of the island. The Court declared the duty illegal, because the King could not, by letters patent, as he had assumed to do, levy a tax on the people of Granada, in July, 1764, when he had divested himself of the power to do so by the communication to them, through a proclamation of October, 1763, of a free constitution. It was farther decided that the duty would have been legal if imposed before the communication of the new constitution. This, it must be remembered, is the least liberal view that was taken by contending lawyers. Nobody thought of claiming for the King a power of prerogative, in



conquered countries, which was not founded on laws for the governance of such countries after such laws had been once enacted.

This much by way of protest against an illiberal and untenable claim of how far the prerogative may be stretched. But the proclamation of 1791 did not assume to impose any duties, or to do any thing for which there was not a warrant of authority in the Acts affecting Canada passed by Parliament. Its authority has been judicially recognized. Its value lies in declaring a fact: that the government, under the Constitution Act of 1791, was to extend westward of the meridian of Lake Temiscaming and southward of the boundary of Hudson's Bay territory "to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada."

When the Queen of Great Britain acquired from France full right for ever to the bays and straits of Hudson, with the adjacent territories, commissioners were to be named within a year to fix the boundaries across which the subjects of each nation were forbidden to pass, by land or sea. In point of fact commissioners appear to have been appointed; but, although different maps purport to give the boundaries fixed by them, it is not credible that they ever agreed upon any. These maps seem to have misled even official personages. Thus Mr. Monroe and Mr. Pinkney, then at Madrid, assured the Spanish Minister of State, Don Pedro Cevallos, (April 20, 1805,) that "in accordance with the tenth article of the first-mentioned Treaty, [Utrecht] the boundary between Canada and Louisiana on the one side, and the Hudson Bay and north-western companies on the other, was established by commissioners, by a line to commence at a cape or promontory on the ocean in 58° 31' N. lat.; to run thence south-westerly to latitude 49° N. from the equator, and along that line indefinitely westward." However these gentlemen got the idea that this line had been established, it is certain they were in error. All contemporary authorities have

been searched in vain, with a view of discovering any evidence of their establishment. In 1751, M. Postlewaite, in his translation of Savary's *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, published a map of America, copied from one by D'Anville, five years before, with alterations and corrections; on which is a line describing the limits between the French dominions and the Hudson Bay countries, nearly but not exactly along the 49th parallel.\* A note on the map informs the reader that "the line that parts French Canada from British Canada was settled by the commissioners after the peace of Utrecht, making a curve from Davis' Inlet, in the Atlantic Sea, down to the Lake Abitibis, to the north-west ocean; therefore M. D'Anville's dotted line east of James' Bay is false." I have many French maps of Canada, from 1618 downwards; but do not recollect having seen that of D'Anville, and I believe no copy of it can be found. Mitchell, whose map of America was published in 1755, only pretends to give "the bounds of Hudson's Bay by the Treaty of Utrecht." This he might do, in a general way, by getting the best information he could as to the situation of the Height of Land; but such a line could not be taken for a guide in a question of an exact partition of territory. Bennett and Russell both afterwards adopted this line, which, in nearly its whole course, passed north of the 49th parallel. If Mitchell meant to convey the idea that the line had been traced by commissioners, he was in error; and he misled two others. The whole weight of authority negatives the supposition that any line was determined under the Treaty of Utrecht. It is quite certain, however, that commissioners were appointed. The Peace of Utrecht did not prevent hostilities between the English and those Indians whom the French generally regarded as allies; but France did not openly, if at all, take part in

\* Greenhow: *Memoir, Historical and Political, on the North-west coast of America.*

them. Charlevoix states that, to prevent the good understanding between the two countries being interrupted, she stopped the negotiations that had been entered on through commissioners for regulating the boundaries.\* This, then, is probably the true state of the case, so far as regards the breaking off of the negotiations. But a different motive has sometimes been given: that France never permitted her commissioners to determine matters thus referred, unless the settlement could be made to her advantage.†

The Tenth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht, giving to England all the rivers that empty into Hudson's Bay, left to France the Atlantic water-shed; and the possessions of Ontario must, within their limits, be identical with those of French Canada.

"Article X. The said most Christian king shall restore to the Kingdom and Queen of Great Britain, to be possessed in full right for ever, the Bay and Straits of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, sea-coasts, rivers, and places situate in the said bay and straits, and which belong thereto, no tracts of land or sea being excepted, which are at present possessed by the subjects of France. All which, as well as any buildings there made, in the condition they now are, and likewise all fortresses there erected, either before or since the French seized the same, shall, within six months from the ratification of the present treaty or sooner, if possible, be well and truly delivered to the British subjects having commission from the Queen of Great Britain to demand and receive the same, entire and undemolished, together with all the cannon and cannon-ball, and

with all other provisions of war usually belonging to cannon. It is, however, provided, that it may be entirely free for the company of Quebec, and all other subjects of the most Christian King whatsoever, to go by land or sea, whithersoever they please out of the lands of the said bay; together with all their goods, merchandize, arms and effects, of whatever nature or condition soever, except such things as above reserved in this article."

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle stipulated that every thing be remitted to the footing on which it stood previous to the war; and an attempt was then made, by the intervention of commissioners, to settle the frontiers. The only result was three folio volumes of memoirs, and an impossibility of agreement. These negotiations proceeded on the basis of the Treaty of Utrecht. But the chief interest centred in other boundaries than that of Hudson's Bay; the boundaries of Acadie or Nova Scotia; in the Ohio Valley; and the sword was used to settle a question which was really one of supremacy in North America.

Can there be a doubt, then, that the northern boundary of Ontario is the boundary agreed upon in the Treaty of Utrecht?

If it should become a question how far the French and English establishments extended, where those of one nation began and the other ended, the general facts would, I think, point in the direction already indicated. Before the close of the 17th century Delhut—whom the Americans appear anxious to immortalize under a name which, if he arose from the dead, he would fail to recognize, Duluth—had established a picket fort on the Kaministiquia, which there is no mistaking from its position on the map, and which he called Fort Caministigonyan. This Fort, Baron La Hontan, (*Memoires de l'Amérique Septentrionale*), who had himself a fur-trading license, says, "did considerable injury to the English on Hudson's Bay, as it saved several tribes the trouble of transporting their goods there. The French had, how-

\* "La France n'étoit point entrée dans ce démêlé, pour ne point donner le moindre pretexte de rompre la bonne intelligence, qu'il avoit tant coûté: on cessa même de négocier entre les deux cours le règlement des limites, quoique dès l'année 1719, il y eût des commissaires nommés pour cela de part et d'autre.—*Histoire générale de la Nouvelle France*." Tome 4, pp. 123-4.

† Anderson: *History of Commerce*.

ever," he adds, established a fur trade north of Lake Superior before the creation of the Hudson's Bay Company. There were no sedentary Indians on Lake Superior, but those who hunted near its northern shores must have dreaded a voyage to Hudson's Bay. The Machakandibi River was so difficult to navigate, on account of rapids and falls, that six men had to work hard to make the passage in thirty days. From the lake that formed the source of that river, there was a portage into Lake Michipikoton, (French orthography), whence there was an additional journey of ten or twelve days: say eighty days for the passage both ways. Nature may be said practically to have fixed the bounds of the fur trade, north and south, not very far from the Height of Land. It is not easy to fix the date of the erection of the first French trading post on the Kaministiquia, but it could not have been very far from the year 1680. In 1703, La Hontan places Fort St. Germain on the upper end of the Nelson River, and there is a note stating that its object was to prevent the Indians descending to the Bay. De Lisle's beautiful *Carte du Canada*, 1703,\* shows French establishments above the Height of Land. There were Fort des Abitibis and two Maisons Françaises, one on the river Abitibis and the other on Lake Mitasia, at both of which places, Arrowsmith shows, the Hudson's Bay Company now has posts.

In 1725 Vaudreuil sent Varenne de Vèrandrye to explore *les pays de la mer de l'Ouest*. This explorer, whatever his merits, certainly did not reach the western ocean, and there are different accounts as to his success east of the Rocky Mountains.—Dussieux says he discovered the whole country between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, the Upper Mississippi and the Mountains; but this is not borne out by Garneau, from whom we learn that the work of exploration was continued by the sons of the first explorer. A new French fort was

erected on the Kaministiquia in 1717. Vèrandrye, the younger, having associated himself with some French merchants, built Fort St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, in 1732; Fort Maurepas, on the Winepeg, two years later; Fort Dauphin, at the head of the Lake of the Woods, and Fort de la Reine, at its foot; Fort Bourbon, on the Biches River, at the head of Lake Winepeg; Fort Rouge, at the angle of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, the site of the seat of government of the Province of Manitoba to-day. In 1738 the French pushed their enterprise to the country of the Mandans and the Yellowstone; four years later they reached the Rocky Mountains. Long before the conquest of Canada, Mackenzie (*General History of the Fur Trade*) says the French had two establishments on the Saskatchewan; one in lat. 53° N. long. 102°. After the conquest, the Canadians suspended their exertions, for a short time, in this direction. And soon after there came independent traders from England. Isaac Long, as his interesting *Travels* inform us, was engaged in this trade from 1768 to 1787. He was north of Lake Nipegon, and at Lac Mort. But before this time Canadian merchants had renewed the trade. In 1768, Long tells us, Montreal was supported chiefly by the Indian trade. In 1776 these traders explored the country to Isle à la Crosse, and in 1778 to Elk Lake. In that year the different Canada merchants carrying on this trade formed the North-West Company.

Near the close of the last century we find that that Company had established a number of trading houses in the interior. They had (1796) one on the point where Rainy Lake enters Rainy River, latitude 48° 36' 58", longitude 93° 19' 30"; another in charge of M. Belleau, between Swan and Indian River, lat. 51° 51' 9", long. 102° 3'. a third in charge of Mr. Hugh McGillis, lat. 52° 59' 7", long. 102° 32' 27"; a fourth in charge of Mr. Thorburn, lat. 50° 28' 58", long. 104° 45' 45"; a fifth at Stone Indian

\* The author was *premier géographe du Roy*.

River, in charge of Mr. Hugh McDonnell, lat.  $49^{\circ}40'56''$ , long.  $99^{\circ}27'15''$ . Mr. David Thompson, astronomer and surveyor to the North-West Company, determined the position of all these posts in 1796.\*

Thus we see the French had posts scattered north of the great lakes, above the Height of Land, before the conquest; and after them the North-West Company, as if following an instinct which its name was designed to express, scattered a number of trading houses farther west; some of them above the Height of Land, and some south of the United States boundary line. It has generally been assumed that the Hudson's Bay Company's traders never penetrated west or south of the interior lakes, of which Winepeg is one, in the last century. This, however, is an error, proved by indisputable testimony. When Mr. Thompson was at the Mandan Villages, on the Missouri, about the last day of the year 1796, he found that these Indians had previously been supplied with guns by trading parties of the Hudson's Bay Company.† In 1804 Lewis and Clark met a Mr. Henderson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, among the Mandans. But these appear to have been mere errant visits of individual traders from the Hudson's Bay Company. We do not find that the Company had any sedentary traders or established posts in those districts of which the North-West Company had full possession.

When M. Cauchon was Commissioner of Crown Lands, he put his name to a departmental report, reputed to have been drawn up by some one in the department, in which Lescarbot was relied on to prove that, al-

though none of us suspected the fact, the Pacific had, for more than two centuries and a quarter, formed the western, and the Arctic circle the northern boundary, of Canada. When the then latest edition of Lescarbot's *Nouvelle France* was published (1618), no Frenchman had been as far in the interior of Canada as Sault Ste. Marie, or further north than Lake Nipissing. Eleven years before this preposterous statement had been embodied in an official report, Garneau (*Histoire du Canada*) had noticed it only to show that, when it was put forth, the valley of the St. Lawrence had been but partially explored. If unofficial statements of French contemporary authors were to be taken as evidence of the extent of Canada or Nouvelle France—names sometimes used as geographical synonyms, and sometimes to cover very different extents of country—a single author, who could lay no claim to special geographical knowledge, ought not to be relied on. The *Relation de la Nouvelle France*, published in the same years as Lescarbot's first edition, (1611), far from pretending that the boundary of Canada extended to the Pacific, only expressed the hope that one day this boundary *sera la mer de la Chine, si nous avons assez de valeur et vertu*; because no other boundary—the Rocky Mountains were then unknown—would be certain in a country loosely spoken of as ten or twelve times the size of France. And nothing had happened in the meantime to alter that claim. Champlain had discovered *la Mer douce*, as he called Lake Huron; a Recollet missionary had found his way tremblingly, amid hostile Indians, to some point, impossible to identify, but which could not have been far, if at all, west of Toronto; and Lescarbot had been between Lakes Huron and Ontario. It is conjectured that Jean Mazarin christened a large part of this continent *Nouvelle France*; and, though the *Relation* is doubtful on this point, it professes to give the reasons why the name came to be applied. One of these

\* Thompson, MS

† MSS. Mr. Thompson places the Upper Mandan Village in  $47^{\circ}25'11''$  n. lat.,  $101^{\circ}21'5''$  long., and the lower village in lat.  $47^{\circ}17'22''$ , long.  $101^{\circ}14'24''$ . Lewis and Clarke gave the position of Fort Mandan, 1804-5, lat.  $47^{\circ}21'47''$ , long.  $99^{\circ}24'45''$ . *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River and across the American Continent*, and *Jefferson's Message to Congress*, Feb. 19, 1806.

reasons—because *ces terres sont parallèles à notre France*—conflicts with the extravagant claim of Lescarbot to all the country northward to the Arctic circle, a claim of which the groundlessness has already been shown. If the Pacific had been set up as the western limit of Canada, on the strength of the discoveries of the Vêrandryes, it might have had the merit of resting on a discovery, though it would have been no less invalid, because England received the capitulation of Canada with a specific description of boundaries on the west, not only in words, but accompanied by a line officially drawn on a map, by the representative of the nation making the cession, and accepted, and afterwards insisted on by herself.

The western boundary line of Canada, to which we now turn, was once, upon insufficient evidence, judicially declared. The whole question was made to rest on the description in the Quebec Act, 1774, and the Proclamation of 1791. Of the former, the concluding portion is all that it is necessary to quote:—

“Through Lake Ontario and the river called Niagara; and thence along the south-eastern bank of Erie, following the said bank, until the same shall be intersected by the northern boundary granted by the charter of the Province of Pennsylvania, in case the same shall be so intersected; and from thence along the said northern and western boundaries of the said Province until the said western boundary strike the Ohio; but in case the said bank of the said lake shall not be found to be so intersected, then following the said bank until it shall arrive at such point of the said bank which shall be nearest the north-western angle of the Province of Pennsylvania; and thence along the western boundary of the said Province, until it strike the river Ohio; and along the bank of said river westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the

merchant-adventurers of England, trading to Hudson's Bay.”

The proclamation of 1791 takes us to a point where a line drawn due north from Lake Temiscaming would intersect “the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of country commonly called, or known, by the name of Canada.” If we ascertain the western limit of Canada as agreed upon by the French and English Governments, we shall then know the exact meaning of the language of the proclamation. In the meantime it will be necessary to examine into the circumstances under which the western boundary was judicially declared, in the absence of all information as to the points to which the French and English Governments allowed it to extend, after the capitulation by Vaudreuil.

It is to be observed that the line *westward*, described in the Quebec Act, followed the bank of the Ohio river; but the *northward* line drawn from the junction of that river with the Mississippi is not similarly controlled by the obligation to follow the course of the latter river. The words *westward* and *northward*, taken by themselves, are of equivalent value: the *westward* line would necessarily deviate from a due west line as much as the Ohio deviated. Was the *northward* line to follow the course of the Mississippi without special direction? If not was there any thing to prevent its being a due north line? This, in the absence of all positive evidence to show the western limit of Canada, was the state of the question on the trial of Reinhard and McLellan, at Quebec, May, 1818. Witnesses having the knowledge which surveyors acquire, were examined to show what a “*northward*” line meant. Mr Saxe, the first surveyor put into the witness-box, was asked by the Attorney General, “Would a line running north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi

rivers strike, in its passage to the Hudson's Bay territories, the great lakes, and where would it strike lake Superior? And where would it leave Fort William?" It will be seen that these questions were not put in the language of the statute, the technical meaning of which a surveyor's knowledge was required to explain. The Attorney-General did not enquire into the effect of drawing a "northward" but a "north" line. When the witness had explained that a line, supposing it to run due north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, would leave the river Winepeg five degrees out of Canada, and had added with emphasis "not a northward line," as mentioned in the statute, "but a due north line," the Attorney-General, assuming an imperious tone, enquired: "Do you mean to say that a northward line is not due north, sir?" To which he received for reply: "It is not always; it may be north by east, or north by west, or north west, or many other points of the compass. A due north line is one that goes direct to the north pole without any deviation whatever." The Attorney-General returning to the charge, then asked: "And does not a northward line go to the north pole? If you had a northward line to run, would you not run it to the north pole?" "Perhaps I might, and perhaps not; it would certainly be northerly, though it might not run due north," replied the undaunted witness. After several more like questions and answers, Chief Justice Sewell came to the aid of the Attorney-General. He really did not comprehend the distinction; "to say that a northward line is not a north line" appeared to him absurd. "Suppose," he said, "we had a compass here, and from a given point I draw a line north-westward, that is to say, terminating at a point north-westward, would not that be a due north-west line?" "It would," the witness replied, "if drawn due north-west; but if in advancing you gained northerly, it would from the course of its deviation be a northward line,

though not a north line." Then the Chief Justice ventured upon a remark which is obviously erroneous. "Then," he said, "its course northward must unquestionably be due north, if a line north-westerly is a north-west line." M. Vallière de St. Real having reminded his worship that the witness had added, "but if it deviated so as to gain a little north, it would then be a due north line." The Chief Justice, now growing warm, complained that common sense was being outraged; and he broke out in this fashion: "I want to know whether in point of fact, a fact that any man can tell as well as a surveyor," (the fact of bringing a surveyor there negated this assumption) "whether a line from a western or eastern point of the compass, drawn northward, is or is not a north line? Just answer that question," he insisted, "yes or no." But he only got for reply: "It certainly must be, to a certain extent, a north line, but not a due north line." Chief Justice Sewell, when he came to charge the jury, assumed that a northward line meant a due north line, and decided that the western boundary of Canada is a line drawn due north from the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, in latitude  $37^{\circ} 10'$  north, and longitude  $83^{\circ} 50'$  west.\*

This line, if Mr. Sax be correct, would strike Lake Superior about three-quarters of a degree east of Fort William. The question of jurisdiction arose in this way. If the locality of the murder, a place between the Dalles and Portage du Rat, which lies north of the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods, were in Upper Canada, the trial must have taken place in that Province; but if it were in the Indian territories, the trial could, under the forty-third of George III. take place in either Province. In deciding

\* La limite Ouest du Haut Canada est une ligne tirée vrai Nord de la jonction des rivières Ohio et Mississippi, dans la latitude de  $37^{\circ} 10'$  Nord, et la longitude  $88^{\circ} 50'$  Ouest.

on the boundary line, the court was deciding in favour of its own jurisdiction. But what we apprehend will be found to be the true boundary line of Canada, on this side, which has become that of Ontario, rests upon evidence not before the court, and is about five degrees further west.

When this trial took place, the Parliament which passed the Quebec Act was known as the unreported Parliament. Sir John Cavendish, a member of the House of Commons, had taken notes of the debates on this Bill; and his manuscript has since been brought from its hiding place in the British Museum and published. The extension of the boundaries of Canada was frequently mentioned in the discussion. Sir Thomas Townsend, Jr., afterwards Baron Sidney, assumed that the French law was being extended to the whole of Illinois. Lord North, replying to the objection founded on the extent of the country, said: "There are added, undoubtedly, to it two countries which were not in the original limits of Canada, as settled by the proclamation of 1763; one on the Labrador coast, the other the country westward of the Ohio and the Mississippi, (*sic*) and a few scattered posts to the west." There is evidently an inaccuracy in the report of Lord North's words. He could not have said west of the Mississippi; for the words of the Act would not have borne him out. There is no reason to question his accuracy, when he added: "Upon my word, sir, I do not see this Bill extends further than the ancient limits of Canada." Attorney-General Thurlow said:

"The House will remember that the whole of Canada, as we allowed it to extend, was not included in the Proclamation [of 1763,] that the bounds were not co-equal with it as it stood then, and that it is not included in the present Act of Parliament, if that were material. \* \* I have heard a great deal of the commencement of English settlements; but as far as I have read, they all lie on the other side of the Ohio.

I know, at the same time, that there have been for nearly a century past, settlements in different parts of this tract, especially the southern parts of it, *bounded by the Ohio and the Mississippi*; but with regard to that part, there have been different tracts of French settlements established, as far as they are inhabited by any Indians. I take these settlements to have been altogether French; so that the objections certainly want foundation."

We have here the admission of the Attorney-General of the time, that the Quebec Act did not include the whole of Canada. The proclamation of 1791, issued after the Act of that year was passed, embraces all the territory westward and southward of the southern limits of Hudson's Bay Territory, "to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada." The bounds of Canada are, even on this view of the question, not necessarily circumscribed to the limits traced in the Act of 1774; but if they were, it would only remain to find some point which the line must strike in its "northward" progress, near the boundary line of Hudson's Bay Territory, to remove any obscurity and doubt that hang over that description. Such a point, we shall afterwards find stated in official language too plain to allow of dispute.

The words "Canada" and "Province of Quebec," were sometimes used in official instruments without due discrimination. In the commission of Nicholas Turner, Provost Marshal, under the proclamation of 1763, the words "Province of Canada" are used; while the words "Province of Quebec" had been used in that proclamation, as well as in the commission of General Murray, Captain-General and Governor-in-chief, Sept. 23, 1763. There was, however, a real distinction between Canada and the Province of Quebec; for the latter did not, under the Proclamation of 1763, extend westward beyond Lake Nipissing.

The Quebec Act, owing to the despotic

principles to which it gave activity, of governing the country by means of a Governor in Council without the intervention of a General Assembly, combined with the Boston Charter Act, struck terror into the self-governing colonies of New England, whom it inspired with the fear that their own fate might be read in the treatment accorded to the Province of Quebec. Mazères, the first Solicitor-General of Canada after the conquest, says then there ceased to be a British party in the other English colonies, after the passing of these two Acts; and in a dialogue\* between an Englishman and a Frenchman, the Englishman reporting the prevalent sentiments of these British colonists, as expressed to himself, gives it as the strongest of all causes of complaint that had annihilated the British party, gained over the Tories, as the firm friends of England were called, the extension of the Province of Quebec, on the west, to the Mississippi. This is the language in which the late Tories, who had joined the opposition to England, are represented as expressing themselves:—

"And lastly, (which is a matter that concerns us more nearly than all the rest,) to enlarge the boundaries of the Province of Quebec, so as to take in the five great lakes and all the immense and very fruitful country contained between the Ohio and Mississippi, and which lies at the back of our Provinces; with a view, as it should seem, that this new and favourite mode of government, together with the Roman Catholic religion, (now also, to all appearance, become an object of favour with Great Britain,) should prevail throughout all that vast country."

Mr. Mazères' view of the extent of Canada, under the Quebec Act, including "all the immense and very fruitful country between the Ohio and the Mississippi,"—and the great lakes—precludes the idea of the western boundary being east of Fort William.

At the same time, he may not have been very exact in his description. When speaking of all the country to the Mississippi being included, we have it on the authority of Lord North that the Quebec Act took in some scattered settlements to the West. Added to this, the language of Attorney General Thurlow seems to make it plain that the object of extending the limits of the Province, beyond those to which it had been restricted by the proclamation of 1763 was to take in all the French settlements. Did a trading post constitute a settlement? Was there a settlement at Prairie du Chien? Carver, who visited it in 1766, says: "This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders." Was this one of the settlements which it was the object of the Quebec Act to include?

The government of United Canada did not restrict its authority to the limits contained in the judgment of 1818. It exercised numerous acts of authority west of those limits, including the laying out of townships and the sale of land.

But we must seek for other evidence of "the utmost extent of country (westward) commonly called or known by the name of Canada." Those limits were laid down, agreed upon between the Governments of France and England, described in words and marked on a map, in the negotiations for peace, 1761. In the French memorial of propositions, July 15, 1761, the King offers to cede and guarantee Canada to the King of England, "such as it has been and in right ought to be possessed by France, without restriction and without the liberty of returning upon any pretence whatever, against this cession and guarantee, and without interrupting the Crown of England in the entire possession of Canada."

The French King stipulated for the free ex-

\* Canadian Freeholder, Vol. 2., p. 337.



ercise of the Roman Catholic religion by his ancient subjects in Canada, their right to emigrate into French colonies, that the limits between Canada and Louisiana, and those between Louisiana and Virginia, should be clearly and firmly established, and for the continuance of certain rights of fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland. This proposition was made, as lawyers say, without prejudice; if it were not accepted or did not serve as a basis of negotiation, no advantage was to be taken of it by England. The answer of the British Court, dated July 29, assured the King of France that:

"His Britannic Majesty will never recede from the entire and total cession, on the part of France, without any new limits, or any exception whatever, of all Canada with its appurtenances; and His Majesty will never relax, with regard to the full and complete cession on the part of France, of the Isle of Cape Breton, and of the other islands in the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, with the right of fishing which is inseparably incident to the possession of the aforesaid coasts, and of the canals or straits which lead to them.

"2. With respect to fixing the limits of Louisiana with regard to Canada, or the English possessions situate on the Ohio, as also on the coast of Virginia, it never can be allowed that whatever does not belong to Canada shall appertain to Louisiana, nor that the boundaries of the last Province shall extend to Virginia, or to the British possessions on the borders of the Ohio; the nations and countries which lie intermediate, and which form the true barriers between the aforesaid provinces, not being proper, on any account, to be directly or by necessary consequence ceded to France, even admitting them to be included in the limits of Louisiana."

The ultimatum of France, in reply to that of England, is dated August 5, 1761. In it

"1. The King consents to cede Canada to England in the most extensive manner

as specified in the memorial of propositions;" and he goes on to insist on certain conditions on the article of religion and to claim certain rights of fishery and harbourage; and the negotiator adds: "The King has in no part of his memorial of propositions affirmed, that all that did not belong to Canada appertained to Louisiana; it were even difficult to conceive how such an assertion could be advanced. France, on the contrary, demands that the intermediate nations between Canada and Louisiana shall be considered as neutral nations, independent of the sovereignty of the two crowns, and serve as a barrier between them. If the English Minister would have attended to the instructions of M. Bussy on this subject, he would have seen that France agreed with England as to this proposition."

The answer of the British Minister to the Ultimatum of France was delivered to M. Bussy, the French Minister in England, on the 16th August. The day before, Mr. Pitt had written to that functionary, complaining that France "arbitrarily continues to insist on objects in America which we have a right to by the *Uti possidetis*, and which would make a direct attempt on the essential rights of our conquests in Canada and its appurtenances in the Gulf of St. Lawrence." This is a reference to a demand for the restitution of Cape Breton or the Island of St. John (Prince Edward). The British answer of the 16th brings out the fact, which has been so strangely lost sight of in all subsequent discussions of the question, that the Marquis of Vaudreuil, when he surrendered the Province by capitulation to General Amherst, traced the western boundary on a map, and this map was in possession of Mr. Stanley, the British Minister sent to Paris to negotiate a peace:

"Article I. The King will not desert his claim to the entire and total cession of all Canada and its dependencies, without any limits or exceptions whatever, and likewise

insists on the complete cession of the Island of Cape Breton, and of the other islands in the gulf and river of St. Lawrence.

"Canada, according to the lines of its limits traced by the Marquis de Vaudreuil himself, when that Governor surrendered the said Province by capitulation to the British General, Sir J. Amherst, comprehends on one side the Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior; and the said line drawn to Red Lake, takes in, by a serpentine progress, the river Ouabachi, as far as its junction with the Ohio, and from thence extends itself along the latter river as far, inclusively, as its influx into the Mississippi.

"It is in conformity to this state of the limits made by the French Governor, that the King claims the cession of Canada; a Province which the Court of France, moreover, has offered anew by their *Ultimatum* to cede to His Britannic Majesty, in the most extensive manner, as expressed in the Memorial of Propositions of Peace of 13th July." \* \* \*

"Article II. As to what respects the line to be drawn from Rio-Perdido, as contained in the note remitted by M. Bussy of the 18th of this month, with regard to the limits of Louisiana, His Majesty is obliged to reject so unexpected a proposition, as by no means admissible in two respects.

"1. Because the said line, under colour of fixing the limits of Louisiana, annexes vast countries to that Province, which, with the commanding posts and forts, the Marquis de Vaudreuil has, by the most solemn capitulation, incontestibly yielded into the possession of His Britannic Majesty, *under the description of Canada*, and that consequently, however contentious the pretensions of the two Crowns may have been before the war, and particularly with respect to the course of the Ohio, and the territories in that part,\* since the surrender of

Canada, and the line of its limits has been traced, as aforesaid, by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, all those opposite titles are united, and become valid without contradiction, to confirm to Great Britain, with all the rest of Canada, the possession of those countries on that part of Ohio which have hitherto been contested.

"2. The line proposed to fix the bounds of Louisiana cannot be admitted, because it would compromise in another part, on the side of the Carolinas, very extensive countries and numerous nations, who have always been reputed to be under the protection of the King, a right which His Majesty has no intention of renouncing; and then the King, for the advantage of peace, might consent to leave the intermediate countries under the protection of Great Britain, and particularly the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Chicasaws, the Chactaws, and another nation, situate between the British settlements and the Mississippi."

The offer of England, contained in this paper, to cede to France the isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon, removed another obstacle to an agreement between the Powers, so far as related to Canada and its dependencies. The last memorial of France, delivered by M. Bussy to Mr. Pitt on the 13th September, concedes the line of western boundary traced by Vaudreuil and insisted on by England.

"Article I. The King has declared in his first Memorial, and in his *Ultimatum*, that he will cede and guarantee to England the possession of Canada, in the most ample manner; His Majesty still persists in that offer, and without discussing the line of its limits marked on a map presented by Mr. Stanley; as that line, on which England rests its demands, is without doubt the most ex-

Traité d'Utrecht, comprenoit toute la presqu' Isle; on demandait qu'aucune des deux Nations ne pu s'approprier le cours de l'Ohio, et que le pays qu'il arrose, fut également fréquenté par les deux peuples."  
—Soulluin Lumina.—Histoire de la Guerre contre les Anglais.

\* Before the war England claimed that France should appropriate neither the Ohio nor the country watered by it:—

"On pretendoit que la cession de l'Acadie, par le

tensive bound which can be given to the cession, the King is willing to grant it."

The English proposal with respect to the limits of Louisiana was agreed to; but the French objecting to what the English negotiator had proposed as to the neutral nations in the intermediate territory, wished to have an agreement expressed in the following terms:

"The intermediate savage nations between the lakes and the Mississippi, and within the line traced out, shall be neuter and independent, under the protection of the king; and those without the line, on the side of the English, shall be likewise neuter and independent, under the protection of the king of England. The English traders also shall be prohibited from going among the savage nations beyond the line on either side; and the said nations shall not be restrained in their freedom of commerce with the French and English, as they have exercised it heretofore."

At this point the negotiations were, for the time, broken off, on questions wholly foreign to the boundaries of Canada. Without the map on which the Marquis de Vaudreuil is said to have drawn the line, it is not possible to follow it in its entire length. But this is not necessary. It is sufficient for the present purpose, to trace out Red Lake, on which the line touched in its serpentine course. But the question of the authenticity of the line must first be examined. Vaudreuil, in a letter to the Duc de Choiseul, October 2, 1761, denied that he had delivered a map to General Amherst at the time of the capitulation; and added that when a British officer had brought a map to him, he had denied that the limits traced on it were correct. He admitted that Canada extended, on one side, to the "carrying place of the Miamis, which is the Height of Land whose rivers run into the Ouabache, on the one side, and on the other to the head of the river Illinois." It becomes a question of credibility between Vaudreuil and General Am-

herst; but this, however it may be decided, does not affect the question of the boundary. Nearly three weeks before Vaudreuil wrote his letter of denial, the French Government had, in direct terms, admitted the line traced on the map, in possession of Mr. Stanley, to be the true boundary of Canada, by accepting it. But if the decision rested on the credibility of the two witnesses as it does not, there would be good reasons for giving greater weight to the statement of General Amherst. Vaudreuil had fallen in to disgrace at the French court; the Bastille, soon to become his lot, already stared him in the face. He was to be put on trial, with more than fifty others, as one of the authors of "monopolies, abuses, vexations and prevarications committed in Canada;" charges but too well founded in many cases. The fines imposed and restitutions decreed amounted to nearly eleven millions and a half of francs. Vaudreuil escaped condemnation only to die of chagrin; and it is a question whether his tardy letter of denial was of any use to him, in a trial in which the majority of the accused were convicted in their absence, and practically without a hearing.

By whomsoever the line was drawn, it is sufficient that both the English and the French Governments agreed upon it, as describing the true boundary of Canada on the west. This line takes us from Red Lake to the Ouabache (Wabash)\* an In-

\* There is no doubt about the identity of the Ouabache with the Wabash. The French, when they borrowed our W., would have to follow the orthography still. De l'Isle *Carte du Canada*, 1709 marks it "Ouabache autrement appelée l'Oue de Belle Rivière"; and in his *carte de la Louisiane et du Mississippi* he still call it the Ouabache. Some English geographers called it *Ouabach*. Moll 1708, incorrectly makes it run two-thirds of the distance on the south side of the Ohio. A map illustrating one of Henipen's works (Amsterdam 1737) and showing *Le cours du Fleuve Mississippi selon les Relations le plus modernes*, marks the lower end of the Ohio, Hohio, the upper, Ouye, be whether the Wabash or the Main river it is impossible to say. The map attached to Charlevoix's *Histoire et description generale de la Nouvelle France*, 1743, by W. B. Ing. du Roy et Hydreg. de la marine, marks the north branch Oyo or Belle Rivière.

quois word which means, I am informed, a slowly flowing river. Vaudreuil, even in his letter of denial, admits that Canada went in this direction to the Miamis portage, between the Illinois and the Ouabache rivers, the course taken by La Salle in his voyage of discovery to the Mississippi. Red Lake, another point which the line struck, must be sought out. There are two lakes that bear that name; one north and the other west of Lake Superior. Isaac Long, in the map attached to his travels, (my copy is a French translation) places one of these lakes about due north of Lake Nipegon. It has disappeared from some later maps, and is apparently replaced by "Long Lake;" but in one published by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge it appears much farther west than Long placed it. It received the name of Red Lake, according to a legend which he preserves, from some Indian hunters having shot a colossal animal which had moved with slow and heavy tread along its margin, which they believed to be Matchee Manito, or the evil spirit, and of which the blood, when the monster received its death wound, coloured the waters of the lake. A line striking so far north obviously could not be the one intended to designate the western boundary of Canada. The other Red Lake is one of the sources of Red River. It is situated not at its southern extremity but at the source of one of its eastern branches. Its longitude appears, on some maps, to be a little west of the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods; on others it appears on the same meridional parallel.

On the line agreed to by the French and English Governments we have one certain point, and another which may be approximately fixed, the point on Red Lake—a body of water so small as to make it a

matter almost of indifference which side should be touched—and a point on the Wabash, near the Miamis Portage; almost certainly the south-west end of this portage. After it struck the Wabash, it continued along that river to its junction with the Ohio, and thence down the course of the Main River to the Mississippi. Northward of the Ohio, this line does not appear to have followed the Mississippi. The French memorial of the 13th September, without the aid of the marked map, throws only an obscure light on this point, when it proposes that, "The intermediate savage nations between the lakes and the Mississippi, and within the line traced out, shall be neuter and independent, under the protection of the King, and those without the line, on the side of the English, shall be likewise neuter and independent, under the protection of the King of England." The line at the first definite point where we can trace it, is drawn from Red Lake southward till it strikes the Wabash, and proceeds down that river and its parent stream, the Ohio, till the Mississippi is reached. East of this line the intermediate savage nations must be sought. With anything outside of it we have, for the present purpose, nothing to do. The object of carrying this line down the Ohio must have been to obtain a southern boundary. If it had been intended, at that time, to make the Mississippi the western boundary, the line would have been produced westward from Red Lake, and the course of the river followed to the junction with the Ohio, whence the western boundary would have been traced. But all this is really of very little importance. The essential point is to know that the western boundary of Canada went as far as Red Lake. The map on which it was traced, unless some casualty has befallen it, ought to be found in the British archives; and it might be useful as showing the exact point at which Red Lake was touched.

*Ouabach* is in the upper end, somewhat out of position. Bellecocq, translating from the English, in the second year of the French Republic, writes it *Wabac*.

The definitive treaty of Peace, Feb. 10, 1763, irrevocably fixed the limits between the French possessions and those of His Britannic Majesty, by a line drawn along the "middle of the Mississippi river, from its source to the river Iberville, and from thence by a line in the middle of that stream, and of lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, to the sea." All the French possessions on the left side of the Mississippi, except the town and island of Orleans, were ceded to England. In this session was included more than Canada. The seventh article contains a preamble which explains the reason for including a part of Louisiana: "In order to establish peace on solid and durable foundations, and to remove for ever all causes of dispute in relation to the limits between the French and British territories, on the continent of America." The designation of the limits of Canada, on the west, at the capitulation of Vaudreuil, and in the subsequent correspondence between the two courts, was not new. The map of the Academy of Sciences, (1718) makes Canada or New France extend to the head waters of the rivers that run into Lake Michigan and Green Bay (*Baye des Puans* of the French); and it includes in Louisiana all the territory west of this point, of which the rivers empty into the Mississippi.\*

The grant of Louisiana, made to Crozat, by Louis XIV, Sept 17, 1712, was not quite so extensive. It gave him the right of exclusive trade in all the French territories, bounded by New Mexico, on the side of the Spanish, and by Carolina on the side of the English; the Mississippi from the sea to the Illinois; the Wabash and Ohio, being the northern boundary, and the Illinois being excluded on the north. Under the Crozat monopoly, which proved not less intolerable to the inhabitants than profitless to the

grantee, expeditions were sent out into Illinois in search of mines.\*

After Crozat's dream of establishing an empire in the valley of the Mississippi, and possibly making his daughter the wife of a Medici, and the Mississippi company with Law and his paper bubbles had come on the scene, the limits of Louisiana were extended on the north. An *arrêt* issued on the 27th September, 1717, detaching the Illinois from Nouvelle France and incorporating it with Louisiana.\*

Then were established, substantially, the limits of Canada, on the west, which Vaudreuil is alleged to have traced on the capitulation of Montreal, and which were certainly agreed upon in the course of the same year between the Governments of France and England.

Great Britain having once become possessed of the country as far west as the Mississippi, the competence of Parliament to extend the government of Canada to that limit cannot be questioned. Did it do so in the Quebec Act? This is certainly doubtful; more than doubtful I think. When the line of boundary prescribed in that statute struck the Ohio, it went westward along that river to the Mississippi; from the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi, it went "northward" till it intersected the southern boundary of the Hudson Bay Territory. In the first case, it was to follow the course of the river; in the second, it was simply to go "northward." By the Proclamation of 1791, Canada was to include all the territory west and south of a line drawn due north from Lake Temiscaming till it reached the southern border of Hudson's Bay Territory, commonly known as Canada. How are we to know these western limits? The concurrence of the Governments of France and England in a western line of Canadian boundary is the

\*M. Garneau's reading of this map agrees with my own: that it claims as "Louisiana, du côté de l'est toutes terres dont les eaux tombent dans le Mississippi."

\*Charlevoix, Tome 4, p. 170.

\*Charlevoix, T. 4, p. 194.

best evidence we can have. It is, besides being official, the boundary which the previous owner of the country admitted, and which the new owner insisted on. That line touches at Red Lake; and if Red Lake be taken as a determinate point to which the line of the Quebec Act must be drawn, in its "northward" course, all difficulty vanishes, and there is a perfect accord between the line agreed upon between the French and English Governments and the Quebec Act and the Proclamation of 1791.

I think, then, it is a legitimate conclusion from all the facts, that Red Lake indicates the western boundary of Ontario; that all the country south of the Hudson Bay Territory, and north of the United States' boundary line, east of this point, to the meridian of Lake Temiscaming, belongs to Ontario; and that the northern boundary of Ontario must, under the tenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, be found on the height of land which separates the Arctic and the Atlantic water-sheds.

## GOOD-BYE.

BY F. A. DIXON.

SO I say good-bye to my love,  
 Here at the garden gate to-night;  
 From the little chin to the hair above,  
 All the face of my heart's delight.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

One long kiss on the lips of my sweet;  
 Ours again will never meet;  
 One more kiss on the little chin,  
 Pressing the tiny dimple in;  
 Kisses two for the dainty ears;  
 No more whispers of hopes or fears.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

One last kiss on the fair white brow;  
 No more there for ever now;  
 Two on her cheeks with their maiden down;  
 Never for me will come dimple or frown;  
 Brown hair, waving over her head,  
 You will wave when I shall be dead.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

Two soft kisses on two soft eyes,—  
 Dear love that in them lies,  
 You and I are strange from to-day,  
 You have pledged yourself away;  
 Take farewell, and let me go—  
 Whither I neither care nor know.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

DR. REINHARD.

*(Translated for the Canadian Monthly, from the German of Kleimar.)*

## CHAPTER I.

"A H, is that you, Doctor?" said a young lady, rising to welcome him.

"I was told, Miss Eva, that I should find you in the garden," he replied; so I came here and interrupted your cogitations. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she said smiling. "Do you know that at this moment I was thinking of you, and that I—but tell me first if you have seen my aunt, and how you found her?"

"The good lady is much better, and in a few days I shall be able to discontinue my visits," he answered, as he led the young lady back to her place. He held her hand in his, and the manner in which she allowed it to remain there, showed that she looked upon him as an old acquaintance. "So you were thinking of me, Miss Eva," he continued, with a softness in the tone of his question. "But then your thoughts were not of a pleasant nature, for your look was sad when I approached you."

"O, they were mingled with many remembrances," she replied. "This is my father's birthday. A year ago he was with me. A few months afterwards you led me away from his sick bed, when the news of his illness had called me home from my cousin's. I saw him then for the last time, and he died that night."

"I know it, I know it," said the Doctor, mastering his emotion with a great effort, as he saw the tears trickle down Eva's face.

"His death took me by surprise. I awoke and found myself an orphan," was her mournful rejoinder.

"Poor child!" said the Doctor, in a voice of deep sympathy.

"I only wanted to speak with him once more, just once," she continued: "to solve the mystery to which his last words had given existence in my breast—one which I dare not mention to you."

He did not reply, and she marked the shade of trouble which for a moment came over his countenance. Suddenly she turned her face towards his and said:

"I do not know why it is that my heart is so open at this moment, that I should speak to you so frankly, more frankly than I have done since my father's death. Perhaps it is because you were my father's friend. You can solve the mystery. Do not interrupt me, for I must now tell you what has troubled me so long. I know I can put my confidence in you."

"That you can," said the Doctor, warmly.

"Now for it! When I saw my father and knelt crying at his bedside, he told me, with his feeble voice, as he laid both his hands upon my forehead, 'never forget my love and be grateful to Doctor Reinhard, our dearest friend, for he saved my fortune and my honour!'"

"They were feverish thoughts, fancies of a weakened imagination, of a dying man, which, in health he would never have repeated!" exclaimed the Doctor, much moved.

"No, no! At that moment he could not be considered a dying man; he was in full possession of his faculties, and if you had not entered just then and forbidden him to speak, I should have received an explanation of his words. You led me out of the room, and I never again saw him alive. And now, Doctor, you owe me an explanation, and you must tell me the meaning of those words. I must know for what and how to

show my gratitude to you, as it was my father's will," she said, with deep emotion.

He rose and took both her hands as he exclaimed "Eva, you owe me no debt of gratitude. I give you my word that it was only his imagination, weakened by illness, that made him suppose that I was the saviour of his honour, which was as stainless as that of the best man in the world. No human being would have ever dreamed of impugning it. You must put aside every thought which could cast a doubt upon it. Such thoughts are disrespectful to his memory."

She gave him a pleasant look—"The portrait of my father lives enshrined in my memory, but since his death a cloud has covered it that has prevented me from always seeing the dear features clearly. If I cannot thank you for anything else, I shall thank you for having chased away this cloud. For this I shall always be grateful."

"I wish you would allow the matter to pass from your memory entirely, Eva; for you must know I came to hear what you have to say on a very different subject."

She looked at him with wondering expectation. He again took her hand and went on in a tone of emotion.

"Eva, since the death of your father, your aunt's house has been your home. Could you make up your mind to leave this home, to belong to one whose heart has beat for you since your childhood?"

She made no answer, but her hand trembled in his.

"Eva, I am myself the man, who loves you, whose highest wish is to call you his own, and who now asks you, can you and will you give him your hand?"

For a moment she stood astonished, almost petrified by his proposal, which took her so completely by surprise. In this man, whose age was double her own, she had seen only a fatherly friend, the friend as he had been of her father. She had trusted him with all her troubles, little and great, and

had never been deceived in him, for she always received from him comfort and sympathy. And now, suddenly, this man stood before her pleading as a lover, and thus placed himself beneath her, since from her he was to hear the words on which depended his happiness for life. Her mind could not take it in, and he marked at once the paleness that came over her cheeks. Her silence troubled him, and he continued in a nervous voice. "Have I been mistaken Eva, in supposing your heart to be free, or is it that you feel you cannot love me? If it is so, say one word and I retire; for I desire your happiness as much as my own."

While he spoke, she had regained her composure, and now for the first time ventured to raise her eyes to his; she saw his fixed upon her—those earnest eyes—with a wonderful softness of expression. Her heart seemed changed; a feeling came over her never experienced before. Why could she not love this man above all others, since he was better and nobler than all other men—him whom she had known since her father's death. The words of her departed father, too, suddenly crossed her mind. Was not the time now come for her to prove that she regarded his will as sacred?

"Speak, Eva," continued the deep voice of the Doctor, "has your heart been given to another man?"

"No," she replied, in confused accents, "it is still my own." She could say no more.

"What did I hear?" cried the Doctor, deeply moved. In lieu of an answer she laid her hand in his.

"You will give it me, Eva?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone.

He made a movement as though to clasp her in his arms, but checked the impulse, and said, with a voice almost inarticulate with emotion.

"No, no, Eva, you ought not and you must not decide so quickly. It would be wrong in me to ask an answer now, when



you are so taken by surprise as I must own to myself that you are. I will give you as long a time as you please to examine your heart; and if you tell me that you cannot love me, I promise not to seek to win you. On the other hand, when you have once spoken the word which unites us, I shall look upon you as mine, and mine alone, to my life's end. And now, above all things, be open and candid with me and with yourself. Search well and see whether there is not in your heart the image of another man not to be supplanted by mine."

She laughed, blushed and said, "I will frankly tell you that, as a girl of fourteen and in a childish way, I loved my cousin Albert."

"And your cousin?" he asked, a little disturbed.

"Ah, that was just the point," she replied, half laughing, "he never noticed me, he had no suspicion how much his little cousin admired him, he had eyes only for grown-up beauties, with whom the handsome young lieutenant was very successful."

"Eva, how has it been since you have grown to be a young lady?"

"O, from that time I have thought no more of him," she replied carelessly, "besides we have not seen each other for a long time. When he was here to see his mother, just before my father's death, I, as you know, was staying with a friend."

"And is it true that he is expected here?" asked the Doctor, quickly.

"His last letter announced the return of the expedition which he accompanied from the Eastern seas. But I can scarcely say I am glad he is coming home, for what I have heard of him is not very favourable. His wildness it seems has been boundless; and life, it seems to me, can be happy only when one can really rely upon some support."

"Eva, that you shall find in me," he could not help saying with all the warmth of his feelings. He suppressed other words which came to his lips. Only in his eyes could she read, "may it soon be mine to support you."

He gave her his hand and took leave, saying:

"Eva, look well into your heart, and when you have once decided, let me know it without delay." She gave him a loving look, as though her choice were already made. Indeed she could not see why she should not say the decisive word at once. But he wished it otherwise, and as she had always been accustomed to follow his opinion and advice, she would not contend against his wish on this occasion.

Her eyes followed him as he passed out of sight, and dwelt with pleasure on his stately figure and manly bearing. She thought too of the high estimation in which he was held by the world, and asked herself what the world would say when it was told of their engagement. She heard herself congratulated on her good fortune, and felt exalted and humbled at once, by being chosen by a man of so much importance as his bride. Bride! She smiled involuntarily at the word.

"He is so good, he loves me so deeply," she repeated, till tears came into her eyes.

She longed to tell her secret to some one, but she felt that she could not yet speak of it at home; so much the less as her aunt's state was such that any excitement might lead to a relapse. "To my father," she said in a low voice, and taking up her hat, which lay near her, she slipped unobserved through a side-door of the garden, and bent her steps to the neighbouring place of rest, where the heart which was dearest to her slept beneath the green-sward.

Nearly an hour later she returned to her aunt's house, where she met a servant who told her that her aunt had been inquiring for her, and begged her to come to her room. "There is a visitor," she added, laughing, "but I must not tell who it is."

As Eva entered her aunt's room, a young man in the brilliant uniform of the Royal Navy rose from a sofa, and advancing quickly to meet her, put out his hand to her without speaking a word.

"O, cousin Albert!" she exclaimed, as she looked into a pair of dark eyes which were fixed upon her, while a brightness came over the handsome features of the young man.

"It is pleasant to hear you welcome me home, Eva—pleasant to see you here in my mother's house."

And then he seemed to remember a painful association which his words might recall. With a quick glance he said "forgive me," bent his head and kissed her hand.

She was pleased by his recollection of her bereavement, and replied: "I feel myself happy in not being left utterly alone; and though my father is dead, I have still kind hearts to protect and love me."

"There are many, Eva. I know nothing in the world dearer to me than your happiness."

She looked at him a little surprised at his speaking with a warmth of feeling for which she hardly gave him credit, after all she had heard of his past life. At this point her aunt interrupted the conversation. She had watched their meeting not without emotion.

"I call this a surprise," she said gaily, "which Albert has prepared for us. I did not expect him for weeks, when suddenly he appeared before me, without having given the least notice of his return."

"I received," said Albert, "quite unexpectedly a furlough on the return of the expedition, and of course hastened home as fast as possible to see you and Eva, and"—he did not finish the sentence, but walked quickly up and down the room.

There was something strange in his manner. His questions and answers were short and abrupt; so much so, that his mother shook her head and said:

"Albert, in former days you were not thus; you are greatly changed."

He gave a forced laugh. "Change is the law of the world. It is the same with men. Since those days a year has passed, and I

have spent it on the stormy sea. After so much experience, one divines the rest."

His mother did not understand him. She only marked a momentary cloud which passed over his brow. The change in his expression did not escape Eva's eyes; it was painful to her to be with him, and she took advantage of the first opportunity to escape to her room. He followed her with his eyes, and his mother who watched him closely, seeing his face brighten, ventured to ask him "how he liked her Eva?"

"She is beautiful, and seems as charming as she is beautiful."

She smiled with pleasure. "Since last year your taste has changed for the better. A year ago, you know, you said that such fair-haired beauties could never entrap your heart, and that were she ten times more lovely than she was, she could not compare with the dark tresses of Emily Waldow."

The young man blushed. "Pray, mother, do not speak of that. It is past and must be forgotten. Tell me what you were going to tell me, when Eva's entrance broke off our conversation—how she came here, what sad accident made her an orphan."

"You heard that her father's death was caused by the bursting of a blood-vessel, the day after your departure. I wrote to you at the time about it."

"You did," he answered hastily. "I received the letter on the day we sailed. I could not reply at the time. But there were many details which you did not give me. You did not say whether the bursting of the blood-vessel was owing to any particular excitement."

"Your question," said his mother, "recalls to my mind a singular circumstance. That evening, as I entered the room of my brother-in-law, I heard him say to Dr. Reinhard, who had not left him since the beginning of his illness, 'You will promise me, Doctor, that the whole transaction shall remain a secret.' To which the Doctor answered, 'upon my word of honour.' I often

thought of those words afterwards, and once ventured to ask Dr. Reinhard the meaning of them, particularly as I had involuntarily connected them with the cause of my brother-in-law's illness. But the Doctor assured me that it was only a personal matter between of himself and his friend, and that he had given his word to keep it secret."

Albert listened in silence to this account. Then he asked, "What sort of person is this Dr. Reinhard?"

"He is an eminent physician, and a man honoured by all," replied his mother warmly. "Since the death of your uncle I have chosen him as my family physician, and during my illness I have had every reason to be satisfied with my choice. Besides, Eva has in him a fatherly friend."

"Eva," exclaimed the young man—and it appeared to his mother that he was in a hurry to return to that subject—"how did she bear the death of her father?"

"She, poor child! She was overpowered with grief, and would have been forlorn in the wide world if the Doctor and I had not comforted her. I was anxious, too, at that time about her circumstances, for her father, as I wrote you word, died not nearly so rich as I and the world believed him to be. The only thing which he left, in fact, was an honourable name, and if you had not generously given up to her the thirty thousand dollars which came to you under his will, she would have been penniless."

While his mother was speaking the young man had turned away his face. At her last words he turned quickly round and said, "Mother, no more of that. It must never be mentioned. It was not a great sacrifice, for you know at that time I came of age, and inherited six times as much. It is my wish that she may know nothing of the gift."

"She knows nothing about it, and thinks that the money is her inheritance. The Doctor alone knows the truth."

"The Doctor, always the Doctor," exclaimed Albert, impatiently. He was going

to say more, but Eva entered the room. At her appearance his eyes lightened up as they had done when he first saw her, and his voice, when he spoke to her, was soft and full of melody. As he talked to her she could not help thinking of another soft voice which had so surprised her that day, and the portrait of her friend rose before her. She compared it with the elegant form of her cousin, and asked herself why it was that the appearance of Albert did not produce a favourable impression on her, when she could not but own that his fine figure and handsome face threw Dr. Reinhard in the shade. Even his eyes, so beautiful, and bent with so much sympathy upon her, disquieted her by the fire which burned in them. But when he spoke of his voyages, when he talked about the strange lands and people he had seen, when he told the exciting story of a storm which had nearly wrecked their ship, her attention was fixed and she hung upon his lips. But when he had ended and was himself again, she could not help saying, "Heaven be praised, Dr. Reinhard is not like Albert! What a difference there is between his sedateness and this passionate creature!" Then she asked herself how the two men would get on together, whether she could look for friendship or harmony between them, and she looked forward with great anxiety to their meeting.

The next morning the Doctor paid his patient his usual visit. He entered the room ignorant that Albert was there.

"Dr. Reinhard—my son Albert." Eva, who blushed at the entrance of Dr. Reinhard, looked anxiously from one to the other, and was sorry to see how coldly they received the introduction.

## CHAPTER II.

"I REMEMBER having seen Lieutenant Wallberg at his uncle's," said the Doctor—"the day before his illness. You left his room as I entered." The words

were uttered coldly but in no offensive manner, and Eva saw nothing in them to produce the expression which showed itself on Albert's face.

"I admire your memory, Doctor; my own, I am sorry to say, is not so good. Meetings of this kind easily escape from it."

"The reason perhaps lies in your mode of life. You live on shifting seas. We who live on *terra firma* remember whether we will or not," was the Doctor's quiet reply. Having said which he turned round to pay the usual compliments and inquire about his patient's health. A few minutes afterwards he took leave without having said anything to Eva beyond a hurried adieu in passing. Only for a moment his glance rested on her with a peculiar expression. She knew the meaning of it—"Decide without delay."

"If there ever was a disagreeable man, it is this Dr. Reinhard," Albert exclaimed angrily as soon as the door was closed. Surprised and troubled, Eva looked up and debated within herself whether she should ask the reason of this uncalled for hatred. But her aunt anticipated her.

"A strange prejudice, Albert, and one of which I highly disapprove; for surely there was nothing offensive in his conduct to you. You should consider."

"Oh no, mother, do not ask me to consider," he broke in half laughing. "Considering is not in my line. Thinking disturbs my head and heart. I can only feel. By sympathy or antipathy I must act, right or wrong. I will bet that my cousin agrees with me"—turning to Eva—"young ladies are seldom addicted to thinking."

Eva's answer was vague. She was again at a loss to understand Albert, and moreover she was vexed with him. He saw her displeasure, and at once changed his manner and the subject of conversation, showing himself thereby in the best light, so that Eva gradually forgot her vexation; and when they parted, if she was not in a good humour, she was not in a bad one. During the fol-

lowing day she had no opportunity of talking to the Doctor, for when he came to the house Albert was always there.

Albert's ways and humours were the less intelligible to her the more she thought about them; and, strange as it was, she had always to ask herself from what cause the restless agitation of his manner could arise. She would not have been a girl if she had not connected it with love, and she thought of Emily Waldow, with whom he had been so desperately in love a year before. It happened that on one of the following days she was to be an eye-witness of their meeting, for she had been invited with Albert and his mother to a house where the young lady was also to be. She was grieved to see the air of indifference with which her cousin passed by Miss Waldow, whom he scarcely seemed to recognize, while Miss Waldow with difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her surprise at his manner.

She observed herself the deep frown which remained upon his brow that day in spite of the tone of reckless gaiety which he assumed, and she asked herself again what it could be that thus changed his manner, bred bitterness in his heart, and had also turned the current of his love. The racking of her brains about Albert's state of mind affected her own, and she often longed to have a *tête-à-tête* with him, thinking that she might be able to deliver him from these strange humours, which pained her more and more. She would have given a great deal if she could have spoken to him on the spot about it, and she was angry with him for not forcing it upon her. But at other times she thought she saw the Doctor's earnest eyes fixed upon her with the saddest expression, telling her that he left her entirely free, while she had to reproach herself with failing to let him know that she accepted his hand. She at once sat down and wrote him her acceptance, with a prayer to God that it might be for the happiness of both. At that

moment she seemed to enter into some of the bliss to come. She felt at least calmer in spirit since the letter had been sent.

The servant who carried the letter returned, and told her mistress that the Doctor was not at home, but that in a few hours he would return and the letter would be in his hands. Eva pictured him to herself receiving and reading it; she reckoned the time that must pass before he could come to embrace her as his future wife; and she felt happy in having placed herself under such a protector. While her thoughts were running in this channel the door opened and Albert came in. His face showed signs of more than ordinary excitement, and his dark eye flashed more than usual.

"Are you alone, cousin Eva?" he said.

"Alone with my thoughts," she replied, trying to steal a look at him, for his glance disturbed her.

"I would fain know those thoughts," he said, placing himself before her. "I would fain know—I hope I am not impertinent in asking—whether in those thoughts I occupy any place?"

His words sent the blood into her face.

"I do not hold myself bound to make known to you what passes in my mind, Albert."

"O, I know very well, Eva, that it is something concerning your heart," he exclaimed with an air of excitement; "with ladies thoughts are feelings. It is for this reason that I dared to ask that question, and dare it again. I must know, Eva, whether I may hope that your heart has responded to mine."

"Alfred!" she cried with an almost frantic look.

He clasped both her hands, and cried in accents of passion, "Eva, it cannot be otherwise; the word is on your lips: tell me that you are mine, that you will be mine for ever."

She drew her hand across her forehead as though she wanted to drive away some evil

dream, and looked at him with surprise and dismay.

"Speak, Eva, I can bear this silence no longer."

"Albert, my word has been given to Dr. Reinhard. I am his betrothed."

With a wild cry he sprang up. Reinhard: It cannot be, Eva. Tell me that you are only tormenting me. Is it possible that you can love Dr. Reinhard? Answer me and truly, for the happiness and destiny of a human being hang upon your words."

"He is the noblest and best of men, Albert."

He stamped his foot. "I do not wish to be told that. Do you love him?"

She looked him straight in the face and said: "If I had not loved him, should I have given him my hand?"

"O, the hand may be given without the heart," he said with a sardonic smile. Then, in a lower tone—"Eva, my heart tells me that you do not love that man. You respect and honour him, but you do not love him; and to be happy you must love. Eva, you do not know your own heart."

"Oh! Albert, why do you question me thus?" she said sobbing.

"You cannot answer, because you have been deceiving yourself," he cried, in a tone of exultation, "because Dr. Reinhard is not the object of your love. Will you be mine, Eva? I place my heart and my destiny at your feet, and I declare that if they are not accepted, my doom is sealed."

"You ask that which is impossible, which has been impossible for the last hour. This morning I wrote to Dr. Reinhard that I would be his."

Again a cry escaped him. "And why is Dr. Reinhard not with you? Where is he?"

In a few words she explained the reason. As he heard it, his brow cleared a little.

"If you had not sent this note—if you had not given him your word, what answer would you make to me? I ought to and must know."

"Then, Albert"—her feelings overcame her, and she could say no more.

"Then, Eva, then?"

"Do not torture me, Albert. I cannot and dare not answer you." And tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Eva, you are and shall be mine, let what will betide," he cried joyfully; drew her tenderly into his arms; then at once released her and disappeared.

Dr. Reinhard finished his round of visits earlier than usual that day, returned to his room, and found among the letters on his table one from Eva. He opened it, and joy spread over his grave features. "God be praised," he murmured, "my suspicions are groundless. Poor little heart, what confidence she has in me! May God help me that she may never be betrayed." He rested his head upon his hand, and looked thoughtfully before him, while his face brightened as he saw rise before his mind the picture of a happy future. Carried away by his thoughts he forgot the present. At length he rose and said, "Fool that I am, to dream over such good fortune instead of grasping it. To her!" He took his hat, when another visitor was announced and Albert entered.

With a quick glance he scanned the Doctor's face, and as he saw the look of happiness which it wore, and which his unwelcome visit could not alter, he involuntarily bit his lip.

"Have you received and read a letter from my cousin Eva?" he asked, after their first mute recognition.

Reinhard looked at him with surprise. "I will not refuse to answer your strange question. I have received a letter from Miss Eva."

"I know the contents of it," exclaimed Albert, greatly excited. "I came to tell you" —

"What?" asked the Doctor.

"This, that the letter gives you no claim upon her hand. I will myself contest it

with you, if it comes to that. Eva must hear me. She must be mine, if I have to struggle against heaven and hell for her."

The Doctor fixed on his rival a cold, calm look. "I will not inquire, Lieutenant, whether it is fever or madness that makes you speak as you do. But I am happy in the knowledge that Eva is not under your influence, and that it is therefore useless for me to accept your challenge."

"Oh! you do not know Eva's heart," Albert replied angrily, "or you would not speak so proudly. Do you know that within this hour I have spoken to her, and that I am as certain that Eva's heart belongs to me as I am of God's mercy."

The Doctor turned pale, but he said with confidence, "I have her word in my hand. A girl like Eva does not lie."

"No, but she can deceive herself, be blind to her own good till the band falls from her eyes."

"Rather say," interrupted the Doctor in a cutting tone, "till your reckless hand tore it from her eyes to bind them again with illusion and deceit."

"Sir!" said Albert, wild with rage. But he soon controlled himself and spoke in a calm tone. "I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may name."

Reinhard measured him with a contemptuous look, and replied coldly, "You will not succeed in forcing me to commit a mad act, Lieutenant, any more than you have succeeded in making me doubt Eva. I will take no notice of what has passed behind my back till I have heard it from her lips. Till then let all remain as it is."

"So be it!" said Albert. "Speak to her, for sure I am that she will tell you what you wish to know. I will now begone, that I may not stand in the way of a speedy decision."

"I must request your presence for one moment more," said Reinhard. "Whatever may be the result of Eva's explanation, I hope and feel that we two shall have had our last

interview. This being so, something remains for me to do. I have to restore to you a part of your inheritance which chanced a year ago"—he laid a strong emphasis on the last words—"to fall into my hands, and which I have been keeping carefully to be sooner or later returned to you."

He went to his writing-table, opened a drawer, and took out a paper parcel which, when unfolded, disclosed a white glove such as is worn by officers of the navy. He presented it to Albert and drew his attention to the initials *A. v. H.*, which were worked on it. "I found it in your uncle's office as I hurried to his sick bed, and picked it up to prevent its being seen by less discreet eyes."

A spasm passed over Albert's face, and a glance shot from his eye like that of the tiger when about to spring upon its prey. But with the swiftness of lightning it was gone, and his face was as calm as his voice when he answered: "I thank you for having so conscientiously preserved so insignificant an object; and though I attach no value to it, I shall know how to return your kindness."

He bowed with the self-possession of a man of the world, and left the room. The Doctor watched his retreating figure with darkening brow, and said in a bitter tone. "So he is not to be conquered in this way. He has picked up the glove. So be it—the struggle has commenced."

He went to Eva.

After Albert's departure Eva had remained in an agony of mind. What would be the end of all this? What would become of her? What had become of the happiness that had been hers an hour ago? All seemed like a dream. She almost wished for death to release her. But amidst all her pain she was happy in the thought that Albert loved her. Whether she loved him she did not distinctly know. She did not dare to question herself closely; for to marry Doctor Reinhard appeared to her a sacred duty which must be performed. But then she pitied Albert so much, unhappy as he was

on her account, and she would have given her life cheerfully to restore his peace of mind. And in this mood she was to meet Dr. Reinhard, who came to claim her as his bride. Trembling with anxiety she awaited his coming, and shook with fear when she heard his step. The door opened, and his commanding form was on the threshold. "Eva, I have received your letter, and I have also spoken with your cousin Albert. Say that all he has told me is untrue. His voice was firm at the commencement, but grew tender and mournful as he uttered the last words, every accent of which sank deep into her heart.

"O, Dr. Reinhard, I did not know when I wrote to you."

"Know what, Eva," he said tenderly.

"That Albert loved me—that he could not live without me."

"And you, Eva, what did you say to him. Answer me as you would answer God on the last day! Did you tell him that his love was returned?"

"No, no, Dr. Reinhard, I only mourned that I could not help him."

He breathed more freely and said, "God stood by you, Eva, in the hour of temptation. He will help me to sustain you with true love. The sorrow you now feel will disappear, and then you will forget your cousin."

She looked at him with astonishment.

"Forget! That is impossible, Doctor."

"And how will you think of him?"

"With numberless tears—with prayers that God may bless him, even if it should cost my happiness and life."

"Eva, you love him," the Doctor said in despair.

She drew her hand across her forehead and said:

"May God and you forgive me, for I believe that it is love."

"Unhappy girl, you do not know the man you love," exclaimed the Doctor in agony.

"Dr. Reinhard!" was Eva's only exclamation as she laid her hand upon her heart.

"Think of your father," he cried, "and ask yourself whether he would approve your choice. I, as his oldest and most confidential friend, believe that he never would have sanctioned this match."

"As for him," said Eva, "if I did not myself know that he regarded Albert as his only son, the respect and sorrow with which Albert speaks of my father would be enough."

"Perhaps such was their relation once; but during Albert's last visit you were absent. You told me yourself that he did not leave a favourable impression upon you. Perhaps it may have been the same with your father."

She almost smiled, so certain did she feel, as she replied, "My father had an affection for him which, as he himself said, amounted to a weakness. I have often read, and re-read," she continued blushing—"the letter in which he speaks of it, and says how his honest and generous heart appears in spite of all his mad pranks. O, my father knew him better than one who can speak ill of him, though I even trusted his opinion more than that of my deceased parent."

"How do you know that your father did not change his opinion?"

"The letter was written on the very day on which he was taken ill," Eva said abruptly, as if she wished to stop any further questions.

"Hours, a whole day, intervened," he said sternly. "A moment will bring to light the character of a man in whom we have been deceived for years."

Her face grew crimson, and she looked at Dr. Reinhard indignantly. "Dr. Reinhard," she said, "you know not how much you grieve me. You show yourself in a new light, and one of which I had not thought you capable. I deemed you a gentleman and a noble-minded man."

He turned away and struggled to obtain

control over himself; then came up to her, took her hand and said, "Eva, I must resign you, but let me have the comfort of knowing that you have not thrown yourself away. I cannot, I dare not say any more, but let me beg you once again to heed my words."

"Dr. Reinhard," she said proudly, "I will pardon what you say on account of the pain I cause you, and also for this reason," she continued kindling with enthusiasm, "because you have been the means of showing me how much I love Albert. I did not know it an hour ago. And now I tell you that if Albert had committed a dreadful crime, if all the world was against him, I would be his; for my heart says his I am and his I must be."

"You know not what you say. This cannot be," said the Doctor passionately.

"It is and shall be," she firmly replied.

"Then we go different ways," he replied sorrowfully, "I have nothing more to say."

"I have something to say to you. Be to me what you once were—my friend."

She offered him both her hands, but he turned away and a stern expression gathered round his mouth as he said, "I am not capable of half-way feelings. I should not like to interfere with others; therefore it is better that we should be strangers to each other henceforth."

"You are angry with me," she said sorrowfully.

She was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "I am far more angry with myself for thinking that a beautiful young creature like you could love an old man like me. Now I have suffered for my presumption, and will try to forget."

She grasped his hand, which was not withdrawn, and felt that it was as cold as ice between her burning fingers. The next moment Eva was alone. She gave vent to her feelings by tears, more grieved at the loss of her friend than happy that she was free.

A little while after the departure of the



Doctor, Albert entered, and asked anxiously "Is my fate decided?"

She threw herself into his arms. "Yes, Albert, I gave up everything to become yours."

Tears ran down his cheeks as he pressed her closer to his heart and said, with trembling voice, "May Heaven's curse be upon me if I do not love and cherish you through life."

### CHAPTER III.

SOON after their marriage the young pair had removed to a sea-port, whither Albert had been called by his profession. Eva was glad to leave the old place, it was connected with such painful reminiscences. Nor was Albert sorry to depart. By his marriage with Eva he had fulfilled his mother's dearest desire, and, as she did not wish to be separated from her children, she had followed them to their new home. Death soon took her from them, but she died believing that they were and would be happy. She had not even a suspicion of what had passed between Doctor Reinhard and Eva.

Whether Albert kept the oath he had sworn through their wedded life—who can tell?

If you saw the tenderness he showed her, how devoted he was to her, how constant the attention he paid to her, you would not doubt that he loved her as well as he did on the day when he pleaded for her hand. But if you looked more closely you would doubt whether they were really happy. The childlike expression of Eva's face had long since vanished, and been replaced by one almost mournful. It is true that her lips never betrayed the feelings of her heart. She never complained of her husband, but she could not help owning to herself that she had not succeeded in moderating Albert's moody nature and making it harmonize with her own. If she had ever confidently hoped

that her love for him, and his for her was strong enough to banish the dark humours which at times took possession of him, she had now to acknowledge to herself that it was too weak to vanquish the demon in his breast, and that it was out of her power to exercise a constant influence over him.

By slow degrees she had given up these hopes. In the moments when he seemed to surrender his whole being to her, she regained courage and sought again to influence him; but at length the instruments she used grew weaker and weaker.

Her looks never betrayed this, and the world regarded Albert as the happy husband of a beautiful and accomplished wife; while Eva was envied the possession of him, for everybody liked Albert, with his pleasant manners, his politeness, his amiability, his good looks. In the most aristocratic circles of the city the young pair were to be seen: their popularity was universal. Eva would have preferred a quiet life, but Albert liked company, and she cheerfully accompanied him to the various places of amusement.

One day Albert and Eva entertained a brilliant party, composed chiefly of naval officers and their families. That day Albert was in particularly good spirits, and Eva saw with pleasure that he had laid aside his usual gloom and was making himself agreeable and even fascinating. He was standing in the midst of a group of officers and her ear and heart were cheered by his merry laugh, which again and again rang out.

At this moment another naval officer, one whom she had never seen before, entered and addressed Count Wallberg.

"Wallberg, give me a welcome," as he offered him his hand.

In an instant the gaiety vanished from Albert's face, which became very pale. However, he soon recovered himself, and she heard him ask: "Must I believe in ghosts? Where did you come from, Rosen?"

"Direct from Japan," he replied, and after

he had saluted the other gentlemen, continued "I asked for leave of absence and got it, for family affairs required my immediate return, and while the *Arctusa* is still stationed for a year off the coast of Japan, I landed here this morning."

For a time the conversation was general, and the subject appeared to be the expedition, but after a few minutes Eva remarked that Rosen laid his hand on Albert's shoulder and said "I hear, old fellow, that you have married, and that your wife is in this room; so please give me an introduction to her."

It seemed to Eva that Albert did not much like this proposal, for his brow darkened, and the frown which had caused her so much anxiety reappeared upon his face as he introduced his friend, Captain Rosen.

Rosen did not heed his humor, and after the usual compliments he seated himself beside Eva and commenced conversing with her in so free a way that Albert attributed his manner to his having taken a more than ordinary quantity of wine. He tried in different ways to draw him off, but Rosen would not be persuaded to follow him; he was too agreeably placed. Soon he began to joke about Albert's expression of face. "Look, my lady," he said to Eva, "what a sardonic look he can put on now; yet I can tell you that two years ago he was the gayest bird amongst us. He, too, has had his day of pranks and follies. Do you remember the gay nights we spent at the card table, Wallberg? Aha, you need not stare at me so angrily. These peccadilloes, of which I am peaching, are all past and forgiven. I hear that since your marriage you have been very religious, and never touch cards or dice. But, parbleu, in old times did we not outwit the straitlaced old Admiral?"

"Rosen, you forget that my wife hears us," Albert said, scarcely able to speak.

"Pooh, your lovely wife does not look as if she were given to curtain lectures. I will

wager that she will pardon you for your black eyes, as many a lady has done."

"Rosen, let these remembrances drop till we two are alone."

"Why let them drop, Wallberg, since they come to my mind at this moment? Why should I not dwell on them, and thank you for having saved the honour of both of us at that time. A rich uncle and guardian is a very useful personage when one knows how to manage him skilfully."

Albert had grown pale as death and his eyes glared fiercely.

"Rosen," he said, "I forbid you to speak of such things. Do you hear, 'I forbid you.'"

These words served to recall Rosen to his senses. He sprang up, gave a glance at Eva, who was as white as snow, and whispered to her husband, "I will say no more now, on account of your wife, but we shall meet again"—and immediately made his exit through a side door. Fortunately no one had witnessed the scene, for the dancing in the next room had attracted the company thither. Only afterwards some one noticed that Albert leaned over his wife, and that she at once took his arm and was led out of the room. He told some of the guests that it was the heat of the room which affected his wife, and that she would have to rest for a few moments. And in truth, the fright had so wrought upon her that she was suffering greatly, and did not feel relief till she had reached the quiet of her room. Albert paid her all the attention of which his nature was capable. "Poor little birdie," he said, as he pressed her head close to his breast, "did the man's coarseness frighten you? Let your head rest here till you are well again."

But how was she to quiet her heart, that beat so violently? "What was it, Albert, what does it all mean?" she at length summoned courage to ask.

"What unheard of folly in Rosen," he replied, "to be recalling a by-gone time and

old pranks. For is it not true, Eva, that all—*all* my sins are forgiven?”

“All!” replied Eva, and she twined her arms around his neck, “even though they were ten times as numerous as that man would make one think.”

He kissed her tenderly, called her by a thousand loving names, and at length succeeded in making her forget the principal cause of her grief. Only her weary frame showed the trace of what had passed, and following Albert's advice, she retired to her bedroom to try and sleep, that she might banish all vestige of the conversation from her memory. He accompanied her to her bedroom, pressed her once more to his heart, kissed her beautiful hair and eyes over and over again, with an affection of which Eva had not thought him capable. As soon as she had retired to rest Albert left the house. But she was soon folded in sleep, and realities and imaginings were alike forgotten.

She slept later than usual the next morning, and did not awake till the servant rushed in crying, “My lady, get up: something has happened.”

“In the name of Heaven what has happened? Where is my husband?”

“He is sick—I believe wounded,” stammered the servant.

Eva shrieked, and a flood of questions poured from her lips, which the bewildered servant could neither comprehend nor answer.

“I will come,” she said at length, and hastily putting on her clothes, was on the point of leaving the room when the family physician, Dr. H., was announced. “What has happened?” she asked as he entered. The Doctor closed the door, and said in a gentle voice:

“Collect yourself, that you may be able to bear what I must tell you.”

“Albert—my husband?” she stammered.

“He has had a meeting with a brother

officer, and has received a wound from a pistol bullet.”

She trembled, but that was all. “Is it dangerous?” she asked.

“Yes, my lady.”

“Any hope?”

The physician shrugged his shoulders. “By God's help every thing is possible.”

She shook so violently that he was obliged to support her with his arm. After a few seconds she said, firmly, “Lead me to him.”

When she saw before her the figure of her husband, pale and motionless, swathed in white bandages, she fell senseless upon his bed. He feebly smiled, laid his hand upon her head, and said in a weak voice, “Poor child, I am dying.” The wild shriek which she gave alarmed the physician, who begged her to spare the patient any needless pain. The dying man only shook his head and grasped her hand tightly. “Do not leave me for a moment.”

She could not answer, but leaned over him and kissed his forehead, mouth and hands. At length she rose and asked the physician whether she could do anything for him. “Nothing,” replied the physician, “only remain quiet.”

And quietly she remained by him for long long hours—dreadful hours—during which he was motionless, and seemed to sleep. It would have been difficult to say which of the two appeared the more lifeless. At length he grew restless, and his features were convulsed as if in agony. He opened his eyes and gazed long on the face of his beloved then whispered, “Let us be alone, Eva, entirely alone. Do you understand me?”

She motioned to the servants to leave the room. The physician had already left, saying as he went that for the moment his help was useless, and he would soon return. She leant over him tenderly, and asked whether he had anything to communicate to her.

“I have to confess, for before death comes confession, Eva; and it is a sore one,” he added with a sigh.

“Confide in God,” she pleaded, trembling.

“No, no, Eva, you must hear it. Rosen can rest content with the part he knew, but you must know all.”

“Let it alone, Albert; spare me.”

“Spare you!” he exclaimed with an un-  
earthly laugh. “Do you think that because  
the flame is unseen it burns less fiercely.  
No, let me speak. You have heard that  
we played, drank, gambled, and at last lost  
every thing, and should have been cashiered,  
for we owed ten thousand dollars, and the  
scoundrel in whose debt we were threatened  
us with imprisonment. Rosen came to see  
me. I was then on a visit to my mother.  
We were both desperate, and I vowed that  
I would help both of us. My twenty-first  
birthday was near, and I should receive my  
inheritance of thirty thousand dollars, of  
which my uncle was trustee. I demanded  
the sum of my uncle; he refused to give it  
me. I insisted; he remained firm. Per-  
haps he did not believe that I needed it so  
much; perhaps he could not really help me.  
But I thought he was rich, and knew that as  
a Crown official he had just received ten  
thousand dollars—a sum sufficient to save  
me. My importunity enraged him. He  
called it dishonesty, and said that he had to  
hand the money over to the authorities the  
next morning, and that he could not tarnish  
his honour. I was beside myself—mad. I  
resolved on a desperate course. My leave  
had expired, the next day I was to be on  
board, and during the night—but give me  
water, the words which I am uttering burn  
my lips.”

With trembling hands she brought him  
the refreshing drink, thinking with bitterness  
upon what he was going to reveal.

“During the night,” Albert continued, as  
soon as he recovered from the exhaustion  
caused by his disclosures, “we returned once  
more. I knew where the safe stood in which  
the money was kept, and only a slight pres-  
sure of the hand was needed to open it.”

“Albert,” cried Eva! “in Heaven’s name,  
you did not do it?”

“I did worse: I took the money. Do  
you hear. I appropriated it, and gave it to  
Rosen, and we redeemed our lost honour.  
Our lost honour, that would be so redeemed!  
Why do you stare at me, Eva, have you never  
seen a man who has committed theft? Now  
attend to my words. I did not know that  
the attack had been brought on the old  
gentleman by his having been robbed, and  
hearing who had robbed him. But Dr.  
Reinhard was in possession of the secret,  
and for this I hated him through life, and  
hate him now upon my deathbed. But I  
loved my uncle, though I was the chief cause  
of his death. I loved him as a bad son does  
his father. I intended to confess all to him,  
and to beg him to make up the loss out of  
my inheritance, but his death prevented me.  
O, I could weep now for him as you do, if  
the tears had not dried in my eyes since I  
became a scoundrel. Eva, do you think  
that I shall ever weep again?”

“O, yes, Albert, our Father in Heaven  
will pardon you, and relieve you of the bur-  
den of your sins.”

“Do you think so, Eva? I, too, for a while  
hoped for forgiveness, and thought it would  
come through you, and that for that reason  
you must needs be mine. I had robbed  
you of all worldly joys, killed your father  
indirectly, ruined myself, but you must be  
happy, and no other being but myself should  
watch over your happiness. Once when you  
were a child I had laughed at you for loving  
me. All these things rose before my mind,  
and I swore that you should be my wife.”

“And was it for this,” poor Eva said to  
herself, “that I became his wife; was it for  
this that I broke my faith to Doctor Rein-  
hard? O, Albert, was it then not be-  
cause you loved me?” she asked.

The invalid was silent for a moment. The  
colour in his face heightened, and his  
thoughts seemed to be wandering.

“Love,” he whispered, “how fondly I

loved her, with her tresses of jet-black hair and dark eyes ! More beautiful than you, Eva, almost. But what was Emmy Waldow to me if I could win you, Eva ?”

“May God forsake me not,” murmured the unhappy woman.

“All is over now,” he said, wandering in mind, as he moved his head restlessly about, “and Eva is gone ; but when she returns tell her that she has been my guardian angel, my good spirit ; that she saved my soul from perdition.”

“Albert,” she cried, “these words save me from despair.”

He opened his eyes for the last time, looked at her tenderly and stammered “Forgive me, Eva, and pray for me.”

“Father in Heaven, have mercy upon us !”

When the physician returned to look after his patient, he found Eva lying over his corpse in a swoon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IN the city deep sympathy was felt for the young widow, whom the death of her husband had brought so near the grave. Grief had laid her upon a sick bed, where she hung for weeks between life and death ; and when she rose from it, months had elapsed since the death of Albert. When she came again into the world, she was pale, quiet and reserved, shunned speaking about her deceased husband, and showed a great desire to leave the city, so much so that she became impatient at the physician’s delay in allowing her to depart. At length she told him she could wait no longer, and intended to start next morning.

Dr. Reinhard was sitting in his study, surrounded with books and papers, when it was announced that a lady wished to speak with him. He was not at all surprised, for it was not uncommon for ladies of rank to visit the busy physician in his office, in

order to obtain his advice more quickly. He thought it was a visit of this description. But when the lady who had been announced entered, dressed entirely in black, and removed the veil from her face, he started back, and the pen dropped from his ear as he recognized her. “Eva—Madame de Wallberg !” he exclaimed, half aloud.

Her eyes, which in her now worn and pale face seemed larger than ever, looked at him piteously as she said, “Reinhard, do not be angry with me. I have a painful duty to perform, and this it is which brings me to you.”

Meantime Dr. Reinhard had reseated himself. “I have heard,” he said, with feeling, “of your loss.”

“I have much to bear, and perhaps I may never be free from sorrow. If you have any sympathy for me, permit me to explain clearly what you will understand when I have finished.”

“But why speak of anything that is painful to you ? If it is connected with the past I give you my word that I have looked upon it as if it had never been.”

She shook her head. “There is a dark spot upon his memory. Dr. Reinhard, you know a dreadful secret. As the inheritor of that secret I have taken a debt upon myself.”

“I really do not understand you, Eva,” the Doctor replied, greatly agitated.

She was silent for a moment, and then said, “Did I not once tell you that I had pondered a long time over my father’s words, and that they were a great mystery to me. At that time you would not tell me their meaning. Afterwards I learned the secrets, and I now know why he called you the preserver of his honour. I know that he was brought to the brink of ruin by the loss of some money.”

“No living being could have told you that,” exclaimed Doctor Reinhard in astonishment.

“Be silent, Reinhard, and do not force

me to reveal how I learned the sad story. I only say to you, let us allow the dead to rest in peace. Sorrow has bowed my heart, but it has made my insight keener. When I had examined my father's papers, I discovered that he could not have refunded the money, and then I knew who had assisted him. I now return the amount to you with many thanks," she said, as she placed a bundle of bank notes on the table.

"It is out of the question, Eva. I cannot accept the money."

"You ought not to hesitate, Dr. Reinhard. I appeal to you as the daughter of my father, and as the widow of Albert."

He thought for a moment. "I cannot accept the money, yet it would be unfeeling to refuse it. In this city there is an institution for widows and orphans. What say you to giving the money to this institution as a bequest from your father?"

Eva, unable to speak, bowed acquiescence. Both needed a moment to collect themselves. Eva then added "My mission is fulfilled," and bowed adieu.

The words of farewell were on his lips when he suddenly grasped her hand and said, "Eva, you once asked me to be your friend. At that time I could not. But now I beg you to let me be your friend as of old."

"As of old!" she repeated, and smiled sadly. "Reinhard, I thank you."

## CHAPTER VII.

A YEAR and a half had passed since Albert's death, but the interval had not sufficed to remove the traces of suffering from Eva's face. Nor had her spirits recovered from her loss. At the same time her health grew worse. Of the gay nature of her girlhood there now remained not a trace, and those who had known Eva then would not have recognized her now.

Still she was beautiful, and no one could look upon her face without feeling an interest in her. The people of the town where she now lived knew nothing of her history. She had removed to the town because she had some relatives living in the neighbourhood. Eva had never seen them, but they were the nearest relatives she had remaining, and she needed some one to comfort her. She was not disappointed, for when she had been with them a short time she began to feel that she was not entirely alone in the world.

The thought that she was giving pleasure to others gave her pleasure also, and prevented her from asking herself what was the use of living. Dr. W. proposed to her a few months at a watering-place. At first she smiled and said "Where is the use of it: I have no bodily ailment, and for the source of my sufferings there is no healing spring." Nevertheless she took his advice, and was now at P. The day after her arrival she was awaiting a visit from the physician of the springs, whom Dr. W. had particularly commended as a very able member of the profession. Dr. W. had not mentioned his name. It was with surprise, therefore, that she cried, as he entered the room, "Reinhard, are you here?"

He came up to her and said, in a cordial tone, "I am very glad, Eva, that you did not know you would meet me here as physician of the springs."

"No, I did not," she said bashfully.

He looked at her for some moments in silence. "Dr. W. has written to me. Will you be willing to put yourself under my care?"

She looked at him sadly. "I am not ill, but only weary."

Again he scanned her, and then said, "When we are in health life does not permit us to be weary. Take the advice of your physician," he continued in a lively tone, "you must float more with the stream."

Have you any friends or acquaintances at this place?"

Eva shook her head. "I am quite alone."

"Then allow me to introduce you to a friend, though perhaps an introduction will hardly be necessary, for the lady of whom I speak is from the same town as yourself. Do you know Mrs. General Kerstein?"

Eva shuddered involuntarily, for she knew it was the name of Emily Waldow by marriage. "Slightly; she is many years older than I am, and was reckoned a young lady when I was a child. Afterwards we lost sight of each other, and I only know that she has been very unfortunate."

"You have also heard of the unhappy marriage that she made. I know not what can have induced her to give her hand to that rich, tyrannical old general, but she paid dearly for it, and she was worthy of a better lot. I am convinced of it now that I know her well."

Eva did not attempt to answer. Her own remembrances were too bitter.

Luckily the Doctor did not remark her silence. He took leave, having many invalids to visit during the morning.

When he was gone, Eva sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, while her whole body trembled. The sight of Dr. Reinhard had disturbed her more than she could have thought possible; and now she was also to meet that Emily Waldow whose name had been on Albert's dying lips. Every word the Doctor had uttered about her had pierced Eva's heart like an arrow. She knew why Emily Waldow had united herself to a man whom she did not love. That better lot of which Dr. Reinhard spoke she could have found at Albert's side. Her thoughts wandered till she imagined herself guilty of the acts of her husband, and deeming it her duty to see the wronged one, took her cloak to go out. She reached the door, when shame and bashfulness overcame her, and she was on the point of returning. But she encouraged herself by repeating Rein-

hard's saying: "Life does not permit us to be weary."

Reinhard was waiting for her upon the promenade. He led her to a stately woman and introduced her as the Countess of Wallberg. Eva saw the bright eyes and the dark tresses of which Albert had spoken, and at the same time an icy chill came over her heart at the look of hatred which their beautiful owner gave her.

"I know Countess Wallberg much better than you think," said Madame Kerstein, "and I thought an introduction unnecessary."

Eva replied gently, "You knew me only as an inexperienced girl. May a woman who has passed through the school of sorrow hope to share your friendship?"

Involuntarily Madame Kerstein's look grew milder, and there was a certain tenderness in her tone as she replied:

"I did not hear without deep sympathy that you also had learned what it is to suffer. But who does not?" she added in a bitter tone.

Reinhard, who did not like the turn which the conversation had taken, now tried to change it, which he succeeded in doing. Madame Kerstein and he then carried on some light talk, Eva standing pensively by, and only throwing in a word now and then to show her friendly feeling. Something in her manner must have affected Madame Kerstein, for in taking leave there was less coldness in her tone; she even expressed the hope that she should have the pleasure of seeing Eva again soon.

Whether Eva desired it or not, whether she liked it or not, she thought it her duty to cultivate the acquaintance, as she had convinced herself that Dr. Reinhard took a great interest in the lovely woman, who showed no aversion to him.

Eva was an eye-witness of their daily intercourse, and she often saw his eye brighten when he spoke to her, and her proud features grow soft and gentle when she conversed with

him. Strange thoughts arose within her at these moments. At times she rejoiced that this noble man was to be made happy at last; but then she could not think that it would be by Madame Kerstein. She resolved however to love her for Reinhard's sake. During a ~~little while~~ between the two ladies, the conversation turned upon Dr. Reinhard, and Madame Kerstein allowed it to appear how highly she esteemed him. "He is my ideal of a gentleman, severe and honourable—severe alike with himself and others. He is not the man to overlook an injury." Eva sank humbled before the woman who had no forgiveness to ask.

The benefits which Eva's friends hoped she would receive from the baths were not yet apparent. Reinhard saw her daily. For moments she was cheered by the happiness which shone more and more in his eyes, but it was very difficult for her to follow his medical advice. He had made her promise to go to a romantic spot in the neighbourhood where a large party was to assemble. At first she declined, but when he added that she would find there Madame Kerstein, who looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her, and said how glad he was to observe their growing friendship, Eva timidly observed that she desired to be Madame Kerstein's friend. "Believe me, she is worthy of your friendship," the Doctor replied warmly, "under an appearance of coldness she has a warm and generous heart. I spoke to her this morning at the Springs, and if my hopes are not deceived, a long desired wish of mine will be fulfilled. But more of that hereafter." This was the first time that Dr. Reinhard had so openly expressed his feelings for the proud beauty.

When Eva was left alone she felt pleased that the Doctor should place so much confidence in her. The next day, in the afternoon, when she reached the Hermitage, she found there a brilliant circle, apparently in a great state of excitement. "Have you heard the news?" asked a lady friend—

"the engagement of Mrs. General Kerstein?"

Eva trembled in spite of herself. She did not expect the news so soon.

"Oh! you are not surprised," continued the lady. "Then you are already in the secret. Can you tell us about the bridegroom? There are different opinions as to what he is."

"He is a Polish Count"—"No, a Russian statesman"—resounded on all sides. Before Eva could recover from her surprise the circle opened to admit a couple who had approached unperceived, but upon whom all eyes were now turned. They were Mrs. General Kerstein and a tall and distinguished looking man whom she introduced to the company as the President Hollbach, her future husband. Eva was so taken by surprise that she could not unite with the rest in congratulations. She could think only of the deadly blow which this engagement would give Reinhard, and the force of which she wished to break if only for a moment. She wanted his wound not to be seen by all the party; she felt that his pride could not endure it. Unobserved by the company she slipped away and went in the direction from which she knew he must come. In a few minutes he appeared, and was surprised at the sight of Eva, in whose pale and troubled face he read no good tidings for himself.

"Has anything happened to you, Eva?"

"I am only grieved for you, Reinhard," she replied, scarce able to articulate. "I would give my life to save you from what awaits you." She gazed on him with a look of sorrow.

"In the name of Heaven what has happened, Eva?"

Before she could answer, some of the party arrived and told him the interesting news.

An expression of joy came over his face. "God be praised, my hopes are realized." He approached the engaged couple.

Eva could not catch Reinhard's eye. She



was sure that she had fallen into error, for she had heard it from his own lips, and it was mortifying to know that she had too openly showed him her thoughts. She wished to be alone, and bent her steps toward a spot at some distance, where she was not likely to be intruded upon. But to be alone was not her destiny. A few moments had passed when the bushes were moved aside, and Reinhard stood before her. Her eye quailed before his as she prayed in a low voice to be forgiven.

"For what do you ask forgiveness, Eva? For frightening me for a moment to give me a pleasant surprise the next. I repeat to you that it was with delight that I saw their engagement. I have long desired it, knowing my friend Hollbach's affection for her. He came by the twelve o'clock train to-day to receive her answer, and as I was many miles away from town I did not hear the news until this hour."

Eva breathed more freely, but remained silent. He seated himself beside her, took her hand, and said, "Do you know so little about hearts as to think that I was in love with Madame Kerstein?"

"O Reinhard," she replied in painful embarrassment, "I had only one thought—to see you happy."

"I know it," he said earnestly, "but you looked for my happiness in a direction whence it could never come."

His tone made her rise and try to withdraw her hand from his.

"Once I dreamed that I should be able to call a pure little being mine," he continued, "but I had to own to myself, with bitter sorrow, that I was mistaken. Then I withdrew, and resolved never again to attempt to grasp objects so fickle and fleeting. I swore never again to put faith in woman's word and love. But to your image, Eva, I have always been true. Friendly voices whispered to me that I might now try with some chance of success. But I said to myself, she will not believe me, and therefore I resolved to remain no more or less than your friend. But, Eva, it is otherwise now. And now I ask you for the second time to be my wife."

His voice trembled as he said this, and hers still more as she replied. "Is it possible, Reinhard, that you can love me in spite of all my faults?"

"I love you, Eva, as I loved you years ago, as I have loved you through pain and sorrow, only more deeply."

She lay upon his breast, enfolded in his arms.

"My God, can this be true? After so much misery can there be such happiness?" exclaimed Eva.

Reinhard drew her to himself and said, "I thank God, Eva, for so much misery, if it were only for the happiness of this hour."

TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN OF THE THREE ARCHANGELS, AT THE  
OPENING OF "FAUST."

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun makes music as of old  
Amidst the ringing brother spheres,  
And, round his destined orbit rolled,  
Measures with thunder tread the years.  
New strength fills Angels as they gaze,  
Though none the mystery's depth may scan ;  
Creation's marvels, passing praise,  
Are glorious as when time began.

GABRIEL.

And onwards, ever onwards, flies  
Fair earth with swiftmess baffling sight ;  
Now bright with beams of Paradise,  
Now plunged in awful shades of night.  
The sea's broad waves in foam are hurled  
Against the cliff's deep-sunken base,  
And sea and cliff, together whirled,  
Rush on in ceaseless planet-race.

MICHAEL.

From land to sea, from sea to land,  
Blast answering blast, the tempests sweep,  
And ever seething, weave a band  
Around the world of ferment deep ;  
Before the thunderbolt's career  
The lightnings of destruction play,  
Yet all Thy servants, Lord, revere  
The gentle wending of Thy day.

THE THREE

New strength fills angels as they gaze,  
Though none Thy being's depth may scan ;  
The mighty works that speak Thy praise  
Are glorious as when time began.

G. S.

## THE PRESENT ASPECT OF INQUIRIES AS TO THE INTRODUCTION OF GENERA AND SPECIES IN GEOLOGICAL TIME.

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*From an (unpublished) Address before the Natural History Society of Montreal.*

THERE can be no doubt that the theory of evolution, more especially that phase of it which is advocated by Darwin, has greatly extended its influence, especially among young English and American naturalists, within the few past years. We now constantly see reference made to these theories, as if they were established principles, applicable without question to the explanation of observed facts, while classifications notoriously based on these views, and in themselves untrue to nature, have gained currency in popular articles and even in text-books. In this way young people are being trained to be evolutionists without being aware of it, and will come to regard nature wholly through this medium. So strong is this tendency, more especially in England, that there is reason to fear that natural history will be prostituted to the service of a shallow philosophy, and that our old Baconian mode of viewing nature will be quite reversed, so that instead of studying facts in order to arrive at general principles, we shall return to the mediæval plan of setting up dogmas based on authority only, or on metaphysical considerations of the most flimsy character, and forcibly twisting nature into conformity with their requirements. Thus "advanced" views in science lend themselves to the destruction of science and to a return to semi-barbarism.

In these circumstances the only resource of the true naturalist is an appeal to the careful study of groups of animals and plants in their succession in geological time. I

have myself endeavoured to apply this test in my recent report on the Devonian and Silurian flora of Canada, and have shown that the succession of Devonian and Carboniferous plants does not seem explicable on the theory of derivation. Still more recently, in a memoir on the Post-pliocene deposits of Canada, now in course of publication in the *Canadian Naturalist*, I have, by a close and detailed comparison of the numerous species of shells found embedded in our clays and gravels, with those living in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the coasts of Labrador and Greenland, shown that it is impossible to suppose that any changes in the nature of evolution were in progress, but on the contrary, that all these species have remained the same, even in their varietal forms, from the Post-pliocene period until now. Thus the inference is, that these species must have been introduced in some abrupt manner, and that their variations have been within narrow limits and not progressive. This is the more remarkable, since great changes of level and of climate have occurred, and many species have been obliged to change their geographical distribution, but have not been forced to vary more widely than in the Post-pliocene period itself.

Facts of this kind will attract little attention in comparison with the bold and attractive speculations of men who can launch their opinions from the vantage ground of London journals; but their gradual accumulation must some day sweep away the fabric

of evolution, and restore our English science to the domain of common sense and sound induction. Fortunately also, there are workers in this field beyond the limits of the English-speaking world. As an eminent example, we may refer to Joachim Barrande, the illustrious palæontologist of Bohemia, and the greatest authority on the wonderful fauna of his own primordial rocks. In his recent memoir on those ancient and curious crustaceans, the Trilobites,\* he deals a most damaging blow at the theory of evolution, showing conclusively that no such progressive development is reconcilable with the facts presented by the primordial fauna. The Trilobites are very well adapted to such an investigation. They constitute a well marked group of animals trenchantly separated from all others. They extend through the whole enormous length of the Palæozoic period, and are represented by numerous genera and species. They ceased altogether at an early period of the earth's geological history, so that their account with nature has been closed, and we are in a condition to sum it up and strike the balance of profit and loss. Barrande, in an elaborate essay of 282 pages, brings to bear on the history of these creatures his whole vast stores of information, in a manner most conclusive in its refutation of theories of progressive development.

It would be impossible here to give an adequate summary of his facts and reasoning. A mere example must suffice. In the earlier part of the memoir, he takes up the modification of the head, the thorax, and the pygidium or tail-piece of the Trilobites, in geological time, showing that numerous and remarkable as these modifications are, in structure, in form, and in ornamentation, no law of development can be traced in them. For example, in the number of segments or joints of the thorax, we find some Trilobites

with only one to four segments, others with as many as fourteen to twenty-six, while a great many species have medium or intervening numbers. Now, in the early primordial fauna, the prevalent Trilobites are at the extremes, some with very few segments, as *Agnostus*, others with very many, as *Paradoxides*. The genera with the medium segments are more characteristic of the later faunas. There is thus no progression. If the evolutionist holds that the few-jointed forms are embryonic, or more like to the young of the others, then, on his theory, they should have precedence, but they are contemporary with forms having the greatest number of joints, and Barrande shows that these last cannot be held to be less perfect than those with the medium numbers. Further, as Barrande well shows, on the principle of survival of the fittest, the species with the medium number of joints are best fitted for the struggle of existence. But in that case the primordial Trilobites made a great mistake in passing at once from the few to the many segmented stage, or *vice versa*, and omitting the really profitable condition which lay between. In subsequent times they were thus obliged to undergo a retrograde evolution, in order to repair the error caused by the want of foresight, or precipitation of their earlier days. But like other cases of late repentance, theirs seems not to have quite repaired the evils incurred; for it was after they had fully attained the golden mean that they failed in the struggle, and finally became extinct. "Thus the infallibility which these theories attribute to all the acts of matter organizing itself, is gravely compromised," and this attribute would appear not to reside in the trilobed tail, any more than, according to some, in the triple crown.

In the same manner the palæontologist of Bohemia passes in review all the parts of the Trilobites, the succession of their species and genera in time, the parallel between them and the Cephalopods, and the relation of all this to the primordial fauna gen-

\* Published in advance of the Supplement to Vol. 1st of the Silurian System of Bohemia.

erally. Everywhere he meets with the same result; namely, that the appearance of new forms is sudden and unaccountable, and that there is no indication of a regular progression by derivation. He closes with the following somewhat satirical comparison, of which I give a free translation. "In the case of the planet Neptune, it appears that the theory of astronomy was wonderfully borne out by the actual facts as observed. This theory therefore is in harmony with the reality. On the contrary, we have seen that observation flatly contradicts all the indications of the theories of derivation, with reference to the composition and first phases of the primordial fauna. In truth, the special study of each of the zoological elements of that fauna has shown that the anticipations of the theory are in complete discordance with the observed facts. These discordances are

so complete, and so marked, that it almost seems as if they had been contrived on purpose to contradict all that these theories teach of the first appearance and primitive evolution of the forms of animal life."

This testimony is the more valuable, inasmuch as the annulose animals generally, and the Trilobites in particular, have recently been a favourite field for the speculations of our English evolutionists. The usual *argumentum ad ignorantiam* deduced from the imperfection of the geological record, will not avail against the facts cited by Barrande, unless it could be proved that we know the Trilobites only in the last stages of their decadence, and that they existed as long before the Primordial, as that is before the Permian. Even this supposition, extravagant as it appears, would by no means remove all the difficulties.

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### THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

BY DODISHOT.

**T**'IS only a little mound in the midst of the deep, dark grove,  
Where the green leaves mournfully rustle and shake as they drearily wave  
With the breath of each passing breeze, as if weeping for one that they love;  
But 'tis only the sod that covers a warrior Indian's grave

And the streamlet ripples along as softly as ever it did,  
And the great tall pines look down on the clear lucid waters that lave,  
With wavelets so tenderly soft, the dark, gloomy grove where is hid  
The sad little mound of green turf that forms the poor Indian's grave.

And the elk and the antelope fleet come down to the water to drink,  
And the fallow deer quaff undisturbed, and e'en the most timid are brave;  
For nought but the forest is near, and they start not although on the brink  
Of the last resting-place of their foe, who sleeps in the Indian's grave.

But the Chippewa brave sleeps on—and no more his war-cry is heard;  
For he silently lies 'neath the shade, in the last narrow home that they gave;  
And the rippling of waves o'er the stones, and the song of the free, joyous bird,  
And the sigh of the wind through the trees, sound sad by the Indian's grave.

## ALFREDUS REX FUNDATOR.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

A FEW weeks ago an Oxford College celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its foundation by King Alfred.

The College which claims this honour is commonly called University College, though its legal name is *Magna Aula Universitatis*. The name "University College" causes much perplexity to visitors, who are with difficulty taught by the friend who is lionizing them to distinguish it from the University. But the University of Oxford is a federation of colleges, of which University College is one, resembling in all respects the rest of the sisterhood, being, like them, under the federal authority of the University, and retaining only the same measure of college right ; conducting the domestic instruction and discipline of its students through its own officers, but sending them to the lecture rooms of the University Professors for the higher teaching, and to the University examination rooms to be examined for their degrees. The college is an ample and venerable pile, with two towered gateways, each opening into a quadrangle, its front stretching along the High Street, on the side opposite to St. Mary's Church. The darkness of the stone seems to speak of immemorial antiquity ; but the style, which is the later Gothic so characteristic of Oxford, and so symbolical of its history, shows that the buildings really belong to the time of the Stuarts. "That building must be very old, Sir," said an American visitor to the master of the college, pointing to its dark front. "Oh, no," was the master's reply, "the colour deceives you ; that building is not more than two hundred years old." In invividuous contrast to this mass, debased but imposing in its style, the pedantic mania for

pure Gothic which marks the Neo-catholic reaction in Oxford, and which will perhaps hereafter be derided as we deride the classic mania of the last century, has led Mr. Gilbert Scott to erect a pure Gothic library, which moreover has nothing in its form to bespeak its purpose, but closely resembles a chapel. Over the gateway of the larger quadrangle is a statue, in Roman costume, of James II., one of the few memorials of the ejected tyrant, who in his course of reaction visited the college and had two rooms on the east side of the quadrangle fitted up for the performance of mass. Obadiah Walker, the master of the college, had turned Papist, and became one of the organs of the reaction, in the overthrow of which he was involved, the fall of his master and the ruin of his party being announced to him by the boys singing at his window—"Ave Maria, old Obadiah." In the same quadrangle are the chambers of Shelley, and the room to which he was summoned by the assembled college authorities to receive, with his friend Hogg, sentence of expulsion for having circulated an atheistical treatise. In the ante-chapel is the florid monument of Sir William Jones. But the modern divinities of the college are the two great legal brothers, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, whose colossal statues fraternally united are conspicuous in the library, whose portraits hang side by side in the hall, whose medallion busts greet you at the entrance to the common room. Pass by these medallions, however, into the common room itself, with its panelled walls, red curtains, polished mahogany table, and generally cozy aspect, whither after dinner in hall the fellows of the college retire to sip

their wine and taste such social happiness as the rule of celibacy permits. Over that ample fireplace, round the blaze of which the circle is drawn in the winter evenings, stands the marble bust, carved by no mean hand, of an ancient king, and underneath it are the words *Alfredus Rex Fundator*.

Alas! both traditions—the tradition that Alfred founded the University of Oxford, and the tradition that he founded University College—are devoid of historical foundation. Universities did not exist in Alfred's days. They were developed centuries later out of the monastery schools. When Queen Elizabeth was on a visit to Cambridge a scholar delivered before her an oration, in which he exalted the antiquity of his own university at the expense of that of the University of Oxford. The University of Oxford was roused to arms. In that uncritical age any antiquarian weapon which the fury of academical patriotism could supply was eagerly grasped; and the reputation of the great antiquary Camden is somewhat compromised with regard to an interpolation in Asser's Life of Alfred, which formed the chief documentary support of the Oxford case. The historic existence of both the English universities begins with the reign of the scholar king, and the restorer of order and prosperity after the ravages of the conquest and the tyranny of Rufus—Henry I. In that reign the Abbot of Croyland, to gain money for the rebuilding of his abbey, set up a school where we are told Priscan's grammar, Aristotle's logic, with the commentaries of Porphyry and Averroes, and Cicero and Quintilian as masters of rhetoric, were taught after the manner of the school of Orleans. In the following reign a foreign professor, Vacarius, roused the jealousy of the English monarchy and baronage by teaching Roman law in the schools of Oxford. The thirteenth century, that marvellous and romantic age of mediæval religion and character, mediæval art, mediæval philosophy, was also

the palmy age of the universities. Then Oxford gloried in Grosteste, at once paragon and patron of learning, church reformer and champion of the national church against Roman aggression; in his learned and pious friend Adam de Marisco; and in Roger Bacon, the pioneer and martyr of physical science. Then, with Paris, she was the great organ of that school philosophy, wonderful in its subtlety as well as in its aridity, which, though it bore no fruit itself, trained the mind of Europe to more fruitful studies, the original produce of mediæval Christendom, though taking its forms of thought from the deified Stagyrte, and clothing itself in the Latin language, which, however, was so much altered and debased from the classical language as to become, in fact, a classical and literary vernacular of the middle age. Then her schools, her church porches, her very street corners, every spot where a professor could gather an audience, were thronged with the aspiring youth who had come up, many of them begging their way out of the dark prison-house of feudalism, to what was then, in the absence of printing, the sole centre of intellectual light. Then Oxford, which in later times became, from the clerical character of the headships and fellowships, the great organ of reaction, was the great organ of progress, produced the political songs which embodied with wonderful force the principles of free government, and sent her students to fight under the banner of the university in the army of Simon de Montfort.

It was in the thirteenth century that University College was really founded. The founder was William of Durham, an English ecclesiastic who had studied in the University of Paris; for the universities were then, like the church, common to all the natives of Latin Christendom, then forming, as it were, an ecclesiastical and literary federation which, afterwards broken up by the Reformation, is now in course of reconstruction through uniting influences of a new kind.

William of Durham bequeathed to the University a fund for the maintenance of students in theology. The university purchased with the fund a house in which these students were maintained, and which was the Great Hall of the University, in contradistinction to the multitude of little private halls or hospices in which students lived, generally under the superintendence of a graduate who was their teacher. The hall or college was under the visitorship of the university; but this visitorship being irksome, and a dispute having arisen in the early part of the last century whether it was to be exercised by the University at large, in convocation, or by the theological faculty only, the college set up a claim to be a royal foundation of the time of King Alfred, the reputed founder of the University, and thus exempt from any visitorship but that of the Crown. It was probably not very difficult to convince a Hanoverian court of law that the visitorship of an Oxford college ought to be transferred from the Jacobite university to the Crown; and so it came to pass that the Court of King's Bench solemnly ratified as a fact what historical criticism pronounces to be a baseless fable. The case in favour of William of Durham as the founder is so clear, that the antiquaries are ready to burst with righteous indignation, and one almost enjoys the intensity of their wrath.

The great hall of the University was not, when first founded, a perfect college. It was only a house for some eight or ten graduates in arts who were studying divinity. The first perfect college was founded by Walter de Merton, the Chancellor of Henry III., to whom is due the conception of uniting the anti-monastic pursuit of secular learning with monastic seclusion and discipline, for the benefit of that multitude of young students who had hitherto dwelt at large in the city under little or no control, and often showed, by their faction fights and other outrages, that they contained the quintessence of the nation's turbulence as well as

of its intellectual activity and ambition. The quaint old quadrangle of Merton, called, nobody seems to know why, "Mob" Quad, may be regarded as the cradle of collegiate life in England, and indeed in Europe.

Still University College is the oldest foundation of learning now existing in England; and therefore it may be not inappropriately dedicated to the memory of the king who was the restorer of our intellectual life as well as the preserver of our religion and our institutions. Mr. Freeman, as the stern minister of fact, would no doubt cast down the bust of Alfred from the common room chimney piece and set up that of William of Durham, if a likeness of him could be found, in its place. But it may be doubted whether William of Durham, if he were alive, would do the same.

Marcus Aurelius, Alfred, and St. Louis, are the three examples of perfect virtue on a throne. But the virtue of St. Louis is deeply tainted with asceticism; and with the sublimated selfishness on which asceticism is founded, he sacrifices everything and everybody—sacrifices national territory, sacrifices the lives of the thousands of his subjects whom he drags with him in his chimerical crusades—to the good of his own soul. The Reflections of Marcus Aurelius will be read with ever increasing admiration by all who have learned to study character, and to read it in its connection with history. Alone in every sense, without guidance or support but that which he found in his own breast, the imperial Stoic struggled serenely, though hopelessly, against the powers of evil which were dragging heathen Rome to her inevitable doom. Alfred was a Christian hero, and in his Christianity he found the force which bore him, through calamity apparently hopeless, to victory and happiness.

It must be owned that the materials for the history of the English king are not very good. His biography by Bishop Asser, his counsellor and friend, which forms the principal authority, is panegyrical and un-



critical: not to mention that a doubt rests on the authenticity of some portions of it. But there is a peculiarity, and at the same time a consistency and a sobriety, in the general picture, which commend it to us as historical. The leading acts of Alfred's life are, of course, beyond doubt. And as to his character, he speaks to us himself in his works, and the sentiments which he expresses perfectly correspond with the physiognomy of the portrait.

We have called him a Christian hero. He was the victorious champion of Christianity against Paganism. This is the real significance of the struggle and of his character. The Northmen, or as we loosely term them, the Danes, are called by the Saxon chroniclers the Pagans. As to race, the Northman, like the Saxon, was a Teuton, and the institutions, and the political and social tendencies of both, were radically the same.

It has been said that Christianity enervated the English and gave them over into the hands of the fresh and robust sons of nature. Asceticism and the abuse of monachism enervated the English. Asceticism taught the spiritual selfishness which flies from the world and abandons it to ruin instead of serving God by serving humanity. Kings and chieftains, under the hypocritical pretence of exchanging a worldly for an angelic life, buried themselves in the indolence, not seldom in the sensuality, of the cloister, when they ought to have been leading their people against the Dane. But Christianity formed the bond which held the English together, and the strength of their resistance. It inspired their patriot martyrs, it raised up to them this deliverer at their utmost need. The causes of Danish success are manifest; superior prowess and valour, sustained by more constant practice in war, of which the Saxon had probably but comparatively little since the final subjection of the Celt and the union of the Saxon kingdoms under Egbert; the imperfect character of that union, each kingdom retaining its

own council and its own interests; and above all the command of the sea, which made the invaders omnipresent, while the march of the defenders was delayed, and their junction prevented, by the woods and morasses of the uncleared island, in which the only roads worthy of the name were those left by the Romans.

It would be wrong to call the Northmen mere corsairs, or even to class them with piratical states such as Cilicia of old, or Barbary in more recent times. Their invasions were rather to be regarded as an after-act of the great migration of the Germanic tribes, one of the last waves of the flood which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, and deposited the seeds of modern Christendom. They were, and but for the defensive energy of the Christianized Teuton would have been, to the Saxon, what the Saxon had been to the Celt, whose sole monuments in England now are the names of hills and rivers, the usual epitaph of exterminated races. Like the Saxons the Northmen came by sea, untouched by those Roman influences, political and religious, by which most of the barbarians had been more or less transmuted before their actual irruption into the Empire. If they treated all the rest of mankind as their prey, this was the international law of heathendom, modified only by a politic humanity in the case of the Imperial Roman, who preferred enduring dominion to blood and booty. With Christianity came the idea, even now imperfectly realized, of the brotherhood of man. The Northmen were a memorable race, and English character, especially its maritime element, received in them a momentous addition. In their northern abodes they had undergone, no doubt, the most rigorous process of national selection. The sea-roving life, to which they were driven by the poverty of their soil, as the Scandinavian of our day is driven to emigration, intensified in them the vigour, the enterprise, and the independence of the Teuton. They

were the first ocean sailors ; for the Phœnicians, adventurous as they were in pursuit of gain, had crept along the shore ; and the Greeks and Romans had done the same. The Northman in his little skiff first rode exultingly like a sea-bird over the billows and through the storms of the broad Atlantic. Americans were anxious to believe in a Norse discovery of America. Norse colonies were planted in Greenland beyond what is now the limit of human habitation ; and when a power grew up in his native seats which could not be brooked by the Northman's love of freedom, he founded amidst the unearthly scenery of Iceland a community which brought the image of a republic of the Homeric type far down into historic times. His race, widely dispersed in its adventurous course, and everywhere asserting its ascendancy, sat on the thrones of Normandy, Apulia, Sicily, England, Ireland, and even Russia, and gave heroic chiefs to the crusaders. The pirates were not without hearts towards each other, nor without a rudimentary civilization, which included on the one hand a strong regard for freehold property in land, and on the other a passionate love of heroic lays. Their mythology was the universal story of the progress of the sun and the changes of the year, but in a northern version, wild with storms and icebergs, gloomy with the darkness of Scandinavian winters. Their religion was a war religion, the lord of their hearts a war god ; their only heaven was that of the brave, their only hell that of the coward ; and the joys of Paradise were a renewal of the fierce combat and the fierce carouse of earth. The Bersirker wind themselves up on the eve of battle to a frenzy like that of a Malay running amuck. But this was, at all events, a religion of action, not of observance or spell ; and it quelled the fear of death. In some legends of the Norse mythology there is a humorous element which shows freedom of spirit ; while in others, such as the legend of the death of

Balder, there is a pathos not uncongenial to Christianity. The Northmen were not priest-ridden. Their gods were not monstrous and overwhelming forces like the hundred handed idols of the Hindu, but human forms, their own high qualities idealized, like the gods of the Greek, though with Scandinavian force instead of Hellenic grace.

Converted to Christianity, the Northman transferred his enthusiasm, his martial prowess and his spirit of adventure from the service of Odin to that of Christ, and became a devotee and a crusader. But in his unconverted state he was an exterminating enemy of Christianity ; and Christianity was the civilization as well as the religion of England.

Scarcely had the Saxon kingdom been united by Egbert, when the barks of the Northmen appeared, filling the English Charlemagne, no doubt with the same foreboding sorrow with which they had filled his Frankish prototype and master. In the course of the half century which followed, the swarms of rovers constantly increased, and grew more pertinacious and daring in their attacks. Leaving their ships they took horses, extended their incursions inland, and formed in the interior of the country strongholds, into which they brought the plunder of the district. At last they in effect conquered the North and Midland, and set up a satrap king, as the agent of their extortion. They seem, like the Franks of Clovis, to have quartered themselves as "guests" upon the unhappy people of the land. The monasteries and churches were the special objects of their attacks, both as the seats of the hated religion, and as the centres of wealth ; and their sword never spared a monk. Croyland, Peterborough, Huntingdon and Ely, were turned to blood-stained ashes. Edmond, the Christian chief of East Anglia, found a martyrdom, of which one of the holiest and most magnificent of English abbeyes was afterwards the monument. The brave Algar, another East

Anglian chieftain, having taken the holy sacrament with all his followers on the eve of battle, perished with them in a desperate struggle, overcome by the foxish cunning of the marauders. Among the leaders of the Northmen were the terrible brothers Hingmar and Hubba, fired, if the Norse legend may be trusted, by revenge as well as by the love of plunder and horror; for they were the sons of that Ragnar Lodbrok who had perished in the serpent tower of the Saxon Ella. When Alfred appeared upon the scene, Wessex itself, the heritage of the house of Cerdic and the supreme kingdom, was in peril from the Pagans, who had firmly entrenched themselves at Reading, in the angle between the Thames and Kennet, and English Christianity was threatened with destruction.

A younger but a favourite child, Alfred was sent in his infancy by his father to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing. He was thus affiliated, as it were, to that Roman element, ecclesiastical and political, which, combined with the Christian and Teutonic elements, has made up English civilization. But he remained through life a true Teuton. He went a second time, in company with his father, to Rome, while still a child, yet old enough, especially if he was precocious, to receive some impressions from the city of historic grandeur, ancient art, ecclesiastical order, centralized power. There is a pretty legend denoting the docility of the boy and his love for learning, or at least for the national lays; but he was also a hunter and a warrior. From his youth he had a thorn in his flesh, in the shape of a mysterious disease, perhaps epilepsy, to which monkish chroniclers have given an ascetic and miraculous turn; and this enhances our sense of the hero's moral energy in the case of Alfred, as in that of William III.

As "Crown Prince," to use the phrase of a German writer, Alfred took part with his elder brother King Ethelbert in the mortal struggle against the Pagans, then raging

round Reading and along the rich valley through which the Great Western Railway now runs, and where a Saxon victory is commemorated by the White Horse, which forms the subject of a well-known little work by Thomas Hughes, a true representative, if any there be, of the liegemen and soldiers of King Alfred. While Ethelbert was showing that in him at all events Christianity was not free from the ascetic taint, by continuing to hear mass in his tent when the moment had come for decisive action, Alfred charged up-hill "like a wild boar" against the heathen, and began a battle which, his brother at last coming up, ended in a great victory. The death of Ethelbert, in the midst of the crisis, placed the perilous crown on Alfred's head. Ethelbert left infant sons, but the monarchy was elective, though one of the line of Cerdic was always chosen; and those were the days of the real king, the ruler, judge, and captain of the people, not of what Napoleon called the *action à l'engrais à cinq millions par an*. In pitched battles, eight of which were fought in rapid succession, the English held their own; but they were worn out, and at length could no longer be brought into the field. Whether a faint monkish tradition of the estrangement of the people by unpopular courses on the part of the young king has any substance of truth in it we cannot say.

Utter gloom now settled down upon the Christian king and people. Had Alfred yielded to his inclinations, he would probably have followed the example of his brother-in-law, Buhred of Mercia, and sought a congenial retreat amidst the churches and libraries of Rome; asceticism would have afforded him a pretext for so doing. But he remained at the post of duty. Athelney, a little island in the marshes of Somersetshire—then marshes, now a drained and fruitful plain—to which he retired with the few followers left him, has been aptly compared to the mountains of Asturias, which formed the last asylum of Christianity in Spain. A jewel

with the legend in Anglo-Saxon, "Alfred caused me to be made," was found near the spot, and is now in the University Museum at Oxford. A similar island in the marshes of Cambridgeshire formed the last rallying point of English patriotism against the Norman Conquest. Of course, after the deliverance, a halo of legends gathered round Athelney. The legends of the king disguised as a peasant in the cottage of the neat herd, and of the king disguised as a harper in the camp of the Dane, are familiar to childhood. There is also a legend of the miraculous appearances of the great Saxon Saint Cuthbert. The king in his extreme need had gone to fish in a neighbouring stream, but had caught nothing, and was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms, when a poor man came to the door and begged for a piece of bread. The king gave him half his last loaf and the little wine left in the pitcher. The beggar vanished; the loaf was unbroken, the pitcher brimful of wine; and fishermen came in bringing a rich haul of fish from the river. In the night St. Cuthbert appeared to the king in a dream and promised him victory. We see at least what notion the generations nearest to him had of the character of Alfred.

At last the heart of the oppressed people turned to its king, and the time arrived for a war of liberation. But on the morrow of victory Alfred compromised with the Northmen. He despaired, it seems, of their final expulsion, and thought it better, if possible, to make them Englishmen and Christians, and to convert them into a barrier against their foreign and heathen brethren. We see in this politic moderation at once a trait of national character and a proof that the exploits of Alfred are not mythical. By the treaty of Wedmore, the north-eastern part of England became the portion of the Dane, where he was to dwell in peace with the Saxon people and in allegiance to their king, but under his own laws—an arrangement which had nothing strange in it when

law was only the custom of the tribe. As a part of the compact, Guthorm led over his Northmen from the allegiance of Odin to that of Christ, and was himself baptized by the Christian name of Athelstan. When religions were national, or rather tribal, conversions were tribal too. The Northmen of East Anglia had not so far put off their heathen propensities or their savage perfidy as to remain perfectly true to their covenant; but, on the whole, Alfred's policy of compromise and assimilation was successful. A new section of heathen Teutonism was incorporated into Christendom, and England absorbed a large Norse population whose dwelling-place is still marked by the names of places, and perhaps in some measure by the features and character of the people. In the fishermen of Whitby, for example, a town with a Danish name, there is a peculiarity which is probably Scandinavian.

The transaction resembled the cession of Normandy to Rolf and his followers by the Carlovingian King of France. But the cession of Normandy marked the dissolution of the Carlovingian monarchy; from the cession of East Anglia to Guthorm dates a regeneration of the monarchy of Cerdic.

Alfred had rescued the country. But the country which he had rescued was a wreck. The church, the great organ of civilization as well as of spiritual life, was ruined. The monasteries were in ashes. The monks of St. Cuthbert were wandering from place to place, with the relics of the great northern Saint. The worship of Woden seemed on the point of returning. The clergy had exchanged the missal and censer for the battle-axe, and had become secularized and brutalized by the conflict. The learning of the order was dead. The Latin language, the tongue of the church, of literature, of education, was almost extinct. Alfred himself says that he could not recollect a priest, South of the Thames, who could understand the Latin service or translate a document

from the Latin when he became king. Political institutions were in an equal state of disorganization. Spiritual, intellectual, civil life—everything was to be restored; and Alfred undertook to restore everything. No man in these days stands alone, or towers in unapproachable superiority above his fellows. Nor can any man now play all the parts. A division of labour has taken place in all spheres. The time when the missionaries at once converted and civilized the forefathers of European Christendom, when Charlemagne or Alfred was the master spirit in every thing, has passed away; and with it the day of hero-worship, of rational hero-worship, has departed, at least for the European nations. The more backward races may still need, and have reason to venerate, a Peter the Great.

Alfred had to do everything almost with his own hands. He was himself the inventor of the candle-clock which measured his time, so unspeakably precious, and of the lantern of transparent horn which protected the candle-clock against the wind in the tent, or the quarters scarcely more impervious to the weather than a tent, which in those times sheltered the head of wandering royalty. Far and wide he sought for men, like a bee in quest of honey, to condense a somewhat prolix trope of his biographer. An embassy of bishops, priests, and religious laymen, with great gifts, was sent to the Archbishop of Rheims, within whose diocese the famous Grimbold resided, to persuade him to allow Grimbold to come to England, and with difficulty the ambassadors prevailed, Alfred promising to treat Grimbold with distinguished honour during the rest of his life. It is touching to see what a price the king set upon a good and able man. "I was called" says Asser, "from the western extremity of Wales. I was led to Sussex, and first saw the king in the royal mansion of Dene. He received me with kindness, and amongst other conversation, earnestly besought me to devote

myself to his service, and to become his companion. He begged me to give up my preferments beyond the Severn, promising to bestow on me still richer preferments in their place." Asser said that he was unwilling to quit, merely for worldly honour, the country in which he had been brought up and ordained. "At least," replied the king, "give me half your time. Pass six months of the year with me and the rest in Wales." Asser still hesitated. The king repeated his solicitations, and Asser promised to return within half a year; the time was fixed for his visit, and on the fourth day of their interview he left the king and went home.

In order to restore civilization, it was necessary above all things to reform the Church. "I have often thought," says Alfred, "what wise men there were once among the English people, both clergy and laymen, and what blessed times those were when the people were governed by kings who obeyed God and his gospels, and how they maintained peace, virtue, and good order at home, and even extended them beyond their own country; how they prospered in battle as well as in wisdom, and how zealous the clergy were in teaching and learning, and in all their sacred duties; and how people came hither from foreign countries to seek for instruction, whereas now, when we desire it, we can only obtain it from abroad." It is clear that the King, unlike the literary devotees of Scandinavian paganism, looked upon Christianity as the root of the greatness, and even of the military force, of the nation.

In order to restore the Church, again, it was necessary above all things to refound the monasteries, which afterwards—society having become settled, religion being established, and the Church herself having acquired ~~fatal~~ wealth—sank into torpor and corruption; but which, while the Church was still a missionary in a spiritual and material wilderness, waging a death struggle with heathenism and barbarism, were the almost indispensable engines of the holy war. The refoun-

dation of monasteries therefore was one of Alfred's first cares ; and he did not fail, in token of his pious gratitude, to build at Athelney a house of God which was far holier than the memorial abbey afterwards built by the Norman conqueror at Battle. The revival of monasticism among the English, however, was probably no easy task ; for their domestic and somewhat material nature never was well suited to monastic life.

The monastery schools, the germs, as has been already said, of our modern universities and colleges, were the King's main organs in restoring education. But he had also a school in his palace for the children of the nobility and the royal household. It was not only clerical education that he desired to promote. His wish was "that all the freeborn youth of his people, who possessed the means, might persevere in learning so long as they had no other work to occupy them, until they could perfectly read the English scriptures ; while such as desired to devote themselves to the service of the Church might be taught Latin." No doubt the wish was most imperfectly fulfilled, but still it was a noble wish. We are told the King himself was often present at the instruction of the children in the palace school. A pleasant calm after the storms of battle with the Dane.

Oxford (Ousen-ford, the ford of the Ouse) was already a royal city ; and there can be little doubt that, amidst the general restoration of learning under Alfred, a school of some sort would be opened there. This is the only vestige of historical foundation for the academic legend which gave rise to the recent celebration. Oxford was desolated by the Norman Conquest, and anything that remained of the educational institutions of Alfred was in all probability swept away.

Another measure, indispensable to the civilizer as well as to the church reformer in those days, was to restore the intercourse

with Rome, and through her with continental Christendom, which had been interrupted by the troubles. The Pope, upon Alfred's accession, had sent him gifts and a piece of the holy cross. Alfred sent embassies to the Pope, and made a voluntary annual offering, to obtain favourable treatment for his subjects at Rome. But, adopted child of Rome, and naturally attached to her as the centre of ecclesiastical order and its civilizing influences though he was, and much as he was surrounded by ecclesiastical friends and ministers, we trace in him no ultramontanism, no servile submission to priests. The English Church, so far as we can see, remains national, and the English King remains its head.

Not only with Latin but with Eastern Christendom, Alfred, if we may trust the contemporary Saxon chronicles, opened communication. As Charlemagne, in the spirit partly perhaps of piety, partly of ambition, had sent an embassy with proofs of his grandeur to the Caliph of Bagdad, as Louis XIV., in the spirit of mere ambition, delighted to receive an embassy from Siam, Alfred, in a spirit of pure piety, sent ambassadors to the traditional Church of St. Thomas in India ; and the ambassadors returned, we are told, with perfumes and precious stones as the memorials of their journey, which were long preserved in the churches. "This was the first intercourse," remarks Pauli, "that took place between England and Hindostan."

All nations are inclined to ascribe their primitive institutions to some national founder, a Lycurgus, a Theseus, or a Romulus. It is not necessary now to prove that Alfred did not found trial by jury, or the frankpledge, or that he was not the first who divided the kingdom into shires, hundreds, or tithings. The part of trial by jury which has been politically of so much importance, its popular character, as opposed to arbitrary trial by a royal or imperial officer—that of which the preservation, amidst the gen-

eral prevalence of judicial imperialism, has been the glory of England—was simply Teutonic; so was the frank-pledge, the rude machinery for preserving law and order by mutual responsibility in the days before police; so were the hundreds and the tithings, rudimentary institutions marking the transition from the clan to the local community or canton. The shires probably marked some stage in the consolidation of the Saxon settlements; at all events they were ancient divisions which Alfred can have done no more than revise after the anarchy.

He seems, however, to have introduced a real and momentous innovation by appointing special judges to administer a more regular justice than that which was administered in the local courts of the earls and bishops, or even in the national assembly. In this respect he was the imitator, probably the unconscious imitator, of Charlemagne, and the precursor of Henry II., the institutor of our Justices in Eyre. The powers and functions of the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, lie at first enfolded in the same germ, and are alike exercised by the king, or, as in the case of the ancient republics, by the national assembly. It is a great step when the special office of the judiciary is separated from the rest. It is a great step also when uniformity of justice is introduced. Probably, however, these judges, like the itinerant justices of Henry II., were administrative as well as judicial officers; or in the terms of our modern polity, they were delegates of the Home Office as well as of the Central Courts of Law.

In his laws Alfred, with the sobriety and caution on which the statesmen of his race have prided themselves, renounces the character of an innovator, fearing, as he says, that his innovations might not be accepted by those who would come after him. His code, if so inartificial a document can be dignified with the name, is mainly a compilation from the laws of his Saxon predecessors. We trace, however, an advance

from the barbarous system of *weregeld*, or composition for murder and other crimes and private wrongs, towards a State system of criminal justice. In totally forbidding composition for blood, and asserting the indefeasible sanctity of human life which is the essential basis of civilization, the code of Moses stands contrasted with other medieval codes. Alfred, in fact, incorporated an unusually large amount of the Mosaic and Christian elements, which blend with Germanic customs and the relics of Roman law, in different proportions, to make up the various codes of the early middle ages, called the *Laws of the Barbarians*. His code opens with the Ten Commandments, followed by extracts from Exodus, containing the Mosaic law respecting the relations between master and servants, murder and other crimes, and the observance of holy days, and the Apostolic Epistle from Acts xv. 23-29. Then he added Matthew vii. 12, "Whatsoever ye wish that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "By this one Commandment," says Alfred, "a man shall know whether he does right, and he will then require no other law-book." This is not the form of a modern Act of Parliament, but legislation in those days was as much preaching as enactment; it often resembled in character the Queen's Proclamation against Vice and Immorality.

Alfred's laws unquestionably show a tendency to enforce loyalty to the king and to enhance the guilt of treason, which, in the case of an attempt on the king's life, is punished with death and confiscation, instead of the old composition by payment of the royal *weregeld*. Hence he has been accused of imperializing and anti-Teutonic tendencies; he had even the misfortune to be fixed upon as a prototype by Oxford advocates of the absolutism of Charles I. There is no ground for the charge, so far at least as Alfred's legislation or any known measure of his government is concerned. The kingly power was the great source of order

and justice amidst that anarchy, the sole rallying point and bond of union for the imperilled nation ; to maintain it, and protect from violence the life of its holder, was the duty of a patriot law-giver : and as the authority of a Saxon king depended in great measure on his personal character and position, no doubt the personal authority of Alfred was exceptionally great. But he continued to govern by the advice of the national council ; and the fundamental principles of the Teutonic polity remained unimpaired by him, and were transmitted intact to his successors. His writings breathe a sense of the responsibilities of rulers and a hatred of tyranny. He did not even attempt to carry further the incorporation of the subordinate kingdoms with Wessex ; but ruled Mercia as a separate state by the hand of his brother-in-law, and left it its own national council or witan. Considering his circumstances, and the chaos from which his government had emerged, it is wonderful that he did not centralize more. He was, we repeat, a true Teuton, and worthy of his place in the Germanic Walhalla.

The most striking proof of his multifarious activity of mind, and of the unlimited extent of the task which his circumstances imposed upon him, as well as of his thoroughly English character, is his undertaking to give his people a literature in their own tongue. To do this he had first to educate himself—to educate himself at an advanced age, after a life of fierce distraction, and with the reorganization of his shattered kingdom on his hands. In his boyhood he had got by heart Saxon lays, vigorous and inspiring, but barbarous ; he had learned to read, but it is thought that he had not learned to write. “As we were one day sitting in the royal chamber,” says Asser, “and were conversing as was our wont, it chanced that I read him a passage out of a certain book. After he had listened with fixed attention, and expressed great delight, he showed me the little book which he always carried about

with him, and in which the daily lessons, psalms and prayers, were written, and begged me to transcribe that passage into his book.” Asser assented, but found that the book was already full, and proposed to the king to begin another book, which was soon in its turn filled with extracts. A portion of the process of Alfred’s education is recorded by Asser. “I was honourably received at the royal mansion, and at that time stayed eight months in the king’s court. I translated and read to him whatever books he wished which were within our reach ; for it was his custom, day and night, amidst all his afflictions of mind and body, to read books himself or to have them read to him by others.” To original composition Alfred did not aspire ; he was content with giving his people a body of translations of what he deemed the best authors ; here again showing his royal good sense. In the selection of his authors, he shows liberality and freedom from Roman, ecclesiastical, imperialist, or other bias. On the one hand he chooses for the benefit of the clergy whom he desired to reform, the “Pastoral Care” of the good Pope, Gregory the Great, the author of the mission which had converted England to Christianity ; but on the other hand he chooses the “Consolations of Philosophy,” the chief work of Boethius, the last of the Romans, and the victim of the cruel jealousy of Theodoric, of whom Hallam says : “Last of the classic writers, in style not impure, though displaying too lavishly that poetic exuberance which had distinguished the two or three preceding centuries ; in elevation of sentiment equal to any of the philosophers ; and, mingling a Christian sanctity with their lessons, he speaks from his prison in the swan-like tones of dying eloquence. The philosophy which consoled him in bonds was soon required in the sufferings of a cruel death. Quenched in his blood, the lamp he had trimmed with a skilful hand gave no more light ; the language of Tully and Virgil soon



ceased to be spoken ; and many ages were to pass away before learned diligence restored its purity, and the union of genius with imitation taught a few modern writers to surpass in eloquence the Latinity of Boethius." Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English, the highest product of that memorable burst of Saxon intellect which followed the conversion, and a work, though not untainted by miracle and legend, most remarkable for its historical qualities as well as for its mild and liberal Christianity, is balanced in the king's series of translations by the work of Orosius, who wrote of general and secular history, though with a religious object. In the translation of Orosius, Alfred has inserted a sketch of the geography of Germany, and the reports of explorations made by two mariners under his auspices among the natives dwelling on the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea ; further proof of the variety of his interests and the reach of his mind.

In his prefaces and in his amplifications and interpolations of the philosophy of Boethius, Alfred comes before us an independent author, and shows us something of his own mind on theology, on psychology, on government, and generally as to the estate of man. To estimate these passages rightly, we must put ourselves back into the anarchical and illiterate England of the ninth century, and imagine an author, who if we could see him, would appear barbarous and grotesque, as would all his equipments and surroundings, and one who had spent his days in a desperate struggle with wolfish Danes, at his literary work in his rude Saxon mansion, with his candle-clock protected by the horn lantern against the wind. The utterances of Alfred will then appear altogether worthy of his character and his deeds. He always emphasizes and expands passages which speak either of the responsibilities of rulers or of the nothingness of earthly power ; and the reflections are pervaded by a pensive-ness which reminds us of Marcus Aurelius.

The political world had not much advanced when, six centuries after Alfred, it arrived at Machiavelli.

There is an especial sadness in the tone of some words respecting the estate of kings, their intrinsic weakness, disguised only by their royal trains, the mutual dread that exists between them and those by whom they are surrounded, the drawn sword that hangs over their heads, "as to me it ever did." We seem to catch a glimpse of some trials, and perhaps errors, not recorded by Asser or the chroniclers.

In his private life Alfred appears to have been an example of conjugal fidelity and manly purity, while we see no traces of the asceticism which was revered by the superstition of the age of Edward the Confessor. His words on the value and the claims of a wife, if not up to the standard of modern sentiment, are at least instinct with genuine affection.

The struggle with the Northmen was not over. Their swarms came again in the latter part of Alfred's reign, from Germany, whence they had been repulsed, and from France, which they had exhausted by their ravages. But the King's generalship foiled them and compelled them to depart. Seeing where their strength lay, he built a regular fleet to encounter them on their own element, and he may be called the founder of the Royal Navy.

His victory was decisive. The English monarchy rose from the ground in renewed strength, and entered on a fresh lease of greatness. A line of able kings followed Alfred. His son and successor, Edward, inherited his vigour. His favourite grandson, Athelstan, smote the Dane and the Scot together at Brunanburgh, and awoke by his glorious victory the last echoes of Saxon song. Under Edgar the greatness of the monarchy reached its highest pitch, and it embraced the whole island under its imperial ascendancy. At last its hour came,

but when Canute founded a Danish dynasty he and his Danes were Christians.

"This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works." If he

did not found a university or a polity, he restored and perpetuated the foundations of English institutions, and he left what is almost as valuable as any institution—a great and inspiring example of public duty.

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APOTHEOSIS.

BY F. K. CROSBY.

SILENT she lay. The night grew old,  
And moaned and wept in drip and fall of rain.  
The dead leaves whistled from the willow wold  
In eddying gusts against the darkened pane.  
From the white lips a sigh—a crooning strain—  
I bend to hear.  
"Withered leaves and loves together  
Fall in windy, wintry weather,  
Dark and drear.  
And the pall of Death and Silence gloomed upon my atmosphere."

Prostrate I lay, and Grief's mad tide  
In flooding surges whelmed and drowned my soul.  
Night falls again, but hark! what sweet tones glide  
Thro' star-set spaces to this rayless goal,  
A line of light above the billows' roll?  
I sprang to hear.  
"Withered leaves and loves together,  
Bloom beside the Summer River  
Sweet and clear.  
And the light of Life's new Morn illumines my spirit's atmosphere."

ST. JOHN, N.B.

## NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THOUGH the House of Commons is composed of one hundred and ninety-one members, the reports of the debates show how few, comparatively, take an active part in the discussions. On the Government side we have, of course, the able and astute Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, who, by virtue of his position, is constantly on his feet, explaining or answering his opponents who sit in front of him, to the left of the Speaker's chair. Sir John Macdonald is an admirable debater; his long experience of public life, his knowledge of men, his wonderful tact, together with his large acquaintance with political, legal, and constitutional questions, enable him to lead the House most effectively. The other frequent speakers are Sir George Cartier, always full of fire, and always good tempered, though his tone and action would lead the stranger to believe the very reverse; Hon. Dr. Tupper, the President of the Council, who has remarkable power as a debater, for he has great command of language, a rapid delivery, and the ability of presenting his facts and arguments in the most forcible way; Sir Francis Hincks, whose knowledge of financial questions has made him a very successful administrator of public affairs, and who always discusses questions in which he is interested with much emphasis and vigour. Mr. Langevin, Mr. Morris, Mr. Tilley and Mr. Pope speak less frequently, and chiefly in connection with the Departments over which they preside. We might expect much from Mr. Howe, whose reputation as a public speaker and writer is wide-spread in Canada, but Time is dealing with him as it must with us all—he is now in his sixty-eighth year—and the stormy career he has led for over

thirty years is commencing to tell on one of the foremost men of the old Liberal party. His speech on the Reorganization of the Empire, and the one he delivered a few years ago at Detroit, however, remain on record to speak of his rhetorical powers. Then there are on the Government benches many gentlemen of undoubted ability as debaters. Among these may be mentioned Hon. J. H. Gray, Mr. E. Macdonald, Mr. Colby, Mr. Cumberland, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Hon. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Carter, Dr. Grant, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Masson, of Soulanges, and some others whose names will recur to the readers of the Parliamentary debates.

Mr. Mackenzie is a ready debater, earnest in expression, and logical in argument. He has a great command of language, and his sentences are well put together and less tautological than those of the majority of public speakers. He still shows his Scotch descent by a slight accent, but it is very far from unpleasant to the English ear. Mr. Blake, who sits immediately behind the present leader of the Opposition in the Commons, seldom shows as much fervour as Mr. Mackenzie, but he possesses rare argumentative power, thoroughly cultured by long forensic training, though his sentences are apt to be long and perplexing to the reporter. Mr. Huntingdon, the member for Sheffield, is not very regular in his attendance in the House, but few gentlemen in that body have a more graceful delivery or a more eloquent mode of expressing their opinions. Mr. Holton, the leader of the Quebec Opposition, never makes long speeches, but he has large financial knowledge, is thoroughly versed in rules of order and Parliamentary tactics, and sends across the floor ever and

anon his little darts of sarcasm. Mr. Dorion, who occupies the seat next him, immediately opposite Sir John Macdonald, speaks fluently in both French and English, and is always heard with interest, for his opponents recognise his keen logic and legal knowledge. The seat on his immediateright—the first on the row—was generally occupied by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, but it was vacated by the inexorable mandate of Death, we all remember, only a few days previous to the prorogation, and now both friends and foes who had been long in the political arena with him bear willing testimony to his merits during a memorable public career, the record of which proves how any man, however humble his origin, can attain the highest position in the country by perseverance, industry, and indomitable will.

Sir Alexander Galt has occupied for two or three years a place analogous to that occupied by independent members in the British House of Commons. Possessing fluency of expression, a pleasing delivery, great knowledge of commercial and financial questions, he has necessarily obtained a large share of public attention in times gone by. Latterly he has not taken the same interest in public matters—perhaps, he feels his position of antagonism to his old political allies, or is conscious that his enunciation of Independence views has for the present weakened him in the opinion of the people. And now it is said, apparently on good authority, that both he and Mr. Dorion intend retiring from the political arena. If this turn out to be the case, then Parliament will lose the services of two of its ablest men, whose opinions are valuable and deserving of consideration, even when opposed to the views of the majority. Mr. Macdougall, of North Lanark, also claims to be an independent member, but the debates of last session prove that there is no sympathy between him and the reformers led by Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake. Mr. Macdougall is not excelled by any of his political compeers in

or out of the House as a fluent, argumentative speaker ; and it is not difficult to see in his well-chosen expressions, and admirable arrangement of matter, the effects of long training on the press, which above all other professions is calculated to teach a man the value of terseness, and enable him to grasp in a moment the most salient points of a question. Besides these gentlemen, there are others to whom we cannot give more than a passing mention. Mr. Mills always has facts and arguments to present, and promises to be an influential man in the House of Commons ; but at times he is too didactic, and his speeches—as Sir John Macdonald told him on one occasion during the session—are more suited to the pages of a periodical than to the floor of the House of Commons. Mr. James Young speaks clearly and pointedly. Mr. Cartwright, who has sat alongside of Sir Alexander Galt for some time, and occupies a somewhat similar position so far as the Government and the Opposition are concerned, is a good debater and is well versed in economical subjects.

There was much doubt and anxiety throughout the Dominion, especially in Ontario, as to the actual operation and value of the Treaty of Washington, and the explanations of Sir John Macdonald before Parliament were eagerly awaited by the people of every province. When the afternoon arrived for these explanations, every seat was full, and the galleries were thronged to a very late hour at night with a deeply interested assemblage of spectators. These explanations are now a part of the history of Canada, and no one, whether political supporter or political opponent, will deny that they were given in a manner worthy of a Canadian statesman. Some may differ as to his premises and his conclusions, and doubt the wisdom of the reasons that influenced him to ask the House to support the measure ; but none can hesitate to confess that his address is a master-piece of argument and com-

prehensiveness. It was delivered calmly and deliberately, though at times he burst from the trammels of explanation and argument and assailed his opponents for their prejudgment of his action in this great question. He carried the House with him most enthusiastically; if there were waverers in the ranks of his supporters they appeared then to have rallied around him.

The great speech on the Opposition side of the House was confessedly that delivered by the Premier of Ontario. It occupied over four hours in the delivery, and was distinguished for its calm, deliberate expression of opinion. Mr. Blake seldom infuses into his speeches that fervour which is a characteristic of the addresses of Sir John Macdonald when he wishes to create an impression on the House; indeed, both socially and politically, he is said to want the warmth and cordiality of manner which make the Conservative leader so popular. In replying to the Premier, Mr. Blake no doubt felt the magnitude of the task imposed upon him by his political supporters, as a master of reasoning and argument, and made it his object to discuss the question with as much freedom from a partisan spirit as a man of strong political predilections could do. The reply, like the speech which drew it forth, was fully worthy of a man of so high a reputation as the member for West Durham possesses, and deserves a foremost place among the political records of this "new nationality." Mr. Blake, however, somewhat marred the effect of the delivery of his speech, by the lengthy quotations from the minutes of council and despatches of the Government, which were necessary to the elucidation of his argument. He laboured also under the disadvantage of feeling all the while that he was speaking to an audience which, so far as the great majority was concerned, did not sympathize with the opinions he was expressing. A public man may know that he is reflecting the sentiment of the country to a large extent; but the

true orator likes to produce an immediate effect on those around him, and when he feels he is not in sympathy with them, he may fail to show that fire which otherwise would light up his speech from time to time as he saw that he was touching the hearts and convincing the minds of his hearers.

The speech of Mr. John Hillyard Cameron was also one of the most characteristic delivered in the course of the most elaborate discussion that ever came off in the First Parliament. We should naturally expect an address of more than ordinary ability from so consummate a lawyer as the member for Peel; and it is admitted that never before did he display more forcibly the perfection of his legal and constitutional erudition—that his speech is one of the most valuable contributions to the technical and legal, as well as historical, views of the question, that the discussion in and out of Parliament has produced. We have no space to go into a review of the able speeches of the President of the Council, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Macdougall, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Anglin, Mr. Dorion, Sir George Cartier, Mr. E. Macdonald, and others, which the readers of the debates will recall to mind. It was well known, from the moment the Minister of Justice had concluded his elaborate speech, that the vote in favour of the ratification of the Treaty would be very large, and the different speakers from every section soon proved, as they had an opportunity of expressing their opinions, the feelings of the majority on the question. The maritime representatives, with remarkable unanimity, argued in favour of a Treaty which gave the people of their provinces a free market for one of their staple products, and held out the prospect of a still more liberal measure of reciprocity in the future. Representatives from Ontario were unwilling to oppose a measure so clearly in the interests of the provinces engaged in the fisheries, and considered the concession of the free navigation

of the St. Lawrence between St. Regis and Montreal as purely nominal, inasmuch as that portion of the river is really unnavigable, and the Americans will have to avail themselves of our system of canals and thereby

stimulate our commerce. But over and above all material considerations was the feeling that the acceptance of the Treaty would ensure our peace and strengthen the connection with the parent state.

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### MODERN SCEPTICISM.

WHAT seems the world to those dark eyes?  
 A place where to be very wise  
 Is but laboriously to stray,  
 And the best wisdom is to play—  
 A place where creeds are not too true  
 But the next parson's creed will do—  
 Where virtue mantles selfishness,  
 But strangers must like natives dress —  
 A solemn farce, whose mystery  
 Shall burst in laughter by and by—  
 With fools below and clouds above?  
 Or does it seem the home of love?

SURENA.

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### COLONEL GRAY ON CONFEDERATION.

BY A BYSTANDER.

WE have before us the first volume of Col. Gray's work on Confederation. of which the second title is "The Political and Parliamentary History of Canada, from the Conference at Quebec, in 1864, to the admission of British Columbia." Consisting in a large measure of documents, speeches and extracts, the book is universally greeted as "rather materials for history than history"—a description which is not likely to attract readers. It is, however, a useful work, and one which Col. Gray was in some respects well fitted to undertake. His style as a writer, like his style as a speaker, is a

good parliamentary style, clear, compact and business-like. His opportunities of information have been first-rate. Indeed his position has in one sense been too high, and his acquaintance with the events and actors too intimate; for he is precluded by an honourable delicacy from ever taking us behind the scenes, and he is equally precluded from dealing with those less dignified features of the situation, which are not the least interesting or the least instructive to the political student.

The questions raised by Col. Gray's work have an interest for all Canadians, even be

yond that which appears upon the surface. Our material resources, even when soberly and faithfully estimated, without the exaggeration of which there are specimens among the oratorical extracts contained in the present volume, are great, and sufficient to sustain an opulent and powerful nation, notwithstanding the geographical disadvantages which it would be childish to ignore. But, in her competition with the vast and compact empire to the south of her, Canada must rely to a considerable degree on the soundness of her institutions. The elective principle must now be recognized as having become the only possible basis of government, at all events upon this continent. But if we can so apply it as to guard against the special maladies to which, like the hereditary principle, it is subject, and which have been terribly developed in the United States; if we can hold at bay faction, and faction's universal concomitant, corruption; if we can keep down trading politicians and city thieves; if we can save our tariff and our public works from rings; if we can preserve the independence of our judiciary, and the security which an independent judiciary affords for prosperity and trade; if we can maintain on a decent level the morality of public life and the character of public men, Canada will have advantages and attractions of which she will soon feel the benefit in a material as well as in a moral point of view.

The immediate causes of Canadian Confederation were clearly enough the deadlock in the Canadian Parliament, and the storm which appeared to be gathering on the side of the United States. But some measure for securing freedom of commercial intercourse between the Provinces had long been the obvious dictate of common sense. Perhaps in adopting a confederation rather than a legislative union, the Provinces were unconsciously obeying the general law of the Teutonic race, which in all its abodes—Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands,

Scandinavia, Great Britain, the United States—will be found tending to federalism, either in the regular shape of a group of states combined under a federal government, or in that of two or more monarchies combined in the person of one sovereign but retaining in a greater or less degree their parliamentary independence and their local laws. The spirit of independence and self-reliance has been at once the strength and the weakness of the Teuton. The propensity to disunion by which it is accompanied has more than once been on the point of delivering the race, and political freedom with it, into the hands of the feeble, but, on that very account, more gregarious and united Celt.

In the present instance, it is true, the aversion of a Celtic Province to a national union, and its preference for federalism, was a principal determining cause in favour of federation; but the exception is obviously one which proves the rule. It was to incorporation with English Provinces that the Lower Canadians objected. Had all the provinces been French, a legislative union would infallibly have been the result. Federalism would have met the fate which it met in the French Revolution, when nothing was a surer passport to the guillotine.

The Provinces did not afford the happiest of subjects for the application of the federal principle. The happiest subject for the application of that principle is a pretty numerous group of states tolerably well balanced in point of size and power, such as the States of America or the Cantons of Switzerland. The great predominance of one or two states is adverse to the working of the principle, especially if the number of states is small. If there is one predominant state, the natural result is a combination of all the others against it; if there are two, the natural result is a rivalry between them, in which the smaller states will take part as allies of one side or the other, making their profit in the shape of grants and

other concessions out of the alliance. We must expect to encounter some difficulties from this source. The vicinity of the United States, while it was one of the main-causes of confederation, renders the discontent of the smaller provinces more dangerous, and enables them, if they should ever prove unreasonable in their demands, to imperil the harmony and even the existence of the Confederation. Had legislative union been practicable, its advantages would have been great.

There was however another peculiarity in the position of these colonies, considered as a subject for the application of the federal principle, which, though at once of the highest importance and glaringly obvious, seems not to have attracted much attention. What are the special functions of a Federal Government?—Peace and war, and the management of foreign relations. The exigencies of defensive war have in fact given birth to the most memorable confederations in history, from the Achæan League downwards. But these functions could not be assigned to the Federal Government of the Canadian Dominion, for the simple reason that they were already vested in the Government of the British Empire. The Provinces were in fact already members of a Confederation, the Imperial Government standing to them and the Colonies generally in the relation in which the Federal Government of the American Republic stands toward the States of the Union, and discharging for them analogous functions in the most important respects. The advocates of Imperial Confederation are agitating for that which, if they could open their eyes, they would see already in existence, though a Pan-Britannic Parliament is still a vision of the future. To interpose another Federal Government between the Governments of the Provinces and that which already exercised federal power on their behalf was to introduce into politics a very curious and complicated machine. There might have seemed to be

some danger that the second Federal Government having no very obvious functions of importance to discharge, would occupy itself to an undesirable extent in maintaining the ascendancy of the party by which it was supported, in the extension of its patronage for that purpose, and in the expenditure of money on public works and other undertakings by means of which its partizans might be rewarded and its influence increased.

In point of military security, it seems not clear that much was gained by Confederation. As was urged at the time by the opponents of the measure, the unity of military action among the Provinces, under a British Commander-in-chief, would probably be at least as great as under a party Government of the Dominion.

By the statesmen and people of Great Britain Canadian Confederation was generally regarded at the time as the seal of Canadian nationality and the forerunner of Canadian Independence, though the perpetual changes of mood in the ill-informed and careless mind of the British public on the Colonial question render it difficult to appeal to the memory of yesterday. But to Canadian statesmen, who had no such object in view, the chief inducement appears to have been the hope of escaping from a Parliamentary dead-lock. Unhappily, while they dealt with the most obvious, they failed to deal with the deepest cause of the evil. The most obvious cause of the evil was the equilibrium of party forces and the impossibility of forming a strong party Government, resulting from the ill-starred union of British with French Canada. The deepest cause of the evil was Faction; and Faction is not diminished or divested of its noxious properties by being set to operate over a larger area, with a greater breadth of passion to which to appeal and more extensive opportunities of corruption.

In the special form of Federal Government which they adopted, the authors of



Confederation appear to have been influenced mainly by two considerations—a belief that the ill success of Federal Government had arisen from the weakness of the central power, and a desire to imitate the British Constitution.

As to the first consideration it may be remarked that to quarrel with a Federation for not having a strong central government is rather like quarrelling with a circle for not being a square. The object of Federation is to combine, for the purposes of security against external aggression and of internal peace, with freedom of intercourse and trade, communities which do not choose to part with their political independence in regard to their domestic affairs; and without the surrender of such political independence, a strong central power cannot exist. The alleged weakness of Federal Government is, so to speak, its strength; because communities of the character to which it is applicable will submit to a limited while they would rebel against a more extensive power; they will quietly bear the loose bond of connection which they would snap if it were tightened. If the framers of Confederation imagined that the catastrophe in the United States by which their minds were so powerfully affected was to be ascribed to the weakness of the central power, it must be said with all deference that they never were more mistaken. The cause of Secession was slavery, which had practically divided the Union into two nations. No authority with which the Central Government could have been invested, short of despotic power supported by a great standing army, could have averted that result. On the contrary, it was the impression prevalent at the South that the Federal Government possessed powers which might and would be employed by their opponents, victorious in the Presidential election, for the purpose of interfering with their State institutions that at last determined the Southern States to revolt. Had the Southerners felt

assured that the Federal Government and Legislature possessed no power which could be used for that purpose, the election of an anti-slavery President need not have been the signal for revolt.

As to the second consideration, it may be remarked that though the union of England and Scotland has something in it of a federal character, the separate Scottish law, church and peerage being retained, the British constitution is not federal, but thoroughly national, and is therefore inapplicable to a federation, though the great British principles of personal liberty and responsible government are universal in their application. Least of all, as has been said before, is the system of party government—engendered and maintained in England by the long and still existing struggle between the Crown and the people, the aristocracy and the unprivileged masses, the Established Church and religious liberty, reaction and progress—applicable to a country in which, happily for us, no such struggle exists.

The result is a sort of cross between a national government and a federation, in which the powers are divided between the central and local governments, sometimes upon no very obvious principle. The administration of justice and the constitution of the courts for example, are assigned to the local governments, and the appointment of the judges to the central; the criminal law to the one, the civil law to the other: though the civil law, it would seem, must often create and define rights and responsibilities, an infringement of which would call for the interposition of criminal justice. The whole machine, with its double set of elections, Dominion and Provincial, is one of singular complexity, and it cannot be said that the questions raised by Mr. Dunkin, as to the mode in which a party government was to be carried on through such intricacies, have yet been practically solved, though they may be in process of solution. We shall see whether any effect will be produced in

the relations between Dominion and Provincial Parliaments and parties by the abolition of dual representation. In the meantime, it must be observed that the tendency of all complexity is to increase the danger of wire-pulling, intrigue and corruption.

It has clearly been found necessary to admit the sectional principle into the construction of the Dominion Cabinet, which, if the functions of the central government are not merely federal but national, must be regarded as a great evil.

Had the functions of the central government been federal alone, it may be doubted whether any assembly could have discharged them so efficiently, or with so little risk of the evils upon the growth of which the most impartial and judicious Canadians look with serious alarm, as a simple Federal Council, elected by the Legislatures of the different Provinces, in proportion to their population—a counterpart in fact, except in the last mentioned respect, of the American Senate.

As we were to have an imitation of the British Constitution, it was necessary, of course, that there should be an Upper House of Parliament, corresponding to the House of Lords. The House of Lords was in feudal times an estate of the realm, which came to Parliament to uphold its own interests against the other estates, as a feudal lord would have admitted in the plainest terms. It is still a privileged order, strong in the possession of vast hereditary wealth, and social influence equally extensive. No shadow of the power of such a body could possibly be transferred to the mere nominees of a party leader, untitled, and without territorial influence; for the landed qualification for the Dominion Senate is so small as to be virtually unmeaning. The Senate of the United States, whose efficiency as an organ of Conservatism is rated, perhaps, at least as highly as it deserves, is elective, not nominative; and as a representation of the States, it acquired from the circumstances

of the union special importance, which it has retained. Moreover, it possesses exclusively the treaty-making power, which of course invests it with substantial authority and corresponding distinction. In other countries, at least in Europe, Upper Chambers have not worked well. Of the Upper Chamber in France, the distinguished French publicist, M. de Laveleye, says: "It has been asserted that an Upper Chamber was a necessary protection of the throne and of society. We can no longer remain under this illusion. Did the Chamber of Peers or the Senate delay for a single moment the fall of Louis Philippe, or Napoleon III? 'The Chamber of Peers' said M. Duvergier de Hauranne, neither saved nor overthrew the Government of King Louis Philippe, for the single reason that it did not exist? In fact a lie in the *Moniteur* sufficed to put an end to an institution without roots in our national character, without foundations in our social organization. As to the last Senate, the case is still stronger; no one can tell how it ceased to exist. An aristocratic chamber in ordinary times is a great danger, because it will follow, and cause the Crown to follow, a retrograde policy; it will thus provoke revolutions; and in the day of peril, as a means of defence, it will be a nullity, as experience has shown." Of whom will you form your Upper Chamber? Of the rich? Then you institute a formal conflict between wealth and poverty, and expose wealth to the attack of the forces embodied in the more popular chamber, which an assembly of aged millionaires is wholly unable to resist. Of your wisest and most experienced statesmen? Then you will deprive the popular house, which will always be the most powerful, of the only element by which it can be tempered and kept within the bounds of discretion.

The fact is that forms, however hollow, however well known to be hollow, have their effect upon the mind. The framers of our constitution could not help fancying

that the members of the Upper House would be really, as well as ostensibly, the nominees of the Crown, and that they would thus be invested with an independent dignity, which the nomination of a mere party leader can never confer.

Col. Gray censures the framers of Confederation for having omitted to federalize the district of Ottawa; probably this might have been done, though it would have led to a somewhat anomalous ownership of a territory by a government which is not itself a sovereign power. What seems open to graver censure, however, is the omission to provide a rule for the admission into the Confederacy of new colonies, and a simple form of intermediate government suitable to their requirement while they are in a condition analogous to that of the territories of the United States. For want of a provision of this kind we have had difficulties respecting admission; and the condition of a newly-admitted colony, with its elaborate government and judiciary, and its sparse population, resembles that of the first minister of Otaheite, who, having been presented by a navigator with a laced cocked hat and thick boots, was found standing proudly at the right hand of royalty in those habiliments, and those alone.

There was yet another omission which, in order to perfect elective institutions, it will some day be found necessary in all countries alike to supply. We want a trustworthy and efficient tribunal for the punishment of corruption and other political offences. The old form of impeachment by the Lower House before the Upper is obsolete; and under our present system it would assume the character of a party struggle rather than a judicial process. A government supported by a majority would be always able to shut the gate of justice. We need a tribunal, thoroughly judicial in its character and accessible to the public at large, with proper safeguards, of course, against levity and vexatiousness. If such a

tribunal had existed in the United States, corruption could hardly have reached the height which it has.

Colonel Gray, indeed, seems to think that, so far as corruption is concerned, we have no present cause for fear. "For five-and-twenty years it cannot be said of any one public man, who has been a member of a government in any one of the provinces, that he has made use of his position to advance his own pecuniary interests; nor, with the exception of one or two, has even political malice ventured to make the charge." But the danger is not so much that the ambitious men who hold the high offices of government, and whose object is generally power rather than pelf, will themselves grow wealthy at the public expense, as that they will purchase support by corrupting others. The Duke of Newcastle, who, far more than Walpole, was the archpriest of political corruption in his day, who, in fact, corrupted English public life from top to bottom, and had half the House of Commons in his pocket, was so far from himself making money by politics that he greatly reduced his hereditary estate. Even Walpole, while bribing others, was himself comparatively disinterested. In fact, nothing can be more dangerous to national character than the influence of a political chief, himself pure, but a corrupter of all around him.

As to the general system of maintaining government by the use of patronage, we must mournfully admit the truth of Colonel Gray's allegation that Canadian public men are entitled to appeal "to the practice of the Imperial Cabinet and statesmen." Official patronage has less influence in England since the introduction of the competitive examination for civil service appointments, but the distribution of honours and of admissions to the Court circle is still a potent instrument of government in a plutocratic community. Under the party system, parliamentary government cannot be carried on without this support, and

orators preaching purity from Opposition platforms will do well to remember the exigencies of power. Col. Gray may also with truth say that, in fixing the amount of their own official salaries, Canadian statesmen have by no means shewn themselves rapacious. The increase of their salaries to something like an adequate remuneration for the most eminent ability and the hardest possible work, is, in fact, a much needed reform. The difference between the stipend of a working First Minister and that of a Governor-General is not only an anomaly but an injustice.

This is not the most attractive of political themes. But it would be absurd to assume that we in Canada are specially exempted from the political maladies which rage in neighbouring and kindred communities, and which, if left to spread unchecked, will at last bring society into a condition from which it will escape, if at all, only through revolutionary convulsions.

Col. Gray generally preserves the calmness of style befitting a votary of the severe muse who presides over "Collections of Materials for History." But when he comes to the great historic case of Mr. Brown, his emotions get the better of him, and he introduces a passage which belongs to the platform, or even to some still narrower sphere. Having given an account of Mr. Brown's secession from the Confederation Ministry, and of the reason assigned by that gentleman himself for it, he proceeds :

"No other explanations on the subject were made in Parliament, and the conclusion is irresistible that the reason assigned for the resignation was not the reason which existed. Mr. Brown's resignation at such a time, when Confederation was about to be put upon its trial, and when the measure, in which he had taken so prominent a part, required the aid of all the talents and patriotism, and, if necessary, self-abnegation of the leading men in the country, cannot, it is conceived, be justified. He himself had said 'that the appearance of disunion in the Government would be injurious to the cause of Confederation.' Either he ought not to have joined the Government, or he ought not to have left it at that time. The people sustain-

ed him in the first, they condemned him in the latter. The reason he gave no one accepted as the real reason, and his opponents did not hesitate to say that he left the Government because he was not permitted to be its master, and that jealousy of its other leading men was the true cause. Whether it was so or not, unfortunately—because it is a misfortune when a political man of high standing affords even plausible grounds for the public to attribute his conduct, in the discharge of public duties, to other than public considerations, still more so when that conduct precludes even his friends from justifying the position he has taken—Mr. Brown's subsequent conduct gave too much reason for the charge. His endeavour from that time to revive the old internecine quarrels that had existed previous to the coalition ; to renew the charge of corruption against his old opponents, which, if true, he at any rate had condoned, by going into the Government with them ; his attacks upon his old colleagues of the Reform party, who had joined him in the effort for conciliation, because they would not follow him in his flight ; his unceasing attempts to blacken the personal character of the men who but just previously had been his colleagues and joint sworn advisers of the Crown ; his efforts to sow disunion among the friends of Confederation, and divide its supporters into old party lines, at the very moment it needed the greatest consideration and the most united action ; his jeopardizing a great national question, in which not only the interests of Canada but of all British America were involved, to gratify personal or political animosity, brought, as they usually do, their own punishment. In one year the work of his suicide was accomplished. At the election for the Dominion Parliament in 1867 throughout the vast Province of Ontario, in which he had been wont to be a moving power, no constituency returned him, though a candidate, to that first Parliament of the Confederation in which it had been expected he would play so conspicuous a part. The people pronounced him to be an impracticable man, who allowed his temper to override his judgment. A powerful debater, an experienced politician, of indomitable energy, in many respects, but for one weakness, great, he passed away from the sphere of a statesman, and destroyed a power which, wielded with moderation, might have been of incalculable service to his country. A more painful episode never occurred in political life. *Requiescat in pace.*"

The concluding prayer has not been heard. The manifesto to the Roman Catholics published by Mr. Brown a short time since would be sufficient to show that his relations to his party remain, as they were sure to do, practically unchanged ; and

if Col. Gray could rise to a national point of view, he would see that it is better for the country that the real leaders of both the parties by whose antagonistic action government under our present system is carried on, should be in their proper place in the House of Commons, so that the Opposition may be in a condition to perform its constitutional functions as effectually as the government.

It might be conceded, without impeaching the integrity of Mr. Brown, or that of any statesman placed in a similar position, that the actual cause of secession from the cabinet, which it was alone necessary to state to parliament, was not the whole account of the incompatibility which led to the disruption. The coalition government of Lord Aberdeen was formed, in perfect good faith, to rescue the country from a political deadlock; and its chief was a man eminently fitted to hold a coalition together, singularly disinterested, unambitious almost to a fault, universally esteemed, of admirable temper, and, from his having been always devoted to the department of Foreign Affairs, and little concerned in general party conflicts, singularly clear of acrimonious associations. Yet that government had hardly come into being when it began to show symptoms of dissolution from the personal incompatibilities of its members. Long party strife begets inveterate antagonisms, even where there is no radical difference of principle. There can have been no radical difference of principle between the Canadian statesmen of opposite parties who undertook to carry on in unison, not only the process of Confederation, but the general government of the country; but there may well have been an inveterate antagonism; and the disregard of his opinion with regard to the negotiations for the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty may have been a sufficient proof to Mr. Brown that his position in the coalition cabinet was no longer tenable. The specific object of the coal-

tion—Confederation—was achieved; nor does it appear that Mr. Brown can be charged with any want of patriotism, or with failure to redeem any pledge upon that subject. Such probably will be the general verdict of impartial history on this much vexed transaction.

As to "suicide," if there was any in the case, it took place when Mr. Brown consented to Confederation, by which the balance was struck in favour of Quebec, and Ontario was, for the time at least, sent under the yoke. The events which have followed—the combination of Quebec with the smaller provinces, the concessions to those provinces, the Manitoba affair, the compact with British Columbia, and the reinforcement of the government by Columbian votes, were all written in broad characters on an open page of the book of fate. But it is no more than justice to assume that Mr. Brown in the whole affair did what he thought best for the country, without any selfish regard for his own political position.

He and the other members of the coalition cabinet who, with him, represented liberal traditions, may perhaps be more seriously arraigned hereafter, by liberal historians at least, upon another count. It is natural that a Tory, even when he finds himself compelled by the circumstances of his age and country to admit the ascendancy of the elective principle, should strive to limit its application as much as possible, and to withdraw everything to the utmost of his power from the decision of the people. Any other course would be inconsistent with his traditions. But the soul of political Liberalism is a frank recognition of the elective principle, and a hearty deference to the national will as the basis of all government. Why, it will be asked, did the Liberal members of the coalition cabinet vote for a nominative, in place of an elective senate? Still more, Why did they fail to insist that Confederation should be submitted for ratification to the vote of the people? Statesmanship, in-

dependently of party traditions, would seem to have counselled such a course. Even the reactionary founders of dynasties in Europe find it expedient, in this age, to base their power on a plebiscite. It may be that, in our peculiar position, the legislatures of the several provinces were legally empowered, with the sanction of the Imperial Parliament, to dispose of the nationality of their constituents, though their commission as legislators unquestionably did not include such a power. But what statesman would have permitted such a technicality to stand in the way of so essential an object as the ratification by the national will of the fundamental institutions of the country? It was argued that Confederation being everywhere welcomed with satisfaction, the consent of the whole people might be assumed. Events soon proved the hollowness of that assumption. But had it been well founded, it would only have proved the expediency of seizing the propitious moment and placing the moral claim of the new polity to the allegiance of all citizens beyond dispute for ever. So long as the country is prosperous and all goes smoothly, no question will be raised as to the manner in which Confederation was carried. But if discontent should ever arise, as in the course of nature it some day must, we may hear more of the omission to submit the decision of the national destiny to the direct vote of the people.

Col. Gray naturally assumes the construction of a Pacific Road as the complement of Confederation. If British Columbia is to be a part of the Canadian Dominion, it is obviously necessary that we should have access to it without going through foreign territory or round Cape Horn. But Col. Gray is hardly right in his mode of estimating the probable cost. "There is nothing," he says "to indicate that the cost of construction will exceed the average cost of construction in America, namely \$30,000 or \$35,000 per mile, fully equipped—the extra difficulties of the Rocky Mountains and Brit-

ish Columbia being more than counterbalanced by the greater facilities in the prairie lands." No notice is here taken of the fact that the labour market is rising and seems likely to rise, scarcity of hands being already felt everywhere, while great works are being undertaken in all directions. The price of iron, and every other article of railway construction into which labour enters as a principal element, will of course rise at the same time; and the pressure is likely to be peculiarly felt in the case of an enterprise of vast magnitude which we are bound to complete within a limited time. Sanguine projectors are a little apt to lose sight of the very obvious fact that the labour of a country is a limited quantity, and that, if it is turned to one object, it must be withdrawn from others. The hands which are constructing a Pacific Railway cannot be building Canadian houses or tilling Canadian fields. It is perhaps taken for granted that we can import labour to an unlimited extent, provided the government will only adopt what is called a spirited emigration policy; but this assumption is one which ought no longer to be acted upon without consideration. There is no doubt a vast reservoir of labour in China, if it can be made available for out-of-door work in high latitudes; but there is a limit to the amount to be expected from any other quarter. The masses of helplessness and sickness which have accumulated round London and other great cities in England would be of little use to us if they could be transported hither. Of efficient labour England has now no surplus in any line. The late strike among the agricultural labourers was caused by the paucity of hands, which indicated to the labourers that they might command higher wages. Even in Ireland there is now a scarcity of farm labour. The day may not be far distant when the mother country, instead of regarding the colonies with complacency as outlets for her surplus population, will look upon them with jealousy as competitors

with her for the labour of which she has a short supply.

As another consequence of Confederation and of the new responsibilities, military and fiscal, at the same time cast on Canada by the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, Col. Gray argues that the Dominion ought to be permitted to pursue the course dictated by its own interests, independently of Imperial policy, in its commercial relations with other countries, and especially to enter into an independent treaty of commerce with Brazil.

"The responsibilities thus thrown upon Canada, she accepts. Similar responsibilities educated the old thirteen colonies to become a nation. Their citizens became soldiers, their soldiers statesmen. What made Pepperall and Franklin, Washington and Adams, Hamilton and Marshall, the men they were? Long before the Revolution, they were dealing with questions beyond the sphere of local politics. Those young provinces trained their Home Guards to meet the Indian Philip, and sent their regiments to wrest Louisburg from France; but the trader of Boston could not buy a knife from France, or a yard of cloth from Germany. Their commerce had but one groove.

"The history of Caspar Hauser shows that the mind untrained, however naturally strong, remains in a state of imbecility, though the physical frame may attain its fair proportions. The Canadian statesman has now to consider other matters than those of mere internal regulations. He has to look ahead to the development of foreign trade, to his position with foreign countries. 'Far as the breezes blow, the ocean rolls,' his commerce is free. He must see to its sustenance, to its extension. He wishes to act in full accord with the mother country; whatever policy she deems best for herself, as a general rule, is best for Canada: what strengthens her, strengthens peace; but to all rules there must be some exception, and the South American and Intercolonial trade with Canada comes within the exception."

The question is, when the Imperial Government has conceded Col. Gray's demand, how much will be left of the Empire?

We are now about to enter on the second general election, and the second grand party contest under Confederation. It may almost

be said that, while that contest lasts, Canadians will have no country; community of national sentiment will be lost in the antagonism of party. The worst foreign enemies of our name and race are hardly so odious to us as, during this struggle, will be one half of the Canadian people to the other half. We shall welter without ceasing in two conflicting cataracts of misrepresentation, such as would be thought extravagant and almost crazy if directed against any but fellow-citizens of the opposite party; and the passions excited on all sides will mangle themselves and by their consequences, inflict on us no inconsiderable portion of the moral evils of civil war. All the broadest faction, venal and malignant, all the detestable arts of faction, will flourish and abound. Patriotism will lose its restraining power. Already faction is trying to make electioneering capital out of an industrial war—as heinous a breach of patriotism as, in an industrial community like ours, it is possible to commit, and one which the community, if it has any regard for its own most vital interests, will sternly resent. The fact is that, in such periods of ignoble frenzied electioneering capital would be made out of a plague. Such is the method which we still employ in politics, and which we are all bound, under penalty of being considered impracticable and visionary, to accept as necessary and eternal, while rational methods are being adopted in every other department of enquiry and life.

Here, as in every country where party government prevails, the party organizations have, in a great measure, destroyed the elector's liberty of choice, and all that he can do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is to vote the ticket. But the grasp of the organizations upon the throat of the nation in Canada is not yet quite so tight as it is, for instance, in the United States; and Canadians who have only the interests of Canada at heart, may here and there have the chance of giving

ing a purely patriotic vote in favour of some man as little bound to the wheels of party as themselves. Sham independence, with an underground communication with the Government, is the game of the most despicable of political tricksters; but after all, real independence is sometimes to be found;

and the presence of even two or three really independent men in a legislature is a greater check on ministerial jobbery and the excesses of faction, and a greater security for the paramount interests of the country, than any one who has not watched parliamentary struggles closely might suppose.

## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

### MATHEWS—THE COMEDIAN.\*

(From Julian Young's Diary.)

1833, October 18.—'E'en from my boyhood up I knew old Charles Mathews, the comedian, intimately. The present generation has too often heard of him, and therefore naturally thinks of him as a great *mimic*. I claim for him higher pretensions—viz., that of being the most wonderful *imitator* of his age.

A man may be the most amusing 'mimic' that ever 'set the table in a roar,' and yet be gifted with no great powers of intellect. The mind has very little to do with the matter; for the mimic's success depends principally on liveliness of perception, and the possession of certain physical and corporeal qualifications, neither rare in their manifestations nor indicative of any mental superiority in their possessor.

The chief requisites in the *mimic* are quickness of observation, sensibility of ear, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and suppleness of muscle. His sphere is a very limited one; for it is generally confined to the mere adventitious accidents of singularity of elocution or oddity of demeanour. The mental and the moral of the inner man are beyond his province. That Mathews had no rival as a *mimic* I am not prepared to assert; for, in 'taking off' his brethren of the sock and buskin, I think Frederick Yates was his superior: but as an *imitator* he was unapproachable.

The two words 'imitation' and 'mimicry' are often used indiscriminately, as if they were convertible terms. Now, whatever analogy there may be between them, there is also a distinction between them which is definite and definable. *Imitation* in the abstract, is the attempt to resemble a model. The object of *mimicry* is to burlesque and caricature salient peculiarities; and, therefore, to abuse the faculty of imitation. There is no more operative principle implanted in man than the propensity to imitation; and if the Deity, in giving us so ungrudgingly of the disposition, had failed to impart to us the power, it would have been like tormenting us with a restless ambition to fly, and yet withholding from us the use of wings. We are gifted with the faculty of copying a model, in order that the tendency of which we have spoken may be something better than a futile aspiration; but this faculty, like every other appertaining to us, is under the control of our own will, and may be perverted by us in a variety of ways, and then indeed imitation degenerates into mimicry.

No doubt an irrepressible sense of the ludicrous, combined with the pleasure of making others laugh, frequently tempted Mathews to indulge in the lower vein of mimicry; but it was his singular power of transfusing the thoughts and spirit of men distinguished for

\* From "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with extracts, from his son's Journal." By Julian Charles Young, A.M. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.



their intellectual ascendancy over others into his own, which stamped him indelibly with the seal of genius.

The old Duke of Richmond, the grandfather of the present, was very partial to Mathews, and so thoroughly appreciated this *specialité* of his, that during his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, whenever he had him to dinner and wished to treat his guests to a specimen of his talent, as soon as the cloth was removed, he would propose his health, not in his own name, but now as Lord Erskine, now as Lord Ellenborough—at one time as Sheridan, at another as Curran; and under whichever character, he would make a speech so closely after the manner of each as to electrify his hearers. It was not so much the alacrity with which he would spring to his feet and assume the countenance, voice, and gesticulation of the person he was expected to impersonate, as the similarity of thought and style of speech which recalled to his audience Erskine and Ellenborough, and the *copia verborum* and profusion of trope and metaphor, which made them fancy they were listening to the voice of Sheridan or Curran.

In Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Byron*, she mentions that Walter Scott once asked Byron if he had ever heard Mathews imitate Curran; and, on his regretting that he never had, Scott added—'It was not an imitation, it was a continuation of the man.' So highly, too, did Coleridge estimate his powers, that on somebody, in his presence, calling him a mere mimic, he said, 'You call him a mimic: I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems.'

He certainly was unique in his way, though full of incongruities. I never knew any man so alive to the eccentricities of others, so dead to his own. I never knew a man who made the world laugh so much, who so seldom laughed himself. I never knew a man who, when *in* society, could make the dullest merry, so melancholy *out* of it. I never knew a man so prompt to resent calumnious imputations on others, so ready to forgive those who had done him wrong. In his imitation of others, he was never actuated by malevolence; but too hasty in attributing unamiable motives to any who made *him* the subject of mimicry. He was very fond of imitating Dignum the singer, and used to tell how, when he took him off to his

face, he would say, 'Oh, Mathews, you are a wonderful person; but it is wicked, it really is to mock nature—you should not do it, 'pon my life.' Yet he himself was furious with Yates for taking the like liberty with him.

The intrinsic worth of his character, the purity of his life, his liberality to the necessities of his simplicity, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife and son, his fidelity to his friends, his loyalty to his patrons, his courageous defence of those he thought unjustly defamed, could not fail to win for him the thorough respect of all who knew him. On the other hand, genius and gentleman as he was, his nervous whimsicality, his irritability about trifles, his antipathies to particular people, places, and objects, rendered him justly vulnerable to ridicule and censure. I have seen him scratch his head, and grind his teeth, and assume a look of anguish, when a haunch of venison has been carved unskilfully in his presence. I have seen him, when in high feather and high talk, in a sunny chamber, if transferred to a badly-lighted room, withdraw into a corner and sit by himself in moody silence. He was strangely impressionable by external things. I have known him refuse permission to a royal Duke to see over his picture-gallery on Highgate Hill, because the day of his call was cloudy. He was such a passionate lover of sunshine, that I have seen him 'put out' for a whole day by the lady of a house at which he was calling pulling down the Venetian blinds. 'There are not many days in the year' he would say, 'when the sun shines at all in this country; and when he *is* disposed to be kindly, and to pay us a visit, down goes every blind in his face, to show him, I suppose, how little we value his presence.' Whenever he went out to dinner, in the good old days when moderator and sinumbra lamps were unknown, and wax-candles were in fashion, he was wont to carry in his breast-pocket a pair of small silver snuffers so that, when the wicks were long and dull, he might be able to trim them, and brighten up the gloom that was gathering round the table. I have known him, without the slightest cause, appropriate remarks to himself which were intended for others, and fret his heart-strings over imaginary wrongs for hours. I have known him frenzied with rage, on discovering that a tidy housemaid had picked up from the floor of his

bed-room a dirty pair of stockings which he had left there 'as a memorandum,' on the same principle on which people tie knots in their handkerchiefs. And yet, with all these unhappy infirmities, I never knew a man more formed to inspire, and who succeeded more in inspiring, personal affection, or who, though exposed to many temptations, was so unsoiled by them.

I have already implied, if I have not asserted, that he was liable to alternate fits of elation and depression. At one time he was so alarmed about himself, that he begged his razors might be always kept by his man, and never left in his room, lest, under some malign impulse, he might destroy himself. When the black cloud was on his spirit, he was taciturn: and, if addressed, laconic and sour in his replies. At such times he would speak as if he were a fatalist; he would vow that nothing ever went right with him; that he was the most ill-starred of men; and then, in confirmation of his assertion, would say—'I never, in my life, put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining, and thought that every one who had the choice would keep in doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength, and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew, or who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to an author, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry, without being overturned, and having my hip-bone broke, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead. In an incredible space of time (I think thirteen months) I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded, if I were to set up as baker, every one in my neighbourhood would leave off eating bread!'

I mentioned how easily his equanimity was disturbed by trifles, such as bad carving, ill-lighted rooms, &c. The same feeling extended to other things. If he were paying a call, for the first time, on a new acquaintance, and saw a picture hanging out of the perpendicular, he would spring up to put it straight; if a lady, in her dress, showed a deficient sense of harmony in colour, it irritated him greatly, &c., &c. The

following anecdote will further illustrate his morbid sensibility to things which most people would deem insignificant.

He had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant a commercial gentleman earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire, and took up a newspaper, meaning to wile away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile upon his face—'I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard.' The person addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his reading, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded that the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out, with syllabic precision—'Are—you—a-ware—Sir—that—you—have—been—eat-ing—boiled—beef—with-out—mus-tard?' Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm.' At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and, in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table, under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out—'Confound it, Sir, you SHALL take mustard!' He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen, and that he never would sit in the room with a man who *could* eat beef without mustard.

Another of the plagues by which he deemed himself to be peculiarly beset, was the pestering offers of attention, from mercenary motives, of urchins in the streets.

I met him one day in Regent Street, mounted on his pretty milk-white pony. Although I was a favourite, I saw that my stopping him was not altogether acceptable. It was soon explained. The young Arabs of the street were round him, and at each side of his bridle, with 'Please, want your 'orse 'olded;' and, with the sort of expression on his face which one would have expected, perhaps, to see, if he had been on the plains of Egypt, with a swarm of Bedouins swooping down upon him, he shook himself off from me, with the words, 'The plague's begun,' uttered in a tone of despair, and galloped off as fast as intervening cabs and carriages would allow him.

During the entire period of his stay with us he was delightful: always ready to fall in with our quiet and monotonous mode of life, and appearing pleased with everything and everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. At the termination of his night's performance at Andover, I was made aware of one of his whims, of which I had, till then, been quite unconscious. I mean his singular and inexplicable aversion to the touch of money. A certain man, who, for prudential reasons, I will not name, always travelled with him, as his secretary and check-taker. He received all the money taken at the doors. On leaving the Town Hall with Mathews, I asked him if he were content with the receipts. 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't know what they are: I leave it to all to B——. I am quite at his mercy. I never know what really is taken at the doors. I only know what I receive. I hope and believe B—— is honest; but even if he is not, I could not wrangle about money. I do so hate the very touch of it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, with genuine incredulity, 'hate money!' 'I did not say I hated money, but that I hated *the touch* of money—I mean coin. It makes my skin goosey.'

One more of his oddities I must mention. He used often to declare that he could never understand why it was that, when other people so frequently had cause to complain that they could not find things they lost, he never could lose anything he wished to get rid of. I must plead guilty to having twice ministered, with malice prepense, to this superstition of his.

On leaving any house where I may have been staying, I have a confirmed habit of looking into every drawer, washstand, table, &c., so as to ensure myself against leaving anything behind me. Mathews once left me at a country inn, where we had been staying together. When I was about to take my departure, with my usual precaution, I took care to ransack every possible and impossible nook or cranny, behind which any article of mine might have fallen; and, in doing so, observed, secreted behind a huge old mahogany dining-table, with deep flaps, which was placed against the wall of our sitting-room, a dress-shoe, so dapper in shape, and so diminutive in size, that I had no difficulty in recognizing it as one of my friend's. Rejoiced at the opportunity of having a bit of fun, I enclosed it in a brown-paper parcel, and despatched it after him. Instead of thanking me for my trouble, he wrote to me, and told me that I was 'his evil genius; that, having worn out the companion pump, which was that of the foot of his lame leg, the one I had forwarded to him was of no earthly use to him; that, in the faint hope of getting rid of it, he had placed it where I had found it; and that in consequence of my inquisitive and officious disposition, he had been compelled to pay for the recovery of this useless article as much as would have purchased an entirely new pair.'

About a month after he had left us, at Ampthorp, I happened to go to my wardrobe in search of an old pair of trowsers which I reserved for gardening purposes. As I was putting them on, I felt that there was something in them. My first impression was, that, when I had last worn them, I had left my purse in them. But, on inserting my hand into the pocket, I drew out an oddly-shaped object, neatly wrapped up in Bath note paper, with these words inscribed on the outside, in the quaint but vigorous handwriting I knew so well, 'To be lost, if possible.' On opening the little packet, I found inside it a circular nail-brush, worn to the bone. It would seem that, on looking over the articles of my wardrobe, he thought the trowsers he had selected were too shabby for me ever to put on again, and therefore chose them for a hiding-place. But he was deceived. I made up another neat parcel for him, and directed it to his house in London. Unfortunately he was on a professional tour in the provinces, where it followed him; till, by the time it reached him,

the 'carriage' had amounted to some shillings. I was not long in receiving a letter of ironical thanks 'for my kind and *dear* attention.' I was penitent for having put him to such expense, and I confessed my sin to him.

Many years after, I was telling his son Charles of these amusing incidents, when he said, 'I can cap your story.' He then told me, that once he and his father had an engagement with one of the East India Directors at the India Office. As they were approaching Blackfriars Bridge, the father said to the son, 'We must stop a minute at the first draper's shop we come to, as I want to buy myself a new pair of gloves; for I have mislaid the fellow to the one I have on my right hand.' As soon as he had effected his purchase, they proceeded on their way; and, on reaching the bridge, the son observed his father looking before him and behind him, as if, having some felonious purpose in his mind, he wished to see that the coast was clear before he executed it. At last, when the traffic seemed for a moment to diminish, he leaned over the parapet of the bridge—as if to notice the wherries and steamers on the river—hurled over the odious glove, which was disturbing his serenity,

and then limped off in an agitated and guilty manner, as though he were trying to evade the emissaries of justice. So eager was he to get off the bridge, and thread his way unobserved through the crowd, that he outstripped his son; and just as he was waiting for him, and was congratulating himself on having, for once, got rid of an obnoxious article, a breathless waterman ran up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'I beg your honour's pardon, but I think you dropped this here glove in the river.' 'How—how, Sir, do you know it to be my glove?' 'Why, Sir, I was a sculling, and was just giving my boat a spurt under the arch of the bridge, when this here glove fell; and on looking up I se'ed that the gentleman from whose hand it dropped had a white hat on with a black crape round it; so I pulled with all my might and main after you, and ran up the steps from the river-side, and I thought I never should have caught you',—wiping his forehead with his sleeve as he spoke. Of course such disinterested civility had to be rewarded with a shilling, and the impoverished donor, like Lord Ullin for his daughter, was 'left lamenting!'

*To be continued.*

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

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NIAGARA : Its History and Geology, Incidents and Poetry, with Illustrations. By George W. Holley, Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. ; New York: Sheldon & Co. ; Buffalo : Breed, Lent & Co.

We believe the remark has been already made, but it may certainly be made with truth, that in nothing are the increase of general intelligence and the growing love of science more visible than in the improvement of guide-books. Written for pleasure-seekers, these works used to be level with the intellects of the lowest of that class. They were made up of exaggerated descriptions of scenery, fiction, declamation, apocryphal stories, and advertisements of hotels. Nothing in them indicated the slightest demand on the part of their readers for literary culture, much less of science. But now, in opening a new guide-book to Niagara, what do we see? First a history of the Falls and their vicinity, written with

care, sobriety, and intelligence, a little tinged perhaps with American predilections, but not to any culpable extent. This is combined with some descriptive passages which are not merely heaps of commonplace epithets, used at random, but aim at fidelity in depicting both objects and impressions, and at aiding the imagination of the reader. Then follows a thoroughly scientific, though at the same time popular, explanation of the geology of the Falls, in connection with that of the district and of the country generally. From the geology, we come to the local incidents and anecdotes, ending with the poetry, serious and comic. The true anecdotes are discriminated from the false, and those which are given are well selected and in good literary form. We will take as a specimen the account of the voyage of the *Maid of the Mist* from her dock, just above the Railway Suspension Bridge to Niagara :

"Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner having decided to leave the place wished to sell her as she lay at her dock. This he could not do, but had an offer of something more than half of her cost, if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the Fort. This he decided to do, after consultation with Robinson, who had acted as her captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. The boat required for her navigation an engineer, who also acted as fireman, and a pilot. On her pleasure trips she had a clerk in addition to these. Mr. Robinson agreed to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, consented to go with him. A courageous machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. They put her in complete trim, removing from deck and hold all superfluous articles. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again, after they should leave the dock. This dock, as has been before stated, was just above the Railway Suspension Bridge, at the place where she was built, and where she was laid up in the winter; that, too, being the only place where she could lie without danger of being crushed by the ice. Twenty rods below this eddy the water plunges sharply down into the head of the crooked, tumultuous rapid which we have before noticed, as reaching from the bridge to the Whirlpool. At the Whirlpool the danger of being drawn under was most to be apprehended; in the Rapids of being turned over or knocked to pieces. From the Whirlpool to Lewiston is one wild, turbulent rush and whirl of water without a square foot of smooth surface in the whole distance.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1867, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, and might be only the preface to a swift destruction, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge, and awaited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel on the upper deck. Self-possessed, and with the calmness which results from undoubting courage and confidence, yet with the humility which recognizes all possibilities, with downcast eyes and firm hands, Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe to take leave, as it were, of the multitude gathered on the shores and on the bridge, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson flat on his back, and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every eye was fixed; every tongue was silent, and every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged from the fearful baptism, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly

through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its combing waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

"Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made by men. To look at the boat and the navigation she was to undertake no one would have predicted for it any other than a fatal termination. The boat was seventy-two feet long with seventeen feet breadth of beam and eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of an hundred horse power. In conversation with Robinson after the voyage, he stated that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight, that when the accident occurred the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddle-string and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into atoms; that both he and McIntyre were holding to the wheel with all their strength but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; that he had no fear of striking the rocks, for he knew that the strongest suction must be in the deepest channel and that the boat must remain in that. Finding that McIntyre was somewhat bewildered by excitement or by the fall as he rolled up by his side but did not rise, he quietly put his foot on his breast to keep him from rolling around the deck, and thus finished the voyage.

"Poor Jones, imprisoned beneath the hatches before the glowing furnace, went down on his knees as he related afterward, and although a more earnest prayer was never uttered and few that were shorter, still it seemed to him prodigiously long. To this prayer he thought they owed their salvation.

"The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. But this was incorrect, since the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans at a later day. 'He was,' said Mrs. Robinson to the writer, 'twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out.' He sank into his chair like a person overcome with weariness. He decided to abandon the water and advised his sons to venture no more about the rapids. Both his manner and appearance were changed. Calm and deliberate before, he became thoughtful and serious afterward. He had been borne, as it were, in the arms of a power so mighty that its impress was stamped on his features and on his mind. Through a slightly opened door he had seen a vision which awed and subdued him. He became reverent in a moment. He grew venerable in an hour."

The style of the book throughout is pleasant, and the touch light, with a good vein of humour. The illustrations also are a marvellous improvement upon the guide-book illustrations of former days. Upon the whole, we do not remember to have ever read a better work of its class.

CASSELL'S HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1870-71, Vol. I., London, Paris and New York: Cassell, Pater & Galpin.

This work will, no doubt, become one of the most popular, as it is one of the most attractive, of the

many histories of the Franco-German War. Possessing unusual facilities for the manufacture of works of an illustrated character, the publishers have availed themselves of the many thrilling incidents of the struggle to introduce a variety of sketches and drawings, which give increased interest to the narrative.

Plans of the invested cities, maps of the scenes of engagement and encounter, and numberless picturesque views—all of which are well executed—embellish the work; while a series of portraits of the prominent officers engaged in the war, which seem not only to be artistically drawn but to be good likenesses, add further interest to the book. The narrative, which in the volume before us, comes down to the close of 1870, is well written; while much of the graphic writing of the special correspondents of the English and continental press—particularly the despatches of Dr. Russell of the *Times* and Mr. Archibald Forbes of the *Daily News*, appears in the work.

Though the intense excitement and thrilling interest manifested in the events of the struggle, during the period of the war, has passed away; still, no doubt, this work will be eagerly turned to; and as a fair history of the unhappy struggle, we dare say the book before us will be found important and satisfactory.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, delivered in Edinburgh, in 1872. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster, corresponding member of the Institute of France. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THREE LECTURES ON THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, with a special reference to the Dean of Westminster's recent course on that subject, delivered in the Music Hall on the 24th, 26th and 31st of January, 1872. By Robert Rainy, D. D. Edinburgh: John MacLaren.

The Dean of Westminster has been trying to tickle a very wary trout, and apparently with very imperfect success. Under colour of giving a course of lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, he has attempted to persuade the Scotch that their opposition to Prelacy arises from a historical illusion; that their peculiar code of doctrine is merely an accident; and that they had much better think no more of these trivial and obsolete causes of division, but unite with the Episcopal Church, of which the Dean is an eminent member, and carry into effect his theory of universal comprehension. Dr. Arnold, of whom the Dean is the leading disciple, was an advocate for a national church, in which he hoped to comprehend all sects of Christians, except possibly the Roman Catholics. His mind, in all his political and ecclesiastical speculations, was greatly under the influence of classical antiquity, of which he was an enthusiastic student, and which presented to him the type of a state religion, and a perfect identification of Church and State. Others have regarded the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power as the great work of Christianity, and its most important contribution to the progress of civilization; but Dr. Arnold held the opposite opinion, and wished to revert to what is generally considered a rudimentary condition of society. Dean Stanley goes even beyond his master. With

him the identification of State and Church, or rather the subordination of the Church to the State, appears to be the one article of faith. He is not only the most thorough-going of Erastians, but to all appearances, he is an Erastian and nothing else. His comprehensiveness in doctrinal matters is literally without limit. Everything, from ultra Latitudinarianism to ultra Ritualism, is welcome to his religious communion, provided it will only submit to the supremacy of the state and the judgment of the Privy Council. All differences of belief he seems to regard as trivial, and all struggles about differences of belief as mere fanaticism, lamentably interfering with the one vital object—union under state supremacy. As Dr. Rainy says, in answer to some of the Dean's gentle insinuations that the Scotch martyrdoms were magnificent absurdities: "What I cannot but ask is this—what is that thing, what is that doctrinal truth, in behalf of which the Dean's conscience, according to his present lights, would lead him to think that people ought to undergo martyrdom, and might do so without absurdity? Where would he draw the line and make a stand? I declare most seriously I don't know. I have not the least idea. I don't see how any one can draw an inference or hazard a guess upon the subject. The Dean appears to me to be wonderfully able to hold both sides on most theological questions. Judging from the intense ardour of his demonstrations during the last three years, I have a kind of impression, but I am not sure, that in his judgment, in behalf of Erastianism a man might lay down his life joyfully at the scaffold or the stake. If not for that, then I am at an utter loss."

The Dean is a man of remarkable intellectual gifts, as well as of the most amiable moral qualities. He has extraordinary range of historical sympathy and an extraordinary eye for the picturesque in history, both secular and ecclesiastical. But his power of understanding a deep religious movement is far more limited. He likes the salient characters and striking forms which such a movement produces, and accepts them as agreeable additions to his museum of ecclesiastical history. But if Luther and Loyola are equally picturesque, he likes Loyola about as well as Luther. Ritualism is to him a new and gorgeous specimen which it would be a thousand pities not to accept. He cannot enter into the narrow objections of Protestant members of the Church of England, who are disconcerted by the introduction of what to them is a false miracle into their worship of God. As little can he enter into the desire of arriving at any definite conclusion on any doctrinal subject, or on any ecclesiastical subject whatever, except the one question of Erastianism. He likes to hold both sides of all questions, and this he regards as the height at once of Christian charity and of philosophy. He is surprised and scandalized when he encounters ordinary minds to which the difference between Transubstantiation and its opposite, or between Sacerdotalism and Anti-sacerdotalism is a serious matter: and when he finds that the mass of men would not care to maintain a church which was to be a mere organization without any definite creed, and teaching nothing except submission to the ecclesiastical courts. Why cannot people who hold opposite views as to the nature and sources of spiritual life, settle down comfortably together and unite in the one thing needful, the maintenance of an Established Church?

His present lectures are interesting, as everything he writes on history is, in spite of his frequent fancifulness, from his almost passionate love of the subject, and his power of realization. But they utterly fail to prove his peculiar point, and at the hands of Dr. Rainy he meets, we should say, with total discomfiture. He had endeavoured to show that Presbyterianism and Prelacy, so far from being wholly irreconcilable, had long co-existed amicably in Scotland. But this is a mere historical mare's nest. Nominal bishops, abbots and friars, were kept on foot after the Reformation, with the consent of the Reformers, not for religious but ostensibly for legal and constitutional purposes; really with a pecuniary object, the nobles wanting church lands and benefices to plunder, while the clergy hoped to save something for the church. Afterwards, a rich episcopacy was introduced by the Stuarts, but this episcopacy co-existed with Presbyterianism, not amicably, but in a state of internecine conflict. Prelacy, as Dr. Rainy well shows, was abhorred by the Scotch, and is still rejected by them, not only as a form of church government to which they object, but because it always brought with it, and always will bring with it, a whole circle of doctrines and practices to which they have a still greater aversion. When the Dean insinuates that the rising against Charles and Laud was only a fuss about an "Amen," the answer is that if the "Amen" was Amen to the bringing in of Prelacy and the Liturgy, that, in Scotch eyes, was cause enough for the rising. Dean Stanley must know well the saying of Aristotle, that the occasions of revolutions are often small, while their causes are great. The Dean is not more happy in his attempts to accommodate historical characters, or groups of characters, to the object which he has in view. The "Moderates," on whom he naturally fixes as the embodiment of his own sentiments, and whom he wishes to use as historical decoy ducks to bring over the more stiff-necked Presbyterians, were really not a religious party at all. They simply represented the influence of the eighteenth century, or a certain portion of the Scottish clergy, especially the more literary portion. They were, in fact, anti-ecclesiastical, and of some of them it would not be far from the truth to say that they had a strong affinity to scepticism. If "Jupiter Carlyle" had not been a minister, he would probably have found himself at the side of David Hume. Moreover the attitude of the Moderates towards the more fervent high church, or as the Dean would call them "Hildebrandine" Presbyterians, was anything but one of comprehension. The Dean has inadvertently allowed the truth to peep out in recognizing as a valued, though erring friend, the Bloody Mackenzie, a man without convictions, who was ready to take up with any religion established by "the laws of his country," but who was the framer and administrator of sanguinary laws against religious zeal. Dean Stanley is equally unsuccessful in his attempt to present as moderates and mediators the leaders of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Bishop Joly was a very good man, and a picturesque ecclesiastical specimen, but he very distinctly believed, and very stiffly maintained, that no one who was not in communion with the bishop of his diocese would be saved except through the uncovenanted mercies of God. Turn where the Dean will, he finds "Hildebrandines," whose object in forming and maintaining churches is the propagation of some definite religious truth, and

the inculcation of some definite rule of spiritual life.

He might, perhaps, have made a better point if he had thought of showing historically to how great an extent the various forms of ecclesiastical government in the different Protestant States were the result of political accident. Where the Reformation was made by the kings, episcopacy was retained, as being according to the well-known dictum of James I. most congenial to monarchy. Where the Reformation was made by the nobles and people, as in Scotland, in Holland, in Germany, in Switzerland among the Huguenots in France, episcopacy was abolished and some form of government more or less popular was adopted. When a thoroughgoing democracy came to the front, as in New England, and in the old country under Cromwell, Congregationalism prevailed. Still, even when the Dean had reduced all the forms of church government to political accidents, he would have to show cause why the Scotch should abandon their own political accident and embrace his.

Presbyterianism answers by the mouth of Dr. Rainy with courtesy, but with force and with unshakeable decision, bringing out, broadly and impressively, the great distinctive objects of the Presbyterian Church, and the grounds on which it receives and will continue to receive, the allegiance of the Scottish people. The hitting in the reply is sometimes pretty hard, but never rude or uncharitable. Finally the Dean is politely bowed back to his own establishment with something like a flea in his ear.

"Very well; we all know that a powerful tide is running in influential quarters in favour of a general relaxation of belief, and that is in favour of the Dean's design. Besides that, in another way the existing forces tend in the same direction. For the more that divisions of opinion multiply, the more temptation there is to men who value an establishment to widen the base indefinitely, as the natural policy for strengthening the institution. So that we can see how the Dean's views of what establishment ought to be and are, might receive conclusive and unanswerable verification. I am bound, however, to record my belief that there are many men in the established churches who repudiate all this, and remain where they are because they do not believe the Dean's theory. Meanwhile, he appeals to us outside the establishment, not to be so unreasonable as to propose to pull down establishments which satisfy, in the way indicated, such aspirations as be their own. Now I will make bold to answer this appeal on behalf—to speak first of them—of nine-tenths of those whom the Dean has thus addressed. And I say that just in so far as the established churches correspond to the Dean's ideal, and in so far as that becomes clear, we will most certainly join with all our might to pull them down. More than that, there are plenty of men in the established churches who, on that supposition, will overcome the temptation of their position, and come to help us. Churches of that kind, if they are to be called churches, are a moral nuisance, not to be tolerated for an hour. I mean churches in which the whole power, the whole means of attraction which the State can employ, is devoted to support the principle that the Church of Christ as such has no principle and no conscience—has no peremptory assertions to make, no distinct truth, and no distinct life to represent and embody to the world."

We have no doubt that Dr. Rainy's words are true, and will be verified by events, unless the Church of Christ is destined to sink into a modern counterpart of the Roman Establishment of augurs with their sacred fowls, a prop of political reaction and a

supplement to repressive police; in which case, she may or may not be a useful instrument of government, but she will hardly be the light or the life of the world.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Macleod, whose death was abruptly announced by the cable, had just published his latest—his last work, "Characteristics," which had not reached Canada when we heard of his death. Ardently attached to the Scottish Establishment, he did not hesitate to protest against what he conceived to be its narrowness in creed or practice. His loss will be severely felt in his own Church, and it is deeply to be regretted by many friends in Canada, who had hoped during the summer to have heard his cheery voice and looked upon his genial face. Dr. Hook's "Life of Archbishop Parker," being vol. 9 of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," though, strictly speaking, a biography, is properly a contribution to Church history: the period when Elizabeth was re-constructing the hierarchy under the primacy of Parker was a most eventful one in the history of the Church of England. The facts are faithfully stated by Dr. Hook, but as an "Anglo-Catholic," he is hampered by the ghost of apostolic succession. "Esse and Posse, a comparison of Divine Eternal Laws and Powers, as severally indicated in Truth, Fact and Record," by Mr. Braithwaite, M.A., Cantab., is another effort towards the reconciliation of religion and science. We have had an Evangelical peer as an author in the Duke of Argyll; a Rationalistic one, the Duke of Somerset; and now it appears we are to have a Roman Catholic in the person of Lord Arundel, of Wardour. His book is entitled "Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology." Messrs T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, announce two new volumes of the admirable series of translations, one of Origen contains a portion of his treatise against Celsus, and another containing the Liturgies of the Ante-Nicene period. "The Desert of the Exodus," by Rev. E. H. Palmer, M.A., (New York: Harper Brothers), is properly a work of geographical exploration, but it is also an illustrative commentary upon Holy Scripture. It ought to find a place in every library; it contains the results of a year's careful examination of the Arabian desert in the track of the wandering Hebrews. To the Biblical student it is extremely valuable, and it is much more interesting to the general reader than the majority of books of travel.

In the department of Science we have much pleasure in directing attention to "An Introduction to the Study of Biology," by H. Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., Professor of Natural History, Univ. College, Toronto." Dr. Nicholson's scientific manuals have the great merit of being comprehensive without being superficial; they always exhibit accurate knowledge, as established by the latest researches, and what is equally important, the rare faculty of bringing that knowledge within the understanding of the student. We have already directed attention to the

new edition of "Lyell's Principles of Geology," as it has been recently revised by the author. The first volume, from stereotyped plates, has recently been published in New York (D. Appleton & Co.). It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of the student to this standard work. It will suffice to observe that five chapters of the tenth edition have been entirely re-cast, so as to connect the former work by the light of recent research, and to make it still the best standard text-book on the subject of geology. "The Orbs around us," is another scientific popular work, by R. A. Proctor. "Researches in Molecular Physics, by means of Radiant Heat," is by Prof. Tyndall; and "Town Geology," is a collection of a number of popular articles written for *Good Words*, by the Rev. Chas. Kingsley.

In Biography, two works only need be noticed—a life of Michael Faraday, by J. H. Gladstone, L.L.D. and "Goethe and Mendelssohn, 1821-31," containing unpublished letters by both the friends, and edited by Dr. Karl Mendelssohn, a son of the composer. In the Department of History, we may mention a "History of Canada, under the French Régime, 1535-1763," by H. H. Miles." The work has not reached us, but if properly executed, it ought to be a valuable compendium of the early history of this country. We do not know that "Thirty years in a Harem," can properly be called history, but the book is worth noting, if only because, after the number of pretentious revelations we have had of the seraglio, this seems to be one written by a *bona fide* inmate—Madame Kabizli Mehemet Pasha. Col. Otto Corvin gives, from the German soil, an account of the invasion of France, and Major Blume a narrative of operations from Sedan to the end of the war. On the other side, we have "Eight Months on Duty," by a young officer in Chanzy's army. It paints very feelingly the sufferings of the French people at the hands of the invaders. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, has contributed a preface to this volume.

In Geography and Travels it seems rather difficult to select—so great is the supply the summer always brings with it. Capt. R. F. Burton announces a new work "Unexplored Syria." Captain Butler of H. M. 69th Regiment, who accompanied the Red River Expedition, and afterwards made several excursions up the Saskatchewan, is the author of a work on the North-west, entitled "The Great Lone Land." "Saunterings," by Charles D. Warner, (James R. Osgood & Co.,) is a very attractive book, neatly got up for the pocket, and full of interesting European travel-talk, infused with an agreeable spice of American humour. Contrary to all precedent, the very preface is amusing, we might almost say the most amusing chapter in the book. Besides these works the number of summer books is almost be-



yond calculation. We have a doctor's book "Change of Air and Scene," directing the tourist to the Mediterranean, "Try Cracow and the Carpathians." New editions of Ball's Alpine Guides, to teach people how to break their necks, after the fashion of the day; "How to see Norway," "Ben Rhydding," "Knocking about in New Zealand," &c., &c. We mention "South Sea Bubbles," again (New York: Appleton & Co.,) to commend the cheap and well-printed American edition, and also to mention that the English Wesleyan organ, the *Watchman* has taken very just exception to the flippant manner in which the Earl of Pembroke speaks of the missionary labours in the South Seas. Why a nobleman, young and with strong animal spirits, should not have anything in common with missionaries, who disturb the halcyon days by preaching chastity to the "Voluptuous Tahitians." A young nobleman of twenty-two can hardly be expected to admire the rigidity in morals which, though quite proper in Belgravia, is, it seems, singularly out of place in the seductive atmosphere of "Society-Islandism." Methodism appears to be the *blêe noire* of our young nobility; yet it seems strange that the Earl should have taken the London Missionary Society under his patronage, and reserved his censures for the Wesleyan body. The Doctor, who is said to be a brother of the Rev. Charles and Henry Kingsley, might have chastened the exuberant utterances of his companion, and repressed those unwarrantable attacks upon a religious denomination which has done so much to humanize and christianize mankind at home and abroad.

Mr. Buchanan has issued "Thomas Maitland's" article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," enlarged and improved in the form of a *brochure*. We have already referred to the article in question. The pamphlet has one peculiar merit, not designed by the author—it is a complete catalogue of all the passages in Mr. Rossetti's poems, which a prurient taste, assisted by Mr. Buchanan's commentary, might delight to feed upon. Like the edition of Martial in Byron's *Don Juan* "the proper parts," are severed from their connection.

"They only add them all in an appendix,  
Which saves in fact the trouble of an index."

There is only this difference, that Mr. Buchanan scatters them, like sugar-plums, through the body of his work. Those of our readers who have not read *Miréio*, a Provençal Poem, by Frederic Mistral, (Boston: Roberts, Brothers,) ought, by all means to do so. The revival of a Provençal literature, however ephemeral it may prove to be, is of itself a phenomenon worthy of attention, and the poem before us, rich in the scenery of the silk-worm and mulberry country, possesses a freshness and a warmth which render this poem peculiarly attractive. The story is of a pure affection crossed by fortune. Another instance of what Edwin Arnold tells us, that "never was tale of human love which was not also tale of human woe." But the art of the poet has made the feeling of pain less intense by the lovely scenes of domestic life, and the spirited lyrics here and there dispersed through the poem. Miss Prescott, the translator, has accomplished her task well, and the publishers have embalmed this unique contribution to literature in a very handsome volume: the pages of which are bounded by a red border of the Oxford pattern. "The Days of Jezebel," by P. Bayne, B. A., and the fifth volume of Mr. Morris' "Earthly Paradise," (cheap edition) are worthy of mention.

In Fiction, we have *Ombra*, by Mrs. Oliphant, on the whole, the best work she has yet written, *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, by Anthony Trollope and *Septimius*, a posthumous Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, both of which have appeared serially in the magazines; and finally the fourth part of *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot—"Three Love Problems." The author of "John Halifax," contributes two excellent juvenile story-books, "Is it True?" and "The Adventures of a Brownie."

We append a communication respecting Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus" above referred to

PALMER'S DESERT OF THE EXODUS (London, 1872): and Niebuhr's *Travels in Arabia* written a century ago.

The latter work, of which I have only a Dutch translation (4to, Amsterdam, 1776) of the German original, says of Kibroth Hattaavah:

"We were not a little astonished to find here, in the midst of the desert, a splendid Egyptian cemetery, for so a European would call it, although he might not have seen the like in Egypt, where most of the ancient monuments are buried in the sand. We found a number of stones, some still upright, others fallen or broken, measuring from five to seven feet long, by one and a-half to two feet broad, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. These could not have been anything else than tombstones. Of the building, (of which I give a sketch) only the walls remain. In it are many sculptured stones. At the broader end is a small room, the roof still remaining, supported by a square pillar. In this room are, also, many hieroglyphics, both on the walls and on the pillar, and also images like those of the ancient Egyptians, and architectural designs similar to the drawings made by Norden in Upper Egypt."

"All the tombstones with the hieroglyphics and images are of a fine, hard sandstone. I copied three of the inscriptions. Are not these the graves of the people that lusted, mentioned in the fourth book of Moses, xi., 34?"

How does it happen that Palmer does not mention these inscriptions? He speaks only of stones and stone heaps at Erweis el Ebeirig, but not a word about these sculptured stones and inscriptions, which were seen only a few years ago by Robinson, who says there were about fifteen upright and several fallen stones, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, varying from seven to ten feet in height, by eighteen inches to two feet broad. He saw, also, the small chamber with the roof still perfect, the column and sides covered with hieroglyphics, and mentions "the wonderful preservation of the inscriptions." On some of the stones "they are quite perfect."

Forster, in his "Sinai Photographed," folio, London, 1862, has copied Niebuhr's plates, and gives translations of the hieroglyphical inscriptions.

It is the fashion (but I am happy to say that Sheppard, in his very interesting work, "Traditions of Eden," does not follow it,) to decry Forster's work and Palmer is among the detractors. Can it be on that account that he has omitted all mention of these wonderful inscriptions (nearly a thousand years older than the Moabite stone), which Niebuhr engraved a century ago, and which Robinson says are still perfect, and which are undoubtedly the tombstones of those Israelites who lusted for flesh, and perished in the wilderness.

B. H. D.

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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER VI.

"HOW does Mrs. Weston feel to-day?" enquired Captain Dacre, as he seated himself on a low ottoman beside her.

"Like the weather—out of sorts; but what brings Captain Dacre out this shockingly wet morning?"

"What brings him out in all seasons and at all times to Weston Villa?" questioned the new-comer in a low, earnest tone.

"To kill time, I suppose," rejoined Virginia, barely disguising a yawn. "I would go out myself this morning in the rain if I thought doing so would answer such a purpose."

"Can Mrs. Weston make no better guess than that?" The speaker's tone was low and hurried, unlike his usual languid accents; but Virginia in perfect unconsciousness replied:

"Ah yes, how stupid I am! Of course, Captain Dacre, I know and appreciate the motive that brings you to us so often."

"Are you certain that you really know it, Mrs. Weston?" he eagerly, yet hesitatingly, asked.

"Long since, Captain Dacre. I am a more shrewd observer than you seem to give me credit for being. Since the first evening we were introduced I have suspected it, and would indeed have been disappointed had it been otherwise. Few women possess the beauty and fascination of Miss Maberly."

"Miss Maberly!" he ejaculated, in a tone the strangeness of which caused her to raise her eyes quickly to his face. Something in the expression she saw there brought a tide of crimson to cheek and forehead, and a strange light into her eyes, but she coldly, calmly rejoined:

"Who else could it be? For months

past you have hung around her, followed her everywhere, surrounded her with the most lover-like attentions—"

"It is you ; you, Virginia Weston, whose steps I have followed, whose smiles I have sought," he interrupted with passionate abruptness, surprised for the moment out of his usual perfect self-command. "You, the first woman I have ever really loved, and for whose lightest smile I would barter all hopes in earth and heaven !"

The strange light in Mrs. Weston's eyes deepened and defined itself more clearly. It was a blaze of overwhelming indignation, and in a voice low, but vibrating with scorn, she said :

"Is this your return for the hospitality, the kindness that has ever been shown to you under this roof? What has led you to venture on such an insulting avowal?"

"Your own conduct, Mrs. Weston," he retorted, stung beyond all self-control by the scornful repulse he had just received. "When a married woman, who is rarely seen with her husband, tolerates, encourages the constant visits and escort of another man, what is that man to think?"

The young wife fairly quivered with anger. "Ah ! I understand now, Captain Dacre, how some of my sex have at times so utterly demeaned themselves as to have struck the caitiffs who ventured on insulting them."

"Your words wound more deeply than blows from your hand could possibly do," he grimly replied.

"Silence, sir ! Even whilst scorning myself for stooping to explain or defend my conduct, I will tell what you cannot but know yourself, that I have always looked on you as a suitor of Miss Maberly, and supposed your visits and attentions were directed to her."

"Thank you for the poor compliment you pay to my taste and judgment. If ever I should marry, which is more than doubtful, I will seek a mate of a different stamp to the free, fast, husband-hunting class of young

ladies to which Miss Maberly belongs. Stop, Mrs. Weston, do not interrupt me with a defence of your friend, nor upbraid me with duplicity. I have but flirted with a flirt, as great an adept at the pastime as myself. And now, let me ask you, have you not noticed that I sought Miss Maberly's society merely when I could not obtain yours; that I addressed myself to her only when you were otherwise engaged or unwilling to listen to me?"

"I noticed nothing of the sort, or if I did I attributed it entirely to the courtesy you supposed due to the mistress of the house. I thought the mere fact of my bearing another man's name should have been guarantee sufficient against an insulting mistake such as you have just made."

"Can you blame me for forgetting a fact of which you yourself seemed so often and so utterly oblivious?" retorted Dacre, forgetful of courtesy, civility, every better feeling, in his terrible disappointment and deep humiliation.

"Day after day have I visited here, scarcely ever seeing the husband of whose claims you are now so jealously watchful, without hearing his name even mentioned, by yourself or friend, till he almost seemed to me a sort of mythical being. Then when you chanced to be together, a few words of indifferent politeness, a careless smile, far less bright than those which you vouchsafed my unworthy self, were the only tokens of affection you ever gave him. To a keen, close observer, what was to be inferred from all this?"

"Thank you, Captain Dacre, you are determined on making me drink to the last drop that bitter cup of humiliation which my own folly has earned for me. Well, a portion of that unutterable contempt I so freely bestowed on you at the commencement of our interview, I now transfer to myself. Are you satisfied, Captain Dacre? I will go still farther, and acknowledge that I feel utterly degraded in my own eyes, humbled to

the very dust. Now, I have only to add, leave this house, never to enter it again, and never address to me another word. I forgive you for the terrible insult you have put on me, the greatest that could be offered to a woman, whether wife of peer or peasant, in consideration of the valuable lesson given at the same time."

The young man rose to his feet, and turned full on her the usually listless face that strong emotion had rendered colourless as marble.

"Mrs. Weston, I have made a woful mistake and bitterly regret it. To ask your forgiveness would be useless. But if I possessed such a wife, I would not neglect her as Clive Weston does," and without parting word or look he strode down the stairs and left the house.

After the door had closed on him, Virginia still sat there, stunned, bewildered by the interview through which she had just passed. Oh, how abased, degraded she felt, how she loathed the vain folly that had exposed her to such bitter humiliation, and longed with a sick longing for the support of that strong, upright nature which was hers by right, but to which she had no longer courage to appeal.

Would that she had a friend wise and trustworthy to whom she could turn for counsel, in whose sympathy she could confide. Not once did Miss Maberly rise before her in such a light. Instinct told her that Letty was the last to be taken into her confidence, especially on the present subject. But even while she was revolving this conclusion the door opened and the subject of her thoughts entered, looking unusually pale and harassed.

"Did you get the flowers, Letty?" enquired the young wife, endeavouring to assume an air of unconcern.

"Yes, though not without some difficulty; but was not Dacre here? I met him in Sherbrooke street, just as I was returning home, and stopped the carriage to tell him

something about our coming ball. Judge of my annoyance and surprise when he abruptly said he would not be present. On my pressing him for a reason, he answered, crossly as a savage: 'Let Mrs. Weston tell you that,' and then, without even saying good-bye, started off. Now, Virginia, please explain what he meant."

"He should have done so himself, if he really desired such a thing. Captain Dacre's words and actions are really beyond my powers of explanation at times."

"Oh! Virginia, I will not be put off in this manner. I insist on your telling me all that passed between you and Henry Dacre this morning."

"You speak rather authoritatively, Letty. Suppose I should refuse compliance."

"But you have no right to do such a thing. I love this man, and will not that give me a claim, at least in your estimation, to know all that you can tell me about him?"

"Well, we quarrelled, and parted in mutual anger."

"But what about?"

"You are too exacting, Letty. I have said all I mean to say on the subject, so pray let us leave it."

"Some absurd love nonsense, I suppose," rejoined Miss Maberly, instinctively divining the truth, or at least a considerable portion of it. "I do not see why married women should permit such scenes."

"Retract that, Letty, at once! Love or temper is urging you too far, and there are things I will not bear even from you."

"I do retract it, and everything else that you wish, if you will only tell me when you intend making it up again with him."

"I cannot even tell you when I will see him again. In informing you he was not coming on Thursday evening, he gave you more information about his future movements than he did to myself."

"Virginia, once again bear in mind, I entreat you, that I love Harry Dacre deeply,

and for my sake, for our tried friendship's sake, promise you will write a line to recall him."

The speaker's pallid cheek and lips, her unsteady voice, betrayed how sincere and earnest was this appeal.

"It grieves me deeply, Letty, to refuse you anything you desire so greatly, but it is impossible for me to comply."

"Be it so! What are my worldly hopes and prospects, my peace and happiness, to others? But you may yet change your mind, and generously resolve to do a little more in behalf of that friendship of whose existence you have yourself more than once assured me," with which words she abruptly left the room.

What Virginia Weston felt at that moment it would not have been easy to describe. One by one her friends seemed falling off from her, whilst her isolation and loneliness of heart grew deeper. It was unbearable, and she must make an effort to see or speak to her husband. Quickly she pulled the bell.

"Did Mr. Weston say whether he would be home to dinner?"

"No, ma'am. He came in a short while ago, hurried like, and asked if you were in. I told him yes, though Miss Maberly was out, and that Captain Dacre was in the drawing-room, so he went out again. Excuse me, ma'am, but I found master looking very ill."

"I am sorry to hear it. Remember I am out to all callers," and Virginia with apparent calmness ascended to her room, locked it, and then gave way to the tumultuous and painful emotions surging within her breast.

Seek her husband now, after his finding her *ête-à-ête* with the one man whose company he had ever asked her to shun! Seek her husband, and for what? To tell him of that odious insult, the ignominy of which was reflected more deeply perhaps on him than on herself, and which he might seek to avenge according to the world's sinful, terri-

ble code of honour. Ah, no, she felt now that she must rather avoid him, lest he should read the hateful secret in her face.

How her cheeks burned as she recalled that galling interview! How she deplored the folly that had led to such a result! Heavily the day dragged on. Her head was throbbing with pain—her lips were parched and feverish.

A tap at the door, and her maid entered to announce that dinner was served.

"Is Mr. Weston in?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bring me up a cup of tea here, for I will not go down to-night; my head is aching."

After watching the leaden sky and rain-drowned landscape till darkness blotted them from sight, she threw herself on the bed, partly dressed. Hour after hour passed, but no moment of slumber visited her burning eyelids. Motionless she lay there, unconsciously listening and longing for her husband's return. She kept her vigil in vain. Two o'clock, three o'clock, struck, and still he had not come. Then a feeling of deep indignation suddenly awoke within her. Was it right of any husband thus to spend his nights from home—to treat a young wife with such open indifference and neglect? Whatever her faults might be this was not the way to induce her to amend them; nor, was it paying her the common courtesy due to her as bearer of his name and mistress of his household.

Away then with all half-formed plans of amendment, or self-upbraidings over the past! Since he would go his way, she would go hers; and if it were not a happy, it would at least be a gay and brilliant one. With such thoughts she at length fell asleep.

Dawn was breaking through rain and mist, when Weston, pale and haggard, entered the room. He paused a moment beside his sleeping wife, and sorrowfully looked down on that sweet, girlish face, so beautiful in its calm repose. Even though the remembrance of her indifference to himself—

of her persistent friendship for the gay military cavalier who so closely hung around her, rose at that moment to his recollection, no expression of anger darkened his face, and with the murmured words: "Poor Virginia!" he passed into his dressing-room.

## CHAPTER VII.

BREAKFAST was long over when Virginia awoke, and after a purposely protracted toilet, and the pretence of a morning meal, descended to the sitting-room in a supremely defiant mood.

The two friends looked at each other, and each noted the traces a sleepless night had left impressed on brow and look, but they quietly interchanged some words on the weather, and Miss Maberly, who generally contrived to retain wit in her anger, led the conversation to the coming entertainment. It was decided that it must be a brilliant affair.

During dinner, for which the master of the house arrived at the latest possible moment, the subject of the intended ball was for the first time mentioned to him. An expression of sharp pain passed across his features, but he made no remark.

"Remember, Mr. Weston, to keep yourself disengaged for the occasion."

"Why, who would miss me, Miss Letty?"

"Mrs. Grundy, to begin with, and she would insist on a formal explanation as to why you were not present at the ball of the season, when given in your own house."

"Then I fear Mrs. Grundy will have occasion to talk, for I cannot possibly be present."

"Why not, Clive?" sharply asked his young wife, her ears yet tingling with Captain Dacre's comments on the rarity of her husband's presence at her social gatherings.

"Because I cannot. Important business calls me to Quebec to-morrow, and I fear I shall not be able to get back in time."

"But, Clive, I beg, I insist on your making your appearance. You have no idea how much your absence would mortify me."

"Had I known of your project a little earlier, as well as of your special wish that I should be present, I would have endeavoured to gratify you—to do so now is impossible."

Virginia, seeing in this answer only a blunt refusal, and an implied rebuke to her tardiness in informing him of her plans, made no reply, and pettishly played with her fork.

"'Tis a clear case of *Ledger versus Wife*," playfully remarked Miss Maberly.

"In which the former wins for the latter's sake," was Weston's grave rejoinder.

"Do you leave very soon, Mr. Weston?"

"In a couple of hours, to be back, if possible, for Thursday night; but I must see to the trifling preparations I have to make," and he courteously withdrew.

Miss Letty soon after begged to be excused as she had letters to write, and she also withdrew.

"Always repulsed or baffled by him, and before Letty too!" murmured the wife, biting her lips. "I so rarely ask a favour, I thought he would have granted me this one. Well, I will try to do without him on this occasion, as I have done on so many others."

The eventful night came, and Mrs. Weston's mansion, gay with lights, flowers, and garlands, was thronged with the fairest and gayest of Montreal society. Very beautiful looked the hostess and her inseparable friend, dressed alike in clouds of silver-spotted azure tulle; but a restless light shone in the eyes, a feverish flush burned on the cheeks of both.

That morning Miss Maberly had written a brief, familiarly worded note to Captain Dacre, urging him to come in the evening, or at least to call and explain to her the cause of his absence during the last two days.

The answer came just as Letty was placing a trembling spray of blue hyacinths in

her hair, the final addition to a charming toilet. It was written in the third person, and was as cold and ceremonious as the most exacting prude could have desired. Captain Dacre could not come to Weston Villa; could not give his reasons for not coming; and hinted that, if given, they would not concern Miss Maberly.

Talk of the heroism of martyrs at the stake, the martyrs of fashion often give proofs of equal fortitude, and Letty Maberly went forth from her room that night, her heart almost breaking, though smiles from first to last wreathed her lip.

As for Virginia she was ever recalling or hearing in fancy the scathing words of Henry Dacre, and asking herself if others were misjudging her as he had done. But she possessed the art of concealing her anxieties beneath a gay exterior, and no guest present that night suspected how hollow that gaiety was.

A little before midnight, when the revel was at its height, the master of the house, tired and travel-worn, entered the hall by a door leading from the garden. He stood a moment at a side entrance, concealed in shadow, and looked in at the gay scene. Over the costly decorations, the wealthy and distinguished guests, his glance carelessly wandered, till it fell on his wife, who stood amid a circle of admirers, as brilliant in beauty and joyous in spirits as he had ever yet seen her.

"Fool that I was, to fancy for a moment she could miss me!" he bitterly thought. "No, my presence would more likely prove unwelcome."

Unnoticed he left the house and hurried to the narrow street in which James Reeves, his chief clerk, lived. It was in the small, primly furnished parlour of the latter that the two—surrounded by papers and accounts—passed the remaining hours of that night during which the ball went on so merrily at Weston Villa.

Virginia, though awake, was still lying

listlessly on her pillow, when a gentle tap at her door was followed by Miss Maberly's entrance.

"How are you, Virginia, love, this morning?"

"Very tired. But you are unusually early, Letty."

"Because I have much to do, dearest. Last night's post brought me a letter from home enjoining my return without delay."

"You are not serious, Letty, surely," and Mrs. Weston quickly raised herself from her pillow. "You will not leave me thus, with only a few hours' notice?"

"What can it matter to Mrs. Clive Weston whether poor Letty Maberly goes or stays?"

"Much, everything! Why I shall feel lost without you. I have grown so much into the habit of consulting your opinion, that I do not think I shall be equal to choosing a ribbon or giving a kettle-drum alone."

"If I have been so useful to you, Virginia, was it fair to refuse me the trifling favour I asked of you a few days ago? Surely you might have written a conciliatory line to Henry Dacre when so much depended on it."

The mention of that name, so hateful to her, froze all other feelings in Virginia's breast, and she coldly replied:

"To such a step I never could consent. Why not write yourself? You have no weighty reason such as I have to prevent your doing so. A letter from me under existing circumstances would not have the same influence that one from you would have."

"Ah, Virginia, men may well sneer at feminine friendships? Could two more devoted friends have been found in the city than we have been for months past, and yet at the first test, how that vaunted friendship melts into air. It cannot ensure even the granting of a trifling request."

"Trifling, Letty! Have I not told you that Captain Dacre deeply offended, indeed,

insulted me. Nothing could induce me to speak—much less to write to him !”

“In that case discussion is idle. But I must leave you, Virginia, to superintend packing. I start by boat this afternoon.”

“But, Letty, you have accepted Mrs. Markland’s invitation for her great ball, which comes off to-night.”

“I shall not miss it, nor will Mrs. Markland miss me, so good-bye for the present,” and she left the room, carelessly humming a new waltz.

“So much for friendship !” thought Virginia bitterly, divining with justice that the injunction to return home pleaded by Miss Maberly was merely a pretext. “They all seem to be giving me up, so I will try if I cannot do without them, and lead the old merry life by myself.”

Nothing, however, like a merry look rested on her face that morning.

The conversation between Letty and herself at lunch was confined to general topics, till towards the close, when Miss Maberly asked, with a faintly sarcastic inflexion in her voice: “If Prince Invisible had put in his appearance yet.”

“Mr. Weston arrived last night, but at too late an hour to join us in the drawing-room.”

“It must be allowed, Virginia, that you and Clive are essentially a fashionable couple. I do not think even in Paris that you could be outdone. You, as a wife, also deserve credit for a wonderful amount of patience.”

Virginia’s smooth brow betrayed in no manner how deeply this thrust had mortified her. “Do you forget that your beau-ideal of a husband was one who would devote himself steadily to money-making, leaving his wife to spend the results of his labours ?”

“True, but do you not think that Mr. Weston is almost too perfect in his line ?”

“I am satisfied with him, so my friends must also endeavour to be so.”

After this passage-at-arms conversation flagged, and when Letty withdrew to com-

plete her preparations for departure, her hostess, instead of accompanying her, took up a book and seated herself in a deep easy chair, with Carlo on her lap, after giving orders that the carriage should be ready at four o’clock for Miss Maberly.

With the evident intention of avoiding a lengthy leave-taking, that young lady came down, shawled and veiled, at the latest possible moment.

Despite the little differences between her guest and herself during the last few days, Mrs. Weston’s eyes filled with tears as she bade her farewell, but Miss Maberly, with the lightest possible touch of her lips on her friend’s cheek, and a careless “Adieu, Virginia ! My parting regards to Mr. Weston,” passed over the threshold of the house which had been a home to her in every sense of the word for months past.

Resuming her book, Virginia said : “She cares nothing for me—why should I grieve for her ?” but she did not find it easy to carry out the philosophical intention. Though she had in a measure taken her husband’s part when Miss Maberly had alluded to him, the remarks of that young lady had left a sting.

What right had Clive to expose her thus to sneering remarks ?

Virginia did not belong to that class of women who seem to rather like being looked on as martyr wives, and her irritation against her husband for exposing her even in the smallest degree to such a thing, was extreme. Suddenly her pet Carlo trotted up and nestled in the folds of her dress.

“My only friend !” she murmured, catching the dog up and pressing her cheek against its silken head. Very lovely she looked in the plain though rich morning dress she still wore, a softened, sad expression on her pure, colourless face. Silently watching her from the open door-way, a look of yearning love on his handsome though care-worn face, stood Clive Weston. When Carlo’s playful bark revealed his presence,



she carelessly looked up and expressed her satisfaction that he had arrived safely.

"How did the ball come off?" he asked.

"Brilliantly, though you did not honour it with your presence."

"I could not do otherwise. But are you alone?"

"Quite. I am not dressed to receive callers, and Miss Maberly left for home this afternoon."

Some weeks ago this piece of intelligence would have rejoiced her listener's heart, but it seemed to matter very little to him now.

"She left somewhat suddenly, did she not?"

"Yes, owing to a letter from home enjoining her return."

"I fear, Virginia, you will be quite lonely without her."

"Oh, one gets accustomed to everything, Mr. Weston, even to a husband's absence both night and day!"

The young man looked at her with an expression of sorrowful perplexity. Was this a serious reproach, or was it only one of the pettish sallies so common to her when out of humour?

"Why, Virginia, Miss Maberly, and indeed yourself, generally contrived to make me feel in the way when I happened to be much with you."

"Then if Miss Maberly was the cause of your self-inflicted banishment, she is gone now, and I am quite alone. Will you accompany me to Mrs. Markland's to-night?"

A troubled expression flashed across Weston's face, and in a low husky voice he answered:

"Impossible! Business of a serious nature will keep me at the office to-night."

"Just as I had expected. Believe me, Clive, any other answer would have surprised me."

"Listen, Virginia. I am expecting a letter the importance of which no word could exaggerate. Shall I confide in you—tell you all?"

Had not the young wife been so much absorbed in her own grievances, so thoroughly out of humour, she could not but have perceived the speaker's agitation; but it escaped her, and she coldly rejoined:

"Please spare me ledger and counting-house details. The simple answer that you cannot come is sufficient. But dinner, I see, is served!"

The meal was so dull—conversation so difficult—that Virginia caught herself recalling more than once with regret the light small talk with which Letty enlivened their meals. Clive, however, did not linger long. A servant entered to say that Mr. Weston was wanted down at the office as soon as he could make it convenient.

The young man turned very pale, and hurriedly saying "Good bye, Virginia," left the room. That night Mrs. Weston was unusually careful over her attire, and the result proved satisfactory even to herself.

The carriage came round, and after taking a last glance in the mirror at the radiant image it reflected, she turned to go. As she did so a strange feeling came over her, a sort of vague, shuddering dislike to leaving home. She leaned against her dressing table. What could it mean?

"What is it, ma'am? Do you feel ill?" asked Cranston. "Perhaps you're nervous."

"Well, as we do not know what to call it, we'll suppose it is that," and the young beauty stood for a time twisting her glittering bracelet with an absent look. Suddenly she raised her head, and smiling at her own fancies and her maid's solemn face, ran lightly down the stairs.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. Markland's ball fully equalled in brilliancy the one at Weston Villa. The same people, the same dazzling toilets, elaborately spread supper table, and the same crashing quadrille band.

Virginia, though followed and admired, as she always was, soon wearied of the scene. The remembrance of the interview with Captain Dacre recurred more than once to her mind, filling her with uneasy fears lest she should again render herself worthy of such strictures. Flushed and tired from a gallop, she sought the dressing-room with the intention of securing a short interval of rest; but remembering that she could not feel safe from interruption there, she threw an opera cloak over her shoulders and passed out on a small balcony overlooking the gardens, closing the door behind her. Though October, the night was as pleasant as in summer, and as she adjusted herself on a seat, she resolved to remain there some time and enjoy the calm beauty of the night, so refreshing a contrast to the ball room she had just left. Suddenly the odour of cigars rising up almost at her feet warned her that gentlemen were near, and at the same moment the voice of a Mr. Colford Stone, with whom she had danced two or three times during the evening, became plainly audible, for he was apparently standing under the shadow of the balcony as he pronounced the words:

"Yes, Clive Weston's wife is decidedly the belle to-night."

"Now I should move out of this," said Virginia to herself, "but I will not. I have chosen a pleasant, secluded nook for myself, and they have no business to stand under it chattering nonsense. Besides, they will begin to abuse me presently, and I shall thus be sufficiently punished."

Her presentiments were destined to be painfully and promptly realized.

"Poor butterfly," continued the speaker, "her wings will soon be clipped."

"How—what do you mean?"

"Well, I do not mind telling you, Macdonald, what the whole world will know to-morrow. Poor Weston is ruined. His paper was refused this afternoon at the banks. For some time past he has been

losing ground. The failure of Darrell & Co., followed by that of some other firm in the townships, gave him the first push down hill. Other misfortunes followed, and matters became worse and worse. Grown desperate, he staked his remaining all in a large flour speculation. News came this afternoon that flour had fallen, and his ruin is complete."

"Poor fellow," interposed the other speaker, "I am truly sorry for him. He has always shown himself a thorough gentleman."

"Ah! Macdonald, his marriage was a sad mistake. I prophesied on his wedding day, as I saw the bridal party drive off, that the anniversary of the day would not find him as happy as he seemed then. My prophecy was only too correct."

"For my part," resumed the other, "I cannot help feeling sorry for the poor butterfly too. What will she do in the storm?"

"Hang like a mill-stone round his neck, or perhaps run off with that intolerable coxcomb, Dacre, with whom she has been flirting for months past."

"Come, Stone, you are hard on her. He is paying attention to that matchless flirt, Miss Maberly."

"Nothing of the sort. Has he not declared a dozen times that he would never marry in Canada, and sneered, like the puppy that he is, when quizzed about Miss Letty. I've watched them often, and noticed that he only danced with her when he could not get her friend."

"But Mrs. Weston brought her husband a large fortune—what has become of it?"

"Swamped, every cent. She would not allow her guardians to have a penny settled on herself."

"Well, you must at least give her credit for a generous spirit."

"Tush! mere obstinacy. Did so, probably, to spite her guardian. Weston made a gallant fight of it. Norris, who lives opposite, says that he and his clerk, Reeve,

have been up for nights past, and they have it down there that Clive hasn't eaten for three days, though he puts such a calm front on it."

"Why didn't he try to retrench a little. They gave a ball at his place only last night, that must have cost a good round sum of money."

"The fact is, he has been embarrassed only quite lately. His wife, too, might not have liked it. They can live for a time on the price of her diamonds. I noticed them to-night, and was calculating what they would bring."

"Stone, you are hard—hard as your name!"

"And you, old fellow, are too soft. I admire and respect, as much as any man can do, a woman worthy of the old God-given name of help-mate, but I despise the whole tribe of selfish, ribbon-bedecked puppets who have no aim beyond that of being considered fashionables: who dress, flirt, dance, whilst husbands and fathers toil for them, and never cherish for these same toilers one sentiment of gratitude or love in the depths of their barren hearts. Just like that vain wife of poor Weston's, who is starrng it here to-night, whilst he is eating his heart out in despair at home, thinking perhaps of running away from her for ever, as I would do in his place, or it may be of cutting his own throat."

"Say what you will, cynic that you are, I maintain that there is good in many of those you condemn wholesale, and circumstances would develop that good."

"Have it so! We shall soon see what good lies dormant in Mrs. Clive Weston."

"That we shall, my friend, and I would be willing to take a heavy bet on the result, for she possesses a mind capable of great things."

"'Tis not mind and intellect that are wanting. I tell you it is heart. Still I'll hope against hope; but let us go back for another waltz."

Truly had she heard enough, that pale, breathless woman who sat listening there—a great horror looking out of the distended violet eyes. When the voices of the speakers ceased she tremblingly rose and passed into the dressing-room, which was empty with the exception of a maid in attendance. "Call Mrs. Weston's carriage?" "It soon came round, and Virginia sprang into it, pronouncing in a low, agitated tone, the one word "Home."

#### CHAPTER IX.

WE must now go back to Clive Weston. It wanted a half hour to midnight when he let himself in with his latch key, and ascended at once to the small smoking-room at the back of the house. His step was not more rapid than usual, the hand that opened the intricate lock was perfectly steady, but there was that in his ghastly face, compressed ashen lips and glittering eyes, that would have appalled any one who crossed his path. It was that saddest, most terrible of all expressions looking out from a human face—utter despair. Locking the door inside, he lit the gas and then sat down for a few moments. Suddenly he rose, took from a drawer a pistol, loaded it, and then laid it on the table. A knock at the door was followed by the voice of his manservant asking if his services were wanted.

Schooling his voice to its usual calmness, he told the man he might go to bed, and then enquired if Mrs. Weston was out.

Yes, she had gone to Mrs. Markland's.

Well, he must wait a little later. He wanted no crowd of curious, horrified servants hurrying in to assist at the end of the tragedy. After a while he said, as if seeking to re-assure himself:

"I have no alternative left. Bankrupt in fortune, pride, affection—to live would be impossible! Ah, creditors I could face, for my course though unfortunate has been honourable; but the wife I have beggared,

the delicate child of luxury whom I have robbed. My darling, who, despite counsel of friend and guardian, insisted on placing her all in my hands ; how have I fulfilled the trust? How venial now seem the acts of pettish waywardness that at times incensed me so deeply, beside the great wrong I have done her ! Shall I write a few farewell words, and ask forgiveness?"

He drew the writing desk near him and wrote a few lines. Then a strange longing to look for the last time on her features stole over him. She would not be home for hours yet, and the portrait he desired to see hung in her dressing-room. He bent his steps thither. How calm, how home-like everything looked. A bright fire burned in the grate. Drawn up before the latter was Virginia's low easy chair, a handkerchief, yet redolent of her favourite perfume, lying on the back of it. Her dressing gown and tiny quilted satin slippers were on the sofa.

Above the mantel-piece, in the full light of the lamp, was the portrait he had come to see. He threw himself in the chair, first pressing his lips to the place where her head had so often rested, and studied the picture with eager eyes.

Busily memory retraced the past. His joy on that wedding day of which this was the mournful anniversary—their early wedded love—then the cloud that had come between them, growing denser day by day, till it had finally estranged, and almost separated them.

In that retrospect he took on himself the chief part of the blame. Yes, he thought more than once, he should have bowed his pride, and coaxed her out of her wayward moods, instead of intrenching himself as he had done in cold reserve. He should not have left her night after night alone without explaining the cause of his absence. Ah, if he were only allowed to live that year over again, how differently he would act ! Then insensibly a dream stole over him of another sort of life, in which, though comparatively

poor, and struggling against adverse circumstances, they might yet be happy, living only for each other. Oh, how he would toil for her night and day.

Suddenly the falling of the glowing coals on which he had been dreamily gazing, recalled him with a start from that picture to the reality, and springing to his feet he whispered:

"If I wish to retain courage I must leave this spot at once."

He retraced his steps to the room he had left. Fireless, dark and dreary, he felt it was better suited to him than the pleasant chamber below.

He had taken up the pistol and was examining it, when again a noise fell on his ear, and the voice and footsteps of one of the servants sounded in the passage, close to his door. Would the household never retire to rest ! For the first time he chafed at the easy domestic discipline of Weston Villa.

Crossing his arms on the table he bowed his head upon them, while horror seemed to settle as a pall around him. Thoughts that would not be driven away rose upon his memory, of that pleasant, far off homestead, with its old oaks and trim green lawns, in the English valley where he was born, and of the parents that slept the sleep of the just in the vault of the village church. Recollections too crowded upon him of the joys of boyhood, the dreams of youth, the noble purposes and hopes of manhood, and as he thought that all this was to end in a bankrupt suicide's grave, a groan burst from his lips.

There was a rustle near him, and looking up with a start, he beheld his wife in her festal dress at his side, more lovely too than he had ever seen her look, though her face was pale as marble, and her large eyes full of tears. Whilst he stared at her in silent bewilderment, her arm stole softly round his neck, and sinking on her knees she whispered:

"Oh, Clive, dear Clive, forgive me, and take me to your heart again!"

Surely despair had unsettled his mind, and this must be a phantasm of his overtaken brain he told himself, even though her head lay on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears wetting his cheek, her heart throbbing next his own.

"Clive, will you not speak and say that you pardon me, as I hope God will? Ah, I promise to be a different wife to what I have been!"

Yes, he felt now it was reality, and clasped her to his breast with a grasp strong almost as that of death itself. A long moment of rapture, rapture that seemed to repay him for the agony of the last few days, and then flashed across him the remembrance of her engulfed fortune—of their common ruin.

"Too late! too late! Virginia, you know nothing of the truth."

"Yes, my husband, I know all, but even if my fortune and yours are both lost, are we not still rich in each other's recovered love? Even though your affection for me is not what it once was, I will strive to win it back."

"Child, child," he whispered, "this happiness is almost too much to bear. Let me kneel with you whilst your pure lips implore that pardon I dare not ask myself for my sinful life, and thank my Maker for the undeserved mercy he has just shown me."

After thrusting into a table drawer the letter he had written, and the pistol, evidence of his sinful madness, which fortunately had remained unnoticed amid the papers and pamphlets surrounding it, Clive drew Virginia from the room whispering:

"Come with me dearest. You are too lightly dressed for this cold room."

Together they descended to the pleasant dressing room, where bright fire and lights still gleamed as if awaiting their coming.

"Sit down here, Clive, in my own chair, and rest your poor head, whilst I don dress-

ing gown and slippers for once without Cranston's aid."

Willingly he obeyed; for his over-wrought brain was giddy, and bewildered with the powerful emotions of the last few hours. After a few moments his wife came suddenly up to him, and in a low tone asked:

"Is it true that you have not eaten, Clive, for four days?"

"Indeed I have been so busy, that I never noticed whether I did or not."

"Wait then, and I will get you something, but on second thoughts you must come with me, for I am afraid to venture down stairs alone at this hour."

"Then, dear Virginia, I will not leave this chair and fire, besides, seriously, I must have dined, for I do not feel at all hungry."

Opening a closet she took out a plate of biscuit, which she placed on the rosewood stand beside his chair, and which he greedily devoured.

"No more!" he smilingly said, as she took up the empty plate with some vague idea of refilling it. "You know how cautiously food should always be administered to shipwrecked mariners. Come now and tell me, like the perfect wife you promise to be, how and when you learned all you know?"

"Willingly, Clive, on one condition. You must promise not to get angry with any one."

"Agreed! I feel so happy now, I verily believe a man might horsewhip me without fear of retaliation."

Seated on a stool at his feet, her head resting on his arm, but her face averted so that he might not see the tears that often gathered, or the crimson that more than once mounted to her cheek, she recounted the conversation that she had overheard that night on the balcony.

"Ah, Clive, how completely my eyes were opened then to my own faults, my worthlessness, whilst I was filled at the same time

with a vague fear of some calamity, more terrible than the loss of fortune or position. I hurried home, promising Heaven during that drive of agony, that if it would protect you from harm, I would be a better wife than I had been. Cranston, who was sitting up for me, opened the door, and my first inquiry was for you. You were in and had gone up stairs. Ah, God was very good to me! You had not left me for ever, as Colford Stone would have done, or—well, still worse! Up stairs I sped, though dreading that in your despair you might repulse me, or receive me with reproaches. Clive, dear, you were merciful to me, and Heaven has been very merciful to us both."

He bowed his head in assent, too much moved to speak, and tenderly laid his hand on his young wife's head, inwardly registering a vow that henceforth no act or word of hers should ever move him to anger or harshness. Then, after a pause of silent emotion, they went back step by step over the estrangement that had subsisted so long between them. The note he had written to her, the non-reception of which had caused so sad a misunderstanding, was spoken of, and its disappearance at once attributed by Virginia to her whilom friend.

"Pray let us talk no more of her, Clive, for I am beginning to feel uncharitable. Let us face instead the realities of our position. All this fine house and its belongings must be given up; then we must get a small cottage, or a couple of rooms in some quiet out-of-the way street; I will have to wear calico dresses, and sweep and dust, for, of course, we will not be able to keep more than one servant, or perhaps none at all. I assure you, Mr. Weston, I will be quite equal to the situation; only, how about the cookery? Oh, I have it! There is a book called "Cooking Made Easy," and—"

"If it is anything as vague as 'Spanish Made Easy,' or 'Italian without a Master,' I think it will be safer for us not to venture on giving dinner parties for some time to come,"

he interrupted, won to smiles despite the seriousness of his mood.

"Be serious now, Clive! For the first few weeks we will live on my diamonds—the remarks of that old cynic Stone, whose name I will bless through life for the lesson he gave me, suggested the idea: in the meantime you will look about for a clerkship, as the diamonds, I suppose, will not last long. Do you think, Clive darling, you will get one?"

"Without difficulty!" and the bankrupt merchant faintly smiled, as he thought how many firms in the city would gladly secure his services, almost on his own terms.

"That is delightful, and I might teach playing and singing—though I do both execrably—to beginners. But now that I remember, poor old Aunt Ponton is expected home from day to day. She has been passing five or six months in Florida for her health, which is much better. Of course she will insist on our living with her and spoil all our plans. I think she will look on our bankruptcy as a blessing in disguise, if it procure her the advantage of having us in her own house so that she may pet and spoil me as of old."

What a relief to body and mind, that had been stretched on the rack for days past, it was to sit there and listen to that gay feminine talk rippling so pleasantly from Virginia's lips!

More than once he asked himself: "Was he not dreaming." The reality was so different to anything he had pictured. He had thought of her pale, crushed to the earth by humiliation and grief; or else loudly proclaiming her wrongs, but always turning from him in anger and scorn; and here she was sitting at his feet in love and trust more perfect than had ever yet reigned between them.

How different it would all have been if his Heavenly Father had not arrested his hand! When his wife's eyes were closed in peaceful sleep, he knelt in self-abasement, in passionate pleading with his Maker for pardon.

He had ever been a proud man, proud of his integrity, his intellect, and if his prayers had not been exactly in the Pharisee's strain, they had been wanting in the spirit that won forgiveness for the publican. Now his pride was laid low, the idol of self-love shattered, and Clive Weston was in every sense of the word a better man.

#### CHAPTER X.

**A**FTER their early breakfast Mr. Weston rose saying; "I must be off at once to the office, Virginia, and face my fate. Oh my darling!" and he drew her tenderly towards him, "what courage your example has imparted to me! Ruined, bankrupt, I yet go forth strong in hope and brave in heart. You will not give way to fretting, promise me, whilst I shall be away? I may not be able to get back till night."

"Fret, no indeed! I used to patronize that luxury when I had nothing else to do; now I have no time to indulge in it. Cranston and I will have a busy time of it overlooking and packing up my wardrobe."

Not daring to trust his voice, he pressed her to his heart and passed hurriedly out. Full of her new plans Virginia returned to her dressing-room, and began her day's work by carefully arranging her diamonds in their velvet lined cases. Whilst doing so she became aware for the first time that the diamond studded pendant of one of her eardrops was missing. More startled and grieved than she would have been by the loss of the whole set a day previous, she hastily examined her dressing bureau and the carpet, but it was not there. Remembering her visit to her husband's room the night before she bent her steps thither. Anxiously she examined floor, chairs, and table, without success. Perhaps she had dropped it in Mrs. Markland's rooms, or on the garden balcony. A messenger must be sent off at

once to ascertain. Here her eye fell on the small drawer of the table, and she recollected with a gleam of hope that Mr. Weston, before leaving the apartment the night previous, had thrust some papers into it. Possibly the object of her search might have fallen among them. Hastily she drew the drawer out. No diamond met her gaze, but instead it fell on that small dark instrument of death, and on a paper containing a few lines addressed to herself in her husband's writing.

Instinctively she closed and locked the door, then, trembling in every limb, sank into the chair in which Clive had kept his terrible vigil, and read over, and re-read that almost illegible scrap of writing, unable for a time to fully comprehend its awful import. As it dawned at length fully upon her, she fell on her knees with a low agonized cry, incapable either of prayer or thought.

It was her turn now for utter self-abasement, for impassioned supplications to Heaven, for broken murmurs of gratitude.

Here in this very room, might Clive, her idolized husband have now been lying, cold, mute for ever, his memory a nameless horror, his ghastly corpse bearing traces of that terrible crime that would have closed for him all hope. And would it have been much better with her? Would she have deserved more mercy than himself? Made clear by that light which the near approach of death sheds on earthly actions, the course of her life stretched out before her: first, her pampered childhood and selfish girlhood, then the still more criminal page of her married life, with its heartless dissipation, its neglect of duties, and of the claims of the husband to whom she had vowed love.

Out of the agony of that first half hour arose, bright as the moon after a midnight storm, the thought that it was not yet too late. Blessed hopes that flooded her soul with gratitude, leaving in that heart which fashion had not yet perverted, seeds of future virtue and peace.

The voice of Cranston outside the locked door, informing her that the missing diamond had been found, failed to call Virginia from her self-communing, and it was long after that she at length, moved by her maid's pathetic entreaties that she would take some lunch, left the room, first putting the letter into her bosom.

Young Mrs. Weston's deathlike pallor, and the strong tokens of agitation so plainly visible on her face, though winning Cranston's unbounded pity, failed to excite her curiosity, for the household was now in full possession of the fact that their master was a bankrupt, the store-man having taken a private run up to the house for the express purpose of giving the information.

Regret was the general feeling that morning in business circles regarding Clive Weston's failure, and very few were found to cast a stone. One sour-visaged gentleman declared that Weston was an incomprehensible chap—looked as if he had gained a fortune instead of losing one—another opined that his ruin could not be as complete as was reported, or he would not look so calm all at once about it: the common feeling, however, was one of sympathy. The lamps were lit when he mounted the stone steps leading to his house, and met at the door his anxious young wife.

"What news, Clive dear?"

"Good. Indeed better than I had expected. The creditors give me time, so that if fortune prove favourable we may soon be all right again. In the meantime we can occupy this house till we have looked up other quarters. The servants may be discharged as soon as you find convenient, keeping Cranston of course with us."

"What delightful news! Come now to dinner, poor Clive? You must stand in need of it."

Soon Weston began to perceive that despite the strenuous efforts made by his wife to appear as cheerful as she had been in the morning, a change had come over

her during his absence. Her words and smiles were less frequent, and at times an indefinable look clouded the brilliancy of her dark eyes.

"I fear, my darling," he said, as they sat before the fire in her dressing-room, Virginia on her favourite low seat near his feet, "I fear," and he tenderly stroked the glossy head resting on his arm, "that you are only beginning to realize all that you have lost."

Vainly Virginia protested that it was not so, that her hopes and courage were as high as ever.

"You cannot deceive me, my wife. I love you too well for that. Ah, there is a shadow in those eyes that was not there this morning."

There was a long pause, and then with pallid cheek and quivering lip she answered:

"Clive, my love, my husband! I had not at first intended telling you, but perhaps it is better I should, so that henceforth there may be no misunderstanding or secret between us. With no intention of prying into your private affairs, but seeking for a missing jewel, I opened your table drawer and found this. She displayed his short letter to herself, and then, for the first time since he had known her, gave way in his presence to a passionate burst of tears.

"Once again, Clive, say you forgive me," she sobbed, "for the unwisely heartlessness that helped to drive you to such despair?"

"Rather ask God to forgive me, Virginia, an error that a life-time will not be long enough to deplore. Ah, sweet wife!" and he gently folded her to his heart, "Seek not in your regrets over your own childish faults to make me lose sight of the burden of guilt that weighs so heavily on me. I do not regret that you have discovered it. Sooner or later I should probably have confided it to you. And now we have neither estrangement nor secret between us. May it be ever so!"

The following day the servants at Weston



Villa were paid off, with the exception of the faithful Cranston, whose services were retained. With her assistance Virginia entered on the task of packing her wardrobe, ornaments and jewels.

Callers were numerous, prompted chiefly by curiosity, but the young wife, who now felt that she had broken entirely with that gay world in which she had till lately played so conspicuous a part, returned answer through Cranston that she did not receive, and was soon left in peace.

According to Virginia's predictions, Miss Ponton on her arrival in Montreal hastened without delay to Weston Villa, and begged the happiness of carrying off her niece and husband at once to her own quiet home. No poignant regrets over Virginia's recent loss of position and fortune; no allusions to the feminine obstinacy that had placed her young relative's wealth entirely in another's hands; no doleful lamentations over Mr. Weston's misfortune or mismanagement disturbed the harmony of the meeting.

"Now for another subject, my love! Are you sure," and she laid her hand timidly and appealingly on her companion's arm, "that you and Mr. Weston are on good terms with each other?"

"Yes! Better even than in the first days of our married life."

"Oh what joyful news for me, my darling! Such unkind reports have been circulating that you and your husband were living in open discord—never seen together—that you and some Captain Dacre were flirting, and that you would end by running away with him altogether. I thought my old heart would break when all this was told me by an acquaintance in the cars. I hastened here to find in your affectionate mention of Clive the first refutation of the calumnies I had not courage to repeat to you till I was certain that they were false."

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the young couple were installed in Miss Ponton's

old-fashioned but comfortable residence some distance out of the city.

The falsehoods alluded to by Miss Ponton at her first interview with her niece, and refuted after a time by the evident attachment of young Mr. and Mrs. Weston, were traced directly to Miss Maberly, but neither Clive nor his wife took any notice of them beyond treating that young lady, when they met her, with distant civility. After a few more years of flirtation and husband-hunting, interspersed with bitter disappointments such as Captain Dacre had inflicted on her, she married a suitor whom she had already twice refused, and passed her existence in a struggle to keep up appearances.

Captain Dacre, wearying suddenly of Canadian life and climate, and more deeply wounded by the repulse he had received from Virginia than either she or any one else suspected, soon exchanged into another regiment, and left Canada without his departure exciting any serious regret, except in the bosom of Letty Maberly.

Clive Weston devoted himself with renewed energy and hope to business, and fortune soon smiled on him again. Five months after his bankruptcy, as he stood by the sofa on which Virginia lay, and tenderly looked down on the tiny nursing resting on her arm, he said, "My darling, even now I could place you in a comfortable home of your own, but I will not urge it if you prefer remaining here with good Aunt Ponton."

"Thank you, dear Clive, it would break her heart if we were to leave her, now especially, that she has this little love to pet and fondle. See he is waking! What lovely eyes! Clive, is not the measure of our happiness full?"

"Yes, even to overflowing, thanks to that Heavenly Father who hath been merciful to us beyond our deserts!" And Clive Weston and his young wife bowed their heads in mute gratitude to the Giver of all good.

THE END.

## THE "OCEAN STAG."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

FAR away on the wide, wide ocean tide,  
Far away on the tameless sea,  
On its broad, broad breast, where the waves never rest  
From their mad, joyous revelry,  
Rides the stately bark o'er the billows dark,  
Like the Spirit of Liberty.

Rideth all night, with a strange delight,  
Like a creature of the foam,  
Or a wild thing born of some sprite forlorn  
In the cave of some monster Gnome,  
That had leaped into life from the ocean strife,  
With the boundless sea for its home.

So with plunge and dip speeds the gallant ship,  
With her mariner hearts so strong,  
Who defy the tide with disdainful pride,  
With laughter, and tale, and song;  
How she strains! how she bounds! like a stag which the hounds  
Have followed in vain too long.

Higher, higher each swell! merry gale! it is well;  
Still wilder the swift wind blows;  
Let it rave, let it rave, with a ship so brave,  
And a crew that no danger knows,  
Though the storm-fiends wrack make the welkin crack,  
Though the gale to a tempest grows.

Like a ghost from its shroud the moon looks from the cloud,  
On forms that shall see her no more—  
Broad, massive and great, rising up like a Fate,  
The front of the iron-bound shore!  
Like a bird in the snare the good ship struggles there,  
For her wild, fearless journey is o'er.

These crashes! these shocks!—on the reefs! on the rocks!  
Poised high o'er the jagged ledge!  
Now each brave heart quakes, now the good ship shakes,  
And parts on the awful edge,  
Till timber and spar own the sudden jar,  
And snap like a brittle sedge.

She struggles in vain ! each effort—each strain,  
Only crushes her like a shell,  
And she lies all prone, with many a groan,  
In the jaws of that yawning hell ;  
But no more she bounds, for the terrible hounds  
Have followed the Stag too well !

How that frantic cry startles earth and sky,  
As it springs o'er the stormy waves ;  
As it wails and sweeps o'er the angry deeps  
Like a voice from the seamen's graves ;  
And the winds' dread moan on that sea coast lone  
Is as when a maniac raves.

To the rock-bound shore roll the breakers' roar  
And the elements' shrill halloo ;  
And over them all speeds the piercing call,  
The scream of the wild sea-mew ;  
But the din has drowned the gurgling sound,  
And the cries of the struggling crew.

Swiftly the wreck, like a stricken speck  
On the dark and stormy main,  
Strikes through the deep with a sudden sweep,  
Like a pang through a tyrant's brain ;  
And wild bursts of fear smite the distant ear  
With a harrowing sense of pain.

The last dread sound on that deep profound,  
Where pitiless Fury raves,  
Is a shriek of dole from some tortured soul  
Passing down to the coral caves ;  
Mocked by the moan of the tempest lone,  
And the howl of the smitten waves.

Each struggling form in that fearful storm,  
As he gasps for a parting breath,  
Feels a sudden throe, as some watery Woe  
Swirls him down to the Ship of Death,  
To the charnel spot where the dead men rot,  
In the slime of the rocks beneath.

And so when the world from its place is hurled  
Through a tempest of fiery spray,  
Swept down the track of the flaming wrack,  
Like a speck will it pass away :  
And all ears will hear, o'er the crash severe,  
The knell of the Judgment Day.

## LORD ELGIN.

BESIDES the leaders of parties in England, and the holders of the English offices of State, there is another class of British statesmen whose sphere is the government of the Colonies and dependencies, who may be called Imperial statesmen while the others are national, and whose characteristic excellencies are of a very different kind from those developed in the conflicts of the House of Commons. Of this class Lord Elgin was a good type. He had to deal in turn with all the various elements of the empire, and the special problems connected with each of them, having been successively Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, Envoy to China, and Viceroy of India; and in all these situations he displayed, under trying circumstances, some of the highest qualities of a British proconsul.

A life of him, therefore, is welcome; and the one before us, by Mr. Theodore Walrond, C.B., the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, with a preface by Dean Stanley (whose wife is Lord Elgin's sister), is exceedingly well done. That it should be critical could hardly be expected; no biography of a person recently deceased, written by friendly hands, ever is; but it is agreeable in style, and eminently intelligent, moderate and judicious. It has also the inestimable advantage of being comprised in a single octavo volume.

James, Eighth Earl of Elgin, was a scion of an illustrious stock, for he was the representative of the great Norman house whose hero was Robert Bruce. From his father, of Elgin marble celebrity, he inherited, says his biographer, the genial and playful spirit which was useful to him in a diplomatic as well as in a social point of view. His

mother, a daughter of Mr. Oswald, of Dunvillier, was admirably qualified, we are told, by her intellect and piety, to be the depository of the ardent thoughts and aspirations of his boyhood, and to her influence and that of his elder sister, Matilda, he is said to have probably owed a pliancy and fervour of sympathy unusual in "characters of so tough a fibre." That the fibre of his character was as tough as the powers of his mind were high, his biographer is confident, notwithstanding the prevailing impression that the weak point, if there was one, lay there.

The moral precocity of the boy must have been remarkable. In his tenth year he writes: "Be with me this week in my studies, my amusements, in everything. When at my lessons may I think only of them; playing when I play; when dressing may I be quick, and never put off time, and never amuse myself but in play hours. Oh! may I set a good example to my brothers. Let me not teach them anything that is bad, and may they not learn wickedness from seeing me. May I command my temper and passions, and give me a better heart, for their good." Moral precocity, like intellectual precocity, is generally dangerous, but Lord Elgin proved an exception to this rule.

Happily for him he was born a younger son, and only became heir to the title, by the death of his elder brother, when he was twenty-nine years old. To this, perhaps, is partly to be ascribed his industry at College. He took a first-class in classics at Oxford; and was one of a group of students including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Cardwell, whose success at the University, and subsequent dis-

tion in public life, are a proof of the compatibility of high intellectual culture with first-rate practical powers. He had a great taste for philosophy, in which he was a disciple of Coleridge, whose mystical distinction between the "Reason" and the "Understanding" seems to have taken a strong hold of his mind. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, but did not study law. He, however, tempered his Coleridgian philosophy by other practical pursuits, the management of the family property and of county affairs in his father's absence, and the command of a troop of yeomanry. He presides at farmers' dinners, composes songs for them, and speaks at public meetings for church extension, at the same time that he is taking long meditative rides, writing sonnets for his sisters, and corresponding on metaphysics with his brother at Oxford.

In his twenty-third year he plunged into politics with a Tory pamphlet, and three years afterwards he stood for Fifehire, but without success. In 1841, however, at the general election which ousted the Whigs and brought in Peel, he was returned for Southampton. On that occasion he made a profession of Conservatism, into which, under the wise leadership of Peel, Toryism had transmuted itself after the Reform Bill. His rising merits were recognized by a leader always sagacious (and it must be added, most generous) in enlisting youthful talent, and he was selected to second the amendment on the Address. In the course of his speech he reprobated the harsh terms which had been habitually applied to opponents of the Government, "In a day when all monopolies are denounced, I must be permitted to say that in my mind the monopoly which is the most intolerable and odious is the pretension to the monopoly of public virtue." If he really held that sentiment, it was well for him that he was speedily translated from the sphere of faction fights to that of Imperial administration.

At the early age of thirty he was sent to

govern Jamaica, then in the midst of the difficulties incident to the early days of emancipation—the country so unprosperous, and everybody so desponding, that it was deemed offensive, and a kind of treason, to suggest that there was the slightest chance by any exertion of escaping utter ruin—a mass of emancipated blacks requiring to be provided with schools, police, and all the apparatus of civilization—a landowner and planter oligarchy by no means inclined to meet the requirement—Quashee content with his yams, and as unwilling to work as any squire—the Baptists fighting with the clergy of the Established Church—the country flooded with inconvertible paper currency—and bitter ill-feeling against the Home Government arising from a long period of contention. Through all this the young governor seems to have steered with discretion. He saw that the one great object was to improve the labourer, and for this purpose he tried to encourage the application of mechanical inventions to agriculture, and the substitution of skilled for unskilled labour. The establishment of a "General Agricultural Society for the Island of Jamaica" was one of the measures in which he took most interest. He promoted education, industrial and general. He entered into the griefs of the planters, and did his best to infuse into their ulcerated minds a better spirit, and to make them instruments of their own salvation. He studied all the discordant forces round him, directed them as well as he could to the common good, and made himself a centre of hope and a bond of union to the downcast and divided population. The partial success of his endeavours seems to have inspired him with a confidence in the political future of the island, which events have sadly failed to justify. He "regards the local constitution as a *fait accompli*, and has no desire to remove a stone of the fabric." He "thinks a popular representative system is, perhaps, the best expedient that can be devised for blending into one harmonious whole a com-

munity composed of diverse races and colour," and his conviction is strengthened by what he has read about the coloured classes in Demerara and Trinidad. He forgets that the industrial and social condition of Demerara and Trinidad, where the population is dense and the negroes are consequently compelled to work for a living, is very different from that of Jamaica.

He was, however, very glad to get away from his Island—after four years service. Immediately on his return power changed hands, but the new Colonial Secretary, Lord Grey, had appreciated Lord Elgin's abilities, and offered him the Governor-Generalship of Canada. The offer was accepted with a deep sense of the responsibilities attached to the office. "To watch over the interests of those great offshoots of the British race which plant themselves in distant lands; to aid them in their efforts to extend the domain of civilization, and to fulfil that first behest of a benevolent Creator to His intelligent creatures—'subdue the earth'—to abet the generous endeavour to impart to those rising communities the full advantages of British laws, British institutions, and British freedom; to assist them in maintaining unimpaired, it may be in strengthening and confirming, those bonds of mutual affection which unite the parent and dependent States—these are duties not to be lightly undertaken, and which may well claim the exercise of all the faculties and energies of an earnest and independent mind."

On the eve of his departure for Canada, Lord Elgin married, as his second wife, Lady Mary Louise Lambton, daughter of the first Earl of Durham. The union was significant, for to realize Lord Durham's ideal of a Governor was the special aim of Lord Elgin. "The principles," says his biographer, "on which he undertook to conduct the affairs of the colony were, that he should identify himself with no party, but make himself a mediator and moderator be-

tween the influential of all parties; that he should have no Ministers who did not enjoy the confidence of the Assembly, or, in the last resort, of the people; and that he should not refuse his consent to any measure proposed by his Ministry, unless it were of an extreme party character, such as the Assembly or the people would be sure to disapprove." These, as his biographer remarks, were the principles on which he had already acted in Jamaica. Lord Elgin himself says: "I still adhere to my opinion that the real and effectual vindication of Lord Durham's memory and proceedings will be the success of a Governor-General of Canada who works out his views of government fairly." In fact, as the foot of the new Governor-General touched Canada, Personal Government departed and Responsible Government finally entered on the scene. It was one of the consequences of the change produced in the spirit of British government by the Reform Bill of 1832.

Lord Elgin's predecessors had been old men. He had the advantages both of physical and mental youth. On the night before the morning of his inauguration there was a tremendous snow storm, and the snow had drifted so much that it seemed doubtful whether a sleigh could go from Monklands to Montreal. But he declared that he had no notion of being deterred by weather, and got into a one-horse sleigh, with very small runners, which brought him safe to town. He was able to get through heavy work at a pinch, and make long and rapid journeys, whenever business or popularity required it. He went among the people, walked to church, attended public meetings, led the cheering, made friends everywhere by his geniality and his affable demeanour. Thanks to his early practice at the University Debating Society, where Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Lowe and others had been formed at the same time with him, he was the best speaker in the Province, and, being an excellent French scholar, he was able to address the

French Canadians with perfect fluency in their own tongue. His heart opened to the fresh vigour of the young community which he had come to rule, and which must have struck him as a pleasant contrast to the decrepit planter society he had just left. "Our tour has been thus far prosperous in all respects except weather, which has been by no means favourable. I attended a great agricultural meeting at Hamilton last week, and had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments at a dinner in presence of six or seven hundred substantial Upper Canada yeomen—a body of men not easily to be matched. It is, indeed, a glorious country, and after passing, as I have done within the last fortnight, from the citadel of Quebec to the Falls of Niagara, rubbing shoulders the whole way with its free and perfectly independent inhabitants, one begins to doubt whether it be possible to acquire a sufficient knowledge of man or nature, or to obtain an insight into the future of nations without visiting America." His eye marked the golden prospects opened by the application of agricultural science, for the first time in history, to the productiveness of a virgin soil. "When the nations of Europe were young, science was in its infancy, the art of civil government was imperfectly understood, property was inadequately protected, the labourer knew not who would reap what he had sown, and the teeming earth yielded her produce grudgingly to the solicitations of an ill-directed and desultory cultivation. It was not till long and painful experience had taught the nations the superiority of the arts of peace over those of war; it was not until the pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence had been sorely felt, that the ingenuity of man was taxed to provide substitutes for those ineffective and wasteful methods under which the fertility of the virgin soil had been well nigh exhausted. But with you it is far otherwise. Canada springs at once from the cradle into the full possession of

the privileges of manhood. Canada, with the bloom of youth yet upon her cheek, and with youth's elasticity in her tread, has the advantage of all the experience of age. She may avail herself not only of the capital accumulated in older countries, but also of those treasures of knowledge which have been gathered up by the labour and research of earnest and thoughtful men throughout a series of generations."

All this however failed to conjure the storm which, at the critical moment of final transition from Personal to Parliamentary Government, was gathering on the political horizon, and the fury of which was increased by discontent arising from the commercial distress incident to the first adoption of Free Trade as the commercial policy of the Empire. The Tory Ministry, the construction of which by Lord Metcalfe had been the last measure of Personal Government, fell. The Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry succeeded to power, and brought in the Rebellion Losses Bill. It is easy to show that the bill was the logical sequence of previous legislation in regard to Upper Canada, and to prove its necessity by the arguments which led Sir Robert Peel to give it his cordial support in the British House of Commons. But the fact remains incontestable that the measure wore an ugly appearance of compensating rebels, and that it was a sore blow and discouragement to the loyalists, already smarting under their ejection from the power which they had held so long, and further embittered by the commercial losses inflicted by Imperial legislation. To this extent at all events we must qualify Lord Elgin's assertion that, "if ever rebellion stood upon a rickety pretence, it was the Canadian Tory Rebellion of 1849." To Lord Elgin, ruling on the principle of Responsible Government, no course was open but to assent to the bill; he rightly judged that, by reserving it for the consideration of the Home Government, a step recommended by some of those about him, he would only be throwing

on Her Majesty's Ministers a responsibility which ought to rest on his own shoulders. The riots at Montreal, the burning of the Parliament House, the attacks, which were not far from proving fatal, on the person of the Governor-General, are a mournfully familiar page of Canadian history. Lord Elgin incurred the imputation of want of nerve by not dealing more vigorously with the rioters. The Home Government could not understand his abstention from using the forces at his command for the re-establishment of order. The Americans could still less understand why he did not shoot the insurgents down. But his secretary, Major Campbell, writes: "Throughout the whole of this most trying time Lord Elgin remained perfectly calm and cool; never for a moment losing his self-possession, nor failing to exercise that clear foresight and sound judgment for which he was so remarkable. It came to the knowledge of his Ministers that if he went to the city again his life would be in great danger; and they advised that a commission should issue to appoint a Deputy Governor for the purpose of proroguing Parliament. He was urged by irresponsible advisers to make use of the military force at his command to protect his person in an official visit to the city, but he declined to do so, and thus avoided what these infatuated rioters seemed determined to bring on, the shedding of blood. 'I am prepared,' he said, 'to bear any amount of obloquy that may be cast upon me, but if I can possibly prevent it, no stain of blood shall rest upon my name.'" We may proudly contrast this humane resolution of a British ruler, notwithstanding the greatest provocation, with the swiftness to shed the blood of the people generally manifested by French rulers in case of disturbances, and mistaken by them for rigour, when in fact it is a mixture of cruelty and weakness. But the example set by Lord Elgin will be misleading, if it is forgotten that the mass of peaceable citizens have a right to look to the Government for the firm

maintenance of the law. Nor did the mild policy of the Governor-General wholly prevent the shedding of blood.

He accuses the Tory party of "doing what they can by menace, intimidation and appeals to passion, to drive him to a *coup d'état*. Petitions in favour of a dissolution of Parliament were sent in by the Tories, addressed not to the Assembly but to the Governor-General personally, with the object, it is alleged, of producing a collision between him and the Legislature. He received these petitions with courtesy but avoided any expression of his opinion, thus preserving his constitutional position. "If I had dissolved Parliament I might have produced a rebellion; but most assuredly I should not have produced a change of Ministry. The leaders know that as well as I do, and were it possible to play tricks in such grave concerns, it would have been easy to throw them into utter confusion by merely calling upon them to form a Government. They were aware, however, that I could not, for the sake of discomfiting them, hazard so desperate a policy; so they have played out their game of faction and violence without fear of consequences." We have already intimated the extent to which we should qualify these severe words.

To test the confidence of the Home Government in him Lord Elgin tendered his resignation, but was cordially confirmed in his office.

With reference to the unsuccessful negotiations for French support which preceded the fall of the Tory Government, Lord Elgin comments upon the absence of any questions of principle or public policy to divide parties, and the personal and selfish character which the negotiations consequently assumed. In the same strain his biographer complains that "parties formed themselves, not on broad issues of principle, but with reference to petty local and personal interests, and that when they sought the support of a more widespread sentiment they fell back on those



antipathies of race which it was the main object of every wise Governor to extinguish." In a country where all the great political controversies which agitate the old world are settled, and where, everybody being pretty well fed, there are no serious grievances, how can there be great questions to divide parties? Where are such questions to be found? Are we to make them? When will political critics, British and Canadian, see that this is a new world, with a new state of society, and that the special traditions of British public life are not applicable here?

Lord Elgin discerned that the only broad issue subsisting was that of race, and he remarks that "the problem of how to govern United Canada would be solved if the French would split into a Liberal and a Conservative party and join the Upper Canada parties which bear corresponding names." "The great difficulty," he continues, "has hitherto been that the Conservative Government has meant a Government of Upper Canadians, which is intolerable to the French, and a Radical Government, a Government of French, which is no less hateful to the British. No doubt the party titles are misnomers, for the Radical party comprises the political section most averse to progress of any kind in the country. Nevertheless so it has been hitherto. The national element will be merged in the political if the split to which I refer were accomplished." A reaction against clerical ascendancy seems the only chance of its accomplishment, and that unfortunately runs into annexation.

It was Lord Elgin's strong conviction that the loyalty of the French might be secured by a policy of conciliation and confidence; and his great aim in dealing with the French question was to take the wind out of the sails of "Guy Fawkes' Papineau, who, actuated by the most malignant passions, irritated vanity, disappointed ambition and national hatred, which unmerited favour had only served to exasperate, was waving a lighted torch among those combustibles." He

rejoices in the repeal of the part of the Act of Union imposing restrictions on the use of the French language, and declares himself deeply convinced of the impolicy of all attempts to denationalize the French. "Generally speaking they produce the opposite effect from that intended, causing the flame of national prejudice to burn more fiercely. But suppose them to be successful, what would be the result? You may perhaps *Americanize*, but depend upon it, by methods of this description you will never *Anglicize* the inhabitants of the Province. Let them feel, on the other hand, that their religion, their habits, their prepossessions, their prejudices if you will, are more considered and respected here than in other portions of this vast continent, and who will venture to say that the last hand which waves the British flag on American ground may not be that of a French Canadian?" The last words are a slightly modified version of the well known saying of Sir Etienne Taché; and taken literally they would imply that the loyalty of the French to the British flag is more trustworthy than that of the British.

When in India, Lord Elgin was led to compare the sources of Lord Canning's popularity among the Hindoos, with those of his own popularity among the French Canadians. In each case, he says, the sentiments arose less from what the ruler had done for the subject race, than from the denunciations of his humane policy by members of the dominant race, among whom he particularly specifies "his Scotch friends." It may be doubted whether the Canadians will feel flattered by the parallel, or by the comparison which Lord Elgin, in another passage of his journal, draws between "our dear old Canadian *habitans*," and the mild and priest-ridden natives of the Philippines.

The Irish question as well as the French question was in an inflamed condition. It seems to us, however, that the mind of the Governor-General was rather unduly impressed by stories of Irish armies 700,000

or 800,000 strong, to be commanded by an American General lately returned from Mexico, and of 50,000 Irish ready to march into Canada from the States at a minute's notice. A meeting at Montreal, that was to have overturned the British Empire, was dispersed by a timely thunder shower. The chief agitator was an American citizen, and Lord Elgin says: "I am of opinion that proceedings of this description on the part of a citizen of another country are not to be tolerated; and although there is an indisposition in certain quarters to drive things to an extremity, I think I shall succeed in having him arrested, unless he takes himself off speedily."

A great addition had been made to the Irish difficulty, and to the difficulties of government generally at the outset of Lord Elgin's administration, by the fearful tide of starving and plague-stricken immigrants poured upon our shores by the Irish famine of 1847. It fell to the lot of the Governor-General, on this occasion, to press on the attention of the Home Government—what it was by no means quick in perceiving—the heaviness of the burden cast on Canada, and her just claims at all events to reimbursement of the expenses she had incurred. A good deal of argument seems to have been required to disabuse the Colonial Secretary of the impression that Canada was necessarily the gainer by the inroad of 100,000 destitute, sick and suffering people, whose course through the eastern portion of our country was strewn with dead, while the survivors were for some time an intolerable burden to the west. The Governor-General bears emphatic testimony to the exertions made by the colonists, and the forbearance and good feeling shown by them under the trial.

The main root of political discontent, in Lord Elgin's opinion, was commercial depression, and the infallible remedy for the political discontent, and the danger attendant on it, was the restoration of prosper-

ity. He held the commercial evils under which Canada was at that time labouring, to be directly chargeable on Imperial legislation. Peel's Free Trade measure of 1846 had driven the whole of the produce down New York channels, robbing Canada of her canal dues, ruining at once mill-owners, forwarders, and merchants, making property unsaleable, and reducing the Government to the payment of its officers in debentures. "What makes it more serious is, that all the prosperity of which Canada is thus robbed is transplanted to the other side of the lines, as if to make Canadians feel more bitterly how much kinder England is to the children who desert her than to those who remain faithful. For I care not whether you be a Protectionist or a Free Trader, it is the inconsistency of Imperial legislation, and not the adoption of one policy rather than another, which is the bane of the Colonies. I believe that the conviction that they would be better off if they were annexed, is almost universal among the commercial classes at present, and the peaceful condition of the Provinces under all the circumstances of the time, is, I must confess, often a matter of great astonishment to myself." If the lot of the colonist in commercial respects continued to present an unfavourable contrast to that of the people on the other side of the line, Lord Elgin felt that the inevitable result must be a tendency to annexation. Perhaps, he a little underrated the counter-vailing action of the moral forces. The strength of the national sentiment among Canadians he could not estimate, for it had not then come into existence.

His wish was not to return to Protection, but to obtain Reciprocity of Trade with the United States, to which he attached what our experience since the suspension of Reciprocity has proved to be an exaggerated importance. To negotiate the Reciprocity Treaty he went himself to Washington. It was his first essay in diplomacy, but he had all the qualifications of manner and address

for diplomatic success, and his biographer is no doubt right in ascribing to him the prosperous issue of the negotiation. The removal of restrictions on navigation, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, was another object which Lord Elgin laboured to effect, as essential to the revival of Canadian commerce: though he thereby brought down upon himself the wrath of the party at home led by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli.

Lord Elgin's principle was to let the Colony have its own way in every thing not morally objectionable, or contrary to Imperial interests. In this spirit he acquiesced in the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, though his own religious and political sentiments pointed towards a distribution of the fund among the clergy of all denominations. With reference to the discussion of the question in the Imperial Parliament, he observes: "Almost the greatest evil which results from the delegation to the Imperial Parliament of the duty of legislating on Colonial questions of this class, is the scope which the system affords to exaggeration and mystification. Parties do not meet in fair conflict on their own ground, where they can soon gain a knowledge of their relative strength, and learn to respect each other accordingly; they shroud themselves in mystery, and rely for victory on their success in out-doing each other in hard swearing. Many men, partly from good nature and partly from political motives, will sign a petition, spiced and peppered to tickle the palate of the House of Lords, who will not move a yard or sacrifice a shilling on behalf of the object petitioned for. I much fear that it will be found that there is much division of opinion among members of the laity of the church with respect to the propriety of maintaining the Clergy Reserves; and that, even as regards a certain section of the clergy, owing to dissatisfaction with the distribution of the fund, and with the condition of dependence in which missionaries are kept,

there is greater lukewarmness on the subject than the fervent representations you have received would lead you to imagine."

It was not merely from deference to the principle of self-government that Lord Elgin, though himself a member of a hereditary Upper House, acquiesced in the proposal to make the Upper Chamber in Canada elective. It was his own conviction that a second Legislative body, returned by the same constituency as the House of Assembly, under some difference with respect to time and mode of election, would be a greater check on ill-considered legislation than the Council nominated by the Crown. To the Conservatives at home the measure seemed a disastrous step towards pure democracy, and Lord Derby uttered an eloquent wail over the final destruction of the dream which he had fondly cherished of a constitutional monarchy under a viceroy or a member of the Royal family in Canada. We have returned to the nominative Upper Chamber, but its restoration has hardly revived Lord Derby's dream.

The increase of the number of legislators was another Parliamentary Reform to which Lord Elgin attached great importance. "With so small a body as eighty members, the parties are nearly balanced, and individual votes become too precious, which leads to mischief. I have not experienced this evil to any great extent, since I have had a liberal administration, which has always been strong in the Assembly; but with my first administration I felt it severely." He does not seem to have considered the other side of the case—the unfitness of a very large body for real deliberation, and the necessity, in order to prevent it from becoming a mob, of an increased stringency of party organization.

Lord Elgin was strongly in favour of making religion the groundwork of education. Considering this principle to be duly recognized by the Canadian system, he regarded the system with great satisfaction as "having enabled Upper Canada to place itself in the

van among the nations in the great and important work of providing an efficient system of general education for the whole community." His keen interest in the question is evinced by a sketch which he gave in an official despatch embodying an account of the plan in its religious aspect by its leading organizer, Dr. Ryerson. His biographer points to the contrast between what had been done in the Colony twenty years ago and the present state of the question in the mother country, and observes that it may call to mind Lord Elgin's remarks as to the rapid growth which ensues when the seeds that fall from ancient experience are dropped into a virgin soil. The connection, however, is obvious between the existence of an Established Church, naturally claiming the education of the people, and the tangled state of the Education question in the Old Country; and equally obvious is the connection between the solution of the Church question and the solution of the Education question here.

The advocates of religious education will read with pleasure the Governor General's eloquent words, which were spoken at the opening of the Normal School.

"And now let me ask this intelligent audience, who have so kindly listened to me up to this moment—let me ask them to consider in all seriousness and earnestness what that great work really is. I do not think that I shall be chargeable with exaggeration when I affirm that it is *the* work of our day and generation; that it is *the* problem in our modern society which is most difficult of solution; that it is the ground upon which earnest and zealous men, unhappily too often and in too many countries, meet not to co-operate but to wrangle; while the poor and the ignorant multitudes around them are starving and perishing for lack of knowledge. Well, then, how has Upper Canada addressed herself to the execution of this great work? How has she sought to solve this problem, to overcome this difficulty? Sir, I understand from your statements—and I come to the same conclusion from my own investigation and observation—that it is the principle of our common school system that its foundation is laid deep in the firm rock of our common Christianity. I understand, sir, that while the varying views and opinions of a mixed religious society are scrupulously respected,

while every semblance of dictation is carefully avoided, it is desired, it is earnestly recommended, it is confidently expected and hoped, that every child who attends our common schools shall learn there that he is a being who has an interest in eternity as well as in time; that he has a Father towards whom he stands in a closer and more affecting and more endearing relationship than to any earthly father, and this Father is in heaven; that he has a hope far transcending every earthly hope—a hope full of immortality—the hope, namely, that that Father's kingdom may come; that he has a duty which—like the sun in our celestial system—stands in the centre of his moral obligations, shedding upon them a hallowing light which they in their turn reflect and absorb—the duty of striving to prove by his life and conversation the sincerity of his prayer that that Father's will may be done upon earth as it is done in heaven. I understand, sir, that upon the broad and solid platform which is raised upon that good foundation, we invite the ministers of religion of all denominations—the *de facto* spiritual guides of the people of the country—to take their stand along with us; that so far from hampering or impeding them in the exercise of their sacred functions, we ask, and we beg them, to take the children—the lambs of the flock which are committed to their care—aside, and to lead them to those pastures and streams where they will find, as they believe, the food of life and the waters of consolation."

A tender feeling of what was due to subject races was a noble part of Lord Elgin's character as a colonial governor. He expresses this towards the Indians, and advocates a system of drafting their most promising youth into civilization through industrial schools. He seems, however, far from sanguine as to their future. "Unless there be some reasonable ground for the hope that they will be eventually absorbed in the general population of the country, the Canadian rule is probably destined in the long run to prove as disastrous to them as that of the United States." If it is as disastrous to the Indians, however, it will not be so disastrous to us. We escape the guilt, and the moral consequences to our own character, of the extermination of those unhappy tribes which the Americans are carrying on. There will be no skeleton of a murdered man beneath the hearthstone of the Canadian nation.

On the question of colonial defence, Lord

Elgin's opinion may be said to have been against the sudden withdrawal of the troops, but in favour of a gradual reduction. His views on the question were a good deal influenced by his pervading fear of movements in favour of annexation. "In this respect the position of Canada is peculiar. When you say to any other colony 'England declines to be any longer at the expense of protecting you, you at once reveal to it the extent of its dependence and the value of Imperial support. But it is not so here. Withdraw your protection from Canada, and she has it in her power to obtain the security against aggression enjoyed by Michigan or Maine ; about as good security, I must allow, as any which is to be obtained at the present time.' He was at the same time of opinion that the system of relieving the colonists altogether from self-defence was injurious. "It checks the growth of national and manly morals : men seldom think any thing worth preserving for which they are never asked to make a sacrifice." And subsequently we find him protesting against the intention of the Government to send to Canada a large body of troops which had returned from the Crimea, on the double ground that the measure would complicate the relations of Canada with the United States, and arrest her progress in self-dependence.

Lord Elgin assiduously cultivated good relations with the people of the United States. Personally he was successful in winning their regard. Besides the grace of his manner, his excellence as a speaker made an impression on them, which is curiously depicted in a reminiscence by the Mayor of Buffalo of the banquet given at Toronto to a large party of Buffalonians and other guests from the States. "Never," said the Mayor, "shall I forget the admiration elicited by Lord Elgin's beautiful speech on that occasion. Upon the American visitors (who, it must be confessed, do not look for the highest order of intellect in the appointees of the Crown) the effect was amusing. A sterling Yankee

friend, while the Governor was speaking, stood by my side, who occasionally gave vent to his feelings as the speech progressed, each sentence increasing in beauty and eloquence by such approving exclamations as "He is a glorious fellow!" "He ought to be on the other side of the line ! we would make him Mayor of our city !" As some new burst of eloquence breaks from the speaker's lips, my worthy friend exclaims, "How magnificent he talks ! Yes, by George, we'd make him Governor—Governor of the State !" As the noble Earl by some brilliant hit carries the assemblage with a full round of applause, "Ah !" cries my Yankee friend with a hearty slap on my shoulder, 'by Heaven, if he were on our side we'd make him President. Nothing less than President !'" It may be questioned whether, if Lord Elgin had really been on the other side of the line, he would have stood much chance against Horace Greeley ; and perhaps it may also be questioned whether he did not attach rather too great a value to these convivial demonstrations of friendship. The people of the United States, like other people, warm over wine ; but it does not follow that they will not present Indirect Claims in an insulting despatch the next morning. Shortly after the dinner for 3500 persons on Boston Common, with rhetorical fireworks, "expansive loyalty," and hearty cheers for the Queen, Lord Elgin has himself to describe the attitude of America during the Crimean war as "sullenly expectant." The Governor-General, however, not only sought the good-will of the Americans on obvious diplomatic and commercial grounds, but on another ground which, as stated by him, is rather startling. "It is of very great importance to me," he says, "to have the aid of a sound public opinion from without, to help me through my difficulties here ; and as I utterly despair of receiving any such assistance from England (I allude not to the Government but to the public, which never looks at us except when roused by fear ignorantly to condemn

it is of incalculable importance that I should receive this support from America." These are ominous words.

The circumstances of his position forced upon Lord Elgin's mind the question what, under the system of Responsible Government, would be the functions of a Colonial Governor. Would he not become a *roi faineant*, a mere figure-head? By no means, replies Lord Elgin. "I believe on the contrary, that there is more room for the exercise of influence on the part of the Governor under my system than under any that ever was before devised; an influence, however, wholly moral—an influence of suasion, sympathy, and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the views of local politics." "As the Imperial Government and Parliament gradually withdraw from legislative interference, and from the exercise of patronage in Colonial affairs, the office of Governor tends to become, in the most emphatic sense of the term, the link which connects the mother country and the Colony, and his influence the means by which harmony of action between the local and Imperial authorities is to be preserved. It is not, however, in my humble judgment; by evincing an anxious desire to stretch to the utmost constitutional principles in his favour, but on the contrary, by the formal acceptance of the conditions of the Parliamentary system, that this influence can be most surely extended and confirmed. Placed by his position above the strife of parties—holding office by a tenure less precarious than the Ministers who surround him—having no political interest to serve but that of the community whose affairs he is appointed to administer—his opinion cannot fail, when all cause for suspicion and jealousy is removed, to have great weight in the Colonial councils, while he is set at liberty to constitute himself in an especial manner the patron of those larger and higher interests—such interests, for example, as those of education, and of moral and material progress in all its

branches—which, unlike the contests of party, unite instead of dividing the members of the body politic."

Excellent expressed, as usual. But is the time never to come when the native rulers of the country shall themselves "have no political interest to serve but that of the community whose affairs they are appointed to administer?" Are they never to be competent, and sufficiently patriotic themselves, to care for the "larger and higher interests, such as those of education, and of moral and material progress in all its branches?" Are those interests to be always consigned to the guardianship of a serene arbitrator from the other side of the Atlantic, while Canadian statesmen continue to be ignominiously devoted to "petty local and personal interests," and to wallow in what Lord Elgin elsewhere calls "the dirt and confusion of local factions." Are the elect of the Canadian people never to be gentlemen capable of conducting their own political contests temperately and decently without the perpetual tutelage of a British grandee? Such seems to have been the opinion of Lord Elgin. He assumed that the functions of a Governor-General, as described by himself in the words just quoted, were not only useful but eternal. He took at once to task all who spoke of the state of dependency as one of provisional pupilage, out of which the Colony must pass before it could attain maturity. "You must renounce the habit of telling the Colonies that the Colonial is a provisional existence. You must allow them to believe that, without severing the bonds which unite them to Great Britain, they may attain the degree of perfection, and of social and political development, to which organized communities of free men have a right to aspire." But perfect development surely, in the case of a nation as well as in that of a man, carries with it the power of self-guidance, whereas the general language of Lord Elgin, and perhaps still more palpably that of his able biographer, distinctly implies that Can-

ada is, and will always remain, in character a child, needing the constant intervention of British wisdom, in the person of a Governor-General, to keep her in the right course. And yet, all the time, both Lord Elgin and his biographer are perpetually complaining that British wisdom on the subject of the Colonies is ignorance and folly—such ignorance and such folly that Lord Elgin is driven to seek for the support of a more intelligent opinion in the United States.

In Lord Elgin's time there was what there happily is not now, a strong movement in favour of annexation, and this evidently coloured all his perceptions. "If you take your stand on the hypothesis that the Colonial existence is one with which the colonists ought to rest satisfied, then, I think, you are entitled to denounce, without reserve or measure, those who propose, for some secondary object, to substitute the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. But if, on the contrary, you assume that it is a provisional state, which admits of but a stunted and partial growth, and out of which all communities ought in the course of nature to strive to pass, how can you refuse to permit your Colonies here, when they have arrived at the proper stage in their existence, to place themselves in a condition which is at once most favourable to their security and to their perfect national development? What reasons can you assign for the refusal, except such as are founded on selfishness, and are therefore morally worthless? If you say that your great lubberly boy is too big for the nursery, and that you have no other room for him in your house, how can you decline to allow him to lodge with his elder brother over the way, when the attempt to keep up an establishment for himself would seriously embarrass him?" It is needless to observe that, at the present day Canadians, with scarcely an exception, would deny that annexation to the United States was the condition most favourable to our security; and still more, that it was the condition most favourable to our

national development. Lord Elgin, though not a party man, seems to have been a Peelite in his exclusive addiction to the "three courses." In the case of Canada, which he was considering, there were four—the nursery; another room in the house; a lodging with our elder brethren, (as Lord Elgin is pleased to call our distant and rather uncongenial cousins on the other side of the line); and a house of our own. The last course may not be desirable or feasible, but in an exhaustive discussion of the case it was at least as well worth considering as annexation. However little we may be prepared to change our present condition, professions of hopeless and interminable feebleness are not likely to strengthen our position in any quarter, whether British or foreign.

The bonds formed by commercial protection, and the disposal of local offices being severed, Lord Elgin thought it very desirable that the prerogative of the Crown, as the fountain of honour, should be used to bind the Empire to the throne. But he held that two principles should be observed in the distribution of Imperial honours among colonists. First, they should appear to emanate directly from the Crown, not from the local executives; and, secondly, be conferred as much as possible on men no longer actively engaged in political life. It may be doubted whether the first principle could be observed in the case of a Colony any more than in that of the mother country, consistently with constitutional government. As to the second, it has not been regarded at all.

What Lord Elgin calls "the Canadian Tory Rebellion of 1849" being at an end, the halcyon days of his administration began. He made a progress, attended only by one aide-de-camp and a servant, through the most strongly British districts, and was cordially received by all except a few Orangemen and a few old members of the Family Compact. His biographer, however, complains that his enemies of the latter class were able, by their social position, and their influence or opin-

ion at home, to do some injury to his reputation.

He left our shores in a blaze of the oratorical pyrotechnics in which he was a consummate artist. His pictures of Canadian scenery in these parting addresses are eminently graceful. In his farewell to Montreal he says: "I shall remember those early months of my residence here, when I learnt in this beautiful neighbourhood to appreciate the charms of a bright Canadian winter day, and to take delight in the cheerful music of your sleigh bells. I still remember one glorious afternoon—an afternoon in April—when looking down from the hill at Monklands, on my return from transacting business in your city, I beheld that the vast plain stretching out before me, which I had always seen clothed in the white garb of winter, had assumed on a sudden, and as if by enchantment, the livery of spring; while your noble St. Lawrence, bursting through his icy fetters, had begun to sparkle in the sunshine, and to murmur his vernal hymn of thanksgiving to the bounteous Giver of light and heat." In his farewell to Quebec he says "For the last time I welcome you as my guests to this charming residence, which I have been in the habit of calling my home. I did not, I will frankly confess it, know what it would cost me to break this habit until the period of my departure approached; and I began to feel that the great interests which have long engrossed my attention and thoughts were passing out of my hands. I had a hint of what my feelings really were upon this point—a pretty broad hint, too—one lovely morning in June last, when I returned to Quebec after my temporary absence in England, and landed in the cove below Spencerwood (because it was Sunday, and I did not want to make a disturbance in the town) and when with the greetings of

the old people in the coves, who put their heads out of the windows as I passed along, and cried 'Welcome home again!' still ringing in my ears, I mounted the hill and drove through the avenue to the house-door. I saw the dropping trees on the lawn, with every one of which I was so familiar, clothed in the tenderest green of spring, and the river beyond, calm and transparent as a mirror, and the ships fixed and motionless as statues on its surface, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of that bright Canadian sun, which so seldom pierces our murky atmosphere on the other side of the Atlantic. I began to think that persons were to be envied who were not forced by the necessities of their position to quit these engrossing interests and lovely scenes for the purpose of proceeding to distant lands, but who were able to remain among them until they pass to that quiet corner of the Garden of Mount Hermon which juts into the river, and commands a view of the city, the shipping, Point Levi, the Island of Orleans, and the range of Laurentines; so that through the dim watches of the tranquil night which precedes the dawning of the eternal day, the majestic citadel of Quebec, with its noble train of satellite hills, may seem to rest forever on the sight, and the low murmur of the waters of the St. Lawrence, with the hum of busy life on their surface, fall ceaselessly on the ear."

In his Quebec speech Lord Elgin refers to his successor, Sir Edmund Head, as "a gentleman of the highest character, the greatest ability, and the most varied accomplishments and attainments." Sir Edmund was Lord Elgin's equal in academical distinction at Oxford, his senior in standing, and had examined him for a fellowship at Merton.

Two years of rest at home, and then Lord Elgin was sent to China.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



## RETROSPECT.

BY WILL. HENRY GANE.

Only a year ago !  
So short and yet so long !  
Its memory soft as the summer wind,  
Or a wave of the angels' song.  
Only a year ago,—  
And yet what changes have been !  
How many stars have been lost to view,  
And how many ushered in ?

A head of golden hair—  
An eye supremely blue—  
A good, and noble, and brave heart,  
And Christianlike and true ;  
*That* was a year ago !  
To-day,—ashes and dust !  
It tells us how much the heart will bear—  
How much it can and must.

And thus we might be hanging  
Sweet pictures in memory's hall ;  
And let a flood of sunbeams  
Over our idols fall—  
Just as we did a year ago !  
Where are they all to-day ?—  
Ask of the wave, as it thunders by,  
What it did with yesterday's spray.

INGERSOLL, ONT.  
  

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## ITALIAN VIGNETTES.

## QUIET HOURS IN ROME DURING THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

OUR room in the Albergo Minerva is very fresh and modern-looking. There is nothing in it like anything that Agrippina could ever have set eyes upon except the tripods that hold our basins. Quite an unbeliever's room it is, too, with none of those saints or crucifixes on the wall to which our eyes had become so accustomed in the South. It is the deference of Rome to the unbelieving foreigner, I was saying to myself, when, lo! my wandering eyes espied a cross. It was made by sticking a large black-headed pin in the paper of the wall with a smaller one transversely. It was touching to think that some poor traveller had been driven to this expedient before he could say his prayers.

We were not out of our beds when "Mariannina" came floating up to our window from the court with guitar accompaniment. We had heard it first from the merry wild voices of the Ischiani, and it seemed a greeting.

When will the delusion vanish that some new and strange sensation ought to be felt on waking in Rome for the first time? Whatever one may know about the belittling influence of the modern city, it is the idea of the Rome of antiquity that at a distance is always uppermost in the mind, and to which everything is bound to conform itself. The man who cried Ro-ma—, as we approached the Seven-hilled City, seemed absurd, because he had not a sonorous voice. Nevertheless all looked very grey, chilly and uninspiring.

We were leaving the breakfast-room when a waiter, who had been looking wistfully at

us for a long time, seized the opportunity of doing some little service, and "might he ask the Signorine if they did not remember him in Ischia?" "Ah yes, Pietro, at the *Grande Sentinella*! And how came he here? was he getting on well?" "Not well; he had been nine months in Rome, and had been ill of rheumatism; it was damp and so dull. Ah, Signora, *Roma è morta*." And the poor fellow seemed quite happy at having the privilege of unburdening himself. "Rome is dead." Pietro had not lent brightness to the dull morning. Fitful sunlight was still alternating with showers when we took a carriage and started on our first drive about Rome.

I had not expected much of modern Rome and yet I was disappointed. It is less grand and gloomy than I had imagined. I was surprised to find the houses low and dingy. The narrowness and unattractiveness of the streets did not surprise me. Even the renowned Corso would be a second-rate street in Naples. The people in the streets are a motley and not a striking crowd. I cannot fix upon any distinguishing feature. I look in vain for the handsome, proud, wicked Roman, as well as for the fine physical development which is seen further south. Everybody is commonplace.

I was not in a mood for seeing ruins. We drove on, giving little direction, through the streets without sidewalks, which have been so often described, and through the mean-looking Piazza di Spragua, unredeemed from the commonplace except by its single fountain, round which the water-bearers were gathered with their jars, and its uplook to the Pincian over that magnificent flight of

steps where the models in sheepskin and goatskin, with scrolls upon their heads, are knitting or dozing as they wait to be hired. Where beside we went I know not, but I know that we came upon the Pantheon.

Nineteen hundred years, wanting two, have swept over it. Yet as one looks on it one says of it, as was said of Moses, its natural strength is not abated. It stands there closely built round with modern Rome. Everything about it seems worthy only to be its scaffolding; and the heedless crowds around seem as the poor-spirited Israelites in presence of the great soul of Moses.

By and by our eyes fell, here and there, upon fragments of another Rome. We began to perceive a city within the city, the dimensions of which, as it took hold upon the imagination, swelled out far beyond the compass of that by which it was contained. There are some pillars standing while their fellows are fallen; there is a portico with crumbling entablature. Here is a column firm upon its base, and engraved with names that have lived on earth twice the life of Methusaleh; there is a Titanic wall with something in stucco built against it. Never shall I forget the impression of coming upon some of these vestiges, these ancestral bones of antiquity, contrasting so strangely with their surroundings. Those few slender pillars—three, three, eight—standing in a dusty, neglected, untrimmed place—as startling to the eyes as the apparition of the twin gods when they brought the great news to Rome—was the Roman Forum. I had not asked to see it. I had come upon it and it had taken me captive. What was there of it? And yet what could be more effective? The artist is no artist who gives to a distant ship more than a touch of mast and sail.

We had courage now to say, "To the Colosseum," and in five minutes the pile lay before us, in the valley, where it ought to be. It would affect the imagination far less if it stood upon a hill. How foolish to

think that the Colosseum would not assert its hold over the imagination without our having previously stored and prepared the mind. It seizes upon us by force, like fear.

We had not intended to leave our carriage, and felt the less inclined to do so when we saw through one of the great archways that the arena was thronged with people. But on second thoughts we did, and found that they were going the round of the *Via Croce*. Priests and monks in frightful brown masks, carrying incense and flaring tapers, and chanting dolefully, were leading a procession of all classes, rich and poor, high ecclesiastics and brethren of the mendicant orders, with beggars in rags, from station to station, at each of which is the representation of a scene in our Lord's Passion.

A lady dressed in black and surrounded by companions, carried a large cross, almost beyond her strength, and all, as they knelt before the successive shrines, joined in a sort of wailing chorus. It was not a religious—I can hardly call it a solemn—feeling that came over me. It was a weird feeling blended with the idea of the seventy thousand Christian martyrs whose blood had soaked the sands of this arena. At the third station we fell into the irregular procession, and listened to the chant. From one of the masks came with marvellous rapidity, in a doleful voice,—"*Pater noster, Ave Maria, Gloria, Miserere Nostri, Domine Miserere Nostri.*" Then all took up the strain again—

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa  
Dum pendebat filius.

And as they moved on—

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat.

At the sixth station is a picture of Santa Veronica wiping the sweat from the brow of the Redeemer. The handkerchief which she used, and which the Catholic Church holds, retained the impression of the Savi-

our's face, is one of the relics shown in St. Peter's during the Holy Week.

We did not follow far, but stood at a distance contemplating the strange sight—the dark, immeasurable ruin—the throng moving to the doleful chant, and ever and anon dropping on their knees before the shrines—while the clouds in the unsettled sky, by turns gathering and dispersing, added to the effect of the scene. High up among the vaultings, dwarfed to pigmies, were a few strangers who had come to see the Colosseum, and who looked down from the seats where myriads of eyes once feasted on the sight of martyrs perishing in the fangs of the wild beasts. Above them the birds, which made their nests in the loose stones, held an airy revel, undisturbed by the presence of the visitors or by the chanting below, which went on deepening at length into what we supposed to be the Litany of the Passion.

Some ladies, who like ourselves, had been witnesses of the scene, were more curious, and observed that the brown friars' habit and hempen cord, were not worn over a penitential hair-shirt, and that the hideous mask did not cover the rough shaven face of a mendicant brother. One or two of the wearers were engaged in a by-play during the ceremony, during which the mask was partly twitched aside, and the loose sleeve falling back revealed dainty linen beneath. We were told that the service was imposed as a penance at the confessional on young noblemen and others of the higher ranks.

Signor Cipriani, a Roman artist, went with us to the Colosseum, and at our request made a rapid sketch from one of the lofty terraces overlooking the Appian way. What luxury for an artist's hand to follow his eye over this mosaic of histories! The purple Campagna was soon dashed in upon the horizon and immersed in its purple the spectral forms of the things that have been.

The eye cannot reach the horizon here in

any direction without travelling over ruins, here standing up airily and wasting in the wind, there crumbling in masses. Not one structure has the sharp lines of life, unless it be the Arch of Constantine, seen close by in downward perspective, which stands nearly perfect—though Clement the Eighth filched one of the *giallo antico* pillars for his own purposes.

The Porta Appia of the Aurelian wall, and the triumphal Arch of Drusus, lead the eye towards the tomb of the Scipios on our left, and in the picture are the ancient Porta Ostiensis, the most picturesque of the entrances to Rome, the slope of the Aventine, green and beautiful, though bare now of its temples, with the Circus Maximus at its foot and the Palatine Hill, the home of the Cæsars, Romulus, the Sabines, Nero, St. Paul, Totila, Belisarius—where is one to begin or end among the names recalled by my ten-inch picture? I see the power of the kings, the splendour of the emperors, the reign of art, the triumph of war, the triumph of martyrdom—glory and superstition—the pride, the fall.

The brush revels in the warm brown tint of Roman ruins, the richest possible in the foreground, and becoming transparent in the ethereal light of distance. April casts her green around it like dimpled arms around the neck of old age.

In the midst of our study we were surprised by a thunder-storm. The murky cloud, the thunder and lightning seemed to claim the giant ruins as their own. The desolate corridors, the yawning arches, the unpeopled arena, the grass-grown fragments of ruin, invited the revelry of the storm. Currents of wind loaded with vapour swept through the spaces, darkness descended from the brooding clouds, the rain poured in torrents and gushed gurgling in a black flood from the immense drain in front of the grand entrance as though it came boiling from Tartarus. Then it fell more softly: the green grass of the arena seemed to grow

greener, and Spring shone forth in her beauty over the dismantled seats of the spectators of gladiatorial shows in the Flavian Amphitheatre.

We were like a ship's company—the few tourists who were there, the little band of zouaves, the porter, the Greek selling Roman pearls, and the poor dwarf, whose withered legs could not lift him from the ground, and who sat upon the damp earth like a speck among the gigantic pillars that once bore up the mighty awning overhead.

As I walked among the arches waiting for a carriage, I noticed what I had not seen before. On one of the piers was a cross, inlaid, and under it the following inscription: "On kissing the cross one gains an indulgence for one year and forty days." On our return home, I had a talk with the pretty and piquant little Signora G. about the kissing of the cross. She explained that the Pope had blessed the *legno*, thereby giving it efficacy, and that to one who had kissed the cross, all sins committed in the time specified were forgiven, unless they were mortal sins! The conversation that ensued about the distinction between mortal and other sins, was sadly interrupted by the noisy and imperious demonstrations of one little Ernesto; but ended, by what process of reasoning I cannot tell, by assuring me that my misgivings had no foundation whatever. "And how are you sure that the kissing of the cross will procure pardon?" "Oh, because, as I said, the Pope has blessed it, and he is not an ordinary man; besides, it is found in the holy writings." On my inquiring what holy writings she meant, she replied: "Oh, the writings of St. Bridget and St. Paul, and several others"—*diversi altri*.

The Pope has his foot upon the Palatine Hill, having bought back a portion of it from the Emperor of Russia. But he comes not to build like his predecessors, the kings or emperors, but only to excavate, and look at the excavations. This part of the hill

is little frequented by tourists. If you tell your driver to go to the Palatine, you will be taken to the portion in possession of the Emperor Napoleon, and will get no hint of anything else to be seen. Say *Palazzo di Cesare del Papa*, and you will be driven to the Vatican or the Quirinal, unless you can set the horses' heads for yourself. There is far more of masonry and marble in Napoleon's part certainly, but it is all swept, all under watch and ward, can be seen regularly on Thursday, and leaves your imagination as little at home as a bird that flies in at a window. The fragments of beauty are set up in a museum, where they are placed with French taste, to heighten effects. Everything is laid bare to the sun. Nero is made to get up out of his grave to be looked at, and Domitian is forced to point out the window at which he caught the flies.

When we had once found out the sunny southern slope of the house of Augustus, it became our haunt. In our first visit, we were accompanied by an antiquarian fresh from the discussions of the British Archaeological Society, whose delegates had just gone over this ground. He guided us to the wall of Romulus—which we thought Remus need not have laughed at, for it has come down to us a substantial stone wall—crossed over his *Roma Quadrata*, and came to the house of Augustus, the most exquisite of all these remains. Here our antiquarian friend leaned on his staff and began, with as much earnestness as if he were proving the title to his own possessions, to demonstrate that this *is* the house which Cæsar Augustus built. Indeed, it was in a way his own possession, for he told us that he often spent days in the balmy air of this southern slope, when his delicate lungs could not bear the wind on the other side of the Palatine. Then we descended into substructions, passed through a beautiful vista of arches, and reached the penetralia of the Roman Antiquarian Society, where their plan of the Palatine was spread out. We picked up precious fragments, not

to be obtained in other parts of the hill; then up to the sun again. We saw how each emperor in turn built something to please, till, when Septimius Severus came, he found no place left for him, and so had to build off a terrace for the foundation of his palace, with its seven stories of arcades, looking towards the Appian way. On the site of the Baths of Caligula we noted the huge conduit that supplied them, pointing to its fellow across the valley, and marked how these aqueducts were built, with an angle in every mile to prevent the too rapid flow of the water from yonder mountains; in the dim distance beyond the plain, we saw the abode of the Vestals. We saw finally, in the clear morning air, the Palatine, standing up as if meant to support the abode of Empire, overlooking the Forum and commanding the Capitoline, which rises up from the midst of the populace towards the Campus Martius, while the other hills stand in an amphitheatre round.

In subsequent visits, as we made our way to our favourite spots, among shrubs and arches, embossed with roots and slender remnants of wall. We used to pass the excavation going on at the foot of the hill, and see from day to day a little more of the unique *stadium* that is being brought to light—of the pillars which surrounded its colonnade, the marble trough carried round the course with water to cool the heated athletes, the marble-faced stairs leading down to the arena. The curving wall of the Exedra, from which the emperor and his court looked down upon the games, still stands on the edge of the hill, and probably was the hint which led to the search for the scene of a spectacle below.

The *stadium* lies at a depth of full twenty feet under the dust of later ruins, and is now being reached only at its two extremities, while the rubbish removed is being heaped upon other parts to bury them more hopelessly. That their remains should have been buried so deep that they now seem to stand

in cellars or wells is not strange, for accumulation of dust is an ordinance of this world. But it is strange to think of the time when the first obliterating layers settled down from the dense cloud raised by the hoofs of havoc—of the time when first these wrecks were cared for no more than broken potsherds—of the time when soul ebbd away from the Roman.

How long is the hill of the Cæsars to remain untenanted? Will it always be sacrilege to build upon it? What would the world bear to see standing here? Who would have the hardihood to set himself to be gazed upon against a back-ground peopled with such shades? We may leave that to Italy. She has grown very tender of the past. This people that has so long danced upon the grave of Honour, has returned to earnestness, and is returning to truth. In whatever form it may be, the rich seed buried in this hill may again spring up and bear blossoms of glory, exceeding the glory of former days. But a truce to these thoughts. At present this spot—this high place of beautiful desolation—is ours. It is the spot in all Rome in which the traveller can be at peace, untroubled by the world, unmolested by beggars and guides, in which he may spend the livelong day like the birds that build in the ruins, and go over or round it, and gaze upon the historic remains that spread beyond until he has to close his dazzled eyes in order to restore his vision of the past. Then opening them, he is as it were in a dream, on finding himself among the shattered walls, with the breeze blowing on him, seeing the crimson poppies lifting their frills out of the spring greenness in the palaces, hearing the voices of children playing about like birds or butterflies in the house of Nero.

The voices of those pretty little Roman patricians are like the notes of a bird. Nowhere have I heard Italian spoken so musically—not even in Tuscany.

But we have to take our farewell look. The Alban hills are blue in the distance and

a tinge of violet hangs in the atmosphere, through which shine streaks of mingled green and gold, over miles and miles of Campagna. We see the aqueducts stalking over the plain, the Appian way, with the tombs along it, the road by which St. Paul went to his martyrdom. The terrible would overwhelm the tender in this world, if it were not viewed in the light of God's great uncomprehended providence. But then the awful and beautiful blending together, melt the soul in pathetic happiness. This place is sweet to me as a child's grave.

A Cardinal in his flowing black cloak, with scarlet lining fluttering to the breeze, and broad-brimmed hat of scarlet plush, stands poising himself on a Cæsar's threshold, and looking down to the half buried remains which his companion is pointing out to him. As we linger, he disappears. The children also are gone, and we too depart, leaving two Roman soldiers lying on their elbows on the grass, and keeping the gate of the Cæsars.

Yesterday was bright; to-day there is a leaden sky, and as I look up among the strange, balconied, terraced, chimnied, bel-fried, turreted roofs on which this sky closes down, it is like lead upon my spirit. It is a strange sort of depression. Blackbirds—crows or ravens, I know not which—flit across my field of vision, and, in my boding mood, I could fancy myself an ancient Roman, watching their flight for an omen.

But there is fascination in this roof region, tenanted by birds, and servant girls drawing up water out of the deep courts, over air-lines of rope, and pulling and calling to each other—Ma-ri-a-a, Vir-gil-ia-a with musical cadence. By the door of a roof studio, an elderly gentleman on canvass, who startled me at first, looks endlessly down to my window. A bit of Monte Pincio, with its foliage, hangs like a bright green cloud in the sky, and in the belfries of La Trinità Dei Monti

the sparrows seem, by their twittering, to be calling each other to vespers.

But I cannot put off this weight of the leaden sky. Is it what I was warned—that I should get melancholy in Rome?

Just as the sun was setting, a yellow light shot across the walls and towers before the window where we sat at dinner. We hastened to our chamber—to our western window. The twilight was falling fast, but across the western sky there was a bar of light on the horizon. The ghosts of Cæsar and his army passed over the distant hills, and above St. Peter's and the Vatican gathered the long train of Popes and Martyrs, fading with the ashy whiteness of the dome, as it disappeared in the darkening sky.

#### A SUMMER IN ISCHIA.

OUR excursion to-day took us over the mountain road towards Forio. We were accompanied as usual by the Saints or their namesakes—Girolamo, our bright-eyed donkey boy, with his brown curls, white teeth and merry smile, a curious edition of St. Jerome—and Filippo, who tells us that he is named from San Filippo Neri, "Servatore," doffing his cap.

In a ride like this in Ischia, one of the most striking things is the sudden opening of a distance, by which you are caught away to another realm, spectral in its faint distinctness, and differing from the nearer view in its lights, as the past differs from the present—as poetry differs from prose. The mountains of Gaeta were distinctly seen, pointing out the position of the fortress which, within the last few years, has been the asylum of Pius the Ninth and his dear son Francis the Second, alias Bomba; and from which the latter was driven, by General Cialdini, to take refuge with his patron in the Holy City. From the time of Ulysses, Gaeta has had great histories of wars, sieges, triumphs and disasters. It has had peaceful

histories too. Its climate, the breezes that cool its summer, the peculiar luxuriance of its southern vegetation, made it a favourite resort of men of letters and taste. There Cicero gathered about him congenial spirits in his Formian villa. The bright beach on which they used to walk, of course we could not see. But the neighbouring mountains lifted their heads in the serene distance over. The same serene distance had passed over those classic and mediæval memories. But the guns of ten years ago still flash and thunder.

Aha ! when Gaeta's taken, what then ?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport,  
Of the fire-balls of death crushing souls out of men,  
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,  
Have cut the game short ?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee ;  
When your flag takes all Heaven for its white,  
green and red ;  
When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head ;  
And I have my dead ?

As we wound round the mountain sides, with vine terraces above and below, the view was entrancing. The whole coast was in sight, from Sorrento to Mola, where is the tomb of Cicero ; plains, curves of the shore, Posilipo, where Virgil wrote ; Nisida once the property of Lucullus, and whither Brutus retired after the assassination of Cæsar, Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Acts of the Apostles ; the bay and castle of Baia ; and beyond the Phlegræan and Elysian fields of classic mythology, which seemed to sleep under a veil as of the immemorial years. On a ledge, with the sea almost at our feet, we faced about towards Vesuvius, on whose summit lay the smoke cloud, with an unusually ominous look. Near us were the ruins of two palaces, which had been thrown down by earthquakes. I asked a man in whose black hair silver lines were beginning to appear, if he was not afraid ? With a

look, perfectly expressive of child-like faith, he answered, "Eccellenza, No" ; and being asked why, he said "Ecco, Signora, there is a prophecy by San Giuseppe Della Croce, whose church is in Ischia, and whose body is at Naples, that Ischia shall never again be destroyed by volcanoes or earthquakes."

Ten minutes ride from this, we plunged into a deep ravine to see the *mud baths*. We found people scooping from under a scalding pool the blue marl which is used in the potteries of the island—mentioned by Strabo—and which is also applied to broken limbs and wounds. The *custode* looked hard to see whether he could detect any limp in our gait, hoping that we had come to patronize his establishment. Further on we came to the famous sand baths. In a little perfectly close place, something like a Dutch oven, they make a shallow grave for you in the sand, where, covered all but your head, you are left to keep alive in the moist, suffocating mineral air. There are vapour-baths in the Stufæ of San Lorenzo. Close by are the baths of Santa Restituta, one of the forty different kinds of mineral water kept hot on this island, summer and winter, for the benefit of invalids. For thrice ten centuries these fires have been kept burning on the altar of Hygeia. "*Bellissima acqua dei bagni—Sono miraculosi.*"

A church and monastery, dedicated to the Saint, stand near. We went into the quiet church. A place of peace it should be, and a place of peace it is to one at least, for he lies dead, in a sort of coffin, the best the poor relatives could afford, deserted, as the custom is, for the monks to bury him, but clothed, composed and respectable. A few minutes after, when we passed the coffin again, the clothes had been torn off, and the head had fallen aside. Thus do these monks strip the dead—it is the custom. Peace to the poor corpse in the horrid pit to which they will bear it.

We mounted our donkeys again, under the eyes of a long line of priests and monks,



who leant over the balcony with listless air, and rode back to the shore. In a charming cove shut in by a headland, on the slope of which is a Saracenic tower—so it is called—the fishermen's boats were anchored or hauled up on the beach, and frisky, half clothed children were playing their antics among the rocks. Two lava ridges set their black feet in the sea, while the vine was beginning to wind some wreaths around their jagged fronts. The sand is hot a few inches below the surface, and when it is scooped out the hollow fills with warm water. I saw a mother wash her child in one of these improvised bath tubs, then stand in it herself and wash her shoeless feet, while the little cherub sat staring at us. *Molto pittoresque* it all was, with the classic simplicity of attire. And then evening fell over white houses and huts, and over the fortified hill with its tall flag staff, and over the tower on the headland, in a spiritual body of gold, and the blue wavelets, with their white frills, came lipping to the shore. On a breakwater of rough stones below the watch-tower, where of old they looked out for the Moorish pirates, sat a man with his eyes fixed on the sea. We stopped for a sketch, and put him in. A group of peasants coming from work passed by, and stopped with Girolamo and his donkeys for a chat. "From what country were the *forestieri* and where did they live?" Our little knight-errant silenced the questions as became him. But they had heard our English tongue, and their impression was confirmed, for we heard them say:—"Si, *Francese*,"—"Yes, French." This being settled, they went their way, shouting to the man on the breakwater that he was going to be put into a picture. Nothing is more certain than that self-consciousness spoils even the poise of the body. The man drew himself up into a picturesque attitude in view of the honour, and his picturesqueness was gone.

Vespers were going on in a little wayside church, remarkable for nothing but miracles performed by the Virgin, and the wild beauty

of its site. Inside was twilight, which the tapers only made more dim, and we could just see kneeling forms dotting the floor—a few poor people, our peasants on the road most likely among them—and waving what appeared palm branches in their hands, while music came out of the dimness, as though the evil power against which the Virgin warred, had left the spirits disturbed and wounded. Girolamo, who often acted as guide, and explained the hard words in the dialect, would have us see the sacred things, but we could not see, and I think he had a vague and troubled idea that we did not wish to see. It is not pleasant to have the children staring at you as an infidel, and to offend them "whose angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

Monte Rotaro is a cone rising out of the side of Epomeo. We have often looked over to it from the Grande Sentinella, whence we could clearly discern the slightly truncated crater form; and we had a desire to explore it.

The greater part of the journey we made on donkey-back, the steeper part on foot, with Donna Maddalena, who was the more pleased to be my companion, because it would enable her to visit the graves of her father and sister, who were buried in this crater, with the other victims of a pestilence.

It was pleasanter to leave my donkey and his Sicilian driver, much as the driver had pleased me by telling me all the way of the delights of his country, to which I looked forward as my winter quarters, and to go on with Maddalena alone. It seemed to her a pious and, perhaps, meritorious pilgrimage. Her lips were moving in prayer whenever she was not talking to me. I almost fancied I detected in her a shade of self condemnation, as though the souls of the departed were still suffering in purgatory through her neglect.

The rugged footpath by which we ascended lay through a wild rich growth of heather.

myrtle and arbutus. What a delight was the broad, silent mountain-side, in this green, sunny November! We reached the rim of the crater—a perfect cup—and our descent into it was through a still thicker growth of the same shrub, mingled with others of stronger nature, making an impassable thicket except as we kept the thread of a winding track. This thicket was a zone, below which was a green grassy void—a void save for the huge rocks which lay there whitened with lichens. Nothing was wanting but the volcanic fires. These have been extinct since the early part of the fourteenth century, when they were quelled by the uplifted hand of San Giuseppe della Croce, as Maddalena told me; but the huge fragments of rock lying there, tilted at all angles upon each other, and bearing in their angular shapes the marks of violence, made the power seem present that had lifted them on the breath of its fury. In descending we left the direct rays of the sun; the light grew sombre and the air chill; and when we reached the bottom a concave of blue sky closed like a watch crystal over the concave of green walls, shutting us up in one of the strangest and grandest of solitudes. It is a wonder that the anchorite yonder, who dwells half-way down towards the world, has not fixed his abode here. But, perhaps, he would have been forgotten.

We found the even, green sod that covered many sleepers. But the graves of father and sister were indistinguishable from those of strangers. Around, wildly scattered, were the monuments erected by nature to herself; and among them, strange to say, one erected by man to his fellow-man. On the broken side of a sarcophagus-like tomb, we read the name of Francis Moore, Esq., brother of Sir John Moore.

We returned to the sunshine, and as we came over the crater's rim I filled my hands with white blossomed myrtle and branches of the *soror pilosa*, hung with its clustered fruit, which is round and like a crab-apple in size,

with a vermilion coat, piled, and most exquisite to look on. It would have been pleasant if we could have spread our wings upon the shoulder of the mountain, and dropped down through the air over the black lava course by which we descended. It was almost too steep to keep the saddle, and the lava was still utterly rough and indomitable, having in all these centuries gathered no vegetation. It ran a rigid line through the verdure of a soil so rich that it gives to herbs the growth of shrubs, and to shrubs the growth of trees.

Maddalena came in to-day more ready for tears than I ever saw her bright face before. "*Povera me!*"—and she drew out her lottery tickets for the last week, which were all blanks. "*La mia fortuna dorme*"—and looking over her shoulder to the crucifix on the walls, with her hands clasped—"Benedetto Iddio, I am punished. God punishes me. I am a very great sinner. Your consciences are white, mine is a little dark (*un poco scura*.) Pray to the Virgin for me that I may succeed. And, *Signora mia*, if you will tell me your dreams, I will play on them, and then I shall be sure to win." We looked over her tickets. In the last *giuoco* she had ventured a franc on Twelve, which stands for soldier (every number within certain limits standing for something, as a horse, blood, an accident), but all in vain, notwithstanding that a little company of soldiers were allowed to hold a festival in one of her nurseries, which ought to have brought good luck.

All our expostulations went for nothing. She quite understood that the Government which has so beneficently assumed the patronage of the lottery, plays no losing game. But the lottery is a passion with these people, man, woman and child, down to the very beggar. The Government is sure of its revenue from this source.

At the mention of the Government she

gave us her rather spicy views on politics, pinching the back of her hand and giving it a twist, to illustrate the cruel exactions of the rulers, to which she attributes the high price of bread and macaroni. And worse than this, to the infidel Government are to be ascribed the disrespect of the Saints—the law allows the people now, if they like, to put Garibaldi before Giuseppe in their children's names—and many other wicked things which are going to ruin the country. We should have supposed from her harangue that she had read the pathetic irony of a prominent Papal journalist:—"Wherever in our Naples are the images of Mary will be placed those of the Goddess of Reason; where now are the Saints of the Calendar ecclesiastical will be the Saints of the Calendar of Ricciardi—Cola da Rienzi, Francesco Ferrucia, Arnolfo da Brescia, Masaniello, the brothers Bandiera, Garibaldi, and the two most glorious martyrs, Monti and Joquetti. On the silver bust of that ancient patron S. Gennaro, will be placed the well-shaped head of Pope Ricciardi. \* \* \* \* No more will they teach the precepts of the Catholic religion, but those of free thought. No more will they talk of Pius IX., but of Pope Ricciardi, and thus Italy will be happy, prosperous, tranquil, free, in the van of progress. Long live the free-thinkers—long live the Deputy Count Ricciardi!" But Maddalena had long bent her head over my journal one day, and on lifting it volunteered the confession that she could not read—advocate's daughter though she is. If she had been able, her bright intellect might have comprehended that the great movements of the world have sent a vibration to her shores—that prices have risen from the Western Prairies to the Nile—and that in this there may be a proof that the long stagnation is at an end, and that even this island feels the pulsation of the general life.

"*Cose dice Padre Giacomo,*" she says. Ah, that is it! Her book is the Priest's mind, or so many pages of it as it pleases

him to open. But Maddalena has been seized with the idea of giving her children some other book, and is having all her daughters taught to read. It grieves the heart of Padre Giacomo, who says, "My daughter, it is more pleasing to the Blessed Mary that you should be pious than that you should be learned." But the strong-minded Maddalena only repeats the *Stabat Mater* a few more times, and goes on having her children taught to read. One is too nervous to go to school, so she has a master for an hour a day to teach her at home, who gets *fifteen cents* a month as his pay.

Bravo, Maddalena! By this time she had forgotten her lottery. Her spirits rose again, and with a merry laugh she departed, wishing us, as she went, "*felicissima notte, buon sonno, buona salute,*" which she hopes for in God and the Blessed Virgin.

We rose at four and, after a very simple toilet, went out in the fresh morning to the baths, at the Stabilimento Manzi.

We were received into an Oriental-looking court, all tinted with soft rose colour, the frieze resting on fluted marble pillars, and giving us a square of the soft morning sky. Others were waiting besides ourselves. Among them two pleasant pampered Signorine, having a shade of the characteristic self-consciousness so light that it was almost pretty. It is not the pert self-consciousness of an American girl, nor the haughty self-consciousness of an Englishwoman. It is something that grows out of a Turkish state of society, where one looks for no high accountability in woman. It is curious how foreigners read each other, fancying themselves all the while quite blank. We were, evidently, as interesting to the Signorine as they were to us.

A middle-aged servant waiting beside her mistress' door, and guarding her *biancheria* spread out there, was improving the time in saying her prayers with moving lips,

face slightly inclined skyward, and eyes half devotional and half observant.

In due time an obsequious attendant waited upon us in a little airy apartment tiled white and blue, with pure marble baths filled with water warmed and medicated in volcanic laboratories. The quaintness of our attendant, Theresa, the fame of the water, reaching back to the days of Pliny, and floating music, charmed away the hour. I began to form a lively idea of the times of the Roman Empire, when people of leisure enjoyed their three baths a day, and the luxurious Pompeian passed from the *tepidarium* and its perfumes, to lounge in the porticoes and listen to the recitations of the poets—a much more lively idea than I could form sitting among the dry reservoirs of the baths of Caracalla, with clouds of black wings dipping into the empty courts and floating away again into the blue ether.

Among these cool marbles, and under the unchanged sky of this “divinest climate,” bathing is a luxury still, and it is marvellous that, with such monuments before them, and with such inducements, the descendants of those inveterate bathers so seldom revert to the habits of their ancestors. The modern Italian has the reputation, at least, of eschewing water. The nurse says she is not going to risk her life by bathing, as her English mistress requires, for the sake of anybody’s child, and throws up the situation which gives her bread rather than submit to so cruel an exaction. Dr. S., an English physician, says, “It is reported that the Duke of Arpino takes a cold bath every morning,” but adds, “I do not believe a word of it.”

Philomena has got the notion that her *Inglese* subsist upon the airiest unsubstantial. The breakfast table was a paragon of freshness, with figs, plums, *persiche* and *persiche noci*, blushing among their leaves, the daintiest pats of butter kept cool under vine leaves, a glass of milk also under a vine leaf, and a corona of bread. All which we

must pass by for the imperative half-hour’s repose of which a lively Neapolitan had forewarned us. “The baths are magnificent, but then you must stay in blankets an hour afterwards.” But with the fresh pillows that have been placed for you, and the fragrant airs straying in and out, one may have the most refreshing slumber of the twenty-four hours, or endless reveries, to which the unfamiliar sounds lend themselves till you are far away in some dreamland from which nothing brings you back but the want of your breakfast.

Ten a.m. There is no morning to-day. The sun holds all the open country with tyrannic power. But under the quiet green leaves we are sheltered from his sway, and here we sit in the messeria till the midday breeze shall come to do him battle and set his prisoners free. A very comfortable prison. The first ripe figs have declared themselves by a white cracking of the skin, whilst yonder the slender twigs of the pomegranate daintily suspend their solid globes, and two twin pomegranates seem to have conspired to test the strength of their parent stem before all the world, since the small scattering leaves hold no screen before them.

Here we read our morning lesson in the good old Book. Jotham’s speech from the rock struck us in a new way among the trees out of which he constructed his parable—the fat olive, the sweet fig, the vine just about to yield the juice “which cheereth God and man,” and the bramble, still possessed by the spirit of mischief—which reaches down from the walls as we pass to seize our veils and tear the hand that is put up to defend them.

The little Bertie, a quaint child of twelve, in the costume of the country, which makes no variation from girlhood to old age, placed seats for us, and sat on the ground near, to tell us the name, in her dialect, of anything we did not know; while Gennarino climbed the terraces in search of the *cicade* which

were filling the air with their chirrup. When he had captured one he brought it, with its accusation, that of spoiling the grapes—a false one, as we believe—and we captured *him* and made him bring us his book and read to us. We were surprised at the precision with which the little *contadino* articulated his words, bringing out every vowel and consonant: here was a hint of the training which preserves to the Italian language that refinement which lends grace to the very lips that utter it. A similar training is needed to save our English from its vowels being all converted into short *u*, and to redeem it from the bad effect of certain unfortunate sounds, the perpetual *sk* for instance, at which Italians laugh. I had not noticed this so much till I heard the two languages together from the platform. Indeed, I seemed never to have heard my own language, any more than one sees a clear pane of glass. English certainly needs to be very neatly uttered. Madame de Stael says that Italian, when heard, has a subtle meaning which the bare words would not convey. One cannot hear it fervidly spoken without agreeing with her. *Fratelli miei* means simply, my brethren; but as it falls upon the ear from the pulpit it is a strain of eloquence. The musical sound of the pronouns falling

in with the delicacy of address in the third person makes a simple address like potent flattery.

But this Gennarino—that is dear little Gennaro—his parents are going to make a priest of him. This childish voice will intone mass before altars, and teach a new generation the mysteries of purgatory and penance! At present he is like other Italian children of ten years old and more—he screams when he is crossed, like a child of ten months, and screams on, though it may take him hours to gain his point, till he has worked himself up to alarming frenzy. We were quite frightened about him at first. The Italians think it cruelty to control their children by any severity. A well-governed little friend of ours at Naples is usually spoken to by his Italian acquaintances, with whom he is a great favourite, as *povero Fraderigo*.

Hark! There is a stir and a whisper among the leaves. They come, they come, the breezes! Forth we go, and the white sails under the lee of Procida look all alive, as if they were waiting the behests of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the bright waters are sparkling with pleasure to bear them on some chivalrous errand to the Holy Land.

## THE WARLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAIN, WITH INTRODUCTION BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE physical features of Scotland, its dreary moors and morasses, its solitary tarns, wild mountains, and hoarse-roaring waterfalls, tended to imbue the minds of an illiterate but highly imaginative people with gloomy thoughts ; and no wonder they peopled the waste with unearthly beings, and believed that they heard the voice of the demon, or Water Kelpie, rising above the roar of the torrent, and saw weird women, witches and warlocks, at their midnight revels on the blasted heath. The Mythology of Scotland has also, nearly in our own day, given birth to a literature of weird beauty. Save for it, a great part of Sir Walter Scott's poetry and prose could not have been written. From it James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, drew the greater part of his inspiration, as his Mountain Bard and Queen's Wake abundantly testify. His Bonny Kilmeny alone is sufficient to make the Scotch dialect classical ; as a picture of female purity and loveliness it is unsurpassed. It is also to that Mythology that we are indebted for Burns' wondrous tale of Tam O'Shanter ; and we might also include Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth.

Down almost to our own day every green knoll, every conical hill, and almost every strath and glen in Scotland, were peopled with fairies that at the "hour o' gloaming grey" came forth in the wake of their queen, mounted on cream-coloured horses that glittered with dewdrops, and all kept pace to the music of silver bells which dangled from their manes. We once said to a Scotch peasant who firmly believed in fairies, and who always kept a sharp lookout for them in suspicious places—"Now, Duncan, tell us tru-

ly, were you really ever in company with the fairies ?" "That I was," said he, "and no farther gane than the last time I came ower the Mearns Moor by munelicht. I cam' by accident on a whole flock o' them. There they were ! a' sittin' roun' a spring amang the fox-bells, drinkin' and singin' like mavis. I cam' on them a' at ance ; I took them fairly by surprise ; but they ne'er loot on, but pretended that they were expectin' me ; and, loosh man ! how the wee chiels in their green coats crackit their thoums, and danced roun' about me, and sang and shouted

Hurrah ! hurrah !

Come awa'

Laddy braw,

Join us a'

Ha, ha !

Dunkie man !"

But steam, wheels and electricity, have fairly frightened witches, warlocks, brownies, and fairies, from the land of the hill and the heather ; in fact they have passed out of the actual prose world into the poetic region, and are now invested with a romantic interest which they were far from having in what some sentimental people call "the good old days," when their power for evil was believed in by high and low, and they were feared and dreaded accordingly. To show the power which the belief in witchcraft exercised over the minds of the Scottish peasantry, and the power which they ascribed to witches at no very remote period, we quote the following lines from Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, where Bauldy goes to consult old Mause, the supposed witch :

"Mause.—What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear,

Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

*Bauldy.*—Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a' That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw  
When last the wind made Claud a roofless barn ;  
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;  
When Tibby kirm'd and there nae butter came,  
And Brawney, elf-shot, never mair cam hame ;  
When Betty Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean  
To a fairy turned and cou'dna staun its lane ;  
When Watty wander'd a' nicht thro' the shaw,  
And tint himsel' amaisht amang the snaw ;  
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fricht,  
When he brought east the howdy under nicht ;  
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,  
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen ;  
You Suckey, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,  
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.  
And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith,  
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :  
But when I neist mak' grots, I'll strive to please  
You wi' a sirlot o' them mixed wi' pease."

We are only divided by some century and a half from the time when Maggie Lang—who was said to be the last witch in Scotland—was burnt on the Gallow-green of Paisley, when the Presbytery and Magistrates of the "guid town" offered up thanks to Almighty God for delivering them "frae the last o' the infernal gang" who had plagued them and their fathers for generations.

The warlock and the witch were man and wife, and were not of superhuman origin ; they were merely human beings who, through poverty, spite, pride, or ambition, sold themselves to the Evil One in exchange for the power of rendering themselves invisible at pleasure to mortal eyes, and of assuming any shape, and transporting themselves to any place. They were anything but amiable beings, and had a savage pleasure in looking upon human misery. The warlock was not so often brought to the stake for his crimes as the witch, for he was very reserved ; she might have more cunning, but he had the better art of holding his tongue, and keeping his own secrets, a virtue in which, like so many of the daughters of Eve, she was sadly deficient. Hence history shows that there were far more witches brought to the stake than warlocks. In short, the warlock very often died in his bed, but was invariably

waited upon by the Evil One or some of his emissaries, who never failed to come at the last hour to claim the fulfilment of the bargain and bear him away to perdition. "As terrible as a warlock's death-bed" was a proverb in Scotland.

The following beautiful poem was written by the late William Main, of Glasgow ; we had it from the author's lips nearly forty years ago. Mr. Main never published any of his writings, they were merely orally communicated to his friends and companions. He passed away while yet a young man, and all his writings died with him except a few fragments which may still linger in the recollection of some of his old friends, if any such survive. He is therefore wholly unknown to fame ; and it would be a pity if such a poem as the following were lost or forgotten. We, therefore, to save it from oblivion, transcribe :

#### THE WARLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

Wha's that a glowrin' ayont my heid,  
Wi' thae fiery wulcat een ?  
Wha asks in a voice that mak's me fley'd  
If my lang dead sark be clean ?  
There's a haun' on my breast like a lump o' lead,  
But it's no' the haun' o' a frien'.

It's a bonny nicht, and the three-quarter mune  
Is sailing along the sky ;  
My kimmers are a' in the lift aboon  
And swee on the licht clouds by ;  
They should hae been here wi' a waefu' croon,  
And seen the auld Warlock die.

Wha's that wi' an eerie soun' at the door ?  
It's the win' soughing mournfu' and licht—  
It used to come wi' a joyfu' roar  
When it wanted me out at nicht,  
To gang awa down to the wreck heaped shore ;  
And laugh at some drowning wicht.

It will often come to the Warlock's grave,  
And o'er the heidstanes spring,  
And through the blae nettles wi' anger rave  
When it canna death's house ower-ding :  
But sometime or ither the wa's mann wave,  
And then I'll awa on its wing.

There's a wee bit spark in the gatherin' coal  
That lies on the cauld hearthstane ;  
There's a wee bit spark in the puir auld fule  
That lies on this bed alane ;  
The morn's the Sabbath, but gin the bells toll,  
Baith o' the sparks will be gane.

I min' when I swirled o'er the wa's sae steep,  
O' an auld castle down by the sea,  
When I drap't the big stanes wi' a powerfu' sweep  
Doun in the dark saut bree ;  
How the thundering noise that cam frae the deep  
Made me laugh wi' a fearsome glee.

But a louder storm is now in my ear,  
For death is at wark in my breast,  
And riving my thochts wi' an awesome tear  
Awa' frae their earthly rest,  
And driving them doun a dark ocean o' fear,  
But the laugh o' the Warlock has ceased.

I min when I was a bit thro' ither thing,  
O' gaun to a fierce runnin' burn,  
And sending a boat wi' a coup an' a spring  
Awa' wi' its sails a' torn ;  
And I clappit my hauns, and wi' joy did sing,  
For I kent it would never return.

But now I am speeding a-down the tide,  
Which is baith rapid and black,  
And the auld farrant spirit that's stauning beside,  
Twirls his hauns wi' a joyfu' smack,  
And says to himsel' in the heicht o' his pride  
Will the Warlock ever come back ?

I min' when I was a bit thro' ither wean,  
But I canna remember the word  
I said, when I lay in my bed alane  
When nane but my Maker heard ;  
I strive to remember, but a' in vain,  
It's like the lost sang o' the bird.

There's surely somebody lying ayont,  
For I fin' a het, het breath,  
And the claes hae a smell as if they were burnt,  
But it's no' wi' the fever o' death ;  
They'll soon be here wi' their dogs to hunt  
The puir foolish Warlock's wraith.

I'll up an' awa' to the awmry neuk,  
An' sit in my big arm-chair,  
Whar aften I read the black words o' his beuk,  
And learnt his accursed lair ;  
And I'll dee, drawin' roun memy bare tatter'd cloak,  
To keep out the het, het air.

## EARLY PHASES OF BRITISH RULE IN CANADA.

BY FENNINGS TAYLOR.

BRITISH rule in Canada seems to have worn three aspects. The first and second phases are somewhat germane to one another, and will be treated of in this article.

From the conquest of Canada to the year 1835, the King's representatives were usually officers more or less distinguished, who united in their persons the civil government with the command of the troops. Such was the period of **MILITARY RULE**.

From 1835 to 1847 the representatives of the Sovereign were usually civilians, whose selection, it must be presumed, was made on considerations of personal fitness. For the most part the minds of the Governors thus

chosen were somewhat hazy on certain questions that vexed the Colonies, and they were especially so on the Upper Canada problem of the relative responsibilities of the Governor to the Crown on one hand, and to the local legislature on the other. Having no instructions to guide them, they not unnaturally evaded what seemed to be a novel, a tangled, and a forbidding subject. Being Governors, they desired to govern, and they were willing to do so in what they considered a benevolent and fatherly way. Moreover, in some instances they made very fair efforts to do so, though it must be admitted that public opinion was divided, not only as to the measure of their success, but a



to the expediency of their succeeding. Such, then, was the period of **PERSONAL GOVERNMENT**.

From 1847 to the present time the constitutional question, which had theretofore been more warmly discussed than wisely interpreted, has, we believe, been permanently set at rest.

The early Governors of Upper and Lower Canada were chosen from a class which had served well, and whose rules of service were generally read with military exactness. They were soldiers rather than administrators, the jealous guardians of the prerogative, and the unquestioning defenders, of the rights of the Crown. It was their first duty to take care of the Royal properties, and their second to conciliate the people who dwelt upon them. They had not been required to trouble themselves about constitutional questions, nor had they studied very deeply the science of popular government. Their instructions had laid no such duties upon them, and, as they did not belong to a speculative and philosophic class, they took no pains to get an enlargement of those instructions. If they found themselves troubled with the projects of colonial reformers, or inconveniently pressed by the representatives of the people, they felt at liberty in the first instance to interpose their nominated councils, whether Legislative or Executive, as "buffers" to resist the disagreeable pressure. Such interventions were generally sufficient. If, however, they fell short of their purpose, then, it was very well known that, as the commanders of the forces, the Governors had soldiers under them, and it was generally believed that in any season of emergency they would be able and ready to handle them with effect. Such, then, was the phase of **MILITARY RULE**.

In the meanwhile the Provinces increased in wealth, intelligence and population. New interests arose which included the consideration of new questions, and the discharge of

new duties. The season of colonial pupilage was passing away, and Canada was gradually acquiring an introduction to a higher and more influential position in the commonwealth of British Provinces. Apart from the fact that the Whigs had succeeded to power in England, it so chanced that the period was coeval with, and indeed was preceded by, several very important passages in the experience of the mother country. The value of agitation as a "fine art," and as a condition of success, received a great deal of attention. The tactics, for example, which helped to secure the passage of the Reform Bill, included some features of novelty which caused them to be studied by British subjects elsewhere than in the British Islands. Impulsive persons could not fail to observe that the license of speech had suddenly become enlarged, and that men seemed at liberty to express their discontent in the emphatic phrases of sedition. Words, which in earlier times would have sent him who uttered them to the block, were used without even making their author acquainted with the Tower. The policy of menace received the support of noble names, and "leagues" and "unions," avowedly formed to overawe authority, found apologists and defenders within the walls of Parliament. We all know the result. Obscure men, who probably fancied they were patriots, when they were actually rioters, were fatally undeceived on the scaffolds of Bristol, Nottingham and Derby. Political students should have learned from such examples to distinguish between moral and physical forces. But, alas! as we shall see presently, this lesson was forgotten or disregarded. All that seemed to be remembered was the process by which wrongs were got rid of and rights secured.

The two Provinces of Canada were at that time rich in the possession of real or imaginary grievances, which the politicians, of one party at least, were at once anxious to expose and to destroy. To this end every

atom of complaint was picked up; every scrap of offence was brought home; and every element of disquiet was gathered in. When such accumulations had separately been analyzed, indexed, and exaggerated, they represented a tempting aggregate for oratory on the part of those who, with florid rhetoric, could sketch a grievance or paint a wrong. Agitators of experience were needed on both sides of the Atlantic. They were found with little difficulty, and used with rare success.

The alleged wrongs of Lower Canada were expressed in a series of ninety-two resolutions; those of Upper Canada were preserved within the jaundiced covers of a "Grievance Report." Though differing in some respects, the two exhibits seemed to agree in their dislike of soldiers to represent the Sovereign. Their authors evidently had no relish for military rule, and, consequently, no liking for military Governors. The prejudices of such persons were apparently respected, if their aversions were not actually shared, by the Whigs who were then in office. The Radicals affected no concealment, and were outspoken in their opinions. Mr. Hume, for example, in writing to Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, of Toronto, about Sir Francis Head, remarked that "he had been selected as a civilian, as I hope it is now the determination to send civilians as Governors instead of military men as formerly."

In harmony with, and as a fitting way of introducing, the new features of Colonial policy, Lieut. General, the Earl of Aylmer was recalled from Lower Canada, to be succeeded in August, 1835, by Lord Gosford, and Major General Sir John Colborne was recalled from Upper Canada, to be succeeded in November of the same year by Sir Francis Bond Head. The separation of the military from the civil functions necessarily included the appointment of a commander of the troops. The Whigs availed themselves of the occasion to do a graceful, and, as it turned out, a wise act, for they requested

Sir John Colborne to take the command of the forces in Canada. By doing so they secured the services of a soldier of great ability, and also of a gentleman who had some experience of civil government.

We learn from "Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life," and from other sources of information, that King William the Fourth, at the time in question, and for reasons with which we are not acquainted, cherished sentiments of extreme aversion to the Whigs. Such sentiments were openly avowed and occasionally expressed in language that was more conspicuous for frankness than propriety. Whether the King approved of the substitution of civil for military rulers, or was suspicious of the policy which such change might bring about, we are not informed. All that we learn is that he availed himself of the occasion of a parting interview with the newly appointed Governors, to add some emphatic words of counsel, as well as of caution, which neither of them would be apt to forget. To Lord Gosford, who made a minute of what was spoken and gave it to Lord Melbourne, His Majesty said, "Mind what you are about in Canada! By — I will never consent to alienate the Crown Lands, nor to make the Council elective. Mind me, my Lord, the Cabinet is not my Cabinet. They had better take care, or by — I will have them impeached. You are a gentleman I believe. I have no fear of you, but take care of what you do." Happily for Sir Francis Head, the king had grown a little older, and a good deal calmer, when the time arrived for him to take leave. On parting with his representative, His Majesty used words, which were a fair reflection of a monarch's mind, and became memorable afterwards, for he said, "Remember Sir Francis, that Canada must neither be lost nor given away."

The Royal instructions issued to the Governor-General, Lord Gosford, and to the Lieut. Governor, Sir Francis Head, and the official counsels by which those instructions

were accompanied, were, we believe, almost identical. Those officers were alike recommended to avoid extreme men, to pursue a policy of conciliation, and build up, if they could, a moderate party whose negative and quiet qualities would prove acceptable to the Colony and very comforting to the Colonial office. But while the instructions were similar, the men who were to carry them out, and the people to whom they were to be applied, were by no means alike. The question of origin, and in a less degree of creed also, was Lord Gosford's difficulty. It was his duty to bring two races into accord, and make it possible for Englishmen and Frenchmen, Protestants and Catholics, to live together without jealousy, to work together without discord, and to find in the union of the present ample compensation for the estrangements of the past. Such a task should have been, and doubtless was, congenial to the mind of a large-hearted man, and though Lord Gosford did not succeed, there can be no doubt that he tried to deserve success. It has been said that his Lordship was not remarkable for great attainments or great experience, but unquestionably he possessed more than average ability, together with a genial disposition, ample fortune, hearty manners and hospitable tastes.—Moreover he received a large official income, which he spent with a free and open hand. He had an Irishman's faith in the advantage of "bringing people together." He appeared to think that estrangements could be overcome by judicious dining, and resentments cooled, if not quenched, by a generous application of well chosen wine. His cook and his cellars became the silent auxiliaries of his policy, and his kitchen, so to speak, was turned into a nursery of conciliation. Neither did he devolve on his staff the sole duty of inviting guests to Government House, for His Excellency by no means regulated his hospitalities by "cards of request." On the contrary, he would frequently ask people as he met them

in his walks or saw them at their windows. He seemed to be chiefly concerned, not only to avoid dining alone, but to avoid having a vacant place at his table. The dinner conditions dear to the heart of old Tusser were we are inclined to think, by no means absent from the mind of Lord Gosford:

"Ask me not to dine

Where the host is stiff, and the guests are fire,  
Where wine is hot and the plates are cold,  
The mutton young, and the spinsters old."

His was a genial and kindly nature, and the reception and dining rooms of the Governor's house at Quebec were fitting places for its frequent and convenient display. Such gatherings, however, had no permanent result. He might multiply his wines, but he could not mix the people who drank them, and thus it may be said, that while on the one hand his hospitality, like his hope, never failed, so on the other, his policy, like his government, never succeeded.

Sir Francis Head, though somewhat of a philosopher, and a good deal of a knight errant, was also a man of culture, energy and courage. He wrote, as he rode, with ease and grace. As an officer of engineers he had seen service in the Peninsula, and was, we believe, present at Waterloo. It is probable that a long period of peace and slow promotion encouraged the formation of new tastes, for in the year 1828, with the rank of Major, Sir Francis retired on half-pay. Being known to possess certain qualities favourable to such a duty, he was invited by interested persons to inspect and report on some of the silver mines of South America. His "Rough Notes of a Gallop across the Pampas," and climbing the Andes, is one of those agreeable narratives which showed the author to be a keen observer as well as a bold horseman. Possibly his adventures on that occasion were not without their effect on the minds of some who, nine years later, found a reason for his appointment to the Government of Upper Canada in the

fact that he was not going "to America" for the first time.

In his "Narrative," Sir Francis gives an amusing description of the manner of his appointment, accompanied with a confession of perplexity as to the reasons which may have given rise to it. Nor did his amazement abate when he arrived at the seat of his government, for, never having voted at an election in his life, or thought very seriously on political subjects, he was somewhat disconcerted to find himself placarded on the walls of Toronto as a "Tried Reformer."

The experiment of substituting civil for military Governors was now being fairly made, and Lord Gosford and Sir Francis Head, were its accredited exponents. They each went heartily to work, though in different ways, to carry out the conciliatory instructions with which they had been charged. Their difficulties, however, commenced very early, for almost at the outset of their careers, they were called on to deal with unprovided cases, and possibly to discuss prohibited subjects. Thus their instructions were not elastic enough for the occasion, and thus they failed to satisfy the sections which the Home Government at all events appeared sincerely desirous to appease. The prime grievance of the French Canadians consisted in a nominated Legislative Council, and Lord Gosford was positively enjoined not for a moment to entertain the notion of an elective one. The prime grievance of the Upper Canadians was the absence of an Executive Council, responsible to Parliament. Such a condition was foreign to all the traditions of the Colonial office. It was also unintelligible to Sir Francis Head, who asserted that it was inconsistent with his responsibility to his Sovereign, and wholly incompatible with a condition of Colonial dependence. The issue in both Provinces was fairly raised, and failure in both cases logically followed. Neither Governor could accomplish what he had hoped to effect, and both had to ac-

cept the alternative, and fall back on a system of personal government. Lord Gosford adopted a course of soothing treatment, and followed it too, when it was quite obvious that no emollient within his reach was equal to the work of allaying the irritation. Sir Francis Head attempted to do the like, but having been balked at the start, and a good deal baited afterwards, he threw conciliation to the winds, and by a vigorous course of open resistance and individual rasping, beat the malcontents at the polls, and secured what he termed the triumph of "loyalty and British connection," but what was, in fact, the triumph of Personal Government. Such a victory was unexpected, and thoroughly maddened the defeated party, and such madness brought great scandals on the name it bore. Many persons, calling themselves Reformers, forfeited their claim to the title as they lost little time in becoming secret conspirators, and eventually open rebels against English rule in Canada. We may remember what took place. Violent language seemed to generate violent acts, and those who were masters of the former were without skill to control the latter. They had said more than they meant, but were powerless to restrain the effect of their words. Insurrection followed, and the agonies of Bristol, Nottingham and Derby were repeated, and for the like reason, in several towns of the two Canadas.

The excitement in England was greater than it need have been when viewed by the light of those communications which had been made to the Colonial Office. The utter failure of Lord Gosford's policy in Lower Canada was known, together with the avowed sympathy of the dissatisfied sections of the two Provinces. People possibly began to suspect that the way in which the Colonial Office ruled the outlying Provinces of the Crown was rather whimsical than wise—rather dilettante than resolute. Under the old system of military rule, when force was united with virtue, the colo-

nial possession was at all events secure, even though the colonial peace was occasionally broken. The new system of Personal Government included the separation of force from virtue. The former appeared to be isolated and detached, while the latter was expected to stand alone, to work alone, and to win or lose alone. The new policy had broken down. Personal Government apparently had failed. The affections of the people had not been won, and the possessions themselves were in the way of being lost. Lord Gosford had views, and Sir Francis Head had views, and Sir John Colborne had views. Probably those of the latter were wisest, for he at all events would have met menace with discipline, and have blocked force with force. In the crisis of affairs the Home authorities determined that Personal Government in Canada should, for the time being at least, be made more strictly personal. In one Province the constitution was actually suspended: in the other it was virtually to be overawed by the shadow of a great name, and by the presence of a High Commissioner with Sovereign powers. To find a nobleman for such an imposing service was not a matter of much difficulty. The eyes of all turned in one direction, for the Earl of Durham seemed to have been chosen by the public even before he was gazetted by the Crown.

There were some reasons, apart from his popular fitness, why such a choice should be made. The Earl was a man of unstained honour, large means, great influence and acknowledged ability. He had done a good deal for his party at home and something for his country abroad. The fact had been acknowledged by his countrymen, and had it been otherwise he would have confessed it to himself, for he carried about him a somewhat embarrassing amount of vanity as well as a laudable degree of pride. It may be remembered, by those who are old enough to recollect the gossip of the period, that Lord Durham was said to have had

more than ordinary claims to the friendly regard of royalty. In the days of her girlhood the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent honoured the Earl and Countess of Durham with a good deal of consideration, and in return were said to have received much kindness from them. If such were the case, it might probably have occurred to a statesman of Lord Melbourne's acuteness that such services would be remembered, and that if they were so, the effect might be to attract to Lord Durham much of the influence which, in the opinion of Lord Melbourne, should more properly be exercised by the First Minister of the Crown.

Lord Durham had lately returned from Russia, where his success as the British Ambassador was only equalled by the magnificence of his Embassy. The press quizzed him a little for his display, but the people liked him all the more for having made it. Altogether Lord Durham's presence at Court might have proved a source of embarrassment to a Cabinet of which he was not a member. Lord Melbourne, besides being a statesman of high mark, was a politician of singular astuteness, and hence he may fairly have been excused for thinking it wiser to occupy Lord Durham with important duties abroad, than, by leaving him actually unemployed, to give him the chance of occupying himself with competitive duties at home. Be this as it may, when the news of the rebellion in Canada arrived in the British Islands, Lord Durham was invited to accept, and did accept, the important office of High Commissioner and Governor-General of British North America. This great trust included, to use his lordship's own words, so far as Lower Canada was concerned, the exercise of "Legislative and Executive power."

A despotism, if it only be a paternal one, in the estimation of some persons, is the very best form of government. Unfortunately, however, it must be admitted that while a people under such circumstances

might be quite sure of the despotism, they could not with equal confidence count on the paternity. Now Personal Government, as represented by the Earl of Durham, was actually, and perhaps necessarily, despotic; "Legislative and Executive power" was concentrated in his own person. He was burdened, we again quote his own words, with "the awful responsibility of power freed from constitutional restraints;" and yet it must be admitted, that while conscious of the responsibility, he did not escape the mistake of exercising it in an "awful way." The power conferred by his commission may have absolved him from the restraints of the law of Lower Canada, but it did not, we apprehend, relieve him of obligation to the law of England. Thus it was that his offence against the latter provoked the most bitter, and perhaps the most acrimonious, discussions that were ever heard in the British Parliament. Lord Melbourne had little reason to be thankful to the High Commissioner whose acts had occasioned those discussions: for they not only imperilled, but well nigh brought about the overthrow of, the Whig administration. Much, however, as they annoyed Lord Melbourne, they more seriously distressed Lord Durham. Indeed they seemed to drive him beside himself. He lost his self-control, and consequently did what no officer of the Crown can be excused for doing. Having, as he was required, proclaimed the disallowance of his own ordinance, he took the occasion publicly to answer the authority he was bound officially to obey. When he had made his petulant deliverance, he returned the government over to Sir John Colborne, and, without the shadow of authority from his Sovereign or her advisers, went on board the *Inconstant* frigate and directed her commander to sail to England. What his reflections may have been on the voyage may only be conjectured—they were never disclosed. What the opinions of his Sovereign and her advisers were, must be gathered

from the fact that, on his arrival at Plymouth, in the month of December, 1838, he landed in silence and without the customary salute; in the presence of what he must felt to have been the frown of the court and the black looks of the country. The Emperor Nicholas, who knew Lord Durham, is reported to have said: "If one of my officers had behaved as he had done he would have been tried for his life on his return." Ill health, as well as wounded pride, may have had something to do in bringing about an act of insubordination which, as far as we know, stands alone in the Colonial History of England. His humiliation was his punishment; and it seems to have been greater than he was able to bear, for he died five days after the Act was passed which embodied a portion of his counsels, and which reunited the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada.

Lord Durham was succeeded by the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson, whose appointment, it may be remembered, gave rise to a series of severe criticisms in the Tory press of England, while it occasioned gloomy forebodings in the minds of an influential section of the people of Canada. The official party at Toronto, which at that time was exclusive and bureaucratic, instinctively felt that it would be "dished" by the power of a Governor who was not only "a Whig and something more," but who was especially charged with the duty of bringing about an union of the two provinces. The merchants of Lower Canada were generally interested in the lumber trade, and were consequently prepared to show little favour to a statesman who had advocated Baltic as against Canadian interests, and had actually recommended the abolition of those discriminating duties by which the latter had been protected and encouraged. Thus it was that the odour of a good name did not precede him to Canada any more than it supported him in England. Criticism was violent in expression, and authori-

ty was strongly importuned "not to send one to govern who has had no experience of government;" "who is corrupt and indolent;" "frail in health and feeble in purpose;" "whose despatch box, if carried in one hand, must be balanced by a medicine chest in the other;" who moreover keeps bad political company, for he acknowledges as an honourable friend and a parliamentary ally a member of the House of Commons who had actually counselled the Canadians to "shake off the baneful domination of the mother country."

Such were the comments of a certain portion of the English press, and they were as difficult to answer as to bear. Ill nature, like other ills, is frequently contagious. It had spread to Canada, and was found to be very active when His Excellency arrived. The hostility of the French Canadians was looked for and had been provided against. The opposition of other sections would chiefly be local or official. The inhabitants of Toronto had caught the distemper to which we have referred, and appeared to think that a fit of the sulks and a display of bad manners would become them on the occasion when the new Governor-General visited their city for the first time. There were few to meet, and, with the exception of His Excellency Sir George Arthur, there were scarcely any official people to welcome him. The Corporation thought it seemly in their address to express an anticipatory censure on his general policy, and a particular condemnation of the especial measure the passage of which had prompted him to accept the office of Governor-General. Toronto generally became ungracious and showed its teeth. The two Houses of the Legislature, in their latest session, had by resolution condemned the proposed union, and now municipal and official efforts were made to exaggerate difficulties, multiply obstructions, and make everything look as discouraging as possible. Lord Sydenham, however, brushed such cobwebs aside, and went to

work as one who knew how to make and win his game.

It is mentioned of Lord Sydenham, in the memoir written by his brother, that he was a child of singular beauty, so much so that King George the Third, in the course of one of his Weymouth walks, not only observed and kissed him as he lay in his nurse's arms, but begged his Prime Minister, the younger Pitt, to follow his example. "Pretty child, Pitt, pretty child. Kiss him, Pitt, kiss him." And Pitt did as he was bid, and probably with some awkwardness, as very little of his busy life was passed in such pleasantries. Poets inform us, and of course they ought to know, that "a kiss may colour a life." What influence the kiss of Pitt exercised on the life of the "pretty child" can only be conjectured by a writer of prose; nevertheless conjecture is sometimes excusable. No comparison between the stately grandeur of the greatest English statesman, and the quiet ease of a minister who was useful rather than great, can possibly be made. Nevertheless there were traits in the character of "the pilot that weathered the storm," that were by no means absent from the character of the Governor who re-united the two Canadas. He, like Pitt, was imperious when occasion required, and his will was indomitable. No fear could intimidate, and no resistance could dismay him. Such qualities may have been inherited or acquired, but who shall say that they derived no stamina from the kiss of Pitt?

Lord Sydenham had difficulties in Lower Canada as easy to apprehend as they were hard to deal with. But in considering them he was relieved by the fact that the constitution was suspended, and the responsibility of dealing with them would be shared by a special council of his own choosing. In Upper Canada the case was otherwise, for the constitution remained intact. He had therefore not only to deal with a Legislature, but with one that had committed itself by solemn resolves to opinions hostile to his

own. Nothing daunted, however, he looked his Upper Canada difficulties fairly in the face, studied their character, appraised their value, and made his plans. He was certainly aided by an exceedingly well-chosen staff—gentlemen who were not only loyally attached to him, but who knew how to assume the diplomatic attitude; to mingle in society with their fingers on their lips but with their eyes and ears open.\*

Personal Government necessarily included direct personal influence, and Lord Sydenham shewed that he was thoroughly aware of the way in which such influence could most conveniently be exerted. He rented Beverly House, at Toronto, and at once saw that the means by which a graceful hospitality had theretofore been exercised were quite inadequate to his larger views. Thereupon he built a new kitchen, and furnished it elaborately to meet the conditions

of a fastidious cook, as well as the expectations of a fastidious master. Personal Government was to be baronial as well as diplomatic. It was to assume every kind of social attraction, and every description of festive charm. Lord Sydenham had the art to influence and the gift to persuade, and it was therefore necessary that he should provide the occasions where these twin powers might conveniently be exercised. The members of the House of Assembly represented the greater difficulty, for his power to force the Legislative Council by creating new peers placed that body beyond the reach of serious anxiety. At length all obstacles were overcome. Complete success attended his efforts, and we incline to think that a good cook and a good cellar had much to do with the results. On returning to Beverly House, the late Sir John Robinson is reported musingly to have said, that among the most active and influential agents in carrying the Union Bill through the Upper Canada Legislature was the new kitchen and the sagacious uses to which it had been applied.

Lord Sydenham was a keen observer, and had studied human nature with a good deal of attention. Probably his residence in early life at St. Petersburg had aided such studies, for Russians of the higher class have the credit of excelling in this branch of education. His letters show how accurately he appreciated American character, and with what judgment he had gauged the strength and purity of American institutions. He distrusted both, for in his estimation they were little better than shams. It might have been for the welfare of the Empire if English statesmen had studied American subjects more closely, for then they would in all probability have escaped some of the errors into which they have fallen. Whig and Free Trader though he was, nevertheless Lord Sydenham caught the spirit of colonial enthusiasm which generally takes possession of the minds of Englishmen who

\* Since this article went to press, Major Campbell, C.B., of St. Hilaire, in the Province of Quebec, who might properly have been regarded as the Chief of Lord Sydenham's Staff, has suddenly departed this life. His loss will be mourned by many, for there were few who knew him who did not prize his acquaintance, and by those with whom acquaintance had ripened into friendship, his death will be felt as a personal calamity. As a staff officer he was singularly efficient. He was affable and wary; genial and sagacious, always courteous and never brusque. He was not a mere chatterer, and hence he rarely committed the mistake of "talking unadvisedly with his lips." He was an agreeable companion, but the charm of his conversation was never disfigured with blots of indiscretion and plague spots of impropriety. He was a clear minded man, made few mistakes, and was never called on to explain ambiguous conduct, or to apologize for unseemly words. He had enjoyed the advantage of seeing distant countries, and of living amongst strange peoples, and such experiences were not lost on him. He was not only an accomplished staff officer, but he was a Christian gentleman in the best sense. He was neither an ascetic nor a bigot, for religion with him was the offspring of gentleness and charity. While he reverently cherished his own convictions, he was studiously careful to respect the convictions of other people. He was a conscientious Churchman of the Anglican School, but in the largest sense he was Catholic. He neither thought or spoke evil of those who differed with him. His quiet life was a way-side sermon, and all the more telling because it represented religion in practice—religion adorned with humility and sanctified with charity. It might be well had we more like him, and it might be better were we on many subjects more generally influenced by his example.



visit Canada. Had the kiss of Pitt anything to do with his desire to acquire and maintain "ships, colonies and commerce?" Perhaps it had, for his Lordship would have declared war with the United States rather than have surrendered one inch of the North-Eastern boundary, which Lord Ashburton ill-advisedly "capitulated" away. Though his character was somewhat crossed with contradiction, Lord Sydenham was one of those statesmen of the grand old type whom no menace could appal, and no threat could intimidate. There was something of the elder as well as the younger Pitt in his nature, and if it entered with the kiss of the latter, we only regret that the old king did not exercise his prerogative more frequently, and make his favourite minister inoculate a larger number of pretty children of that generation with some gleams of his genius, the greater portion of his principles, and with every grain of his patriotism.

Though tenacious of power, and a true exponent of Personal Government, Lord Sydenham was the first representative of his Sovereign who could see his way to the introduction of Responsible Government into Canada. It is true that the principle was only enunciated; it was not developed in his day. Moreover he was not inclined to let it loose without some reservation and some qualification. Nevertheless it was initiated with his approval, and cannot be separated from that part of the history of Canada with which his name is associated.

He failed to conciliate the French-speaking inhabitants of Lower Canada, but success in that direction was scarcely to have been looked for then. Time, "the healer," had a part to play before love, "the teacher," could overcome grief or exorcise hate. Lower Canada, like a mourner by a newly-made grave, was in no condition to receive comfort. Sorrow was too recent and too acute. It may have been kind and charitable to leave such an one alone for awhile. At all events Lord Sydenham did so, and it

would avail little at this day to discuss whether such a course were wise or the reverse. All that need be said is that he did much towards laying the foundation of our constitutional system, and those who have succeeded him have only built on what he accepted as the political corner stone. Without seeming to be indifferent to the actual considerations of politics and government, his thoughts chiefly inclined towards practical administration, such as municipal institutions; popular education; religious equality, sound systems of finance and banking; public improvements; and a general development of the resources of a country whose natural wealth he was unable to exaggerate. These, and such as these, were the points of his administration which he sought to carry out, and which he did carry out to an extent that no one of his predecessors had been able to approach. The end came, and came too soon. He opened the first session of the Parliament of re-united Canada, and died on the day on which it closed. "The broad ribbon of the Bath," which the Queen had conferred on him for his services, was never worn. Peradventure it is laid away somewhere among precious treasures, but it is unspotted with the tears of wife or child, for he died unmarried. The vault in the church of Kingston received into its solitude the mortal remains of "The first and last Baron Sydenham."

The new rule of appointing civilians for Governors was not departed from by the administration which succeeded the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel, however, did not choose a representative of the Queen in Canada from either House of Parliament. He looked into the diplomatic corps, and found in the person of Sir Charles Bagot exactly whom he wanted. Sir Charles was a singularly handsome and high-bred man, who, in the course of his services, had represented the Court of St. James at Washington, and he had done so to the satisfaction of both na-

nations. His duties probably included display as well as address, for his vice-regal staff was a large one, and it was popularly attractive, amongst other reasons, because the uniform worn by the military officers was the regulation uniform of the staff of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Canada appeared to receive what Canadians like, consideration and promotion. The women of Canada are not unlike the women of Ireland, whom Lever describes, "they admire the infantry, love the cavalry, and doat on the staff." As a community we are by no means free from the influence of sentiment, and this influence is very commonly promoted by a reasonable display of vice-regal glare and dazzle. It is, we think, a mistake to suppose that Canadians have any special liking for republican simplicity in their rulers. On the contrary, they prefer the externals of majesty in those who represent their Sovereign. If the English people have little taste for "Gig" bishops, the Canadians have less for what we suppose is the American equivalent, viz., "Buggy" governors.

There was a singular charm in the manner of Sir Charles Bagot. It arose partly from the social advantages to which he was born, but chiefly, as we venture to think, from the training he had acquired in the school of diplomacy. He had the faculty of finding out what one knew, and he had the patience to put up with a communication of such knowledge. The habit was a graceful one, and probably arose from his practice as a diplomatist: a class which we have been told is instructed to learn as much, and tell as little, as possible.

Sir Charles Bagot's character was straightforward, and his administration won golden opinions from all classes. Unfortunately his rule was of short duration, for he died at Kingston after a residence in Canada of only fourteen months. His charms of manner were shared by his family, for those who are old enough to remember Lady Mary Bagot and her daughters will not be apt to forget

how bright and attractive it was possible to make an evening party, even at so small a capital as the little town of Kingston

Sir Charles Bagot was succeeded by Lord Metcalfe, the latest and the best example of Personal Government, for, unlike Lord Durham, his administration was paternal without being despotic. His example was full of instruction. We saw the highest duty cheerfully performed in the presence of excruciating agony patiently endured. Suffering and cheerfulness were inseparable companions, for the continual presence of disease, together with the near approach of death, seemed to make no impression on his resolve to do what he believed to be his duty to the last.

Lord Metcalfe's character as a politician appeared to have two dissimilar sides. Judged by his writings English Radicals might claim him as their own, and so far as his opinions related to public questions in the United Kingdom the claim should be allowed. Nevertheless the Liberals of Canada found him more Conservative than his Tory predecessor, Sir Charles Bagot. Their cause was seriously thrust backwards by the interpretation which he put on the constitutional relationship of the Governor to his advisers and to Parliament. The old tangle of Sir Francis Head's day was revived and in an aggravated form. "The duties of the Crown could not be put into commission." "Responsible Government could not mean the transfer of the rights of the Sovereign to a body of gentlemen who were not directly responsible to the Sovereign." "The power to appoint the Queen's servants in a British colony devolved on the Queen's representative." "The patronage of the Crown was a matter of prerogative of which the Governor could not divest himself." It was a trust which he held directly from the Queen, and which he could not delegate to others. Lord Metcalfe was quite willing to take the advice of his Ministers when he required it, but he was by no means bound to

seek it when he did not want it. It was a matter of option and not of duty, on the necessity of which he alone was the competent judge. Opinions such as these placed an impassable barrier between himself and his Ministers. Only one course was open to them, of which, with the exception of Mr. Secretary Daly, they took the earliest advantage. They resigned their offices, and, with their party, went into opposition.

A dissolution of Parliament took place, and the issue raised for the last time was Personal Government against Responsible Government. Lord Metcalfe's character was a tower of strength to those who supported the former view. His integrity, his benevolence, and his charity, for he never "turned his back on any poor man," or withheld his contribution from any good object, were infinitely serviceable to him, and provoked a degree of support which could scarcely have been looked for. Besides, Responsible Government as it is now interpreted, had scarcely been accepted by the Tory party. Many thought with "Tiger" Dunlop, that it really was "a trap set by knaves to catch fools." Whatever it was it had resulted in their exclusion from power, and in the substitution of men whose allies to a great extent had sympathized with, if they had not supported, acts of rebellion against the Queen's authority in Canada. The loyalty cry was raised with more than usual effect, while the alleged disaffection of the Liberals was described in language of inexcusable exaggeration. Anger and violence marked the elections. The name of the Governor

General was used in a manner neither to be excused nor repeated, for the labours of those who had sought to build up constitutional government in Canada appeared to be thoroughly lost. The temporary result was a slight, and, as it turned out, a short lived triumph for Personal Government, but his Excellency's advisers had a trying time of it, as we have little doubt Mr. Chief Justice Draper could inform us if he would favour the public with an extract of his recollections.

Lord Metcalfe was only able to open and to close the first session of the new Parliament. The concluding words of his last speech were very touching, and, under the circumstances, equally pathetic. "May you enjoy," said his Lordship, "all the rights and privileges of a free people, and experience the prosperity, contentment and happiness which are naturally derived from unfettered industry, prudent enterprise, good fellowship and brotherly love. And now, gentlemen, with the heartfelt wish that you may be partakers in these blessings, I will say farewell until we meet again."

That meeting, however, was not to take place. The hand of death was too visibly laid upon him. He was obliged to ask Her Majesty's permission to resign his trust and return to his native land. He arrived in time to see once more the grand old oaks of Berkshire and to lay down his brave life in the place he had loved so well.

Thus died the "First and last Lord Metcalfe," and thus ended what we have termed PERSONAL GOVERNMENT in Canada.

## BETRAYED.

Alone she stands  
With folded hands,  
Her blue eyes watching each wave retreat ;  
With no thought of fear  
For the billows near ;  
While the tiny wavelets ripple clear  
O'er the pebbles to kiss her feet.

Her eyes oft follow  
The wheeling swallow  
Darting and circling above the water ;  
While the hair, so brown,  
Floats idly down  
O'er the sun-burnt neck and sea-stained gown  
Of the fisherman's happy daughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again she stands  
With tight clasped hands,  
Gazing out on each boisterous wave ;  
And the swallows fly  
Unheeded by ;  
Nothing is seen by that wild blue eye ;  
But a shroud for her shame,—the grave.

One look to Heaven  
For mercy, given ;  
One look to the white cot on the shore ;  
And the waves caress  
With tenderness,  
What a lover left when love grew less—  
And the burden of life is o'er.

The white foam lifts  
In gentle rifts,  
And sprinkles itself like snow above her ;  
But the soul has flown  
To the far Unknown ;  
While the restless night winds sadly moan  
O'er her love for a faithless lover.

VOX TRISTIS.

## THE ROSES.

*(From the Swedish.)*

ANTON V. ETZEL.

IN the far distant North, where, during the mild summer nights, the sun seems to forget to sink to rest, there lived on a high mountain a very old man. His long beard and snow-white hair were of wondrous beauty, and his clear blue eyes were bright and radiant. He was well known and dearly loved by old and young, and as the oldest dwellers in that part of the country remembered having seen him in their childhood exactly as he appeared now, all were firmly convinced that there was something marvelous about him.

Round about his little cottage bloomed plants the like of which were to be seen nowhere else in this region, and consequently he was styled by many "the old kitchen gardener." He was frequently absent on long journeys, and ever, on his return, all the trees, shrubs and flowers in the surrounding country would bloom with renewed beauty and fragrance.

"I should not be at all surprised," said a youth thoughtfully, "if he was a holy gardener whom God has sent to discover where, in this world, those flowers bloom which are hereafter to be transplanted into Paradise."

The old man, though apparently possessed of nothing, was the benefactor of the whole country-side. He was the physician of the sick, he played the violin for the dances of the young folks on the village green, and related pretty fairy tales and legends to the eager children.

Thus approached the beautiful leafy midsummer day. The sun stood like a golden shield on the outskirts of the forest. The evening and morning, these two sisters so

dissimilar, bowed their glowing crimson cheeks and clasped hands as they met in quiet, loving embrace. The people had ascended the mountain in order to see the sun, at this season visible all night long. The old man had received many visitors. He stood at his cottage door and appeared glorified in the gorgeous sunlight.

A stranger approached him.

"Do you dwell up here, my father?" he inquired, and presently they entered into an animated conversation.

But the children of the surrounding villages crowded round the old man, eagerly watching their opportunity to engage his attention. Presently he greeted the gay country people most courteously, and prayed them to be seated on the soft lichen. Then he looked round the little circle.

"How are your little blue flowers getting on, Annie?" he gently asked a young girl.

She blushed and looked down. "They have closed their pretty petals and their leaves are withering," she answered, turning pale; "but, just as I was leaving home a few were beginning to unfold their leaves again."

"Tell me the reason of this," said the old man. "You know, my father," pursued the young girl, "that the wonderful flowers which you gave me, unlike other flowers, do not close their petals at sundown, or even on the approach of rain, or cold and stormy weather, but only at such times as the sun of love is overcast, or when one is in a bad humour."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said the old man, smiling.

"Well, I was unkind towards my brother," continued the girl ingenuously; "we had quarrelled, and confidence no longer reigned between us. Then I became aware that a sort of hoar-frost had fallen upon the leaves of my little blue flowers. But this morning I passionately reproached my mother with having allowed the bouquet, which Eric brought me yesterday during my absence from home, to wither by neglecting to put it in water. My mother's feelings were greatly hurt, and she looked very sad. I went to the window, and behold, I saw that all the blue flowers had closed their leaves. When I began to weep, however, and heartily to repent my behaviour, they commenced slowly to unfold again."

"The root is fresh and healthy," said the old man, "but pay attention to the tender, sensitive leaves; they do not speak a great deal."

The old man now observed that little Eva looked dejected, and that her eyes were red with weeping. "What grieves you, my child?" he inquired tenderly. "Oh!" answered the little one, and began to sob afresh, "I had a little hedge outside the window, on which the red, white and blue convolvuli blossomed most beautifully! Now they are all dead! Lisa poured a bucket of hot water over them. I would not weep so bitterly for them now if they would only go to God, but I asked the pastor and he says no."

And Eva burst out weeping again.

"Listen to me, little one," said the old man, lifting her on his knees, "the flowers have their own heaven, and do you know where it is?"

"No," answered Eva, and looked up wistfully.

"Well, then, listen," continued the old man; "the spirits of the pretty blue forget-me-nots go into the clear eyes of good girls; those of the beautiful, white virgin lilies dwell upon their pure brows, and the spirits of the crimson roses glow upon their cheeks."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Eva, "and when these girls die and become angels, the little flower spirits follow them to paradise. Is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed, it is so. God sent you a little sister a short time ago—look at her and see if the spirits of your flowers have not wandered to her."

Eva smiled. "Surely, she has clear blue eyes and a little rosy mouth," she said, joyously.

The old man arose. "Dear friends," he said, and a peculiar smile hovered on his lips, "you all look so serene and happy now, how will you all appear forty years hence? When that period of time shall have elapsed, I will visit you again and ask you whither the roses of your cheeks have fled. I am well aware that to a certain extent the advancing years must rob the cheeks of their lovely tints, but yet a very great deal depends upon yourselves. In some way you must strive to protect your roses against Time and his encroaching power."

Although not fully comprehending his actual meaning, they stretched forth their hands and bade him, as well as the stranger, a kind and hearty farewell.

Many, many years passed away, and it was once again the evening of a midsummer day.

In a beautiful little house in the country sat a happy woman. 'Tis true time had already sown some silvery threads among the masses of her wavy hair, and robbed her delicate cheek of some of its rosy tints. Her eyes, too, no longer sparkled with the fire of youth, but they shone with a look of peace and calm content. By the dimple in her cheek, called forth by her serene and cheerful smile, the little Eva of former times is recognized.

There was a knock at the door, and the old man from the mountain entered. He was all unchanged, he had the same awe-inspir-

ing figure. Eva arose, and with a joyful exclamation hastened towards him.

"The peace of God be with you!" said the old man, "I come, according to promise, to ask you where the roses of your cheeks are to be found."

Eva did not mention the dreary nights of work and watching which had destroyed their bloom, but exclaimed in a gladsome tone of voice: "Look here!" and raised the curtain of a cradle in which slumbered a lovely rosy child; "and there," pointing to a little crib in which a beautiful red-cheeked boy lay sleeping peacefully,—"And here," exclaimed the sonorous voice of a vigorous man, who entered at that moment and put his arm fondly around her waist; "the bloom of health on my cheeks cost poor Eva many a night's weary watching and anxiety."

"I am content," said the old man, preparing to depart.

"Will you not stay with us?" asked both husband and wife.

"I must travel still far to-night," answered the old man, and went his way.

He came to the town and walked towards a large, handsome stone house. He mounted the steps and knocked at the door, which was at once opened for him.

There sat the stranger by his lamp, stooping over a book. He was pale and emaciated, his brow was furrowed and his hair grey, but in his eyes there was a pure and holy light.

"Do you remember our conversation on the mountain? Where are the roses of your cheeks?"

"Here," answered the scholar, and opened his book, "here they lie. Here I have laid down the blossoms of my joys and the fruits of my experience. I only trust that men will make use of them."

The old man smiled and gave him his hand. He wandered farther and knocked at another door. It was opened. There sat a solitary, pale and attenuated figure. He started and looked up suspiciously.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" queried the old man, solemnly.

"The years have robbed me of them," whispered and shuddered.

"No! you have sacrificed them to a temptible idol, to your golden calf!" said the old man sternly; "the cold gold has destroyed them, and you sit here alone, unhappy, and with an utter void in your heart. Amend your ways, perhaps they will bloom anew, though perhaps they will grow again out of your grave."

He departed, and the miser locked the door carefully, in spite of which he could not sleep the whole night.

The old man knocked at another door. Here sat a lady at her toilet. She was tired for a party, and had carefully selected everything that could enhance her beauty, but it, alas! belonged to the past.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" inquired the old man.

"It is asserted that I possess them still," replied she, pale with vexation and annoyance at his rudeness.

"You have sacrificed them to vanity," said the old man, "and have strewn their withered leaves on the floors of the ball-rooms. You have won not even a single noble grain of seed out of them! There remains to you not even the fragrance of their memory, for your joys were blank and empty. Your rouge does not deceive me, do not deceive yourself—seek something better. Farewell."

A door stood open, and from the room proceeded a loud and boisterous laugh. The old man looked in. There sat a man with crimson cheeks, a goblet by his side. He was singing, but his voice trembled, and his eyes were gazing into vacancy.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" resounded through the room.

"They have been transformed into roses," answered the drunkard, stammering, and filled his goblet again. "I drowned the roses in wine, they were too pale and worthless."

The old man went sorrowfully from thence ; a friendly light seemed now to beckon invitingly. He entered. There sat a small but select company, some were young, some older, but they were all grouped around a pale noble-looking woman, who was reading to them her notes and reminiscences ; therein lay the roses of her youth ; their fragrance seemed to linger over the little circle, for the eyes of all were beaming.

The old man nodded quietly, and walked away unperceived.

He came to the cottage of a labourer. The latter lay in a deep sleep. He had strewn the blossoms of his cheeks along with the sweat of his labour and amid prayers into the ground, and they had borne ears of corn, and fruit for his children. A pleasant

dream refreshed his sleep and blessed his rest.

The old man passed on and came to a house of mourning. In an illuminated and decorated room lay a dead man in his coffin. His was a noble face, glorified with a peaceful smile. The flowers on and around the coffin were wet with tears.

"Where are these roses ?" asked the old gardener, in a gentle voice.

"They bloomed anew on the formerly pale cheeks in the homes of want and destitution," answered a mild voice, and a young girl robed in mourning rose from her knees. "They bloom in heaven, and live in the memory of love."

The old man bowed reverently his hoary head, and returned slowly to his home on the mountain.

## HONOUR.

All things that make life sweet to man were mine,  
 All things that make death bitter—gold and lands,  
 Youth, health and beauty—these, with loving bands  
 Of, friends around my heart conspired to twine  
 Their strong allurements ; and my sense was fine  
 And keen, and to the full felt hope and fear,  
 Delight and anguish ; yet I grasped the spear,  
 And when the trumpet thrilled along our line  
 Unwavering met the steel and foremost fell.  
 Another took the mansion of my pride,  
 Another made her whom I loved his bride,  
 And where I dwelt, careless of me, they dwell,  
 While I lie mouldering on the bloody plain  
 Tombless—and keep my honour free from stain.

SURENA.



## "CHEEK."

BY W. GEO. BEERS, MONTREAL.

THERE are writers and speakers in the United States, so anxious to *improve* our mother-tongue, that they would fain include in the Munroe doctrine the Americanization of the speech of Shakspeare. This taint of Democratic irreverence has as yet but faintly affected general usage; but there have been peculiar phrases coined across the lines, which fit themselves so well to the lips and instincts of men as to gain almost immediate currency, and became woven into our best literature. At first they may have the ring and reputation of slang, but gradually lose their inelegancy, and gravitate into "the pure well of English undefiled." Every country, particularly with the civilization of this continent, must necessarily add words to its language, and there are indigenous phrases used generally by our most cultivated men in America, which are perfectly in place here, though unclassical in the literature of Great Britain.

It is bliss to be ignorant of the pedigree of many of the words we use, as it is bliss to some noble families to be oblivious of their ancestry beyond one generation, or as we are content to drink water without a microscopical examination. Among words whose origin might possibly be traced back to an unenviable period, but which have become fairly adopted as American additions to the English tongue, I have selected the one heading this paper, as expressive of a very prevailing infirmity in the atmosphere of America.

Borrowing from the license now monopolized by poets—and which has contributed immensely to encourage poor poetry, I will venture to class this "cheek" among the mental disorders of the present day; one

which, like Diphtheria and some contagious affections, is a modern complaint, unknown to Celsus, and, like shop-lifting and drunkenness, deserves to be dubbed as a general disease, and dignified with a Greek designation. Brain diseases are getting more common—not because we have more or better brains than our forefathers, but because we work them harder and more spasmodically, and get less fresh air; and there are social and political circumstances to-day existing, mental extravagances that had no existence in eras gone by.

A sarcastic Italian once observed, "possibly a sufficiently powerful microscope might be made to reveal the globules of nobility in the human blood; but we are nothing so extraordinary to detect the 'cheese germs' of 'cheek' in the human mind and character. We take the child. There is no instance of intelligent innocence so perfect as that of the genuine, natural baby, excepting, of course, the genuine natural boy. Real children have a native frankness that can never be mistaken for 'cheek.' They are always innocents, even in spontaneous sport or premeditated mischief. They are neither the street-waif with orphan heart and neglected soul, nor the species of over-dressed parties who ape the false show and artificial manners of their seniors; who grow on airs, and grow into their teens with an affected disrelish for marbles and rag dolls. They have hearts beating for love, not for moping, and take to childish games as instinctively as goslings take to water. You may meet clusters of such children anywhere, of parentage rich and poor, but all rich in content, mingling and manufacturing mud-pies together, without a thought

of formality or a blemish of pride. But let harsh orthodox precepts of propriety be constantly dinned in their ears; let noise be proscribed in nurseries, and parlours made sacred against the intrusion of the sunshine of home and the sunshine of heaven; let the children be taught to frame pretty responses, and to show off their talkativeness and training; let them be flattered to their faces, and given a good deal their own way, and you may safely trust to their instinct and human nature to develop the quick growth of cheek.

There are few more offensive specimens of inordinate "cheek" among young people, than those outrages on boyhood who missed their due share of thrashing in their tender years; who aspire to be better dressed than their companions; and whose chief good, like the cinnamon tree, is confined to their bark; who know the art of matching a glove to a coat long before they know how to spell; who give up manly field-sports to be, as they think, more manly in learning to smoke; who fondly imagine stray twigs of hair below the lobe of the ear to be incipient whiskers, and the tender down which has been on the upper lip since the hour of their birth, to be preternatural moustaches; who would be in a perpetual blush in church, and wear a look of the deepest degradation if they knew that they had on pants bagged at the knees; whose friendship is won when you don a new suit of clothes, but lost when time makes it threadbare, and who think less of a stain in the character than a crease in a shirt.

There can be no mistake made in distinguishing cheek from that self-confidence which forms one of the finest master-traits in the character of the Anglo-Saxon race. There are circumstances of favour or fortune in the life of individuals, as in the geographical position and history of nations, which tend to develop a quiet consciousness of power. But no one would put in the same category the confidence of Palmerston,

guiding the helm of State, and the conceit of Sancho Panza ruling a kingdom; the consciousness of Nelson, when a middy, that he would one day have a despatch to himself, and the fixed opinion of coxswain Harry that he ought to have command of the fleet; the faith in himself and his men of Sir Colin Campbell, when he received the Russian cavalry with British infantry in line instead of in column—and beat them;—and the sanguine conviction of the Fenians that they could take Canada; the belief of D'Israeli, that the House of Commons would one day listen to him, and the belief of that quintessence of cheek, George F. Train, that he will be the next President of the United States.

I do not pretend to defend great men from the imputation of cheek. History and Biography are full of familiar instances of their weakness in this respect; yet it is more the exception than the rule. Cicero's constant cry was "Praise me!" Epicurus, writing to a minister of state, declared: "If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it more than the letters I write to you." Buffon, speaking of great geniuses, said there were not more than five—"Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself."

When great men err, there is surely some excuse for us. It can scarcely be considered egotism when one talks of himself disparagingly, and attempts to point a moral and illustrate a case from the follies of his own youth. Long before the eruption of my wisdom teeth, about the time of St. Valentine's Day, I awakened one morning to the conviction that the Muses had inspired me with the poetic spirit, and that I was the coming man: an experience common to most of us in our tender years. I had picked up the trick of jingle, and the art of measuring poetic feet, and had set my eyes in fine frenzies rolling over epics and odes, sonnets and lays, until I could turn the lowing of a cow into a pastoral, and the death of a pup into a monody.

A New York monthly had at that time a

large circulation in Canada, and I selected it as the harbinger of my fame, with a very confident feeling that it was going to be good for the monthly. Like a respected Montreal editor who, in relating his early literary efforts said: "I wrote for Blackwood, but my articles never appeared," I can say that I wrote for that New York monthly, but the only notice taken of my productions was among the "Answers to Correspondents," where I found the titles of my poems, with the polite and pithy "Declined with thanks." It was a long time before I could feel or say a good word for New York, but there was a grim grain of consolation to a boy in these "thanks," and I persisted in besieging various other journals at home and abroad, until at last one unfortunate editor inserted my masterpiece of pathos, which had been six times sent to other quarters, and as many times politely returned. Such are the vicissitudes of genius!

I remember this divine effusion was entitled "Dear to me," and began as follows:

"Dear to me is the spot where I was born,  
Dear to me is the cot where I saw morn,  
Dear to me is the sky in blue arrayed  
Dear to me are the fields where once I strayed,"

and so on, as long as my arm. Now the genius in this effort was to me quite apparent. It was the fine scope given for bringing in everything in general, and anything in particular one wanted to say, comprising volumes in a single poem, and by the addition of an infinity of "Dear to me," line below line, leaving room for filling up the blanks as one's ideas of things "dear" became enlarged.

In the love of political life we find a strong incentive to cheek. There is something in the atmosphere of municipal and legislative halls which develops the bad parts of human nature, as some localities engender miasma. The patriotism loudly proclaimed on nomination day tames down after election; and in cases not a few, Sam Slick's interpretation of the Latin line may be

well applied—"mori," the more I get, "pro patria," by the country, "dulce est," the sweeter it is. I do not know whether European Governments attract the fifth-rate men who so frequently rise to the surface in political matters in America; but if so, they are cheated of notoriety, unless in a prison, and a better interpretation of "liberty" than we possess soon closes their career. The rascality which succeeds in American politics, has become a by-word of the world, and is only an emanation of the most inordinate cheek, forcing itself into position by virtue of its consummate impudence. Democratic institutions are more prolific of this than any other. They equalize the political value and, to some extent, the social standing of men, without equalizing talent and education. Mere wealth is a first consideration, and the bar-room bully who can influence most votes, no matter whence they come, is a greater man in the eyes of an aspirant than the first gentleman in the land.

In the professions we find the highest development of cheek, because in them the individuality of a man is most marked. In the highest, that of Theology, we probably find the least; but with due respect to the Pulpit—and it ought to be open to criticism and better able to stand it than the Press—there is sometimes an element of cheek creeping up, which is not only absurd but dangerous in a profession concerned with the highest interests of the human race. A respectable young man mounts the rostrum before an audience who have no superstitious fear of his office. His profession is with him a matter of dollars and cents and decency; his piety is mechanical. His first aim is to remind the audience of his individuality; he dogmatizes on doctrines he little understands, and lays down the law with his tongue and fist as if the truth depended solely upon his opinions. The thoughts and desires of "I" seem to have more interest for himself, and more convincing force, in his own estimation, than the

thoughts and desires of St. Paul. I have in my mind, as I write, a certain young parson, and young parsons are no more free from error in their specialty than young doctors and lawyers in theirs. He has some talent, great physical energy, and a desire to do good; but his conceit impels him to thrust into prominence his own views, or the views of others as his own, thinking originality of expression to be genius as well as gospel, and a succession of light feats of emphasis and heavy ones of gesture the sure way to success. The personal pronoun "I" overshadows every doctrine, and crosses every thought; and he is not unlike the artist, Haydon, who took ten times more pains to persuade people he had painted certain pictures than he took to paint them. The views of old theologians he impatiently and impertinently denies, with something of the effect of a terrier yelping at the full moon. To be forcible he thinks he must be peculiar. He leaves his congregation musing more upon his manner than his matter, without a grain of good or a germ of thought to carry away.

In every church—except ours of course—for in churches like professions there is something rotten in all except our own—there are persons who constitute themselves sermon-critics, by grace of a work or two on theology they have read, and who are very fair examples of cheek. Looking around upon the audience during a sermon, one may pick out these sermon-cynics as easily as copper coin from silver. Knowing nods and sapient looks distinguish them, or shakes of disapproval, from the shoulders to the heels. Let the preacher misquote, and you know just the pews to look to for the sage and sarcastic grin; let him make a *lapsus linguae* of any kind, and you know just who will show their quickness of perception. There are conceited and envious cynics in church as well as in literature, who, like the two critics that regularly dogged the writings of Racine and Pope as they appeared, pay the

most devoted attention for no other purpose than to feed their self-complacency and nourish their spleen. "The defects of great men," says D'Israeli, "are the consolations of the dunces." These are the people who expect a preacher to dovetail the gospel with their views; to conform his tone of voice, his gestures, and his clerical and every-day dress to their ideal; to smother his political opinions, and subdue his love of recreation; to marry the woman they choose, or which is worse, not to marry the woman they do not choose; and to consider the purchase of his freedom of opinion and action a stipulated condition of his call.

The Press affords some characteristic illustrations of inordinate cheek; for newspaper men in this thinking age are too prone to believe that they are expected to be positive in matters beyond their ken, and to "say something" about every question, however abstruse; and are thus tempted to try their prentice pen in speculations beyond the bounds of even *their* intelligence. Hundreds of newspapers are mere rehashes of others, and, like a parenthesis, could be taken away and never be missed. In Pekin they occasionally behead editors who print false news, and the Pekin papers are very trustworthy. It is perhaps better that the loss of caste and the possibility of litigation should supersede this peremptory kind of punishment, else a large number of the "Fourth Estate" would need be hydra-headed.

Every profession has its men of cheek, whose chief delight is in expatiating on their own merits, and depreciating their confreres. They are just the same in theology, politics, law, medicine and dentistry. They owe their prominence much more to the force of their impudence than to any ability they possess. They "talk shop" at every opening; modesty is not in their nomenclature. As politicians they will lay claim to the origination of great national undertakings, on the strength of having referred to them in conversation, as other men probably did for

decades before them ; and they live in a small atmosphere of their own, with the self-satisfied conviction that the prosperity of the country is due to their personal exertions. As lawyers they are ready to "hire out their words and anger" for any and every scheme where they may advertise their eloquence, and will even condescend to sacrifice fair prospects in their profession that they may be pilloried in the annals of their country. As physicians or dentists they arrogantly boast of their superior knowledge, and go to any extreme to obtain a practice. By dint of quack advertising, and, to speak truly, plain lying ; by poking cards and circulars and pamphlets into every available and advantageous nook and corner ; by the use of show-cases and barbarous signs, and by boasting of their superior facilities, peculiar methods, practice, and "previous residence in New York" (save the mark !) they contrive to gain what they would never have gained by honest means. They are not students or lovers of books ; they have a mere smattering of their profession, yet assume to be inspired ; they are perfect parasites where they fear, and slanderers where they dare. Jealousy is the fever of their existence, and the success of a faithful confrere is to them a sort of a personal insult. They have no professional *esprit de corps* ; if they associate it is to fish for office or to find fault. The pleasantest paragraph they can read relating to a competitor is his obituary. An epidemic which carries off two or three, or a fire which burns out a dozen, restores their amiability, and puts them in the seventh heaven of delight. They cannot recognize cheek in themselves, but scent it out with a sort of instinct in any one else. Anything they do is "unusual," they never admit having failed ; and the idea of competitors being able to do what they have done is beyond the bounds of possibility. Indeed they will look you in the face with the stolidity of eye of an oyster, and assume a sort of monopoly of

knowledge of their particular profession. Yet when you lay the scalpel of criticism to their pretensions, you expose their superficiality, and prove them to be cheek.

No educated talent is more commonly productive of cheek than fluency in speaking. One of the peculiar propensities of this intellectual age seems to be that of all classes for speaking in public. Men are no more generally fitted to become public speakers than authors and artists, yet how many thousands have wasted lives in fruitless efforts to be one or the other ! There is an innate faith, no doubt, in some natures, which failure only strengthens and neglect only stimulates, impelling to persistence and often to success ; but has not every scribbler who could persuade his words to rhyme, and every aspirant who could deface a foot of canvass with his emptiness, imagined the "divine afflatus" to have been specially vouchsafed to him ? True, our first efforts must be immature, and first failures ought to be an incentive to perseverance, or the world will retrograde ; but more than half the failures in every literary sphere have their origin in a disregard of the study of first principles, and of the faithful reiteration of lessons that may be dull, but which the finest genius cannot afford to contemn. In the matter of public speaking, it is so common to suppose that facility of expression should be the chief aim of those whose ambition it is to address an audience, or to utter their thoughts in print, that many come to regard the man who can say the most words in a breath, even if he has to gasp for very life at the end, and the writer who can spin out the longest yarn on any given subject, (such, for instance, as the *savant* mentioned by Moore in his *Diary*, who wrote several folio volumes on the "Digestion of a Flea") as the men who have mastered their subject and are amply qualified to teach. One who has a superabundance of cheek, and the accompanying contempt for his audience, may soon learn

to be fluent, though he may never learn to be wise.

It is a modern fanaticism to believe that it is an object in life to be fluent in public speech, and that in many circles, such as the numerous literary societies in the country, persons who have made no preparation whatever should be indiscriminately encouraged to stand up and "say something." Admitting that a man gains dignity and shows power who can stand on his feet and face an audience with his opinions, when his opinions are worth hearing, I think he is proportionately ridiculous if his opinions are worth nothing. This is not said to discourage our efforts to form opinions, and to express them as well as we can, but to discourage the idea that, because John Jones has overcome the usual impediments to public speech, he should jump up at every opportunity to express his views on any subject under the sun, particularly when he has not given it any previous reflection. The spontaneous opinion of Jones on a question concerning his everyday business, or concerning some special subject, is likely to be worth hearing at any time; but it is absurd to think that because his opinions on these points are sound, his ideas on any other are sound too. And if unsound, why encourage him to bore us by making us wade through a stream of words in hope of picking up an opinion on the way. The worst of mere fluency is just this—that it is sure to create in a man's mind the oppressive conceit that the sound of his voice is music to his listeners' ears, and that anything he says is worth hearing. You might as well transfer human brains to a cocoa-nut shell and expect them to reason, as place some educated men before an audience, and command them to speak; but every sane man has a special constitutional aptitude for a certain line of public usefulness, and to force him outside of this line, into a sphere which nature clearly designed he should not occupy, must either tend to dwarf his energies or to develop his cheek.

We cannot look with indifference upon the associative spirit, and the desire for mutual mental improvement now prevalent among the youth of Canada; but, in the debating societies, I venture to believe, there is a proneness to determine the wants of human nature from their own stand-point, and to exaggerate the advantages to be derived from encouraging indiscriminate talking. It is a serious question whether a youth is better for having overcome timidity before an audience, if he has not previously been incited to self-study and diligent preparation. It is a fact that, in many of these societies in Canada, as elsewhere, notwithstanding that appointments for debates are made two weeks beforehand, it is often the case that nearly every speech is prefaced with an apology for superficial preparation, or, perhaps, no preparation at all; and yet ready speakers will run on talking with more or less fluency and no depth for fifteen minutes or half-an-hour at a stretch. Would not one hour's faithful study of the subject at home, fill the mind fuller, and be better exercise, if read aloud as an essay in the quiet of one's own room?

This fluency, or rather flippancy, which degenerates into unbearable cheek, is a cardinal vice—perhaps a natural one—of debating societies, and, no doubt, is not of very recent origin, as Archbishop Whateley, in his *Rhetoric*, gives it as his opinion that they are generally more hurtful than beneficial, "because when the faculties are in an immature state, and their knowledge scanty, crude and imperfectly arranged, if they are prematurely hurried into a habit of fluent elocution, they are likely to retain through life a careless facility of pouring forth ill-digested thoughts in well-turned phrases, and an aversion to cautious reflection." "An early habit of empty fluency," continues Dr. W., "is adverse to a man's success as an orator." Dr. Blair, in his *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, also condemns the custom of cultivating a readiness of speech

without a conscientious preparation. He also says that the habit of taking a side in a debate antagonistic to one's convictions cultivates flimsy, trivial discourse. I might quote from many other eminent authorities for testimony that we are perhaps disposed to over-estimate the usefulness of debating societies in connection with the cultivation of readiness of speech. I repeat, I would not wish to be understood as depreciating the principle of these organizations, or the many direct and indirect benefits to be derived from them; but let their members, zealous to improve their minds, take care to be well assured that they do not sometimes mistake self-complacency and fluency for progress and power, and that the object of mutual improvement does not degenerate into mutual admiration. The especial point I venture to enforce is this—that there is no practice in these societies in which a beginner cannot be better exercised and educated in the quiet of his own room.

There are traits in almost every character to admire and esteem; there are little hidden nooks of gentleness in the bosom of the boldest and worst of men. Cheek, like crime, is repulsive. Yet both are simply human nature. I do not ignore the merits and virtues that may live in the heart where cheek holds its most offensive reign; but I know that any of us would rather listen a day to an eulogy of our virtue than a moment to a censure of our vice. The truth about us is palatable, if, like some bitter pills, it is sugar-coated. The age is productive of mutual admiration, and to see one's name in print is a modern stimulus to benevolence. Men are getting scarce who

"Do their good by stealth,  
And blush to find it fame."

To call the exhibition of cheek self-reliance

and nobility of character, is to assume that cheek is the indispensable qualification for success in life. We know that without ability, without devotion, without character, it has at best a transient and unsatisfying career. Posterity has never enshrined cheek in the roll of honour, either in war, literature, politics, science, or commerce.

Each age and country must have its great men—not created by schools, nor to be annihilated by neglect or opposition, but who rise as the sun, not as a rocket. No gift of God is more providently bestowed than the gift of genius. Rough hands may be steering ploughs or hewing stone to-day, which may yet make the songs or the laws of a people; which may paint its landscapes, and force the world to admire the unparalleled genius of their conceptions; whose works may become household words in the hearts of a nation, and immortal in the history of their time. A man cannot force himself into genius if he was never endowed with it by nature. Can a parrot in half a century mimic itself into a crying child?

The hot rush for fame has an antidote in the hotter rush for wealth, but the true philosophy of life lies nearer Heaven, and far from both. "Then what consolation have we for our ambition?" This—that whether we are to be famed or not, cheek will never promote our aim or tend to genuine success. Individual application, faith, and honesty, will win their deserts and no more; and this is the secret of success for us. If we get not the fame or the wealth we desire, let us console ourselves with the sober reflection that neither have we got the misery we deserve, and if, while we cheerily do our best, without a whine or a boast, either fame or wealth should reward our struggle, will it not be all the more pleasant as a surprise?

## POLITICAL STRUGGLES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.

THE Founders of the American constitution, while they broke away from the old world, were unable to clear their minds of its political superstitions; and among other things, they fancied that it was absolutely essential to have a single head of the State. They accordingly provided that every four years the nation should be torn in two, and all questions brought to a violent and dangerous issue by a Presidential election. To this error is due in some measure at least the Civil War; for the question of slavery might have smouldered on indefinitely had not the struggle for the Presidency caused it to burst into a flame. It is said that these elections give the people of all the States an interest in Federal politics, and preserve the unity of national feeling; but this is setting your house on fire to boil an egg.

As a struggle between Grant and Greeley, the present contest has no interest for any human being except the political adventurers who are scrambling, in the names of the candidates, for power and pelf. The best Americans are at a loss to choose between the two men, and are utterly ashamed of them both. Grant is not the political ogre that he is painted in the turgid harangues of Mr. Sumner: he has not conspired to overthrow the constitution and make himself absolute: nor has he exceeded the iniquities of the Roman Emperors and the nepotist Popes. But he is a failure, and worse than a failure, as a President. That he would show political genius there was no reason to expect. Even of genius for war, few successful generals have shown less. His one quality was ruthless tenacity in the use of the human material furnished him without stint by the unlimited wealth of the North. To wear out his enemy by sheer carnage, was,

according to his own profession, his whole game. Probably there is nothing in military history more discreditable, either to the skill or to the humanity of a commander, than the butchery of Cold Harbour. But if Gen. Grant had not genius, it was believed that he had integrity and firmness of character: and it was hoped that, feeling himself in a special manner the elect of the nation, and sure of national support, he would resist the influence of the political hacks, and make a resolute stand against corruption. His very first act, however, was to perpetrate a singularly flagitious job in favour of his personal friend and supporter, Mr. Washburne, whom he allowed to seize the Secretaryship of State, hold it for a few days, exercise its patronage, and then go off as Ambassador to Paris. In his other appointments he did make an attempt to shake off the politicians; but from his ignorance of men the attempt proved abortive; he fell into the hands of the politicians again, and at last into the hands of the very worst of the tribe. Of the only two men of really high character about him, he allowed one to be driven from office for refusing to be a party to jobbery, and the other for resisting the levying of blackmail, for party purposes, on the clerks in the department. A man almost as infamous as Tweed was appointed to the Collectorship of the Port of New York, with the management of the party in the State; and the appointment was upheld by General Grant against the protests of all the best men of the party. Too much has been made of General Grant's nepotism, which, though pretty gross, does not seem to have been, in any particular instance, injurious to the public service. Too much has, also, been made of his reception of presents, in which he has, at



worst, shown a certain lack of delicacy, such as might be expected in a man of coarse moral fibre, capable of carrying on war by the system of "attrition," and of allowing his soldiers to rot by thousands in Southern prison camps, rather than consent to an exchange of prisoners by which his enemy would have received reinforcement. Nor is there any evidence for the assertion that his personal probity, which when he was at the head of the army was unimpeached, has failed since he has been at the head of the State, or that any of the plunder collected by his partisans has found its way into the pockets of their chief. But partly from the desire of retaining his office, or rather the White House, and preserving the patronage to his friends and relations; partly, and perhaps principally, from sheer helplessness and inability to control the evil men about him, he has acquiesced in a vast system of jobbery and corruption. Whatever is lowest, vilest, most destructive of public morality in party government, and in the management of party, has flourished and abounded under the Presidency of General Grant. In the North the state of things has been bad enough; but in the South corruption, supported by party bayonets, has ridden rampant, and there has been an orgy of misrule from Richmond to New Orleans. In the South, General Grant has also lent himself to sabre-sway, the love of which, whatever his violent opponents may say, is not in his character, and to which he has shown no tendency elsewhere. The movement in favour of civil service reform, earnestly supported by all true friends of the country, has been dallied with, baffled, and put off to a more convenient season. As to statesmanship, if little was expected of General Grant, he has shown less than that little. In politics he is simply a man out of his sphere, and without any of the power and versatility which sometimes enable men of genius promptly to adapt themselves to spheres different from their own. His messages have not been merely

devoid of any kind of ability, however rough, however redolent of the camp; they have been tissues of absolute platitudes. The stupid insult which he levelled against Canada was probably dictated by intriguers at his elbow; but the economical lucubrations in which he serenely airs his ignorance of the first rudiments of the subject, must be regarded as entirely his own. With the reduction of the debt he has had as much to do as with the Precession of the Equinoxes: it went on just as well under his predecessor Johnson, "the greatest criminal of the age." His annexationist propensities, which, if any weight was to be attached to the boasting of his confidential friends, were at first very extensive in their range, have shrunk to the acquisition of St. Domingo, with regard to which he has displayed some of his old military obstinacy, but has been baffled by the good sense of the nation, which resisted the incorporation into a body politic, already too heterogeneous, of a horde of black barbarians, managed, as they inevitably would be, by carpet-baggers. In his eagerness to compass the annexation, he committed what was probably a breach of the constitution, though without any intention of usurpation. The strongest point in General Grant's record is the Treaty of Washington, which, however, was saved not by him and his advisers, but in spite of them. His manners are simple, modest, and suitable to the chief of a Republic; but his lack of statesmanship is redeemed by no personal dignity, his love of horses is rather too prominent, and the notorious incidents of his early life have left clinging to him, perhaps unjustly, the odour of habits which the moral sentiment of the people will not tolerate in the head of the nation. As the lesser of two evils he will receive the votes of a large number of worthy citizens: but otherwise it may be doubted whether there is a single honest, sensible and independent man, who sincerely desires the re-election of President Grant.

His defeat would have been certain had his opponent been Mr. Adams. But his opponent, thanks to the diabolical skill of the wirepullers, is not Mr. Adams, but Horace Greeley, a man whose nomination for the Presidency would have been regarded as an impossibility till it took place, and when it took place was at first hardly received as serious. Horace Greeley is the most grotesque and obtrusive specimen of "the self-made man." He appeals to the people in an old white coat, an old white hat, his pants tucked into his boots, and his neckcloth tied under his ear, with manners to correspond. His origin is as available popular as that of Abraham Lincoln. His savage protectionism is supposed to have arisen partly from a notion that, in his boyhood, the privations of his humble home were aggravated by free trade legislation. He affects the farmer and the rural sage; and the vast circulation of his journal in the country districts is due to his great command of the sort of wisdom and moral sentiment which suit the bucolic taste. It is just to add that when he is at his best he writes a good, racy, English style. He enjoys the reputation of being very crotchety but very honest. That he is very crotchety is certain. Every one of the long train of American chimeras, political, social, economical and sanitary, he has taken up in its turn; and it has been observed that he must not only ride his hobby-horse but ride it alone: when any one else gets up he immediately gets down. The question as to his honesty is more complicated. He would not steal: he is careless of money even to a foolish extent. No doubt he has genuine though unsteady sympathies and antipathies, and is so far superior to the mere political hack. But there is no more unscrupulous partizan, no more unscrupulous enemy; and in point of veracity his journal is by no means above its New York peers. In slandering England it perhaps bears away the palm. In New York State politics Mr.

Greeley is connected with bad men; and the same bad men "engineered" his nomination at Cincinnati. Viewing his past course in the light of his present candidature, it is hard to believe that his coquettings with the South, and his signing of Jeff Davis' bail bond, were the simple results of his goodness of heart without any ulterior object; or that his flirtation with Fenianism arose from a disinterested sympathy with the Irish cause. His ardent advocacy of the single term principle is suggestive of a similar remark. In fact the finding after many days of the bread which he thus cast upon the waters is the most hopeful sign of his political sagacity. The confidence of his party he has never been able to obtain: often they have been on the brink of nominating him for office, but at the last moment they have always shrunk from doing it. His vanity is extreme and easily played upon by designing men. He would no doubt go into office a reformer; but the end which he had "rough hewn" would be "shaped" by the men who have him in their hands, and whose aim is not reform. As an administrator he is probably in no way superior to Grant, or superior to him only as eccentricity is superior to dullness: to Grant's power of blundering there is a limit fixed by his want of imagination, to Greeley's there would be none. There are those indeed who think that the Presidency would be as fatal to the rural sage of Chippaqua as it was to the hard-cider-drinking hero of Tippecanoe. Greeley's one really strong point is that he would be inclined by his humanity, as well as bound by his present connections, to "shake hands across the bloody chasm," and put an end to the military and carpet-bagging tyranny at the South. Other qualifications for the great and perilous trust for which he is a candidate, he has none.

The Greeleyite movement may be said to consist of four elements, in part connected with each other, in part merely concurrent, and indeed as strangely brought together as

any "fortuitous concourse of atoms" in political history.

In the first place there is a schism in the Republican party such as generally occurs when the victors, swollen in number by all the waiters on fortune, come to divide the spoils. Indignation against abuses is of course the pretext of the schismatics, but inadequate requital of their personal services is the real cause. The schism first openly broke out in the State of New York, where two sub-factions, one led by Senator Fenton, Greeley's not immaculate friend, and the other led by Senator Conkling, struggle for the local leadership of the party and the disposal of its local patronage with a fury at least as intense as that with which Republicans and Democrats struggle for the leadership and patronage of the nation. But it has spread to all parts of the Union. In Pennsylvania, the most corrupt State after New York, Simon Cameron and Col. Forney, lately twin pillars of the Grant Administration, seem, with their followings, to have fallen out over a prize of which it may be said that both are equally worthy. With this element of the movement rather than with any other, we must identify Mr. Sumner, though his grief is not disappointed cupidity, but mortified self-esteem. If his motives are less coarse than those of Fenton and Forney, his position is scarcely more respectable than theirs; for, with the malignant philanthropy characteristic of him, he was one of the main instigators of that cruel and tyrannical policy at the South which it is the best object of the Greeleyite movement to overthrow. That the nominee of the Baltimore Convention is the real champion of negrophilism is a belief too extravagant to be sincerely entertained even by the distorted fancy which engendered the Indirect Claims.

Secondly, there is a genuine movement in favour of administrative reform, principally among the best men of the Republican party, who were goaded to revolt by the hopeless

jobbery and corruption of the Grant Administration. Foremost among these reformers, foremost perhaps among American statesmen, is Carl Schurz, the worthy representative of the German element, in which, since the commercial morality of the native American has so deeply infected his politics, seems to reside the best remaining hope of national redemption. The reform party went to Cincinnati probably to nominate Mr. Adams, Carl Schurz himself being ineligible as a foreigner by birth; but the Greeley Ring got the Convention into its hands. Schurz was so overwhelmed by the result that he forgot to perform the duty, which fell to him as President of the Convention, of reporting the nomination. Could the honest minority, which had been thus jockeyed, have repudiated the decision and nominated Mr. Adams, there would still have been a fair chance of success; but the vote of the Convention was regarded as binding. Carl Schurz has taken the stump for Greeley: with an aching heart no doubt; but he evidently regards Grant and his satellites with cordial detestation; and probably deems it best for the country to break up the present system at whatever cost. On the other hand the *New York Nation*, the editor of which was one of the Cincinnati Reformers, has reluctantly gone back to Grant.

Thirdly, there is a reaction against centralization. An increase of the powers of the Central Government was inevitable during the civil war; but the victorious party, or a large section of it, aims at perpetuating centralization in its own interest. The aspirations of the extreme unionists are disclosed in a book called "*The Nation*," which is understood to have found great favour with Mr. Sumner and others of that school. The author of this book preaches the divine right of the Nation as fanatically as any sycophant of the Stuarts ever preached the divine right of Kings, and in the name of his theory proposes, on highly transcendental grounds, but with very practical

objects, to extinguish State rights, cancel the authority of their guardian, the Supreme Court, and reduce everything beneath the absolute sway of the Government and Legislature of Washington. Nothing more subversive of true liberty, of independent self-development, and with them, of genuine progress, is to be found in the Leviathan of Hobbes. If the tone of the book, instinct with unctuous malignity and hypocritical ambition, is in any degree shared by the party to which the book is addressed, a reaction of sentiment may well be combined with the reaction of conviction. In combating such Unionism as this, the Democratic party is fighting for its ancient principles though with strange confederates at its side ; for it was originally the party of State Right, on which Slavery afterwards fastened itself, and by its parasitic growth overshadowed and almost killed the standard tree. Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, was a declared enemy of Slavery, while he was the champion of State Right as well as an adherent of the sound doctrine that, under republican institutions, the least delegation of power is the best, and the greatest security for the integrity of the delegate is the immediate supervision of his constituents. Rid of slavery, the Democratic party is doing its "first works," far better works than those which it did as the subordinate ally of the slaveowning oligarchy of the South.

The fourth element, the most important, and the one which appeals most to the interests and sympathies of humanity at large, is a political insurrection of the South against the tyranny of Grant and his Carpet-baggers, as to the scandalous character of which there appears to be no room for doubt. The Carpet-baggers, vultures who descended upon the conquered nation in the wake of the victorious armies, have acted as the emissaries and satraps of the party installed at Washington, which has lent them the support of the Federal bayonets, while they have secured to the party the congressional

votes of the Southern States. Their reign has been one of profligate corruption. The State debts and taxes have been increased to an astounding extent, partly to enrich the carpet-baggers and their satellites, partly to supply the means of political corruption.\* While bayonets have formed the chief support of the system, a semblance of elective authority has been sought in the votes of the negroes, who are of course the merest tools in the hands of their crafty managers. Ignorant blacks and unworthy whites have been thrust into all the offices, even those of the judiciary. The bench of justice in the Supreme Court of South Carolina was occupied by a Carpet-bagger, a Negro, and a Jew. Political amnesty, though demanded by the general good sense of the people, was put off till it could be put off no longer, and was then conceded only in stinted measure. The South has, in short, not been ruled in the interest of the nation, with a view to reconciliation and the restoration of prosperity, but "run" in the interest of a party ; and in the process a greater justification has been given to the Southerners for rebellion than ever was given to the Colonists by George III. How far the Ku-Klux outrages in the South would have warranted exceptional measures, such as those for which Whiteboyism and Fenianism have called in Ireland, it is difficult to say ; that there has been outrage, and grave outrage, is undeniable ; but the number and atrocity of the cases always increased when capital was needed at the North for a campaign. It is certain, however, that Ku-Klux outrage could in no way justify Carpet-bagging corruption and misrule ; and equally certain that the feud between the whites and blacks, which gave birth to Ku-Kluxism, was not likely to be allayed by doing injustice to the whites. In fact the reconciliation of the races has probably been indefinitely delayed by thus making the lower race agents in the oppres-

\* The State debt of Louisiana has been increased \$45,000,000 in three years.

sion and humiliation of the higher. No excuse for this policy can be found in the circumstances of Secession. For the curse of Slavery, and the other curses attendant on it, including Secession and the Civil War, not the South alone was responsible, but the whole Union, which, for a political object common both to North and South, had made Slavery a part of the Constitution. The special growth and predominance of Slavery in the Southern part of the country was an accident of climate, not the crime of the Southern people. After the division of the Union into two nations, which had been so long foreseen and so repeatedly predicted, as a consequence of the social antagonism which slavery produced, the Northern nation conquered the Southern nation and forcibly re-annexed it, scarcely in accordance with the principle that government rests on the consent of the governed, but in strict accordance with the laws of war. Those laws also warranted in the case of the conquered South, as in the case of Alsace and Lorraine, military rule, till all resistance was completely quenched; but they did not warrant party tyranny such as the Carpet-baggers have carried on. General Grant's name is the symbol of conquest and of the conqueror's sway. This is his claim to the allegiance of the party which refuses to "shake hands across the bloody chasm." His campaign portraits are adorned with the titles of his victories over the South; a proof, by the way, that in its real character the war was international rather than civil, and that the position of the South is, in fact, that of a conquered nation; for Cromwell, when at the head of the whole nation, did not talk to his parliaments about Naseby, and Napoleon always strove to bury the memory of his participation in civil war. Greeley's record in this respect is chequered; he has had alternating fits of humanity and party violence. But there can be no doubt that if he is elected by Democratic votes, military and

Carpet-bagging rule at the South will fall, and the Southerners would be insane if they failed as one man to support him against Grant; that is if they mean to act again with Northern parties, and to vote for Northern candidates at all. If we feel disposed to sympathize with the South in its effort to recover political liberty, Slavery need not stand in our way. It is dead and buried. Were the South to become independent and self-governed to-morrow, slavery would never be revived again.

What the result will be no one can at present pretend to say. As matters now stand, Greeley must have a majority on his side. That the split in the Republican party is large the course taken by the *Springfield Republican* and the *Chicago Tribune* is sufficient to prove; but we know this by more direct observation. The accession of the *Chicago Tribune* also indicates that the Free Trade Reformers of the West are satisfied with Greeley's promise of legislative neutrality on the Tariff question. The Democratic party has been greatly weakened by the effects of the civil war, which not only cut off its Southern wing, but divided the Northern wing and weakened it by desertion. Still it can bring a powerful contingent into the field, and the mass of the party seems to hold pretty well together in favour of the nominee of the Baltimore Convention; though there has been some bolting, owing a good deal to the conduct of the *New York World*, the cleverest and the most calamitous organ ever possessed by any political party, in labouring to render intolerably nauseous a nomination which it was evident, from the prompt adhesion of the South, would have to be swallowed after all. The Irish will vote for the name "Democratic," as in their mother country they used to vote or fight for "Two year old" and "Shanavest." Greeley will probably, through his journal, carry a good many of the farmers of the North, though some of them have never forgiven him for signing Jeff. Davis' bail.

bond. Of the whites at the South he would make a pretty clean sweep if their vote were free; and he will carry the great majority of them as it is. The blacks will probably adhere to the Carpet-baggers and Grant, notwithstanding the siren strains of Mr. Sumner, which indeed are counteracted by the utterances of other leading friends of the negro, who also differed from Mr. Sumner on the question of St. Domingo. In the press Greeley is decidedly stronger than his rival; and it is singular, and rather ominous for Grant, that his principal organ is one conducted by a British Bohemian, formerly the correspondent of the *London Times* and an assailant of American institutions. On the other hand it is not easy to believe that a coalition, so suddenly formed and so heterogeneous—a coalition of ultra-Republicans and ultra-Democrats, of ex-slave-owners and Negrophilists, of Free Traders and Protectionists, of Civil Service Reformers and Irish legionaries of the New York Ring—a coalition of men whose hands were but yesterday on each other's throats, the echoes of whose mutual vituperation have hardly died away, the ink of whose mutual libels is scarcely dry—can stand the strain of a three months' campaign in face of an enemy assiduously labouring to break it up, and under the fatal necessity of carrying on a constant discussion, by which all its divergences and contraries will be kept constantly in view. The candidate himself is not exactly the man to ride four horses at a time: his public life hitherto has been a series of escapades, and his managers can scarcely guard against a continuance of the series by any precautionary measure less stringent than that of keeping him locked up during the campaign. His organ, too, to maintain its circulation and his income, must go on writing in a Republican sense and estranging Democratic allies; nor will his formal retirement from connection with it pending the election do much to relieve him practically from this inconvenience. Grant's

party, though reduced in numbers, is homogenous and compact. He has throughout the Union a vast army of office-holders whose official lives are bound up with his, and who will fight for him with the unity of perfect discipline and with the energy of despair. His means of corruption and coercion, especially at the South, are immense, and probably have already triumphed in the North Carolina election. As the campaign goes on, and the Republican and Democratic banners are again seen facing each other in the field, many Republican deserters will probably straggle back to their old camp. Wall Street, the influence of which in politics has greatly increased of late, will be apt to shrink from an unsettlement, especially an unsettlement which would launch the ship on an unknown sea with Horace Greeley for commander. This feeling will probably be enhanced by the political maniacs of all kinds, who seem disposed to take the stump for Greeley and the "beneficent revolution." On the other hand some, as little addicted as Wall Street either to beneficence or revolutions, will seriously reflect on the danger of driving the South to extremity by the re-election of its hated oppressor. Mr. Gratz Brown was deemed a strong candidate for the Vice-Presidency; but it seems that he has been damaging the ticket by an offence against public manners. We advise our readers not to bet on the Presidential election; but if they do, we advise them to bet on Grant.

In any event let no false moral be drawn from this exhibition. It is not elective government that is in fault. If Mr. Adams, or any man equally worthy of national respect and confidence, could at this moment be presented to the suffrages of the American people, he would infallibly be elected. What prevents Mr. Adams, or any man like him, from being presented to the American people, is the machinery of party, which always has been, is, and always will

be, in the hands of men whose interests are widely different from those of the nation.

In the meantime we, in Canada, have had what nearly corresponds in our case to the Presidential election, being virtually the election of our Prime Minister, and entails no small measure of the same evils. Man paints himself as the creature of reason, and the lower animals as the creatures of habit. Perhaps, if the lower animals were the artists, the picture might not be so favourable to man. In the Middle Ages, when the King, not the Prime Minister or the Parliament, was the real ruler and lawgiver of the nation, a King of England summoned deputies from all the counties and boroughs of his dominion at once, by a general election, to grant him supplies and confer with him about the affairs of the nation. He might do so with impunity, since the government remained all the time undisturbed in his own person. But because he did so we, when all is changed, when the Prime Minister and the Parliament have become the real rulers, stick to the custom of general elections, instead of elections by instalments, and put up the government of the country periodically as the prize of a grand faction fight, inflicting on the community, by the process, a considerable portion of the moral evils of a civil war.

Not only so, but because in past ages, when accuracy in taking the votes was of little consequence, elections were held after a rough fashion by show of hands in the shire or borough court, we religiously retain, in addition to the modern polling, this old form of election, under the name of a nomination, to the great encouragement of rowdyism and the great detriment of public manners. Ingenious defences are always invented for every time-honoured absurdity; and in England it used to be said that the show of hands on the nomination day was the consolation of the unenfranchised masses; but we have no unenfranchised masses here.

So again with regard to the issuing of the writs and the appointment of the election days. It was quite safe to leave all this in the hands of a King who had no object in playing tricks. But it is not so safe to leave it in the hands of a party leader, who has an object in playing tricks, and who does it with a vengeance. The appointment of election days ought not to be left to the arbitrary discretion of an electioneering government: it ought to be regulated by law. It would be well if, at the same time, the redivision of election districts could be controlled by some general enactment or committed to some neutral tribunal, instead of being "gerrymandered" as it is by the party leader and the party majority of the day.

No national character, however strong, can withstand the maddening and degrading influences of these great faction fights. In election amenities, we may flatter ourselves that we have faithfully reproduced the East-swallows of our father-land. Language has been bandied on all sides which, if we had read it in Dickens, would have seemed too broad a caricature; and the most infamous charges against personal character have been mingled with the utmost fury of political invective. We might easily cull, in proof of our statement, a whole bouquet of these flowers of electioneering rhetoric, if their beauty and fragrance would not be too overpowering. And let us say that, in looking for them we should not go to the country press, in which they are commonly supposed most to abound. It is comforting to see that the country press of Canada maintains a tone on the whole at least as high as that of its city rivals. If it can also maintain its independence of party tyranny, and its loyalty to those great interests of the community, which are the last things considered by party leaders and their devoted organs, it may prove itself, in the times that are coming, the political sheet anchor of the country.

A few months ago a new daily journal of

first class character made its appearance, with professions of a less narrow partisanship and a higher tone. In point of literary ability and general management, this journal has proved a great accession to our press. But in point of partisanship it runs in the old groove. It was folly to expect any thing else. Largeness of mind, comprehensiveness of view, justice and courtesy to opponents, would be treason to the party. And yet, even for the purposes of party, calmness and sobriety of language are more effective than unmeasured denunciation.

Unfortunately we did not confine ourselves to a wordy war. Other things occurred which made people cry out "what will they say of us in England?" It would be better perhaps, if we thought less of British opinion, which is not very intelligent so far as our affairs are concerned, and more of our own self-respect. No nation can be disgraced by the acts of individuals, unless it chooses to accept the disgrace. Nor was it necessary, in seeking precedents for that which no precedent could defend, to cross the Atlantic and ransack the archives of British history. There are treasures of that kind in abundance nearer home. "Political discussions at Springfield," says an American biographer, "were apt to run into heated, and sometimes unseemly, personal controversies. When Douglas and Stuart were candidates for Congress in 1838, they fought like tigers in Hovendon's grocery, over a floor that was drenched with slops, and gave up the struggle only when both were exhausted. Then, as a further entertainment to the populace, Mr. Stuart ordered out a barrel of whiskey."

It is commonly said, that as soon as the contest is over, public feeling calms down and all the bad effects pass away. This, unfortunately, is very far from being the case. Mean and malignant passions can no more be excited with impunity in the case of a nation than in that of a man. National character is lowered, public life is degraded,

sectional animosities are inflamed, the love of our common country is impaired, sneaks and ruffians are encouraged, men of honour are deterred from going into public life.

The parting address of Mr. Harrison, of course, afforded a butt for the arrows of small wit. Yet amidst the torrent of electioneering trash it was perhaps the one thing worthy of a moment's remembrance. We shall find that it is necessary to make public life tolerable to sense and self-respect, or to pay for their exclusion.

It would hardly be fair to set down the lamentable occurrences at Quebec among the normal effects of a general election. They were an effect of the antagonism of race. But general elections stir up and bring to a head all the vicious humours of the body politic, of whatever kind they may be.

The recklessness of the public good, common to all party leaders at the moment of a party conflict, was displayed in a feature of this contest, which was noticed by a writer in these columns before, and which assumed an aggravated form as the contest went on—the attempt to make political capital out of an industrial war between employers and workmen. The unpatriotic character of the proceeding was specially marked by the fact that the industrial war in this instance had been set on foot by an emissary from a foreign country, with whom the trusted guardians of Canadian interests found themselves virtually combining. An amendment of the Law respecting Strikes was very necessary; but the electioneering policy to which we advert was quite a different thing from an amendment of the law. Workingmen are terribly mistaken if they fancy that the great cause of justice to labour can be advanced by connecting it with the manoeuvres of electioneering factions. The result is that they make one party their sincere and lasting enemies, and the other their hollow and transient friends. When they have served the turn of the wire-puller they are contemptuously thrown aside.



Independently of the allegations of bribery which parties always hurl at each other, there seems real reason to fear that, under cover of the unreformed Election Law, a good deal of money has been spent, and that constituencies have been corrupted which were pure before. In truth, the effects of bribery at elections upon the character of our people, even upon that of very respectable classes, becomes a cause for serious alarm.

And this barbarous and senseless party war, with all its demoralizing consequences, is, we are told, the only mode in which political questions can ever be solved, or political progress carried on. It is destined to endure for ever, in spite of the growing influence of reason in human affairs generally, and the increasing ascendancy of the scientific spirit, not only among the highly educated, but among all who are in any way reached by the ideas of the times. You must be a "doctrinaire" if you think otherwise. In England the other day, in a wrangle about the site of a barrack, all other terms of abuse, even "parallelepiped," having been exhausted, one of the combatants called the other "a doctrinaire." Is it doctrinairism to say that the proof of the pudding lies in the eating? Can the party system be final perfection when, according to the very writers and speakers who most vehemently support it, it has saddled the country with a government of jobbery and corruption?

It has been interesting to watch the efforts of each party to decide what its principles were, and embody them in an attractive name. On the Government side this was rather superfluous. The *Ins* always have a principle which everybody can understand, and which is sure to excite the enthusiasm of their friends. A name, however, may still be, if not necessary, at least convenient. "Tory" is discarded as unsavoury here, at the moment when, curiously enough, it is being revived by the party in the mother country, and put forward as the symbol of a highly strategical alliance between the

aristocracy and the working men. Even "Conservative" seems to be too reactionary for the new world, unless qualified by the deodorizing prefix "Liberal." A "Liberal Conservative" who could realize the idea conveyed by his name, might boast that he was dancing on the very tightest and slenderest rope ever occupied by any political acrobat in history. The title finally adopted, however, was "The Party of Union and Progress." Union and Progress are comprehensive terms. Who are the parties to the union, and what are their ends? Is the progress over a surveyed or over an unsurveyed route? Sir James Brooke, in colonizing Borneo, encountered a piratical fleet manned by native Dyaks, and commanded by Malays. The Dyaks were simple, religious people, who collected heads as offerings to their gods; the Malays were astute adventurers, who collected booty for themselves. Union and progress of a certain kind were the result.

On the side of the Opposition the theory was promulgated, on the highest authority, that the political world is eternally divided between two antagonistic principles, that of Reform and that of Anti-Reform, like the two mundane principles of light and darkness in the Manichean philosophy, and that our political existence depends on the everlasting struggle of these principles for place. An almost Athanasian subtlety of intellect is required to discern this essential duality beneath the apparent unity of the Macdonald-Brown administration of 1864, especially as the leading Reformer in that administration advocated the appointment of a nominative Senate. We are the victims of the idols of our cave, and regard as necessary and universal a state of things which here is but the unreflecting imitation of the habits of the mother country, and in the mother country herself is of comparatively recent date, and the mere offspring of historical accident. It is not more certain that to-morrow's night will give place to the

succeeding day, than it is that, with the growth of popular intelligence, the party principle will give place to the national principle in government.

But the party system exists, and while it exists it will be absolutely essential to the purity of government and the preservation of real liberty that we should have a strong Opposition. In the last Dominion Parliament the Opposition was so weak, especially after its great defeat on the Treaty, that it was incompetent to perform its constitutional functions, and the Ministers were left practically without a check. They might have legislated the hat off your head if they had chosen, and they did choose to do some very objectionable, or at least some very questionable, things. That they intend to make any bad use of the powers which they voted themselves in regard to the Pacific Railway Contract, it would be unjust to insinuate, or even to suspect, before anything wrong has been done; but it may safely be said that a Government which has obtained possession of such powers needs to be watched and controlled in its proceedings, if ever a government did. Seldom, perhaps, has a more serious peril threatened the independence of any legislature, or the political character of any nation.

The creation of votes for the unpeopled lands of Manitoba and Columbia, the refusal of the constitutional guarantees against the abuse of the secret service money and retention of the unreformed election law, were also undeniably questions of the most serious character, both in themselves and as indications of the tendency of the Government.

Looking at the matter from a national point of view, therefore, we must rejoice that the Opposition has gained strength. It might have gained more if it had inscribed definite issues, such as that of the Pacific

Railway Contract, more clearly on its banners, talking less about general party creeds and party histories, and if it had not given the contest so much the air of a personal and vindictive conflict with the Prime Minister—an error of which he knows well how to take advantage in his appeal to the sympathies of the people. But it has gained, and the Government will no longer be uncontrolled in the exercise of power.

Those who look solely to the broad interests of the country will also rejoice at the election of some half dozen members belonging more or less to the class "Independent." Of course these members will not be able to act as if they were in a political vacuum; they will be obliged to fall more or less into party associations. But if they can preserve their independence of mind, and keep country above party in their allegiance, they may, in certain cases, render services which would entitle them to the gratitude of the country. Nor would they or any patriotic members of the legislature lack popular support in contending against the vices of government. The great advantage which we have over the people of the United States lies not so much in the superior purity of our Government as in the superior power of resistance to corrupt influences among the people. A Hampden is now scarcely possible in the United States, but a Hampden is still possible here. What we may think with regard to the special issues of the late election, we must own that the independent yeomanry of Canada have shown themselves worthy representatives of those old English yeomen who in former days were the sinews of British freedom; and we may feel assured that the cause of constitutional liberty here has a body of defenders who will not quail before any government, however great may be the means influence in its hands.

## SELECTIONS.

## MATHEWS—THE COMEDIAN.\*

(From Julian Young's Diary.)

DURING Mathew's visit to us at the end of October, 1833, one of the sons of the nobleman (at whose gate, almost, we lived) dined with us; and having an acute sense of fun, and thoroughly appreciating our guest's wit and humour, and learning from us that the star of his genius always began to rise when that of ordinary mortals set (viz. at bed-time), he used every night after to drop in about eleven o'clock, for the pleasure of enjoying our visitor's incomparable society. These *Noctes Amportianæ*, delightful as they were, and temperately as they were conducted (for potations were not required by way of stimulus), were very trying to me; for, about a week after our little party had broken up, the late hours to which I had been exposed, and the excess of laughter in which I had indulged, told upon me, and I fell ill. The night before Mathews left Amport, he told us that he was going to Oxford the next day to give two or three entertainments; and he implored my wife and myself so urgently to accompany him, that, in compassion to his anticipated dejection, we consented. As we were only some twenty-five miles from Oxford, I undertook to drive him there in my phaeton. When the noble lord already alluded to found that my wife and myself were going to Oxford with Mathews, he begged permission to accompany us. As I had one vacant seat, I was only too glad to have so agreeable an addition to our party; and on the following morning we set off. From nine in the morning till six in the evening it poured with rain incessantly. Mathews sat in front with me; Mrs. Young and her noble companion behind. We started about twelve o'clock, and baited two hours on the road. Mathews besought me to get him into Oxford by six p.m., as he was engaged to meet a large party at the Rev. Mr. Rose's, of Lincoln College, at seven. It was a curious fact, and

one so far justifying Mathews' theory of his invariable ill-luck, that, though Lord F. P— had merely a dreadnought on, my wife her ordinary cloak, and I a common greatcoat, Mathews, who was enveloped in waterproof wraps in addition to a greatcoat and cloak, was the only one of the party who was soaked through and through. Fearing that, on his arrival, he might be hurried, and in order to save himself the trouble of unpacking his portmanteau in undue haste, he had taken the precaution of wrapping up the clothes he would require for dinner in two towels. Boundless, therefore, was his disgust on unpinning his packet, which had lain at our feet, protected, as we thought, alike from wind and rain by the thick leathern apron over our knees, to discover that his dress coat and kerseymere pantaloons were saturated with wet, and that the pattern of his sprigged velvet vest had been transferred to his shirt-front. When, therefore, he entered our sitting-room at the Star Hotel, and observed the table laid for dinner, the clean cloth, the neatly-folded napkins, the glittering glass, and the blazing fire, he could not help contrasting our cosy condition with his own dragged plight, and began to reflect gloomily on the length of time his clothes would take to dry, and on the several disadvantages under which he would have to make his rapid toilet; till at last he vowed that 'Mr. Rose might go to Jericho, and all the heads of houses be drowned in the Red Sea, before he would desert us.' It was in vain that we expostulated with him on the indecency of such behaviour; in vain we depicted the cruel disappointment he would inflict on a gentleman who had paid him the compliment of asking the Vice-Chancellor and other men of University distinction to meet him. In vain we appealed to his self-interest, telling him that he would, by his rudeness, estrange his friend, and convert a patron into an enemy. The more we urged him to consider what he owed to others, the more obstinately he vowed he would not

\* From "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young," Tragedian, with extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young, A.M. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

ctimize himself for the sake of acquiring a reputation for good manners. Dine with us he could.

As we were enjoying, with keen relish, our salmon and cucumber, the waiter entered, and thus addressed the culprit:—'Please, Sir, here's messenger from Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, to say that his dinner is waiting for you.' 'My kind compliments to Mr. Rose, of Lincoln,' was his rejoinder; 'I am sorry I cannot dine with him, but I am obliged to share the fortunes of three friends who have been nearly drowned. I dine with them. Tell him I have not a dry rag to cover my nakedness with, and that we are all now steaming before the fire preparatory to going to bed to nurse.'

Every instant I sat in fear and trembling that we should either see the much-wronged gentleman *in propria persona*, or have to receive a deputation from him, or else an angry note; but fortunately our threatening evening passed off without a storm; and as, after our meal, we drew together round the fire, and Mathews sipped his negus and lolled back in his armchair, his spirits rose, and 'Richard was himself again.'

He had an inveterate propensity to keep late hours; and was given to lie in bed till midday as a consequence. If he were disturbed earlier, he would say he had been woken in the middle of the night. It was as good as a servant's place as worth if she called him before twelve o'clock. Knowing all this, it was greatly to the diversion of Lord F. P——, Mrs. Young, and myself, that, the morning after our arrival, one of the waiters told us there was a messenger from Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, waiting in the hall to see Mathews. We desired him to be shown in, and then, pointing to Mathews' bedroom, which was on the same floor with our sitting-room, and well within our view, we advised him to rap at his door and give him the note with which he was entrusted. In the spirit of mischief, and longing for a scene, we three enfiladed ourselves behind our own door, impatient to witness the result. The messenger at once tapped humbly and hesitatingly. No answer. A second rap, and then a third, waxing louder each time. As the patience of the messenger was giving way, a strange figure, clad in a long night-shirt, with an extinguisher cotton cap on his head, and irrepressible fury in

his visage, emerged from the room, and, with clenched fist, asked his visitor—'If he was weary of life?—if he desired to be ruthlessly murdered?' &c., &c. 'No, Sir.' 'Then how dare you disturb me at this unearthly hour?' (N.B. 9.30 a.m.) He then slammed the door violently to, in a state of wrath implacable, and bolted himself in. Once more the poor 'scout,' in undisguised trepidation, appealed to us for advice as to what he should do next, adding, that his master had enjoined him strictly, on any consideration, to return without an answer. Greedy of more fun still, we insisted on his attending, above everything, to his own master's instructions; and, disregarding Mathews' bluster, again to try his fortune, and not to leave it without receiving the answer required.

With evident misgiving he again crept up to the dreaded bedroom, and after a free and frequent application of his knuckles to the panels of the door, finding he received no reply, he took heart, and hallooed through the key-hole—'I humbly ask your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, says he *must* have an answer.' The hero of my tale, exasperated beyond all bounds by this persecution, once more appeared, in the same questionable attire as before, and, indifferent to the titters of the waiters and chambermaids who were flitting up and down the corridor, and unconscious that his friends were watching him, screamed out—'Confound Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, and all Mr. Rose, of Lincoln's, friends, and all Mr. Rose, of Lincoln's, messengers! Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, *must* have an answer, eh? Then let him get it by law. Does Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, think that I go to bed with a pen in my mouth, and ink in my ear, that I may be ready to answer, instantly, any note, Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, may choose to write to me?'

I forget whether we remained at Oxford more than two nights; but, having first ascertained that he made matters straight with Mr. Rose, we left with easy conscience. He did not return to Amport with us, but followed afterwards, in a day or two. After sleeping a night with us, he asked me if I would go with him to Salisbury on the morrow, where he was due for one night's entertainment. It was on our road across Salisbury Plain that the accident befell us which is told in Mrs. Mathews' memoirs of her husband. I never was more surprised than

at reading, in the *Morning Chronicle*, two or three days afterwards, the particulars of our adventure. It seems that Mr. Hill, the original from whom John Poole took his *Paul Pry*, was sitting with Mrs. Mathews in Great Russell Street, when a letter from her husband was put into her hand. She begged permission to read it, and as, in doing so, she could not suppress a few ejaculations of surprise, he begged he might hear it. She was quite willing to gratify him, and, at his request, gave him permission to take it home and show it to his wife. On that understanding he was allowed to take it; but, instead of taking it home, he took it to the printer of the paper with which he was connected, and inserted it in its columns. As many may never have read it, I shall presume to give my own version of the accident, which is much fuller in its details than the one given in Mrs. Mathews' Life of her husband.

Before he left our house, I had promised Mathews, who could not bear being alone, to drive him to Salisbury, and keep him company while there. The distance from Amport to Andover was five miles; from Andover to Salisbury, by the road, eighteen; but across the intervening Plain, fully three miles shorter. Now although, under the pilotage of Lord W. and Lord George P——, I had ridden that way two or three times, I had never driven it. To the rider nothing could be more delightful than the long unbroken surface of untrodden turf; though the tameness of the surrounding scenery, and the absence of landmarks to steer by, made the route rather a difficult one to find. Before starting, I had serious misgivings that the frequent intersection of deep waggon-ruts, of the existence of which I was quite aware, might put my charioteering powers to a severe test; but the prospect of a 'short cut' was a temptation not to be withstood. For the first two or three miles we got on capitally; but afterwards encountered such a succession of formidable inequalities in the ground, that Mathews got nervous, and my horses became excited. Out of consideration for his hip-joint, I advised him to alight and walk a few yards, till we had passed over the roughest part. This he was only too glad to do; while I, throwing the reins over the splashboard, went to the horses' heads, and, by voice and hand, endeavoured to coax them gently over the uneven ground. However, in descending a sharp dip

in the ground, which was succeeded by a rise as sudden, the pole sprung up, hit me a violent blow under the chin, and sent me spinning to the ground. On recovering my footing, I saw my carriage jolting and bumping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, rendering any hope of my overtaking it, for a long time to come, an apparent impossibility. In utter dismay, I appealed to my friend for advice, but found him all but paralysed, and incapable of giving it. 'Good heavens, Julian!' he cried out, 'in that bag of mine are, not merely all my clothes, but three hundred sovereigns in gold, the fruit of four "At Homes," and all that I have written of my Autobiography. Run! Run!'

It was easy for him to say 'Run,' but not so easy for me to do so; for, owing to the extraordinary velocity with which the panic-stricken animals had darted off, and the undulation of the land over which they had passed, they were lost to sight in no time.

The foremost difficulty which suggested itself to me was how, even if I recovered my carriage and horses, I was to find my disconsolate companion again; for, in consequence of the complete circumnavigation of the hill which the runaways had probably made, I knew I should find myself, before long, in a *terra incognita*. As Mathews could not walk, I pointed to some miserable furze bushes, and told him to lie down under them, and not to stir till he saw me again. He squatted down most submissively; while, in attestation of my good faith, and, at the same time, that I might run the easier, disencumbered myself of my great coat, hung to him, and left it in pawn till I should return and redeem it. Away I darted, and ran and ran till I could run no more: and I was about to fling myself on the grass to regain my wind, and rest awhile, when I beheld in the distance, four carriage-wheels in the air, and a pair of greys, detached from the vehicle, standing side by side as if in one stall, trembling in every limb, sweating from every pore, and yet making no attempt to stir. I felt re-nerved at this sight, pursued my object, went up to my truant steeds, and captured them without any show of resistance on their part. They were thoroughly blown. They had been seen by a band of gipsies, who camped hard by, to charge a precipitous embankment which separated the Plain from the high road; but unable, from exhaustion, to surmount it, they thought better of it, turned

round, and, dashing down again into the valley, ran with such headlong fury against the stump of a blighted old pollard oak as to upset the phaeton, break the traces, snap the pole in twain, and scatter Mathews' precious treasures far and wide over the ground. My first anxiety was to rejoin their owner as quickly as possible; for it was then half-past three o'clock, and I knew that he had to reach Salisbury, dress, order and eat his dinner, and be on the stage by seven p.m. I went, therefore, up to the gipsies, described how the accident had occurred, told them of the dilemma in which I had left a lame gentleman a mile off, assured them that it was of the greatest importance that he should arrive in Salisbury by five o'clock, and begged them to spare somebody to lead one of the horses, while I rode the other in search of my friend.

Seeing that they had a tent pitched in sight, I told them, with a frankness that most people would have deemed imprudent, that the contents of the carpet-bag confided to their care were very precious to the proprietor, and that, if they would be kind enough to set up the carriage on its wheels, and protect my property, the instant I reached Salisbury I would return in a post-chaise with ropes to take the fractured phaeton in tow, and reward them handsomely for their trouble.

They undertook to carry out my wishes, while I, jumping on one of the horses (with all its traces and trappings, and breeching, and collar, and pad upon him), and followed by my esquire on foot with the other, galloped off to look for him who, I was certain, was for once anything but 'at home' wherever he might be.

In my feverish impatience to overtake my horses, I had forgotten to take notice of the ground I passed over; and as it was in a totally different direction from that I had been used to, it was no easy matter for me to retrace my route. However, whichever way I went, my gipsy aide-de-camp had orders to keep me well in sight. For some twenty minutes, which appeared an hour, I whooped and hallooed at the top of my voice, directing it north, south, east, and west; but neither received answer nor beheld sign of living creature. Turn which way I might, there was nothing before me but a wide expanse of dreary plain. The bray of a jackass, the bark of a watch-dog, the bleating

of a stray sheep, even the quack of a duck, would have been as music in my ears. To contribute to my perplexity, the skies began to assume a leaden and lowering hue, and sleet and flakes of snow to fall. Our stipulated trysting-place, the furze bushes, could nowhere be seen for the projecting brow of table-land on which I was. They were at the base of the hill, and I was on the summit. As I sat bewildered on my horse, with my esquire behind me, I fancied I saw something stirring below me which resembled the fluttering of a corn-crake's wings, though they certainly seemed unusually long and unsteady, and the wind appeared to have extraordinary power over them. I made for the object, and, as I did so, I found, to my ineffable relief, that it was no bird which I had seen, but a white silk handkerchief tied to a stick, and doing duty as a signal of distress. As I drew nearer to it, I saw my lost companion drop on his knees, and raise his hands to heaven in token of thanksgiving. No wonder. Had I not found him, he must have passed the livelong night in utter helplessness and solitude, and perhaps have fallen a victim to hunger, cold, and mental perturbation.

When we met, I found Mathews almost speechless from agitation. He threw his arms around me, and was so extravagantly and comically demonstrative, that, in spite of all my sympathy for him, I could not refrain from laughter. I feared he would be offended with me; but was delighted to ascertain from his published letter that my ill-timed mirth was attributed to an 'hysterical affection.' As soon as I could persuade him to hearken to me, I told him there was not a moment to be lost, that we had three or four miles to go before we could reach the high-road, and that manage, we must, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, to get there in time to catch 'The Light Salisbury' coach, and reach his quarters at the White Hart by five p.m.

On my further telling him that he must get on the horse from which I had dismounted, and that I would lead it for him, he said, 'My dear fellow, I never, in the prime of life, bestrode a bare-backed horse; how then can I do so now, old and crippled as I am?' I said no more; but, making my gipsy follower stand at the horse's head, I went on all-fours by its side, and insisted on his stepping on my back, and holding by

the horse's mane, while I gradually raised myself up, so as to enable him to fling his leg over the animal. It was a weary and an anxious walk for both of us. However, as luck would have it, we had no sooner sighted the chalky road, than I saw my old acquaintance Matcham, driving 'The Light Salisbury' towards us. I gave both my horses to the gipsy to lead leisurely to Salisbury, while I mounted on the outside the coach with my sorely harrassed friend. He was in a most devout frame of mind, thanking God loudly and earnestly for His merciful deliverance from a miserable death, when a Dissenting minister behind him, learning from the coachman who he was, thought it a good opportunity for 'improving the occasion,' and preached to him in such bad taste, and with such utter want of consideration for his feelings, that Mathews, humbled as he was, could not brook it, and told him his mind. 'Until you opened upon me, I never felt more piously disposed in my life; but your harsh and ill-timed diatribe has made me feel quite wickedly. Hold your canting tongue, or you'll find me dangerous, Mr. Mawworm.'

To finish my tale:—As soon as I had seen Mathews comfortably seated at his dinner, I called for a post-chaise, drove to the scene of action, and was rather mortified to find that the gipsy family had not touched the carriage, though I had begged them to set it up again upon its wheels. On remonstrating with them, they very civilly said, 'Why, you see, Sir, if, in moving it, anything had gone wrong with the carriage, owing to some injury you had not detected, or if anything were missing, you'd ha' been sure to suspect the poor gipsies: so, on second thoughts, we considered 'twould be better to leave it—as they leaves a dead body before a hinqest—without moving or touching anything.'

They then turned to with a will, in my presence,—put the carriage on its legs again, helped me to cord it on to the hinder part of the post-chaise, and thrust inside Mathews' carpet-bag and portmanteau, and a few articles for the night which I had put up for myself. I sprang into the chaise, wishing to get back and relieve Mathews' mind about his goods. I drew out my purse, and was going to take out money to give the gipsies, when one of them came up to me and said, 'Are you sure, Sir, that you have

got everything belonging to you?' 'Yes, yes; thank you.' The man smiled, and, by way of answer, thrust into my hand my oilskin sponge-bag, which had fallen out of my hat-box, and which I had overlooked. 'Now, my good fellows,' said I, 'what shall I give you? You deserve something handsome, and you shall have it. Will a couple of sovereigns satisfy you?' 'No, Sir, no!' they all cried out. 'We won't have nothing. You've paid us enough! You've trusted us, gipsies as we are! You've left your property in our keeping, and never cast a suspicious glance at it, when you came back, to see if we had been tampering with it.'

I pressed them over and over again to reconsider their determination, and consider my feelings. 'Well, Sir, we will ask one favour of you. Tell your friends that, whatever your glass and crockery and brush-selling tramps may be, a *real* gipsy *can* be honest.'

Mathews was so struck with the conduct of these people, and so touched by it, that at the next Theatrical Fund dinner he took occasion to allude to it. It was a few days after our adventure that I received the following letter from him, from Exeter, where he was playing.

Exeter, November 15, 1833.

'MY VERY DEAR J. C. Y.—What have I done? Did we not part friends? Did you not promise to write to me? Do you not imagine I am anxious to hear how our adventure ended? and how you were received at home? and if I am forgiven for having allured you from your fireside? Every morning at Weymouth I craned my neck after the postman, but no tidings. There must be some reason for this most cruel and unnatural conduct; and know it I will. I shall not repeat my proposal about justice and honour as to damage. *Verbum sat*. I am still stout upon the point.

'Pray write to me at Plymouth, if not to acknowledge this, yet to say you have received a quarter of mutton and a brace of pheasants, which will be sent from hence by the subscription Exeter coach to Woodward's, Andover, where the coach arrives on Monday morning at five o'clock. It will be franked all the way.

'I am happy to say Charles is arrived safely at home, in high health and spirits, delighted with his trip; lighter in heart and pocket than when he went. My pictures are all warehoused safe under the same roof (Bazaar) where the

were exhibited, which is a comfort to me.

'Weymouth was a poor business; but there were excellent reasons for it. The manager had a crammed, packed, forced house on Monday, and kept my performance on Wednesday a profound secret. An amateur performance for Saturday, for charity, was also hanging over my head. Dorchester, the same receipts as Salisbury. Here £60, the first night. Good box plan for to-night.

'I have now said my say, and more than you deserve. I hope you will be sensible of my benignity.

'The mutton I have sent because they rave about it here. Some call it Oakhampton, some Dartmoor. What's in a name? Kindest regards to dear Mrs. Young and to dear Wynny; and, with a true sincere appreciation of your affectionate attentions to me in calamity, believe me, ever gratefully and sincerely yours,

'C. MATHEWS.'

'Eleven o'clock p.m.—I've kept this open to say I had here, second night, £61 18s; and I suppose, with a presentiment that I might have some addition to my most extraordinary and adventurous life, I had to-night another miraculous escape—the second of the same nature. The drop that was taken up to discover my bed, was half raised, when the windlass broke, and the roller came down with a tremendous impetus, and must have killed me, had not the fall been broken by the top of the bed. It still struck me with such force as to stun me, and the fright made me so faint and sick that there was no expectation of my going through another act. Again have I been providentially preserved and again am I grateful to God. For what am I reserved? Oh, let me not think!'

On the first night of one of his 'At Homes,' when the theatre was packed to the very ceiling, and all his best friends and adherents were there to support him, I witnessed a singular instance of his sensibility to the opinion of others. At the end of the first part of the entertainment, Manners Sutton, the Speaker (afterwards Lord Canterbury), Theodore Hook, Gen. Phipps, and others, went behind the scenes to congratulate him and assure him that, as far as the piece had proceeded, it was an indubitable success. He accepted their compliments rather ungraciously. All they said to buoy him up only seemed the more to

depress him. At first they could not make him out, till he explained himself by blurting out the truth. 'It is all very well, and very kind of you, who wish me success, to tell me the piece is going well: I know better. It ain't "going well" and it can't be "going well"—it must be hanging fire, or that man with the bald head, in the pit, in the front row, could not have been asleep the whole time I have been trying to amuse him!' 'Oh,' said the Speaker, 'perhaps he is drunk' 'No, no! he ain't; I've tried hard to "lay that flattering unction to my soul," but it won't do. I've watched the fellow, and when he opens his eyes, which he does now and then, he looks as sober as a judge, and as severe as one; and then he deliberately closes them, as if he disliked the very sight of me. I tell you all the laughter and applause of the whole house—boxes, pit, and gallery put together—weigh not a feather with me while that "pump" remains dead to my efforts to arouse him.' The call bell rang; all his friends returned to their seats in front, and he to the stage. The second part opened with one of the rapid songs, in the composition of which James Smith, the author, excelled so much, and in the delivery of which no one ever equalled Mathews, except his son, who, in that respect, surpasses him. All the time he was singing it, as he paced from the right wing to the left, one saw his head jerking from side to side, as he moved either way, his eyes always directed to one spot, till, at the end of one of the stanzas, forgetful of the audience, and transported out of himself by the obstinate insensibility of the bald-pate, he fixed his eyes on him as if he were mesmerizing him, and, leaning over the lamps, in the very loudest key, shouted at him 'Bo!' The man, startled, woke up, and observing that the singer looked at him, sang to him, and never took his eyes off him, he became flattered by the personal notice, began to listen, and then to laugh—and laugh, at last, most heartily. From that instant, the actor's spirits rose, for he felt he had converted a stolid country bumpkin into an appreciative listener. After such a triumph, he went home satisfied that his entertainment had been a complete success.

This excessive sensibility to public opinion is not uncommon. The late Sir William Knighton told my uncle, George Young, that if



George the Fourth went to the play, which he rarely did, and heard *one* hiss, though it were drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home miserable, and would lie awake all night, thinking only of that one note of disapprobation.

Curran, again, was so notoriously susceptible to inattention or weariness on the part of his hearers, that, on more than one occasion, advocates engaged against him, perceiving his powerful invectives were damaging their client's cause, would pay some man in the court to go into a conspicuous part of it and yawn visibly and audibly. The prescription always succeeded. The eloquent spirit would droop its wing and forsake him; he would falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

Mathews was one day riding down Highgate Hill from his cottage, to rehearsal, when he met a post-chariot crawling up, with my father and another gentleman in it, who happened to be the late Lord Dacre. Mathews, not knowing him by sight, or even by name, asked my father, as he saw he was going into the country, 'if he was going down to Cassiobury, to Lord Essex's (where, at that time, he was a constant visitor). 'No,' replied my father, 'I am on my way to "The Hoo." 'Who?' asked Mathews. 'I am going to stay a few days at Lord Dacre's,' was the answer. Mathews, imagining Young to be poking fun at him, by ennobling Bob Acres,\* laughingly exclaimed, 'I have half a mind to go with you. Mind you give my kind regards to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who is sure to be staying with him.' No man could have enjoyed the mistake more than the noble lord himself.

Mathews had such an inordinate love of drollery in every form that he would often engage very indifferent servants, if they had but originality to recommend them. I remember a gardener he had, a Lancashire man, who was a never failing fund of amusement. I was on the lawn at the cottage at Milfield Lane one day, when I overheard the following dialogue:

'I say,' said the master, patting a huge Newfoundland by his side, 'we shall have to put a muzzle on this brute. I am having so many complaints made about him from the neigh-

bours, that I shall have to get rid of him. He worried Mrs. —'s dog, I hear, the other day, and frightened two little children nearly to death.

'Well, I don't know about that; but if you wants to get rid on't, I know one as 'ud like to have un; for t'other day, as I was a-going by Muster Morris' labyratoury (laboratory), Duke St Aubon's cam louping over t' edge, and he says, says he, "Who's dog be that?" So I says, says I, "'tis master's, Muster Mathews." "Would you sell un?" says he. "No," says I; "but I dussay master would let you have a poop." "Oh, no," says he; "Doochess has poops enough of her own!"

'How,' asked Mathews, 'did you know it to be the Duke of St. Alban's?'

'How did I know it? How did I know it? Lor bless ye; any one might ha' knowed it was the duke. He had gotten a great gowd chain, wi' lots o' thingumbobs hanging to it, round his neck, and it run all the way into his waistcoat pocket.'

At one time he had a footman, whose boundless credulity principally recommended him to his notice. A title inspired him with awe, and having seen a nobleman, now and then, at his master's table, he took it for granted that he was familiar with half the peerage. The Duke of Sussex called one day to see the picture-gallery. On announcing His Royal Highness, Mathews fully expected that he would have gone off by spontaneous combustion; for he retreated backwards, puffed out his cheeks to their fullest powers of expansion, and then poised himself on one leg, like a bird, awaiting to see the effect produced on his master by the appearance of such a visitor. Knowing his weakness, Mathews used to tell all his intimates, whenever they called, to be sure to present themselves under some assumed title. Thus Charles Kemble always announced himself as the Persian ambassador; Fawcett called himself Sir Francis Burdett; my father was the Duke of Wellington.

This habit of jocular imposition once involved Mathews in an awkward scrape. He had no idea that there existed such a title as that of 'Ranelagh.' So that, when the veritable nobleman of that name called one day on horseback at the door, and sent up a message by the manservant to say that "Lord Ranelagh would be

\* Vide Sheridan's play of the *The Rivals*.

much obliged if Mr. Mathews would step down to him, as he could not dismount,' Mathews, convinced it was one of his chums under a feigned title, sent down word to say that Lord Ranelagh must be kind enough to put up his horse in the stables, and walk up, as he could not go out of doors, having a cold, and being particularly engaged at the time with Lord Vauxhall.

Lord Ranelagh could hardly believe his ears when he received this familiar, flippant and impertinent message. He rode off in a state of boiling indignation, and forthwith despatched a note to the offender, commenting severely on his impudence in daring to play upon his name. Of course, as soon as Mathews discovered his mistake, he wrote and explained it, and apologized for it amply.

Mathews had often told Charles Kemble of the great amusement his man-servant's peculiarities afforded him, but Kemble said he had never been able to discover anything in him but crass stupidity. 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'you can't conceive what a luxury it is to have a man under the same roof with you who will believe anything you will tell him, however impossible it may be.'

One warm summer's day, when Mathews had a dinner party at Highgate, and there were present, among others, Broderip, Theodore Hook, General Phipps, Manners Sutton (then Speaker of the House of Commons), and Charles Kemble, and dessert was laid out on the lawn, Mathews, without hinting his intention, rang the bell in the dining-room, and on its being answered, told the man to follow him to the stables whilst he gave the coachman certain directions in his presence. The instant Mathews reached the stable-door, he called out for the coachman (who he knew was not there) looked in, and, before the man-servant could overtake him, started back, and, in a voice of horror, cried out, 'Good heavens!' go back, go back—and tell Mr. Kemble that his horse has cut his throat!

The simple goose, infected by his master's well-feigned panic, and never pausing to reflect on the absurdity of the thing, burst on to the lawn, and, with cheeks blanched with terror, roared out, Mr. Kemble, Sir, you're wanted directly.' Seeing Kemble in no hurry to move, he repeated his appeal with increased emphasis, 'For

heaven's sake, Sir, come ; your poor horse has cut his throat !'

From that time Kemble, the Persian ambassador, admitted fully that if his friend's servant was not funny himself, he could be the fruitful cause of fun to others.

After Mathews' death, and long after his *Life* had been published by his widow, she wrote to me to say that she was writing an article for one of the magazines ; that she was sure I must recollect anecdotes of her husband which, in the lapse of many years, had escaped her memory, and she should be grateful to me if I would put on paper anything I could recollect not contained in the *Life*. I complied with her wish ; and she afterwards wrote and thanked me for what I had sent her, telling me it was printed and published. But, as I have never seen the periodical which contains it, I have no scruple in repeating the substance of my contribution, as, in so doing, I am plagiarizing from no one but myself.

Whenever Mathews brought out a new 'At Home,' he was sure to receive a summons to Windsor to produce it before George the Fourth. On one such occasion, after giving imitations of Lords Thurlow, Loughborough, Mansfield, and Sheridan, he concluded with the most celebrated one of all, that of John Philpot Curran. The felicity of his portraiture of the first four, the King readily admitted, nodding his head in recognition of their resemblance to their originals, and now and then laughing so heartily as to cause the actor to pronounce him the most intelligent auditor he had ever had. He was, therefore, the more mortified after giving his *chef d'œuvre*, to notice the King throw himself back in his chair, and overhear him say to Lady Coningham 'Very odd, I can't trace any resemblance to Curran at all.' He had scarcely uttered the words before he regretted it ; for he perceived by the heightened complexion and depressed manner of the performer that his unfavourable stricture had been heard. As soon, therefore, as the entertainment was concluded, the King, with generous sympathy, went up to Mathews, shook him warmly by the hand, and, after presenting him with a watch, with his own portrait set in brilliants on the case, took him familiarly by the button, and thus addressed him :—'My dear Mathews, I fear you overheard a hasty remark I made to

Lady Coningham. I say, advisedly, "a hasty remark," because the version you give of Curran, all those who know him best declare to be quite perfect; and I ought, in justice to you, to confess that I never saw him but once, and therefore am hardly a fair judge of the merits of your impersonation. You see, I think it very possible that, never having been in my presence before, his manner under the circumstances may have been unnaturally constrained. You will, perhaps, think it odd that I, who in my earlier days lived much and intimately with the Whigs, should never have seen him but once. Yet so it was.

'I always had had a great curiosity to know a man so *renommé* for his wit and other social qualities; and, therefore, I asked my brother Frederick, "How I could best see Curran?" He smiled and said, "Not much difficulty about it. Your Royal Highness has but to send him a summons to dinner through your Chamberlain, and the thing is done." This hint was acted on, and he came; but on the whole he was taciturn, and *mal à son aise*.'

'Oh, Sir,' replied Mathews, 'the imitation I gave you of Curran was of Curran in his forensic manner, and not in his private capacity. Would your Majesty permit me to give you another imitation of him as he would appear at a dinner-table?' On receiving the King's sanction to do so, he threw himself with such *abandon* into the mind, manner, wit, and waggy, of his original, that the King was in ecstasies.

He then went up to Mathews, and resumed his chat. 'I was about to tell you, that after my brother's suggestion, I said to him, "You shall make up the party for me; only let the ingredients mix well together." I don't think, between ourselves, that he executed his commission very well; for he asked too many men of the same profession—each more or less jealous of the other. The consequence was, that the dinner was heavy. However, after the cloth was removed, I was determined to draw out the little ugly silent man I saw at the bottom of the table; and, with that object in view, I proposed the health of "The Bar." To my unspeakable annoyance, up sprang, in reply, Counsellor Ego.\* He certainly made a very able speech, though one rather too redolent of self.

He wound it up with some such words as these:—"In concluding, he could only say that, descended as he was from a long and illustrious line of ancestry, he felt himself additionally ennobled on the day he was admitted to the rank of Barrister." I was not going to be thwarted in my purpose; and, therefore, the next toast I proposed was "Success to the Irish Bar." Then up sprang our little sallow-faced friend, and by his wit and humour, and graceful elocution, made me laugh one minute and cry the next. He annihilated Erskine by the humility of his bearing; and closed his speech, I recollect, as follows:—"The noble Lord who has just sat down, distinguished as he is by his own personal merits, has told you, Sir, that though ennobled by his birth, he feels additionally so by his profession. Judge then, Sir, what must be my pride in a profession which has raised me, the son of a peasant, to the table of my Prince."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mathews was once on a visit in Shropshire to Mr. Ormsby Gore. On the first morning after his arrival, when at breakfast, his entertainer expressed his regret at having to leave him to his own devices till dinner-time, as the assizes had begun, and he was summoned on the grand jury. 'If,' he added, 'you like to beat the home-covers, my gamekeeper and the dogs shall attend you; or, if you prefer it, as you are not much of a walker, you can accompany the ladies in their afternoon's drive.' 'Oh,' replied Mathews, 'if you wish to afford me a real treat, you will allow me to accompany you to Shrewsbury; for there is no place I am so fond of attending as a court of justice; and no place which affords a richer field for the study of character.' Mr. Gore declared he should be delighted to have his company, and would take care he should get well placed in the court, and have, moreover, a chair to sit down on. Mathews declined these considerate offers, saying that he much preferred mixing with the crowd, listening to their talk, jotting down in his commonplace-book anything he might see or overhear worth remembering, and watching the faces of the criminals and witnesses. When he had mingled for some time with the herd of idlers directly or indirectly interested in the proceedings of the court, he elbowed his way into the very centre of the hall,

\* Viz., Lord Erskine, a brilliant advocate in the Law Courts, but a dead failure in the House of Commons.

just as the judge was taking his seat. He had not been there two minutes before the judge was seen making courteous signs to some one in the thick of the crowd—beckoning to him to come up, and occupy the vacant seat by his side. Mathews, though he perceived that the judge's eye looked, and his finger pointed, in his direction, felt assured that the summons could not be meant for him, as he had not the honour of knowing the great functionary; therefore he looked behind him, to notify to any more probable person that he might see that he was signalled to. The Judge (the excellent James Allen Parke), hopeless of making himself understood, scribbled on a small piece of paper these words, 'Judge Parke hopes Mr. Mathews will come and sit by him.' He then folded it up, put it into the notch of the long rod of one of the ushers, and ordered it to be delivered to its address. On opening it, Mathews told me he felt himself blush like a maiden at the compliment thus unexpectedly paid him. That he, a poor player, should be singled out for such distinction by one of the judges of the land, and one known to be of strict piety and blameless life, gave him more intense gratification than the notice of his sovereign. It was evident that he had been recognized under the most flattering conditions, not as Mathews the comedian, but as Mathews the *man*, and that, too, by an eminent legal dignitary who probably had never entered the walls of a theatre. Threading his way through an obsequious multitude, who were duly impressed with his importance by the notice taken of him, and then passing through a chamber full of country squires and neighbouring magnates, he mounted the judgment-seat, and humbly, yet proudly, took the place awarded to him. The Judge shook him cordially by the hand, as if he had been an old friend, put a list of the cases for trial before him, directed his special attention to one which, he said, would prove of painful and pathetic interest, and completed his civilities by placing a packet of sandwiches at his side. After the business of the day had terminated, Mathews, on his drive home, dilated at length on his en-

joyment of his day, and grew wanton in commendation of the urbanity and condescension of Parke. Before dressing for dinner, he wrote to his wife an enthusiastic description of the honours conferred on him, telling her henceforth to mark the day in her almanack with a red letter.

Two or three years after this memorable visit to Shropshire, he went into Monmouthshire, to stay with his friend, Mr. Rolls. While he and his host were over their wine and walnuts, the latter, looking up at the ceiling, and trying to recall some incident which had escaped his memory, said, as if speaking to himself, 'Who was it? Who on earth was it that was here sometime ago, and was talking of you? I cannot think who it could have been. Oh, yes, I remember now. It was Judge Parke. Did not you and he meet somewhere or other? 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'I am proud to say we did! What a fascinating person he is. I think I never saw a man of such sterling benevolence and such captivating manners.' By this time Mr. Rolls had recalled the circumstances that had slipped his recollection: so that, when Mathews began to indulge in a glowing eulogium on Parke, he could not repress a smile. This his thin-skinned guest was not slow to perceive; and his withers began to wince. 'Pray,' said he, 'did the good Judge say anything about me, then, eh?' 'Well,' returned Rolls, 'if you will not be offended, I will tell you the truth. When he was here, he said to me, "I think, Rolls, you are a friend of Mathews the actor—a man, I hear, with a dreadful propensity for taking people off. Conceive, then, my consternation, two years ago, at Shrewsbury, on seeing him directly in front of me, evidently with the intention of studying me, and showing me up! Well; what do you think I did? Knowing that I should not be able to attend to my notes while the fellow was there, I sent a civil message to him, and invited him to come and sit by me: and thus, I trust, propitiated him, so that he will *now* have too much good feeling, I should think, ever to introduce me into his gallery of Legal Portraits."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

PRE-HISTORIC TIMES, as illustrated by ancient remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. Second Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

Sir John Lubbock may justly claim to have written one of the standard text-books on Pre-Historic Archaeology—the latest born of the sciences. His work treats of man from his first appearance in Europe to the historic period; and though there is much in the author's views which may reasonably be dissented from, still none can fail to be interested and instructed by the perusal of this now well-known treatise. We are presented here with the record of "times and events far more ancient than any which have as yet fallen within the province of the Archaeologist." The record is, naturally, a fragmentary one, but it is far less disconnected than might be supposed. The new science of Pre-historic Archaeology bridges over the great gap between geology and history, and it traces the career of man, from the time when he was contemporary with the extinct mammals of the Drift, to the later period when iron had been discovered, and the art of writing had been rendered possible. In some respects the materials of this science are more full and complete than those on which the generalizations of the geologist are founded, but they are very imperfect as compared with those which the student of history has at his disposal. The geologist has to base his reasonings upon the remains of the actual bodies of animals which have been preserved in a fossil condition, or upon such evidence of their past existence as may be derived from footprints and the like. These remains, however, are generally of such a nature as to allow of the most certain deductions being drawn from them, which cannot always be said of the remains of man. In the case of all the quadrupeds, save man alone, "we can, from their bones and teeth, form a definite idea of their habits and mode of life, while, in the present state of our knowledge, the skeleton of a savage could not always be distinguished from that of a philosopher. But, on the other hand, while other animals leave only bones and teeth behind them, the men of past ages are to be studied principally by their works; houses for the living, tombs for the dead, fortifications for defence, temples for worship, implements for use, and ornaments for decoration."

Sir John Lubbock accepts the now universally current classification of the pre-historic period into the four great "Ages": the Early Stone period, or Palæolithic Age; the Later Stone period, or Neolithic Age; the Age of Bronze; and the Age of Iron. The Iron Age closes the pre-historic epoch, and opens the historic period. In it iron had been discovered, and this metal had superseded bronze, copper and stone in the manufacture of all implements requiring a cutting edge. In the Bronze Age, the art of smelting iron from its ores had not been discovered, and all arms and cutting implements were made of bronze, that is, of an alloy of copper and tin. Hesiod appears to have lived during the transition between the Ages of Bronze and Iron, and the Trojan war seems to have taken place about the same time; so that we are trenching here upon the verge of the Age of

Iron—a period which commenced shortly after the siege of Troy, and is still in full force. In the later Stone Age, or Neolithic period, no metals seem to have been known to man, if we except gold, which occurs in a native state, and which even at this early stage seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments. The men of this period, therefore, like the Fuegians and Andamaners of the present day, were compelled to construct all their implements of stone, wood, or bone. The stone implements, however, are generally beautifully made, and have their edges carefully ground. All the quadrupeds also, of the Neolithic period, were referable to species now in existence, or to forms which may be regarded as the immediate progenitors of existing species. Lastly, in the Early Stone Age, or Palæolithic period, we meet with man in the most primitive condition as yet known to us. Palæolithic man not only knew no metal, but his knowledge of the art of working stone was of a most limited description. His implements are made of flint, merely chipped by a most laborious process out of a block, and their edges are never ground. Not only is this the case, but Palæolithic man inhabited Europe at a time when it was roamed over by the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the cave-bear, the cave-lion, the cave-hyæna, and other animals, either long since extinct or not now found in Europe. Finally, there is ample evidence that the physical geography and surface-configuration of Europe were extremely different during the Palæolithic period to what they are at present, whilst the climate must have greatly changed since that time.

The greater portion of Sir John Lubbock's work is occupied with a full exposition of the leading facts that are known at present as to the habits and mode of life of the men of the Palæolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Ages. We cannot attempt to condense any part of this, and we must content ourselves with saying that the whole of this wide subject is treated in a scientific spirit, and that the general reader will find here an admirable *résumé* of the more important facts which have been discovered as to the earlier races of men, both in Europe and in North America. We may also say that we do not discover here any undue desire to press the undoubted co-existence of man in Western Europe with various extinct mammals into the service of some of the very "advanced" views of which Sir John Lubbock has been such an ardent supporter.

In the twelfth chapter the author handles, briefly and succinctly, the complicated and much-veiled question of the antiquity of man. It is hardly necessary to say that the conclusion arrived at is essentially the same as that first prominently brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell. "Our belief," he says, "in the antiquity of man, rests not on any isolated calculations, but on the changes which have taken place since his appearance; changes in the geography, in the fauna, and in the climate of Europe. Valleys have been deepened, widened, and partially filled up again; caves, through which subterranean rivers once ran, are now left dry; even the configuration of the land has been materially altered, and Africa finally separated from Europe. Our climate has

greatly changed for the better, and with it our fauna has materially altered. In some cases, for instance in that of the Hippopotamus and African Elephant, we may probably look to the diminution of food and the presence of man as the main cause of their disappearance; the extinction of the Mammoth, the *Elephas antiquus*, and the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, may possibly be due to the same influences; but the retreat of the Rein-deer and Musk-ox are probably in great measure owing to the change of climate. These and similar facts, though they afford us no means of measurement, impress us with a vague and overpowering sense of antiquity. All geologists, indeed, are now prepared to admit that man has existed on our earth for a much longer period than was, until recently, supposed to have been the case." There is no doubt that almost all, if not all, modern geologists, are agreed in thus ascribing a high antiquity to the human race; but it is often overlooked to what an extent the evidence is beyond the appreciation of any but the practical geologist himself. It is often assumed that any man of ordinary intelligence and education can weigh the evidence on both sides in this question, and can thus arrive at a just opinion on the merits of the case; but this is only partially true. On the contrary, it requires a more or less profound acquaintance with the actual out-door work of geology to be able properly to estimate the value of the single fact that implements of human workmanship have been found in valley-gravels one hundred feet above the present level of the river by which these gravels were deposited. And, still more, it requires a very wide range of biological knowledge to truly appreciate the meaning of the fact that man existed in Western Europe along with the Mammoth, woolly Rhinoceros, and Hippopotamus.

The remainder of the work is occupied with a review of the customs and manners (when they can be said to have any) of modern savages. Those who are acquainted with the public utterances of Sir John Lubbock do not need to be told that he is an ardent upholder of the views of Mr. Darwin; and the bias caused by this is more or less observable throughout all the latter portion of this work. Sir John looks upon savagery as the primitive condition of the entire human race, and believes that the further you go back in time the more brutal and the less human is the man of the period. This may or may not be the case; but we cannot think that, in judging of this point, a fair interpretation is put by Sir John Lubbock, and the men of his school, upon the degraded and bestial habits of savages. They point triumphantly to the many respects in which savage man sinks below the level of the brute, and expend a great deal of ingenuity and labour in proving that no animal exhibits the cruelties and lusts of the lower races of mankind; and they then deduce from this the conclusion that man in his most degraded development approximates to the higher Mammals. The facts are unquestionable, but they seem to us to support an exactly opposite conclusion. It is precisely by his capacity for evil, and his contravention of the ordinary brute instincts, that man in his most savage condition is separated immeasurably from all the Mammals. If man were *merely* an animal, it would be almost a contradiction in terms to speak of him as "degraded," the capacity for degradation implying of necessity a capacity for elevation. If man could

not rise, he certainly could not sink; and what we term the "degradation" of a savage man or race is clearly a departure from an ideal standard, which we do not expect the brutes to reach, and which they cannot be blamed for falling below. We may conclude this notice with one or two striking passages as to the conditions of savage existence, as these will probably present this subject in a light very different to that in which it has been popularly viewed. It has been very common for poets and sentimentalists to speak of the pleasures of savage life, and the happiness of "the free and noble savage," ignorant of evil, and thoughtless of the future. If any of our readers should be disposed to hold to this opinion, we recommend to their consideration the following passages from one who has made a careful study of savages in all parts of the world:—

"Throughout Australia, among some of the Brazilian tribes, in parts of Africa, and in various other countries, natural death is regarded as an impossibility. In the New Hebrides 'when a man fell ill, he knew that some sorcerer was burning his nilbish; and shell-trumpets, which could be heard for miles, were blown to signal to the sorcerers to stop and wait for the presents which would be sent next morning. Night after night, Mr. Turner used to hear the melancholy too-tooing of the shells, entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims.' Savages never know but what they may be placing themselves in the power of these terrible enemies; and it is not too much to say that the horrible dread of unknown evil hangs like a thick cloud over savage life and embitters every pleasure. The mental sufferings which they thus undergo, the horrible tortures which they thus inflict on themselves, and the crimes which they are led to commit, are melancholy in the extreme. . . . The true savage is neither free nor noble; he is a slave to his own wants, his own passions; imperfectly protected from the weather, he suffers from the cold by night and the heat of the sun by day; ignorant of agriculture, living by the chase, and improvident in success, hunger always stares him in the face, and often drives him to the dreadful alternative of cannibalism or death. . . . He is always suspicious, always in danger, always on the watch. He can depend on no one, and no one can depend on him. He expects nothing from his neighbour, and does unto others as he believes they would do unto him. Thus his life is one prolonged scene of selfishness and fear. Even in his religion, if he has any, he creates for himself a new source of terror, and peoples the world with invisible terrors." We must not forget, however, that there are savage races of whom these statements would not be true; whilst most would be prepared to admit that a high moral standard may, in theory at any rate, be reached by men extremely ignorant of the arts and sciences. In other words, a low state of civilization, in the ordinary sense of this term, is not theoretically incompatible with a high moral development; unless it be maintained that the innocence of ignorance is less perfect and praiseworthy than innocence which arises from knowledge.

*FIFINE AT THE FAIR*, and other Poems, by Robert Browning. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

*Fifine at the Fair* is another characteristic work of Mr. Browning. To the initiated we have no doubt

it is intensity of light : to the uninitiated it is almost total darkness. A Frenchman and his wife go to the fair at Pornic, and there see, among a troop of strolling players, the dancing-girl Fifine. She is an unmistakable denizen of Bohemia, but the gentleman is morally and æsthetically smitten by her, and gives vent to his emotions. The wife of his bosom is hurt by his doing so. He explains, and then, as they walk away along the sands, launches into a dissertation on Bohemia, its value, its saving qualities, its relations to the respectable world, on morality, art, life, and things in general, of which we seldom see the drift and still more seldom the poetry.

The piece begins with some bright descriptive lines.

"Oh, trip and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm with me:

Like husband and like wife together let us see  
The tumbling troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage

Drawn up and under arms and ready to engage.

Now, who supposed the night would play us such a prank?

That what was raw and brown, rough pole and shaven plank,

Mere bit of boarding half by trestle propped, half tub

Would flaunt it forth as brisk as butterfly from grub.

This comes of sun and air, of autumn afternoon,  
And Pornic and St. Gille whose feast affords the boon,—

This scaffold turned *parterre*, this flower-bed in full blow,

Bataleurs, baladines—we shall not miss the show.  
They pace and promenade; they presently will dance:

What good were else i' the drum and fife? O pleasant land of France!"

The description of Fifine herself, with her Bohemian charms, is also as pretty and vivid as possible.

"This way, this way, Fifine!

Here; she shall make my thoughts be surer what they mean.

First let me read the signs portray you, past mistake,  
The gipsy's foreign self, no swarth our sun could bake.

Yet where's the woolly trace degrades the wiry hair?  
And note the Greek-nymph nose and—oh, my Hebrew pair

Of eye and eye—o'erarched by velvet of the mole—  
That swim as in a sea, that dip, and rise and roll,  
Spilling the light around! while either ear is cut  
Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a cocoa-nut.  
And then her neck!—now grant you had the power to deck,

Just as your fancy pleased, the bistre-length of neck;  
Could lay, to shine against its shade, a moonlike row  
Of pearls, each round and white as bubble Cupids blow

Big out of mother's milk: what pearl moon would surpass

That string of mock turquoise, those almondines of glass

Where girlhood terminates? For with breast's birth commence

The boy and page costume, till pink and impudence

End admirably all: complete, the creature trips  
Our way now, brings sunshine upon her spangled hips.

As here she fronts us full, with pose half frank, half fierce!"

The bubble blown by Cupids out of mother's milk, is one of Mr. Browning's strange, forced figures, and to our minds disfigures the picture. But Fifine is the very spirit of the fair and of Bohemia. Assuming the fact that there is such a thing as a "compensating joy unknown and infinite," which "turns lawlessness to law, makes destitution wealth, vice virtue, and disease of soul and body health,"—she undoubtedly is the perfect type of it.

Beautiful, too, though marred by strangeness of language and obscure imagery, is the contrast called forth by Elvire's remonstrance between the transitory impression made by the superficial fascinations of the Bohemian and the enduring influence exerted by the never-fading image of the wife's beauty in the husband's heart. But then we run off into Browningian maze of versified metaphysics, and there wander through far the greater part of the poem.

"While, Oh, how all the more will love become intense

Hereafter, when to love means yearning to dispense  
Each soul its own amount of gain through its own mode

Of practising with life, upon some soul which owed  
Its treasure all diverse and yet in worth the same  
To new worth a changed way! Things furnish your rose-flame,

Which turns up red, green, blue, nay, yellow, more than needs.

For me, I no wise doubt, why doubt a time succeeds  
When each one may impart, and each receive, both share

The chemic secret, learn, where I lit force,—why, there,

You, drew forth lambent pity; where I found only food

For self-indulgence, you still blew a spark at brood  
I' the grayest ember, stopped not till self-sacrifice imbued

Heaven's face with flame? What joy when each may supplement

The other, changing each, as changed, till wholly blent

The old things shall be new, and what we both ignite  
Fuse, lose the varicolor in achromatic white!

Exemplifying law apparent even now  
In the eternal progress,—love's law which I avow.

And thus would formulate; each soul lives long, and works

For itself, by itself, because a loadstar lurks,  
Another than itself,—in whatso'er the niche

Of mistiest heaven it hide, who'er the Glumdalclinch  
May grasp the Gulliver; or it, or he, or she,—

*Theasutos e broteios eper hekramene*,—  
(For fun's sake, where the phrase has fastened, leave it fixed!)

So soft it says—God, man, or both together mixed!)

This, guessed at through the flesh, by parts which prove the whole,

This constitutes the sense discernible by soul,  
Elvire, by me."

The idea which the poet is here struggling to convey does not seem to be really a very new one. But

taking it for what it may be worth, is it improved by being forced into verse, and encumbered with all this strange imagery of chemical compositions and varicolors and achromatics? Is there anything essentially poetic in it? Would it not be much better if clearly expressed in prose? "Blew a spark at brood in the grayest ember"—what does this mean? And why is Glumdalclich brought in, except to make a rhyme? The Greek line we are willing to "leave fixed for fun's sake," if anybody can see any fun in it, and if this again is not brought in merely to meet the exigencies of verse. But we prefer to have it as Æschylus wrote it. The substitution of *ἦναι* for *ἦ* seems to show that Mr. Browning knows very little of the Greek language, and that he cannot scan a common Greek Iambic line; in which case it is wiser to abstain from the needless introduction of Greek.

*Fifine* is followed by *Prince Hohenstiel Schwan-gan, Saviour of Society*. This is in fact a pamphlet in verse in defence of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, of whom Mr. Browning is, as Mrs. Browning was, a strong partisan. The Ex-Emperor is made to represent himself as a pre-eminently practical man, whose function it was to preserve order for a time and to save what was good in the social edifice from being recklessly pulled to pieces by reactionists on the one hand and dreamers on the other, leaving the regeneration of society to some inspired genius who might possibly arise in the future.

Well, that's my mission, so I save the world,  
Figure as man o' the moment—in default  
Of somebody inspired to strike such change  
Into society,—from round to square,  
The ellipsis to the rhomboid,—how you please,  
As suits the size and shape o' the world he finds.  
But this I can,—and nobody my peer,—  
Do the best with the least change possible;  
Carry the incompleteness on a stage;  
Make what was crooked straight, and roughness  
smooth,  
And weakness strong : wherein if I succeed,  
It will not prove the worst achievement, sure,  
In the eye, at least, of one man,—one I look  
Nowise to catch in critic company;  
To wit the man inspired, the genius' self  
Destined to come and change things thoroughly.  
He, at least, finds his business simplified,  
Distinguishes the done from undone, reads  
Plainly what meant and did not mean this time  
We live in, and I work on, and transmit  
To each successor ; he will operate  
On good hard substance—not mere shade and  
shine.  
Let all my critics born to idleness

And impotency get their good and have  
Their hooting at the giver : I am deaf,  
Who find great good in this society,  
Great gain, the purchase of great labour—

And the ex-Emperor sums up his apology by saying :

I rapped your tampering knuckles twenty years,  
Such was the task imposed me, such my end.

But this version of the character is the direct opposite of that given by the closest observers, and, we believe, of the truth. "Napoleon III," says the author of an excellent article on the Policy of the Second Empire, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "was essentially a dreamer, a mind at once meditative and romantic, visibly inclined to Utopianism. It is characteristic of minds of this class to brood over certain ideas, to pursue visions more or less defined, and to return to them by roads more or less circuitous, while all the time this disposition does not, in the least degree, imply steadiness of purpose. Far from it, the aim of these visionaries generally remains vague and undetermined. Their dreams have always something unsettled in them ; the vaster they are the less clearly are they defined, and those of Napoleon III, with his name and his fancied mission, could not fail to be of the vastest." Does the Mexican expedition, undertaken 'to restore the balance in favour of the Latin races in the new world correspond with Mr. Browning's view of the character of Napoleon III. or with that taken by the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*? The main question, however, which we have to ask, is not whether the historical or political theory embodied in Mr. Browning's pamphlet is correct, but whether a pamphlet in verse is poetry or a work of art.

Hervé Riel, the short poem with which the volume concludes, is one of those semi-lyric, semi-dramatic pieces in which Mr. Browning's most unquestioned excellence lies ; and it is all the more agreeable because the subject of it is healthy, not morbid like that of some of its most powerful compeers, such as the *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister* and *My Last Dutchess*. In this line we fully recognise Mr. Browning's genius ; much of his more purely intellectual poetry, of the kind of which *Sordello* is the type, we must own, affords us little instruction and still less pleasure. His special admirers will tell us that the fault lies in our own want of intellect. We do not attempt to deny the impeachment. We can partly appreciate some of the great poets of the abstruser kind : Æschylus, Dante and Goethe. Mr. Browning, in his more metaphysical moods we cannot appreciate, and we frankly own our incapacity without desiring to interfere with the enjoyment of our neighbours.

## LITERARY NOTES.

It is not colonial vanity merely which makes Canadians anxious to secure fair treatment from the exponents of public opinion in England. We possess a vast extent of territory, capable of sustaining, in ease and comfort, all the surplus population of the British Isles. It is essential, therefore, to the progress of the Dominion that our resources should

be fully appreciated by those who influence the Government and people at home. It is undeniable, however, that until within a comparatively recent period, the claims of Canada as a field for immigration have been strangely overlooked. That English journalists are unpatriotic enough to prefer that their countrymen should seek a home under an alien



flag, we do not believe; we only know that their influence has been cast in favour of Minnesota and Colorado instead of Ontario and Rupert's Land. It is impossible that this can long continue; the inducements offered by the North-West, as well as by the unsettled districts of Ontario, are immeasurably superior to any that can be urged on behalf of the Western States. Indications are not wanting that the tide is on the turn, and that it will soon set in strongly upon the shores of the Dominion. We may give one example. A recent number of the *Saturday Review* devotes no less than three articles to Canadian subjects. In the first, the English people are taken to task for listening to American speculators and directing emigrants to the States in preference to Canada. In the second, our militia system is made the subject of eulogy and a description given of the summer camps of instruction. The third is a review of Capt. Butler's "Lone Land," in which the writer gives a brief but glowing account of the great North-west. There seems no doubt that in a year or two Canadians will have no ground of complaint that their country is either misunderstood or neglected by the English people.

If we except one or two departments of literature in which the printing-press is allowed no respite, the publications of the month are neither numerous nor important. Mr. Thos. Clark, of Edinburgh, in a circular recently published, points with pardonable pride to 120 volumes of early Christian literature issued by his house. St. Augustine's works have been widely circulated, and he hopes shortly to complete St. Chrysostom. "Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the well-known author of "Music and Morals," gives us some idea of the serious side of the author's character, as his former work did of his æsthetic and humorous feelings. "The Valiant Woman" is a translation of seventeen discourses by the Archbishop of Rheims, addressed to women, and intended as advice in all matters of daily life and conduct. It contains little or nothing of a polemical character, and may be advantageously consulted in all home matters, even to early rising. Dean Alford has left behind him what we presume was intended to form part of a new version of the Old Testament—the book of Genesis and part of Exodus revised, with references and an explanatory commentary. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, announces a new work—"The Two Temptations—the Temptation of Man and the Temptation of Christ." Mr. McColl, a minister of the Church of England, who threatens to resign should the use of Athanasian Creed be made optional, publishes a formal defence of the "damnable clauses," in which we are treated to the astounding avowal that the author would rather see a people in possession of a true faith and given over to immorality, than in possession of false faith, or no faith at all, and living morally.

Scientific works are not produced in great numbers during the summer months; still there are a few which deserve mention. "The ancient stone implements, weapons, and ornaments of Great Britain," by Mr. Evans, author of a well-known book on "The Coins of Ancient Britain," is a valuable addition to British Archaeology. "The Beginnings of Life," by Dr. Bastian, is intended to be a comprehensive account of the modes of origin and transformation of lower organisms. "The Fuel of the Sun," by Mr. Mattien Williams, a Fellow

of the Royal Astronomical Society, deserves attention as an elaborate exposition of a subject at present attracting general interest; Earle's "English Philology," and Morris's "Historical Development of the English Language," are two excellent works from the Clarendon Press, and may be safely commended to teachers and students. We observe that Dr. Porter's work on the "Human Intellect" has been reproduced in England; as we have had occasion to remark before, it is a very useful introduction to the study of Psychology from an historical point of view. "Work and Wages," by T. Brassey, M.P., comes opportunely at the present stage of the labour question and is written by a gentleman of practical knowledge. Mr. Edwin James, *erewhile* Q.C., but for sometime an exile in New York, has published a shilling *brochure* on the Political Institutions of America and England. He threatened some year or two since to give the Americans a lecture, and it is contained, we presume, in the pamphlet referred to. With the exception of Tourists' guides there is little worthy of notice in "Geography and Travels." "Over Volcanoes," by Mr. Kingsman, gives a very lively account of France and Spain in 1871—especially of the latter country. "Other Countries," by Major Bell, hurries us over Ceylon, India, China, Australia and America, after the modern style of travelling. The Major's observations are necessarily superficial, but they are perhaps as accurate as those in most books of the class; at all events, they are entertaining. A writer who describes the Vale of Cashmere, the Durbar of Umballah, the Australian bush, Chinese opium-smokers and Brigham Young's tabernacle and theatre at Salt Lake, whatever else he may be, can hardly be dull. In Art we only desire to call attention to two works, "The British Museum Photographs," a series of splendid reproductions of the antiquities, sold singly or in groups, and "Modern Etchings," a Portfolio set of the best specimens from the Art periodical of that name.

No one will grudge Sir Arthur Helps the honour of Knighthood; he has deserved it on many accounts, and we hope will wear it long. He has just published, with a graceful dedication to Her Majesty, "The Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey;" it has not yet reached us, but it is sure to be instructive as well as entertaining to the reader. "Planche's Recollections and Reflections" are sure to entertain a wide circle of readers. It is true his sympathies and aspirations are principally connected with the dramatic profession, still there is much to interest anybody in this autobiography. "Recollections of Society in France and England," by Lady Clementina Davies, is one of those "Society" books not generally to be commended. This one may perhaps be an exceptional one, because the writer (*née* Drummond, and sister of the Earl of Perth) writes piquantly and with feeling—for she is a thorough Jacobite. Beginning with Louis XVI. we have a torrent of great personages, royal, literary, and democratic, about whom much fresh and interesting gossip is communicated. Mr. C. Edmund Maurice announces a series of works on "English Popular Leaders,"—No. I. being Stephen Langton. The "Autobiography of John Milton" is an attempt to construct Milton's life from his works. On the whole Mr. Graham has succeeded, especially in the love-passages of the great poet's life.

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THE BRIDAL VEIL.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG and beautiful girl was leaning over a balcony in one of the largest houses in Eccleston Square. It was a lovely summer night, lovely even in London, now that the glare and heat had been exchanged for a soft breeze and the light of the moon. Even by this light the girl's beauty admitted of no dispute. Hers was a face Sir Peter Lely would have painted; a face that hundreds had turned back to look at once more, as she had ridden in the Row that morning. It was her *face*, people said, that had won her an offer of marriage from Sir Henry Sefton, a man who had been already talked of as the best match of the London season. Young and beautiful as Ada Willingham was, until this man came upon the scene she had played with all realities; and, like a butterfly, only sported in the sunshine, taking her homage as a queen might claim her rights, like the proud young beauty that she was. Sir Henry's wealth

and position had perhaps dazzled her a little at first; but he ended by winning her love, and, when she promised to be his wife, she gave him her heart.

As she listened for his coming footsteps that evening, her face resting on a bouquet of flowers which he had sent her, and which she had found on her dressing-table before going down to dinner, her eyes had the restless unsettled look of expectation, and one of the little feet that peeped out from beneath the soft folds of her white dress was beating impatiently on the floor. In a few minutes a cabriolet drove quickly round the corner, and a young man sprang out. The girl's face flushed in the soft light, and both her hands wandered over the bouquet, which she laid in her lap as she sat down on a low chair; but an expression of satisfaction came into her deep blue eyes, and a smile to her parted lips. A moment afterwards and the drawing-room door had opened, the lace curtains which separated the balcony had been drawn apart, and Sir Hen-

ry Sefton was by her side. Young, handsome, and distinguished in appearance, he was, to a looker-on, a man in every way fitted to wed the woman he had chosen. As they stood together on that June evening, he bending over her, whilst her beautiful face was lifted up to his with an expression of infinite love and trust, it seemed that nothing was wanting to insure their future happiness.

"How late you are," she said, after one of those long silences that are more eloquent than words.

"I have been dining in Bryanstone Square. I would not have gone, but I remembered that I was asked to meet some particular people, and that my Conservative interests required the sacrifice."

"You call it a *sacrifice*," she replied with a low musical laugh, "in the same way, perhaps, that I consider balls a part of my duty to society; and yet I gave up a ball to-night for you."

"You don't repent, Ada; you don't wish to be surrounded by admirers night after night, and never to be alone with me?"

"Of course I don't, but when we are married I can reform."

"Ada, when we are married I shall have the greatest pride in taking you out—in feeling that all men admire you, and knowing that you are mine."

She shrank back a little as he drew her vehemently towards him. Her life had hitherto been too full of sunshine and pleasure for her to pause much in order to define a serious feeling; but a sensation, as nearly approaching pain as she had ever known since her engagement, came over her at that moment.

"You love me for myself, Henry," she said, "not for what you call my beauty?"

"I love you," he replied, "as you love me, because we were made to love each other; because we should not have fulfilled our destiny if we did not. Everything about

you is beautiful and loveable to me; I cannot separate you from yourself."

She put her hand in his, those soft white fingers on which the diamond rings he had given her flashed and sparkled, and then she leant her head against his arm and whispered something in a low voice, and he raised her hand and held it to his lips, answering her in the same tone. And so the short remainder of the evening went by. Presently the lace curtains were again drawn aside, and the butler, with the respectful air, and in the well modulated accents those functionaries know so well how to assume, requested leave for a young woman to speak to Miss Willingham on particular business.

"Say I am engaged, Palmer," his mistress said, "and at *this* hour I can see no one."

Her face flushed angrily as she spoke, and beautiful as she still looked, the expression she had worn a minute before was quite gone, and she was a proud, haughty, spoiled beauty once more. The man withdrew in silence, but only a few minutes elapsed before another interruption came, in the form of Miss Willingham's maid, Mademoiselle Victorine. She made a thousand apologies for her intrusion, but the young person was so anxious to speak to Miss Willingham, that at last she had been obliged to give way and bring the message.

"What is it she wants," exclaimed Ada—"I will not see her."

"She has brought your veil."

"Oh! indeed. I did not guess it was that. I will go immediately. Stay where you are, Henry, and I will be back in a few minutes. I am longing to see my veil."

And leaving Sir Henry standing in the balcony, Ada passed into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and, followed by Mademoiselle Victorine, went up stairs to her own room. At first she did not see the girl who was waiting in it, but when Mademoiselle had lit the wax candles on the dressing tables, the girl stood revealed. She was

young and slight, with large dark eyes, and pale thin cheeks, a girl who seemed to have lived all her life on just the opposite side of the wall to the London beauty—the side where the sun never comes. Her fingers were small, and most delicately shaped, but her clothes were so old and faded that they told their own tale and the wearer's—a tale of poverty and privation. The poor girl seemed dazzled by the light, and all the luxurious fittings up of a room which, to Ada, appeared only barely comfortable; but after her eyes had wandered around for a few moments, she recovered herself, and opening a box she held in her hand, took out of it a rich lace veil.

"I am obliged to bring it home unfinished," she said in a low, melancholy voice, strongly marked with a foreign accent. "I cannot help it. We are in distress enough, God only knows how great, but my mother is very ill, and I have no longer any time for work."

Ada snatched the delicate fabric from the girl's hand.

"Not going to finish it?" she exclaimed. "It was promised for next Friday, and it *must* be done."

"I would willingly do it if I could," the girl replied, "but I know I cannot. I am sorry it was promised, but I did not think then that my mother was going to be ill. She was helping me to work it, but now that she is so bad I must leave everything and nurse her."

"My wedding is fixed for Thursday week," Ada said, "my dress is all trimmed with this lace, and after all it seems I am not to have the veil. It is too bad. I shall speak to-morrow to Madame Brader, who recommended you to me."

"We are in *such* distress," pleaded the girl, "we are strangers here; Madame liked our lace, and making it has kept us from starvation."

But Ada hardly heard the words—she

was turning over the veil with Mademoiselle Victorine.

"How long would it take you to finish it?" she asked abruptly.

"I should have to work hard all this next week, and I know I could not give the time. I am so sorry, but indeed, indeed it is not my fault."

"The lace is very lovely," Mademoiselle Victorine said, "and it would be a thousand pities not to get it done, more especially since the dress is trimmed with it; the effect would not be complete without it."

"It is most provoking," replied Ada, "however I shall go myself to-morrow to Madame Brader's, and tell her positively that she must do something." Then, without even glancing at the girl, Ada swept out of the room, taking the veil away with her.

Sir Henry had come in from the balcony, and was standing alone by the fire-place. Ada's father, Mr. Willingham, generally preferred the quiet of his own library after dinner, and Mrs. Stonor had gone up stairs, finding the drawing-room dull. Ada was an only child, and her mother had died when she was quite young. Her father, during his early life, had worked hard and saved money—money that he only cared about inasmuch as it enabled him to surround his idolized daughter with the luxuries that money alone can procure. He was a man of naturally quiet tastes, but he never forgot that Ada was young, so, not liking to go much into society himself, he had engaged Mrs. Stonor, a lady of undoubted respectability, as chaperone and companion.

"What is the matter?" Sir Henry asked, seeing the angry flush on Ada's face.

"I am *so* disappointed," she exclaimed, "my veil, my beautiful lace veil, which Madame Brader promised to have worked for me by some Belgian family, has just been returned unfinished. It was to match the trimmings on my white satin dress, and now all will be spoiled."

The young man smiled; dress does not appeal to a man as it does to a woman.

"Nothing can spoil my Ada, no matter what she wears," the lover answered, and taking the veil from her hands he drew her caressingly towards him and threw it over her head. She looked up at him from beneath the clouds of lace, the angry flush all gone, only the soft love-light shining in her eyes. He drew her arm through his own and led her across the spacious drawing-room, whose gilded mirrors reflected again and again the numberless elegancies that were scattered everywhere, the blue silk hangings, the statues and pictures and the brilliant chandelier. He paused before a large mirror that reached the floor, and gazed at her with an expression of rapt admiration. It was a fair picture to see—both so young, with life and love before them, and everything that can make this world worth having. There were a few minutes silence, then something like a shadow came over his handsome face as, leaning down, he whispered to his bride elect.

"I wish I could marry you now," Ada. I wish the few days were passed that still divide us."

"It is not long," she replied, "and then —"

"Then Ada, you are *mine*—mine forever, and I shall have no fear of anything coming to separate us."

A light shiver passed through her as he spoke, but he only felt the trembling of the little hand that rested in his own, as he said, in a low firm voice:—"I take thee, Ada, to have and to hold, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part."

He lifted her veil and lightly kissed her.

"You are my wife now," he said, smiling down upon her, "are you happy, Ada?"

She leant her head against him. "I am very, very happy," she replied, "because you love me; because the world would be a blank without you."

"If it were a blank to you, what would it be to *me* without my Ada?"

She looked at him and smiled as she answered:

"You would still have Constance Brereton! I believe, in spite of the Conservative interest, it *was* Constance you went to Bryanston Square to meet this evening?"

A slight flush rose to the young man's face, but he only laughed. "They say there is no real love free from a little jealousy, but you must promise me, Ada——"

What he wanted promised did not transpire, for at that particular moment Mrs. Stonor returned to the drawing-room, the butler brought in the tray, and the conversation necessarily became general.

The next day, as she had intended, Ada ordered the carriage—which always during the height of the season came to the door at four o'clock—to drive direct to Madame Brader's: so that at about quarter past the landau, which had been built by the most fashionable makers for her especial use, drew up at Madame Brader's door, in Hanover Square. There was a little bustle of excitement among the dressmakers and milliners as Miss Willingham passed into the show rooms, and then Madame Brader came forward, with a bland and respectful air, to receive her orders. The trousseau had been committed to her care, and, great authority as Madame Brader was in the world of fashion, it was nevertheless a triumph to have secured so important a customer as the belle of the London season; a young lady who was about to make a brilliant marriage, which would be talked about for a month at least.

"I have come about my veil," Ada said. "It is in the carriage, and I will trouble you to send for it—it has come home unfinished. The young woman who undertook to do it brought it back last evening, and refuses to add a stitch more."

Madame Brader was all surprise and despair. The people had promised it. The

lace on the dress was all complete—nothing wanting save the veil.

Ada had thrown herself into a chair, her training skirt of delicate mauve silk sweeping round her, her delicately gloved hands beating impatiently on a pink lined lace parasol.

"I will see the dress presently, but the fact that I cannot have my veil remains, unless you can get some one else to finish it."

Madame Brader feared that was impossible. It was Belgian lace, and she knew of no one who could make it but this family, poor people whom she (Madame Brader) had discovered by chance, and recommended to Miss Willingham. Would no other lace do? Should she fetch the wedding dress and try some different effects?

Ada allowed the dress to be brought, and its costly elegance excited her admiration so much that she determined to have the veil at all hazards. Madame Brader was quite satisfied with her own work; she put the dress on two chairs, and spread out the beautiful wilderness of lace and flowers.

"It is a dress unequalled in London," Madame Brader confidently said, "and when worn by Madame would excite the envy of thousands."

"Yes, it is very lovely," Ada said, musingly, "but as I am bent upon having the veil, I think I shall go myself to the girl's house, and speak to her mother."

Madame Brader approved of the plan. If Miss Willingham was good enough to go herself she could not fail, though perhaps others might. If she would permit, one of the apprentices knew the address, and it should be given to the coachman.

Ada acquiesced, and after carelessly tossing over a number of other elegant items, which were considered the proper appendages to her trousseau, went down stairs, got into the carriage, and threw herself back on the soft cushions. She was not inclined to talk even to Mrs. Stonor, who always accompanied her on these expeditions, but who

generally remained in the carriage. She had, it is true, been once or twice into Madame Brader's show rooms, to see the trousseau, which had been on view for some time, but as a rule, when Ada made purchases, she went alone. The direction the coachman had received was to an obscure street in Westminster, at the back of the Victoria Flats. Brought up as Ada had been, she knew little or nothing of poverty or misery. She knew it existed, for she had seen the squalid faces in the street, had given largely for charitable objects, and served behind stalls at fancy fairs, to raise funds for purposes of benevolence, but she had never been face to face with real suffering in all her life. When the carriage stopped, and the footman had, with some difficulty, ascertained that they had come to the right place, she shrank back, unwilling to get out in such a doubtful neighbourhood, and it might be she would have been contented with sending a message, if it had not happened that Mrs. Stonor begged and prayed her to remain where she was, and on no account venture into such a low-looking place.

Ada was self-willed, and opposition had often the effect of strengthening, instead of shaking, her resolutions. When her inclinations and her duty met, as in the case of accepting Sir Henry Sefton, she appeared gentle and yielding; but, when they did not, she took her own course. She was too young, too bright, too happy to be hard or bitter, but she was self-willed and imperious, as Mrs. Stonor and Mademoiselle Victorine could have testified if it had been to their interests to have done so. Her better nature, all that was most loveable, had been given to Sir Henry, and he might have moulded her to what he wished, through her affections, though she had never bowed to a sterner master. In the present instance the desire to have her veil, added to Mrs. Stonor's feeble remonstrances, decided her, and, ordering the door to be opened, she got out. A woman was standing in the entrance, hold-

ing a sickly looking infant in her arms, and she directed her up an old rickety staircase. For another moment Ada paused, an impulse she could not define drawing her back, then gathering her dress round her, she went daintily up, the boards creaking beneath her feet, and a vague alarm filling her mind at finding herself alone in such a place. The room she sought was on the third floor, and after toiling up the steep narrow stairs to what seemed an endless height, she found herself at last standing before a door bearing on its broken frame the number she was seeking. The paint was all worn off, and the handle gone. She knocked gently, and waited a summons to enter. As it did not come, with some difficulty she pushed back the door and went in.

Surrounded, as Ada had been all her life, with everything that could make her luxuriously comfortable, the misery of the scene before her seemed like an appalling dream; she did not realize its truth. She had never imagined that her fellow creatures could support life under the wretched circumstances in which she saw them that day. A small, close room; a straw bed upon the floor, with a few rags of covering; a broken chair, a wooden table propped up by bricks; the broken window, through which the June sun even did not penetrate, mended with brown paper, the figure of a woman stretched upon that pauper bed, and a young girl kneeling beside her—such was the picture that met her eyes.

It was almost a minute before Ada sufficiently recovered herself to remember why she had come there. The girl had advanced towards her and seemed to be warning her back.

"I—I have come," said Ada, trying to recover herself, "about my veil. I wanted to see, and speak to your mother myself," and passing on she went to the bed side. She had not seen the woman's face. Now, as she bent over her, the sick woman turned towards her. A cry escaped Ada.

"Why did you let me come here, girl?" she exclaimed; "your mother has——"

"The small-pox. But indeed I did not know you were coming, or I would have prevented you. I would have told you the other evening, but my mother, they say, is dying, and we are so poor, so miserable."

The woman had slowly risen in her bed, and all unconscious as she was, in the delirium of fever, she muttered something about "the veil." A sudden faint sickness came over Ada as she tried to reach the door, which with difficulty she managed to do. Then she rushed down the stairs and sprang into the carriage. Mrs. Stonor vainly endeavoured to ascertain the cause of so strange a proceeding; but she was unable. For Ada had fainted away. She was taken home immediately, and the doctor was hastily sent for. The beautiful ball dress which she was to have worn that evening at a grand ball given at the Austrian Embassy was removed from her bed, and she was laid upon it. The doctor said her nerves had received a severe shock, but that he trusted time and perfect rest would restore her. For a few days an anxious watch was kept over her by her father, the doctor, and Mrs. Stonor. Then the fatal truth became known, that the beautiful Miss Wilingham, Sir Henry Sefton's bride elect, had taken the small-pox.

## CHAPTER II.

SIR Henry Sefton had not seen Ada since the day she had gone to Westminster. They had ridden together in the Row that morning, and parted to meet again at the ball. The bouquet of flowers he had sent her for the occasion was standing in a glass of water on the toilette table; but Ada had been too ill to notice it or even know that it was there. Though long years after, those very same flowers, all dead and faded, were found carefully preserved.

Sir Henry called every day at Eccleston

Square, and expressed all the anxiety which might be expected on the occasion. His fear of Ada's dying, and his losing her, made him for the time being a really unhappy man; but when, after a severe struggle with death, life triumphed, and the doctor pronounced the crisis to be over, he went back again into society, and consoled himself as best he might, till her complete recovery and *les convenances* allowed them to meet again.

From the day that Ada had gone from the lace-maker's room, her life had been completely a blank. As she regained consciousness, with the sensation of extreme weakness weighing down every limb, her memory failed to bridge over the intervening time. She remembered nothing, and for a time enjoyed blessed immunity from a knowledge of the trial that awaited her.

Mr. Willingham, though a man who seldom left his library, was so deeply attached to his child that, day and night, he had watched beside her bed, and, loving her as he did, she seemed as if given back to him from the dead. When Ada was told how long she had been ill, and that the day fixed for her wedding had come and gone, she listened quite patiently. They gave her the notes and flowers that had been sent from Sir Henry, and endeavoured to interest her in the things she had been wont to love. Ada's spirits were naturally bright, and the disease which had swept over her like a tempest had only bowed her for the time. But she rose again when it had passed, and clung more closely to the life she had so nearly lost. "When shall I be well?" was her constant question; "when may I leave my bed, and this darkened room? I long for the light. I cannot breathe till I have it." When it was no longer possible to keep her any more as she was, they laid her on a sofa and partly drew up the blinds.

"I *must* see myself," she said, nervously, to a young girl who was for a few minutes left in attendance upon her, "I dread being disfigured. The doctors assure me I shall

not be, but that does not content me; I must see and judge for myself."

Mademoiselle Victorine was not there, or she would, on some pretext, have prevented her mistress from having a glass—a thing which had been positively forbidden by the doctors. The girl dared not disobey, so she gave a hand mirror to her mistress. Then a wild shriek rang through the house, and Ada sank back insensible on the cushions.

Her second recovery was far more tedious than the first. She baffled the doctors' skill, and drove her father to despair. The shock, coming at a time when her constitution was weakened by disease, made it difficult for her to rally; and, besides this, she suffered from a depression which made her lie for hours at a time without taking the least interest in anything that was going on, prostrated by a melancholy it seemed impossible to divert. The London season was now nearly over, but, as Parliament had not been prorogued, some people yet lingered on, and among others, as a matter of course, Sir Henry Sefton. He expressed the greatest anxiety to see Ada, but it was Ada now who begged that the interview might be deferred. She saw his name in the papers, for she eagerly sought it. The *Morning Post* which brought sensations of gratified vanity to many breakfast tables, brought only misery to her. At all, or almost all the parties, balls, or fêtes, at which Sir Henry's name was mentioned as being present, Miss Brereton's name appeared also. She had laughed in her heart once at the thought of rivalry with Constance Brereton, but now the seamed and scarred face that had been reflected back from the mirror rose before her; and she feared that, as far as Sir Henry was concerned, when he had once seen her, her power over him would be gone. He had loved the beautiful Ada Willingham, but that Ada was no longer. She almost failed to recognise her own face, and the pain of seeing it again made her shun a glass as eagerly as she had once sought it. Still, in spite of everything,



she clung to hope. "He loved me so," she said to herself a thousand times a day. "*For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part.*" Would that death might come sooner than he should cease to love me," but the words he had spoken on that last night kept rising in her memory, a fiend she could not lay: "Ada, when we are married, I shall have the greatest pride in taking you out, in feeling that all men admire you, and knowing that you are mine."

Would he feel that pride now? Better to know the truth at once than linger in such uncertainty. Sometimes she thought of him as so good and noble, (for we are apt to deify the object we love) that she upbraided herself for entertaining suspicions that were perhaps both cruel and unjust. What would life be to her without him, she said. To lose him would be to lose everything—everything that makes life worth having. Surely he had won her for herself; he must love her still; that he would not was too bitter a thought to be seriously entertained.

At last the day came when her fate was to be decided; arrangements were being made for their leaving London. Sir Henry could no longer be refused; he insisted that he *must* see the girl who would have been his wife six weeks before, but for the *bridal veil* and that ill-starred visit to Westminster. Ada was placed upon her sofa, the light from the window softly shaded by partly drawn curtains; every arrangement made that could lessen the shock all her attendants felt Sir Henry must experience when he saw the fearful ravages which disease had made in the once beautiful face. Ada had tried to nerve herself to bear the interview, and the struggle had been hard and long.

"If I only look in his face," she said, "I shall know!"

When the dreaded moment arrived, and she heard the footsteps she knew so well, a faint feeling came over her. Then the door

opened, and she felt that her lover was before her.

"Ada, my darling," he exclaimed, advancing quickly. "Ada look at me—speak."

Then she turned her face, and he stood spell-bound. He saw no trace of Ada, he only saw the scarred lines, the disfigured features, a face which men would turn to look at now for its unsightliness, as they had once done for its rare loveliness. The eyes—only the eyes—had the lingering remains of the look of old, and those eyes sought his, and hung upon their expression, as criminals await their verdict. He turned white,—whiter even than she had done, and tried to speak the words that rose to his lips, but he could not. The eager look died out of Ada's eyes, though the love remained.

"Henry," she said softly, "you were not prepared for this. You cannot love me as I am."

Again he tried to speak, again he failed.

"It was not me you loved, after all," she whispered, "oh, I have hoped against hope."

"Ada," he exclaimed, kneeling beside her couch, and kissing her, "you are unjust."

"No, I am not unjust, but we are all human, you most of all. Henry, you could not bear to have your wife pointed at as I should be."

The flush she knew so well of old rose to his cheek.

"Ada" he said, "you promised to be my wife; you promised, and I accepted the promise in brighter days—I am come now, as willing to give effect to that promise as I was then."

"As willing, perhaps, but not as ready," She saw that in his face, felt it in the shrinking touch of his hand, but the words he said were so sweet to her that she tried to imagine they were real. As he knelt there beside her, as he had so often done before, she forgot everything—lived only in the present. He spoke of her illness, and of all the miserable anxiety he had suffered; he told her what he had been doing, and tried to inter-

est her with details of the outside world, but Ada remembered, after he was gone, that the future had been an avoided subject, that he had never mentioned their marriage day.

Ada got better, but returning health and strength brought no happiness with them; her life was no longer the same as it had been before her illness. Sir Henry came daily to Eccleston Square, though his visits were often hurried, and he pleaded engagements, and business that had never existed in the old times. She would watch and wait hour after hour, listening for the sound of his horses' feet in the square—wait only to be disappointed. Ada had been so accustomed all her life to love, flattery, and adulation, that her present position fretted her spirits—her existence became almost a burden to her. Her father spent more of his time with her than he had been used to do, continually leaving his favorite studies, the library, or the club, in order, if possible, to cheer her up; but everything was of no avail. At last the doctors recommended change of air, and as the Willinghams had always been accustomed to leave town in July, and it was now the middle of August, they decided to go at once.

Ada had generally chosen for their summer retreat some gay and fashionable watering-place, where the chances were they would meet again many of their London friends. Now her greatest desire was to avoid being seen; her dread of pity exceeded her former love of admiration. When Sir Henry was told of the arrangement he acquiesced at once, and promised to join them as soon as he possibly could, but he left himself tolerably free by deciding nothing. Ada did not press the point, but her heart sank when, accidentally driving home through the Park late one afternoon, she recognised her lover and Constance Brereton riding together in the Row.

Her lover! Was he her lover, or was that all over and gone—a delusion of the past?

Mr. Willingham selected, in deference to

Ada's wishes, a very retired little watering-place on the East Coast, a place where they might be as quiet as they liked. Here they were soon comfortably established, but the change of scene did not bring to Ada the rest she expected. The uncertainty of her position weighed on her mind, but she shrank from being herself the instrument of destroying all her remaining hopes. She would stand before the glass and compare her face with the face that had once been reflected back, and she knew that it was no longer one that men would care to look upon. She might be the same herself, but she could no longer inspire love. If Sir Henry had loved her as she loved him, he would be unchanged. But did he? That was the thought that rose again and again. She remembered now how often he had spoken of her beauty, and his pride in her, and how sweet the praise was then. And now even the remembrance of it was very bitter.

The end of August had come before Sir Henry Sefton fulfilled his promise of joining them at Cromer Bridge.

Ada soon found that Sir Henry's visit was likely to be a hurried one, and he still avoided the subject of their marriage. When they strolled together on the beach in the lovely summer evenings, scenes that of old would have made his tones lower and his accents more tender, now only made him constrained and absent. In vain, night after night, Ada tried to delude herself into the belief that it was something more than honour that bound him to her, but the truth, in all its bare reality, forced itself upon her. At last she could no longer endure the suspense. Sir Henry was going away again to fulfil another of those engagements which he now considered unavoidable, and still he made no mention of their marriage. "Rather," Ada said, as she knelt beside her open window in the soft twilight, the sound of the waves breaking on the grey shingle beach, "Rather anything than this; better to give him back his promise myself, than let him

give me up." Her father neither observed nor suspected any difference in Sir Henry Sefton. He thought that Sir Henry merely awaited his child's complete recovery, and Ada determined to leave him under this impression till all was decided.

It was not till the last day of Sir Henry's visit at Cromer Bridge that she gained sufficient courage for her purpose, but during a long sleepless night she had made up her mind, and she would not allow herself to be turned from her purpose. Sir Henry was to start by an evening train, and she expected him every moment to come from the hotel where he was staying, to wish her good bye, so she went slowly down stairs and waited in the drawing-room. It was getting dusk, for already the days were visibly shortening; and she was glad that it was so, for her heart was beating and her hands trembling. Presently he came in and stood beside her at the window. After a silence she said; "Henry, I have something to say—something I must tell you before you go."

Her voice had fallen so low that he could hardly catch her words.

"Henry, I could not marry a man who did not love me for myself. I know that everything is different now to what it used to be. *I release you.*"

Even then she clung to the thought that he would refuse his freedom, and for a few minutes he did; for a few minutes her arms were round him, and her face leaning against his as of old—then the dream was over.

"Ada, you must not be hasty. God knows I wish to do what is right, and if ever a man loved a woman, Ada, I have loved you."

"Never *me*," she said, softly.

The young man got up, and paced the room.

"Ada, I will write to you; this is a mistake—it must be overruled."

"Remember," she said, going to him and taking his hand, "whatever happens, I shall

not blame you. You are as free,—as free as if we had never met."

"Ada, you are better than I am. You are too good for me—can you forgive me?"

Once more she twined both her arms round his neck and whispered low, loving words. Then suddenly she released herself.

"It is not good bye, Ada," he exclaimed, "remember, Ada, we shall meet again."

"Yes—*we shall meet again!*" and she turned resolutely away, and left the room.

He had tried to speak, to prevent her going, but he felt that he was once more alone, and a free man.

In the depths of her heart, Ada still hoped against hope. She could not bring herself to believe that he would accept his release; but late that night a letter, with the writing she knew so well, was put into her hand. She opened it eagerly, her heart beating wildly as she did it, and read,—

"As I said, Ada, you are better than I am. You are too good for me. I shall always love you, but I accept my release, and I pray for your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; for if unhappiness comes to you through any mistake of mine, the thought of it would cast a shadow over all my future life."

After reading the first few lines the paper dropped from her hand. She had seen enough. The words burned like fire into her brain. Everything had gone into darkness. She was no longer the lovely Ada Willingham, admired and courted wherever she went, the spoiled darling of society and the first object in life to the man she had chosen before all the world to bestow her wealth of love upon. She was no longer any of these, but a miserable, rejected woman.

### CHAPTER III.

AFTER a time the Willinghams went back to Eccleston Square, but Ada refused all invitations to go into society, and determined to dismiss Mademoiselle Victorine.

Mademoiselle Victorine professed to be *désolée* at the idea, but allowed herself to become reconciled in the prospect of higher wages, and a greater scope for the exercise of her talents.

"Mademoiselle Ada" she said, "had been *charmante*, when turned out of her skilful hands in former days, but now *que voulez vous*—what could she do with any one *si affreusement laide*."

Ada debated some time whom she could get to supply her place; then the Belgian lace maker flashed upon her memory. She ordered the carriage, and that very afternoon drove once again into the obscure street in Westminster, at the back of the Victoria Flats. Once more she went up the rickety stairs—once more she pushed back the broken door. There was only one occupant of the room now, the figure of the dying woman was absent from the straw pallet. Only the girl remained. She was crouching over an empty grate, sewing by the waning light at a delicate bit of embroidery. She started up on Ada's entrance, but failed to recognise her visitor.

"I am Miss Willingham," Ada said, "the lady to whom you once brought an unfinished wedding veil."

The work had dropped from the girl's fingers, and the compassion she felt was gleaming in her dark eyes.

"It was not your fault," Ada said, quietly, "only mine, and to show you that I feel what I say, I am come here to-day to ask you if you would like to enter my service, and live with me as my maid, instead of working all by yourself. I would not have asked you, although I came on purpose, but I see that you have nothing to keep you here."

The girl hid her face and burst into tears—then she took Ada's hand and kissed it, pouring forth as she did so a torrent of thanks. She was alone, miserable, starving. Ada had rescued her from death, she would serve her all her life.

Ada tried to cheer and comfort her, then gave the girl some money to enable her to get what clothes she required, and arranged for her to come to Eccleston Square on the following day. Lizette, that was the girl's name, went with her to the door, and watched her as she went down the rickety stairs, a smile on her pale thin face that did more for Ada than all the prescriptions that were ordered for her perfect restoration by her physicians and attendants. When Ada re-entered the carriage, her heart was lighter than it had been any time since her illness: and a resolution was made that night, on bended knees, that her future life should be given more to the service of her fellow creatures. She looked upon the squalid faces in the streets now with different eyes. To help them in their poverty and wretchedness should be her appointed work in life—the life she had once thought to spend so differently. She had lost all the world considers worth having, but she could still be of use to her fellow creatures. And nobly she fulfilled her intentions. Accompanied by Lizette, she sought out the miserable homes of the sick and dying, carrying comfort and hope with her; and realizing, in a life of self-sacrifice, that peace which the world could never have bestowed, and which it was powerless to take away.

Before the bright green leaves of early spring had opened on the beech trees that skirt Rotten Row, the scene of so many of her former triumphs, Sir Henry Sefton had married Constance Brereton. Ada read the announcement in the paper, and that day was a very dark one to her. She could not rest, or take any pleasure in her usual occupations. Lizette, who had become much attached to her young mistress, wondered sorrowfully, but Ada did not mention, even to her father, what she knew he must have seen as well as herself. The bridal bells seemed ringing in her ears, and the words, "I take thee, Ada, to have and to hold, for better for worse, in sickness and in health,

till death us do part," were ever present to her mind.

Alas! something worse than death had parted them.

Sir Henry Sefton and his lovely bride went abroad on the orthodox wedding tour, and then they returned to a house in Park Lane, which had been sumptuously fitted up for their reception. Constance was beautiful enough to gratify the most *exigant* husband's desires, but somehow Sir Henry was not as much pleased as he ought to have been. He felt that all men admired his wife, but he did not feel as certain that her affections were his. He had found her, as Constance Brereton, surrounded by admirers, and had carried her away from them all; but although she professed to love him, a miserable doubt regarding her sincerity would come over him. She did not love him as Ada had once loved him. A day came when *that* truth forced itself upon him.

Dress, society, and admiration, were as essential to Constance in her married life, as they had been in her single days. Her house in Park Lane was constantly thronged with visitors, and she became a star in the fashionable world; so that before the season was over, half London struggled for the *entrée* to her kettledrums, her concerts, and her balls.

Years went by, and little children claimed her care; but this made no difference. Sir Henry remonstrated; differences arose, and coldness crept in. One trial succeeded another, till at last a morning came when all London was electrified by the startling intelligence that the admired and courted *Lady Henry Sefton had eloped from her husband's roof*. Sir Henry's pride and honour were more wounded than his affections, and, in that hour of retributive justice, the memory of Ada haunted him like a dream. He would have gone to her but he dared not, fearing that she would turn from him, scorning even his friendship. He retired from the world, and although he remained princi-

pally in London, the opinion of society, which he had once valued so highly, became as nothing to him. Circumstance had changed and marred all his previous views of life, and left him a sadder, but perhaps a *better* man. It was not for some years after his wife's desertion of him that he saw Ada Willingham again. He had said once, "we shall meet again." Alas, he dreamt not how that prophecy would be fulfilled.

He was riding through Eccleston Square; He often went there now—went in the vague hope of meeting Ada. Suddenly a deadly pallor spread itself over his face. The blinds in the old house he knew so well were all drawn.

It might be her father who was dead, or Mrs. Stonor. Why did something whisper to him that it was Ada. In that moment the intervening time had all vanished; he was standing on the balcony again, the lovely face turned up to his, and Ada was his affianced bride once more. A sudden impulse seized him. He got off his horse, and ordered the groom to return to Park Lane. Then he went up to the door and knocked gently. The summons was answered, and the words he had so feared were spoken—

Ada was dead!

"Mr. Willingham sees no one?"

Might he speak to Mrs. Stonor, if she was still there?

The servant hesitated, but Sir Henry's importunity prevailed, and he was shown into the drawing-room. There was a picture of Ada hanging against the wall—Ada, as she had once been, dressed all in cloud-like white, and flowers in her hair. It seemed to speak to him, to be breathing of life, and love, and hope—the hopes he had destroyed. Everything reminded him of Ada, and made the past years seem only a dream. When Mrs. Stonor opened the door, he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, vainly trying to believe that his dreams had been realities.

He started up on her approach, and took the offered hand.

"I have no right," he said, "to intrude myself on you at a time like this, but I have a favour to ask, which I cannot help hoping you will grant. May I—may I see Miss Willingham?"

Mrs. Stonor started back.

"You do not know, perhaps," she said, "the melancholy event that has happened, that Ada—our dear Ada—is no more?"

"I did not know until just now," he replied.

"If you had only come before," said Mrs. Stonor, "Ada has been ill a long time, and"—

"What was the matter?"

"Well, I don't know, and it is my firm belief the doctors did not know either, but one thing is quite certain, she overworked herself. She was never the same after that time—you know—the time of—of her engagement being broken off—giving up all society and devoting herself to visiting the poor. It was not a natural life, was it, for one so young as Ada? But she always would have it she was happier in doing that than in anything else."

Something like a moan issued from Sir Henry's lips.

"They tell me she has done so much good," Mrs. Stonor continued, "that her loss will be deeply felt by hundreds in the poor districts."

Sir Henry started up, and taking Mrs. Stonor's hand, looked earnestly at her.

"Did—did Ada ever mention my name?"

Mrs. Stonor paused in her reply.

"No—she never spoke of you; but she made a request that—"

Sir Henry watched her anxiously, but she put her finger on her lips, and beckoning him to follow, opened the drawing-room door and went up stairs.

At another door she paused, and, very silently opening it, they both passed in. The shutters were closed, but enough light struggled in to reveal the long narrow coffin that stood in the middle of the room.

Prepared as Sir Henry was, he started back. He had not realized being face to face with *death*.

Mrs. Stonor looked round anxiously—she had admitted him into the sacred chamber, and perhaps she feared Mr. Willingham would know it. Sir Henry saw the look, and advanced at her bidding.

For a moment, and though he looked he could not see anything—then the darkness passed from his eyes. Mrs. Stonor had drawn aside the covering, and Ada was before him. He had fulfilled his promise; they had met again!

Death, as it sometimes does, had laid a restoring hand on the face that disease had so cruelly marred. Ada was the Ada of the long ago days, the face calm and sweet, with an expression of rapt repose.

Sir Henry stood beside her, looking and listening for the voice that had once spoken in such accents of love—the voice he would never hear again in all the coming years. How long a time passed he never knew, but Mrs. Stonor touched his arm;

"That was her request," she whispered; "her last wish." Then for the first time Sir Henry Sefton saw that she was wrapped in her bridal veil, with a bouquet of dead flowers lying on her breast.

## RUNNING THE DOURO RAPIDS.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

Three cheers for the lumbermen, wild and free,  
The sweep of their long oars I love to hear,  
The sound of their voices is joy to me,  
For then I know that a crib is near.

Hurrah! I am off to Otonabee's side,  
Not far from its steep banks I care to roam;  
They'll come in a moment to take the long slide  
Right over the rapids and down through the foam.

They're heaving in sight, see the brave pilot stand,  
Unawed by the wild rushing water below;  
They're ready to try it—one wave of his hand,  
And down the long slide they so fearlessly go.

All covered with spray see their forms now appearing;  
The Frenchmen are tossing their caps up on high;  
The poor shivering fellows, how loudly they're cheering,  
'Twould only be civil to join in the cry.

They laugh at their ducking when danger is o'er,  
They care not a farthing for all their hard knocks;  
One word from the pilot, each man at his oar  
Is manfully rowing to keep off the rocks.

But swift runs the stream, such a stiff breeze is blowing,  
Methinks 'twill be hard work to keep the crib straight;  
Oh, yes, my poor raftsmen, in vain was your rowing,  
It strikes on the hard rock—just hark to the grate.

The timbers are parting, the waters are rushing  
Up, up through the opening, and off go the men;  
But still, 'tis far better than if they were crushing  
Amongst the great timbers just closing again.

Come, landsmen, make ready, push quickly 'long side.  
Keep cool, my poor fellows, one short moment more.  
Cling to the timbers—soon out of the tide  
We'll bear you in triumph and joy to the shore.

## THE HALF-BREEDS OF RED RIVER.

## THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

FROM different causes a great deal of attention has of late been directed to the Red River Territory, which before had been a "*terra incognita*." Although we cannot but regret some of the events, they served to advertise the country to the world, and were the indirect means of immediately opening up communication through Canadian territory.

Without referring to the different routes by which the territory can be reached, we will proceed to give a short epitome of its history, before we touch upon the present condition of the people and their peculiarities and customs.

In 1811, Lord Alex. Selkirk obtained a grant of land from the Hudson Bay Company, in the Assiniboia territory. In 1812 a small party of settlers, from Scotland, arrived in the territory, and erected houses for those who were to follow. And in 1814 the number had increased to about two hundred. After undergoing many reverses, enduring great hardships, having twice to give up their farms and leave the settlement, the people overcame all their difficulties, and attained to their present prosperous condition.

About the same time that Lord Selkirk started his settlement of Scotch, or within two or three years after that date, a few straggling families, principally of French half-breeds, took up their abode on the banks of the Red River. It was customary for the employees of the Hudson Bay and North-West Companies either to marry or cohabit with the Indian women around the posts to which they were attached. In time, and after having children, many of them looked upon their concubines as their wives, and treated them as such, taking them about

from post to post. These men, after a service of from twenty to forty years, becoming tired of it, joined the previous settlers, and sought a retreat and a quiet old age in tilling the soil on the beautiful banks of the Red River.

The officers of the companies usually entered the service when from fourteen to sixteen years of age; and it was not only the low ranks of the service that intermarried with the Indian women of the country; those holding the highest positions, the chief traders and chief factors, did the same. The consequence was, that men receiving large pay, and occupying good positions, on retiring from the service found that they had recognized families of half-breeds looking to them for support. When deciding upon a place to settle, they naturally took up their quarters where they could spend their old age among a people with whom they felt at home, and could live in the free and easy manner to which they had been accustomed from their earliest days. They did this rather than take home to the old country families that their relatives might be ashamed of—rather than undergo the restraints of a civilized life, now grown irksome to them—rather than return after a lengthened absence to their homes, either to find their old friends dead, or themselves unrecognized and forgotten.

In a statement, published in 1818, of the Selkirk Settlement, the half-breed population was then thus spoken of:—"Technically termed in that country *Metiss*, *Bois Brûlés*, or *Half-breeds*. These are the illegitimate progeny, chiefly, of the Indian traders and others in the service of the North-West Company, by Indian women."

Many of the forts and posts of the Hud.



son Bay Company are now in charge of the half-breed children of the earlier chief traders and chief factors, and the name half-breed, if it ever was so, has ceased to be a term of reproach. One old officer of the Company, who died last year, was a descendant of one of the oldest and best families in Montreal. He entered the service of the Company about fifty years ago, married or cohabited with an Indian woman when he was young, and had a son by her who is now in charge of one of the Company's posts. The father died, leaving a property valued at twenty-five thousand pounds, and about a dozen half-breed children.

An intelligent half-breed thus descended is the best man that can be found for the charge of the interior posts. He has the intelligence of the white man, with the Indian sagacity. He can live on the coarsest food, can endure the greatest hardships, can bear to be isolated from the world year after year. No one better understands the Indian character, or can deal to greater advantage with the race. There are two large classes of the half-breeds—the English and French. The former appear to take more after the white and less after the Indian, while the latter, on the contrary, seem to descend more to the Indian level. This is shown in various ways. They care less than the English half-breeds for cultivating the soil, are satisfied with coarser and plainer food, are more improvident, and evince greater fondness for buffalo hunting and its gipsy life. From the earliest history of the settlement, it has been the custom to go out to summer and winter buffalo hunts. These parties are made up almost exclusively of French half-breeds. They rendezvous at a certain point in the settlement, with their ox-carts, buffalo-runners, and their whole families—in some years having been known to number as many as fifteen hundred carts. After quitting the settlement, they agree amongst themselves upon a captain, chosen for his boldness, experience and success in

the hunting field. He is to say when they shall start in the morning, how long they shall travel, and when they shall camp at night. All disputes are referred to him. When they approach the buffalo, they mount their runners, as their trained horses are called, and pursue the herd. On bringing down a buffalo, the hunter who shoots it drops a glove or something by way of token. The women, following with the carts, take the carcasses belonging to their lords, and commence converting them into pemmican.

The half-breeds, with their long hair and dark complexions, when dressed in their usual style, with fur cap, capote or cariboo shirt, leggings and moccasins to match, carrying flint-lock guns, and mounted on roving little Indian ponies, caparisoned with a gorgeously worked beaded saddle-cloth and beaded saddle, with long lassoes of buffalo hide trailing on the ground yards behind them, present really a picturesque appearance. The horses always walk or gallop. You might ride about the settlement for days together and never see a horseman trotting.

The half-breeds are uncommonly fond of horse-racing. It is a very ordinary occurrence in Winnipeg, to see a horse-race between half-breeds up and down the street. There are impromptu matches made for small stakes. Often a couple of half-breeds may be seen tearing down the street on horse-back with their hair flying and arms working, amid the applause of the bystanders. They all ride uncommonly well, being used to it from their infancy, and almost living in their saddles. They dash up the street in small troops at full gallop, stop suddenly at an hotel, throw themselves off their horses, which, if wild, are cobbled with their lassoes, enter the hotel, spend their money most freely, and after drinking a good deal come out, and dash off again in the same wild, reckless, devil-may-care style. They are rather given to gambling, and are a very intemperate race, particularly the

French. They can frequently be seen coming out of the Hudson Bay Company's store with small bottles filled with rum, which they proceed to empty before leaving the yard. A day never passes but some are seen returning home intoxicated on foot, or reeling about on their horses. They are naturally quiet and inoffensive if unprovoked, fond of a joke, and laugh a good deal, but, when under the influence of liquor, their worse nature shows itself, and their Indian passions appear for the time to predominate. In a fight they would probably be cowardly, and take an unfair advantage of an adversary where it was possible. They are passionately fond of dancing and of the fiddle. In nearly every family, one can be found who plays that instrument. After the snow falls they have numberless gatherings for dancing. They do not, as we do, assemble at 10 p.m. and break up at 1 or 2 in the morning—that would be considered utterly absurd—they meet at the reasonable hour of 6 in the evening, dance all that night until about eight the following morning, breakfast in the house by daylight, and then return home, often driving as many as twenty miles. After weddings these dances have been known to be kept up (we have it on the very best authority) for two and even three days, until the guests have eaten up every thing in the house. The dances are always crowded, as the Red River cottage usually contains but two or three rooms. The principal dance, in fact their only one, is called a Red River jig, which somewhat resembles a hornpipe, male and female participating in it; every little while some new couple cutting out those dancing; so that it can go on for hours together, till the fiddlers and their reliefs are all exhausted. As a dance for females it is most ungraceful.

Another curious custom of Red River is that at any chance meeting on New Year's day, whether at one of their dances, or in calling, or elsewhere, the men and women kiss each other. It used to be indulged in

on all hands, from the highest to the Indian, the women taking their kiss as a matter of course, sometimes from entire strangers. It is now dying out, since the advent of strangers and the opening up of the settlement. Red River has changed greatly in the last two or three years: before, it was fifty years behind the rest of the world. It was exceedingly difficult of access, being bounded on the west by a thousand miles of uninhabited prairie, and many hundreds of miles of mountainous and broken country; on the north it had access to the Atlantic ocean by way of a most dangerous river and the Hudson's Bay, only open on an average about six weeks of the year; on the east a canoe voyage of about fifteen hundred miles was required to reach Toronto; so that the settlers remained cut off from the world until they gave up the old routes to the north and east, and adopted that to the south. This was an overland journey, by the vast trackless prairie, of between five and six hundred miles, to St. Paul's, one of the earliest settlements in that quarter, and from St. Paul's to Chicago. The length of the journey deterred visitors, and the settlers were contented to remain as they were, seldom hearing from the outside world, and taking little or no interest in it.

As a rule the half-breed, like the Indian, eats inordinately. If he has fasted for a time his cravings seem never to be satisfied. The writer recollects seeing an Indian and a half-breed sit down to a pot filled with a fish that must have weighed, before it was cooked, close upon twenty-five pounds, and finish it before they stopped, leaving only the head and bones untouched; after which they swallowed a quantity of pemmican. Even then they looked as hungry as ever, and as if it would be dangerous to leave any edible within their reach.

At a citizens' ball in the village of Winnipeg, a stout half-breed happened to place himself beside the writer at the supper table. Taking up a fork he deliberately transferred

a whole duck from the dish on to his own plate, and, after totally demolishing it, proceeded with the rest of his supper. There are exceptions to all rules, and some half-breeds, of course, do not eat to excess. In fact, there are some *in every respect* like full-blooded whites.

Half-breeds naturally can adapt themselves with ease to the habits of the Indians. The half-breed whose gastronomic feat is mentioned above, was a most respectable and intelligent fellow, could read and write well, had a good farm in the settlement, stocked with forty or fifty head of cattle, and was accustomed to living very comfortably. He once took the writer into a wigwam tenanted by an old squaw, her daughter and grandchild. The owner, just returned from a long journey, had taken up his grandchild and was kissing and fondling it, with a greater appearance of feeling than one would expect to find in an Indian. The writer stood at the door, afraid to touch the sides of it for fear of vermin (Indians always being very dirty), while my friend walked in, sat down on some blankets, picked up an old pot filled with water, in which a fish had been boiled, and drank a quantity, seemingly with great relish. After he had held a long conversation with them in the Indian tongue, we came away. All half-breeds can speak some Indian dialect. The French and English can always communicate freely with each other by their common language.

The women generally dress in dark coloured clothes; out of the house they invariably wear a black shawl over their heads, which serves the place of bonnet and cloak, and looking out, with a sly glance from the corner of their eyes, with their bright red or bronzed complexions, they appear rather attractive.

On Sundays the French women may be seen in crowds crossing the ferry at St. Boniface. When delayed there, they have a way of resting themselves by squatting down on the ground, not caring whether there is grass

or not—a habit they have inherited from their Indian mothers.

It is not an uncommon thing to see a leather tent standing near the houses of half-breeds, and used a good deal in the summer months; it is cooler for sleeping, and they can have their smudge for keeping off the mosquitoes, and can gratify a taste for out-door life.

It has always been considered totally unnecessary to have locks on the doors of the houses; doors can be left open, articles lying about in the most careless manner without any danger of their being stolen, the house being entered. Till lately crime was almost unknown in the settlement. There was only one Judge for the whole place, who held court at Fort Garry about every three months. The jail was a wooden building, and nearly always unoccupied.

During the summer many of the settlers employ their time in what is called "tramping," that is, in making trips between Fort Garry and St. Paul's, in Minnesota. They go with loads of fur, and return with sorts of merchandize for the shopkeepers at Red River. They take with them all the working oxen, of which some have only one or eight, others thirty or forty. The oxen are harnessed singly to carts made completely of wood, without tires, these being the most convenient, as they can be floated over the streams on the route where there are no ferry-boats. As a general thing there is a man in charge of every five or six carts to load and unload, attend to the oxen in the morning and evening, and other work. The leading ox of the train is an old stager that walks fast. He usually has blinds on, so that the driver need not be always at his head goading him on, a call being enough. The second ox is tied by the horns with buffalo thongs to the leading cart, the third to the second, and so on all through the train, consequently they are unable to lag.

All summer these trains are arriving and leaving the settlement, from the small ones

of eight or ten carts to a string of a hundred or more. They are often heard before they are seen ; the wheels, through want of greasing, emit a sound anything but agreeable to the ear. A good-sized train can easily be heard a mile off.

As winter sets in this traffic is stopped, and many then go for the winter buffalo hunting. Those left devote themselves to pleasure, drive about in their little carioles, or in small sleighs with racks, their own handiwork, and appear to enjoy life as well as the best of us. After the snow falls all long journeys into the interior are made with dog trains, consisting of three or more dogs harnessed in tandem fashion, with Dutch collars, to small carioles, or, as we should call them, toboggans, a half-breed driver with a whip completing the turnout. The "huskies," or Esquimaux dogs, from the north, are considered the best for this purpose. They are only fed once a day, that is in the evening, the meal consisting of fish or about a pound of pemmican. This keeps them in good condition. In camp, with the dogs about, unless they are very well fed, nearly everything has to be hung up out of their reach, even moccasins and snow shoes. The cariole itself (on account of the deer thongs about it,) has also to be hung up, otherwise it would be destroyed. In the

dog cariole the passenger can sit or lie down with the greatest comfort and warmth ; it being low, little wind is caught. The driver by practice can run all day, making from forty to sixty miles, and only occasionally jumping on the rear of the cariole, which projects beyond the place where the occupant sits, or where the load is placed.

The inhabitants of Red River, Scotch or half-breed, invariably wear moccasins made of moose or buffalo skin, called by them shoes. Winter or summer, cold or warm, dry or muddy, they always wear their moccasins—in summer generally without socks or stockings. When it is muddy their feet of course are always wet or damp ; they are accustomed to this, and it does not appear to injure their health in the least. During the cold weather they wear inside the shoes pieces of warm cloth like blanket, technically termed "duffel."

They are the fortunate possessors of a splendid country. As regards soil, it is one of the gardens of the earth. It is impossible to travel over those countless acres of waving grass, without meditating on the great future which awaits Canada when they shall have been converted into thriving farms by our industrious and loyal fellow-subjects.

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## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY HENRY RAINE.

WE crept along the pine-clad shore,  
'Mid looming hills that vaster grew,  
And said,—“Farewell, for evermore,—  
Farewell the *Old*, we greet the *New*.”

We came across the tossing foam,  
Athwart the restless sea-walls borne,  
And said—“Adieu to thee, dear Home,”  
With faces to the brightening morn.

The land grew large ; and manifold  
The shining valleys vast and fair.  
Sweet voices echo from the Old,  
But yet I breathe a freer air.

The cycle of the long, long year,  
The first slow-pacing year of pain,  
With weary pulses draweth near,  
And echoes for the Old again.

Once more there breaks the sunlit glow  
Of long fled, golden memories ;  
And through my soul vibrations flow,  
The heralds of sweet reveries.

I stand upon the rugged shore,  
And look, and list across the main ;  
I muse—“Shall I not see them more ?”  
And yet mine eyes with yearning strain.

I stand upon the rugged shore,  
And watch the homeward ships go by,  
And hearken through the breakers' roar,  
For music that will never die.

There is sweet music fancy-bred,  
That softly calls across the sea,  
Like voices from the happier dead,  
For truly dead they seem to me.

The shadows flee, back rolls the pall,  
There stand the maidens on the shore,  
They wave their beckoning hands, and call  
To one who loves them more and more.

Transfigured ! in the shining track,  
Afar their radiant faces shine ;  
They breathe—“O summer winds bring back  
Our friend, long lost, across the brine.”

O white-winged sea-bird flying far,  
 Take my fond love-words o'er the wave,  
 To where green downs and roses are,  
 And tell them yet my will is brave.

Before me waves a shadowy throng,  
 Behind, the snow-clad armies lurk,  
 But evermore doth float the song—  
 "Bide thou thy time, endure, and work."

I draw my hand across mine eyes,  
 And turn a sad heart once again  
 To life ;—now kindlier gleam the skies,  
 The earth seems brighter for the rain.

BARRIE, Ont.

## A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

THE vast works of the railway and steamboat age called into existence, besides the race of great engineers, a race of great organizers and directors of industry, who may be generally termed Contractors. Among these no figure was more conspicuous than that of Mr. Brassey, a life of whom has just been published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy. Its author is Mr. Helps, whose name is a guarantee for the worthy execution of the work. And worthily executed it is, in spite of a little Privy Council solemnity in the reflections, and a little "State paper" in the style. The materials were collected in an unusual way—by examining the persons who had acted under Mr. Brassey, or knew him well, and taking down their evidence in short-hand. The examination was conducted by Mr. Brassey, jun., who prudently declined to write the biography him-

self, feeling that a son could not speak impartially of his father.

Mr. Helps had been acquainted with Mr. Brassey, and had once received a visit from him on official business of difficulty and importance. He expected, he says, to see a hard, stern, soldierly sort of person, accustomed to sway armies of working-men in an imperious fashion. Instead of this he saw an elderly gentleman of very dignified appearance and singularly graceful manners—"a gentleman of the old school." "He stated his case, no, I express myself wrongly; he did *not* state his case, he *understated* it; and there are few things more attractive in a man than that he should be inclined to understate rather than overstate his own case." Mr. Brassey was, also, very brief, and when he went away, Mr. Helps, knowing well the matter in respect to which

his visitor had a grievance, thought that, if it had been his own case, he would hardly have been able to restrain himself so well, and speak with so little regard to self-interest, as Mr. Brassey had done. Of all the persons whom Mr. Helps had known, he thought Mr. Brassey most resembled that perfect gentleman and excellent public man, Lord Herbert of Lea.

Mr. Helps commences his work with a general portrait. According to this portrait, the most striking feature in Mr. Brassey's character was trustfulness, which he carried to what might appear an extreme. He chose his agents with care, but, having chosen them, placed implicit confidence in them, trusting them for all details, and judging by results. He was very liberal in the conduct of business. His temperament was singularly calm and equable, not to be discomposed by success or failure, easily throwing off the burden of care, and, when all had been done that could be done, awaiting the result with perfect equanimity. He was very delicate in blaming, his censure being always of the gentlest kind, evidently reluctant, and on that account going more to the heart. His generosity made him exceedingly popular with his subordinates and workmen, who looked forward to his coming among them as a festive event; and, when any disaster occurred in the works, the usual parts of employer and employed were reversed—the employer it was who framed the excuses and comforted the employed. He was singularly courteous, and listened to every body with respect; so that it was a marked thing when he went so far as to say of a voluble and empty chatterer, that "the peas were overgrowing the stick." His presence of mind was great; he had in an eminent degree, as his biographer remarks, what Napoleon called "two o'clock of the morning courage," being always ready, if called up in the middle of the night, to meet any urgent peril; and his faculties were stimulated, not overcome, by danger. He had a perfect hatred

of contention, and would not only refuse to take any questionable advantage, but would rather even submit to be taken advantage of—a generosity which turned to his account. In the execution of any undertaking, his anxiety was that the work should be done quickly and done well. Minor questions, unprovided for by specific contract, he left to be settled afterwards. In his life he had only one regular law-suit. It was in Spain, about the Mataro line, and into this he was drawn by his partner against his will. He declared that he would never have another. "for in nineteen cases out of twenty you either gain nothing at all, or what you do gain does not compensate you for the worry and anxiety the lawsuit occasions you." In case of disputes between his agents and the engineers, he quietly settled the question by reference to the "gangers." In order to find the key to Mr. Brassey's character, Mr. Helps made it a point to ascertain what was his "ruling passion." He had none of the ordinary ambitions for rank, title or social position. "His great ambition—his ruling passion—was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works: to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries; and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." "Mr. Brassey," continues Mr. Helps, "was, in brief, a singularly trustful, generous, large-hearted, dexterous, ruling kind of personage, blessed with a felicitous temperament for bearing the responsibility of great affairs." In the military age he might have been a great soldier, a Turenne or a Marlborough, if he could have broken through the aristocratic barrier which confined high command to the privileged few; in the industrial age he found a more beneficent road to distinction, and one not limited to the members of a caste.

Mr. Brassey's family is stated by Mr

Helps to have come over with William the Conqueror. If Mr. Brassey attached any importance to his pedigree (of which there is no appearance) it is to be hoped he was able to make it out more clearly than most of those who claim descent from companions of the Conqueror. Long after the Conquest—so long, indeed, as England and Normandy remained united under one crown—there was a constant flow of Norman immigration into England, and England swarms with people bearing Norman or French names, whose ancestors were perfectly guiltless of the bloodshed of Hastings, and made their entrance into the country as peaceful traders, and, perhaps, in even humbler capacities. What is certain is that the great contractor sprang from a line of those small landed proprietors, once the pillars of England's strength, virtue and freedom, who, in the old country have been "improved off the face of the earth" by the great landowners, while they live again on the happier side of the Atlantic. A sound morality, freedom from luxury, and a moderate degree of culture, are the heritage of the scion of such a stock. Mr. Brassey was brought up at home till he was twelve years old, when he was sent to school at Chester. At sixteen he was articled to a surveyor, and as an initiation into great works, he helped, as a pupil, to make the surveys for the then famous Holyhead road. His master, Mr. Lawton, saw his worth, and ultimately took him into partnership. The firm set up at Birkenhead, then a very small place, but destined to a greatness which, it seems, Mr. Lawton had the shrewdness to discern. At Birkenhead Mr. Brassey did well, of course; and there, after a time, he was brought into contact with George Stephenson, and by him at once appreciated and induced to engage in railways. The first contract which he obtained was for the Pembridge Viaduct, between Stafford and Wolverhampton, and for this he was enabled to tender by the liberality of his bankers, whose confidence,

like that of all with whom he came into contact, he had won. Railway making was at that time a new business, and a contractor was required to meet great demands upon his organizing power; the system of sub-contracts, which so much facilitates the work, being then only in its infancy. From George Stephenson Mr. Brassey passed to Mr. Locke, whose great coadjutor he speedily became. And now the question arose whether he should venture to leave his moorings at Birkenhead and launch upon the wide sea of railroad enterprise. His wife is said, by a happy inspiration, to have decided him in favour of the more important and ambitious sphere. She did so at the sacrifice of her domestic comfort; for in the prosecution of her husband's multifarious enterprises they changed their residence eleven times in the next thirteen years, several times to places abroad, and little during those years did his wife and family see of Mr. Brassey.

A high place in Mr. Brassey's calling had now been won, and it had been won not by going into rings or making corners, but by treading steadily the upward path of honour. Mr. Locke was accused of unduly favouring Mr. Brassey. Mr. Helps replies that the partiality of a man like Mr. Locke must have been based on business grounds. It was found that when Mr. Brassey had undertaken a contract, the engineer-in-chief had little to do in the way of supervision. Mr. Locke felt assured that the bargain would be not only exactly but handsomely fulfilled, and that no excuse would be pleaded for alteration or delay. After the fall of a great viaduct it was suggested to Mr. Brassey that, by representing his case, he might obtain a reduction of his loss. "No," was his reply, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

As a contractor on a large scale, and especially as a contractor for foreign railroads,



Mr. Brassey was led rapidly to develop the system of sub-contracting. His mode of dealing with his sub-contractors, however, was peculiar. They did not regularly contract with him, but he appointed them their work, telling them what price he should give for it. They were ready to take his word, knowing that they would not suffer by so doing. The sub-contractor who had made a bad bargain, and found himself in a scrape, anxiously looked for the coming of Mr. Brassey. "Mr. Brassey," says one of the witnesses examined for this biography, "came, saw how matters stood, and invariably satisfied the man. If a cutting taken to be clay turned out after a very short time to be rock, the sub-contractor would be getting disheartened, yet he still persevered, looking to the time when Mr. Brassey should come. He came, walking along the line as usual with a number of followers, and on coming to the cutting he looked round, counted the number of waggons at the work, scanned the cutting, and took stock of the nature of the stuff. 'This is very hard,' said he to the sub-contractor. 'Yes, it is a pretty deal harder than I bargained for.' Mr. Brassey would linger behind, allowing the others to go on, and then commence the following conversation: 'What is your price for this cutting?' 'So much a yard, Sir.' 'It is very evident you are not getting it out for that price. Have you asked for any advance to be made to you for this rock?' 'Yes, sir, but I can make no sense of them.' 'If you say that your price is so much, it is quite clear that you do not do it for that. I am glad that you have persevered with it; but I shall not alter your price; it must remain as it is; but the rock must be measured for you twice. Will that do for you?' 'Yes, very well indeed, and I am very much obliged to you, Sir.' 'Very well, go on; you have done very well in persevering, and I shall look to you again.' One of these tours of inspection would often cost Mr. Brassey a thousand pounds.

Mr. Brassey, like all men who have done great things in the practical world, knew his way to men's hearts. In his tours along the line he remembered even the navvies, and saluted them by their names.

He understood the value of the co-operative principle as a guarantee for hearty work. His agents were made partakers in his success, and he favored the *butty-gang* system—that of letting work to a gang of a dozen men, who divide the pay, allowing something extra to the head of the gang.

Throughout his life it was a prime object with him to collect around him a good staff of well-trying and capable men. He chose well, and adhered to his choice. If a man failed in one line, he did not cast him off, but tried him in another. It was well known in the labour market that he would never give a man up if he could help it. He did not even give men up when they had gone to law with him. In the appendix is a letter written by him to provide employment for a person who "had by some means got into a suit or reference against him," but whom he describes as "knowing his work well." In hard times he still kept his staff together by subdividing the employment.

Those who, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, delight in imagining that there is no engineering skill, or skill of any kind, in England, have to account for the fact that a large proportion of the foreign railways are of British construction. The lines built by Mr. Brassey form an imposing figure not only on the map of England, but on those of Europe, North and South America and Australia. The Paris and Rouen Railway was the first of the series. In passing to the foreign scene of action new difficulties had to be encountered, including that of carrying over, managing and housing large bodies of British navvies; and Mr. Brassey's administrative powers were further tried and more conspicuously developed. The railway army, under its commander-in-chief, was now fully

organized. "If," says Mr. Helps, "we look at the several persons and classes engaged, they may be enumerated thus:—There were the engineers of the company or of the government who were promoters of the line. There were the principal contractors, whose work had to satisfy these engineers; and there were the agents of the contractors, to whom were apportioned the several lengths of the line. These agents had the duties, in some respects, of a commissary-general in an army; and for the work to go on well, it was necessary that they should be men of much intelligence and force of character. Then there were the various artizans, such as bricklayers and masons, whose work, of course, was principally that of constructing the culverts, bridges, stations, tunnels and viaducts, to which points of the work the attention of the agents had to be carefully directed. Again, there were the sub-contractors, whose duties I have enumerated, and under them were the gangers, the corporals, as it were, in this great army, being the persons who had the control of small bodies of the workmen, say twenty or more. Then came the great body of navvies, the privates of the army, upon whose endurance and valour so much depended.

There is a striking passage in one of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, depicting the French army going into action, with its vast bodies of troops of all arms moving over the whole field, marshalled by perfect discipline, and wielded by the single will of Napoleon. The army of industry when in action also presented a striking appearance in its way. "I think," says one of Mr. Brassey's time-keepers, with professional enthusiasm, "as fine a spectacle as any man could witness, who is accustomed to look at work, is to see a cutting in full operation, with about twenty waggons being filled, every man at his post, and every man with his shirt open, working in the heat of the day, the ganger walking about, and everything going like clockwork. Such an exhibition of physical power at-

tracted many French gentlemen, who came on to the cuttings at Paris and Rouen, and, looking at the English workmen with astonishment, said, "*Mon Dieu, les Anglais comme il travaillent !*" Another thing that called forth remark was the complete silence that prevailed amongst the men. It was a fine sight to see the Englishmen that were there, with their muscular arms, and hands hairy and brown."

The army was composed of elements as motley as ever met under any commander. On the Paris and Rouen Railway eleven languages were spoken—English, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh, French, German, Belgian (Flemish), Dutch, Piedmontese, Spanish and Polish. A common lingo naturally sprang up, like the Pigeon English of China. But in the end it seems many of the navvies learnt to speak French pretty well. We are told that at first the mode in which the English "instructed" the French was "of a very original character." "They pointed to the earth to be moved, or the waggon to be filled, said the word "d—n" emphatically, stamped their feet, and somehow or other their instructions, thus conveyed, were generally comprehended by the foreigners." It is added, however, that "this form of instruction was only applicable in very simple cases."

The English navy was found to be the first workman in the world. Some navvies utterly distanced in working power the labourers of all other countries. The French at first earned only two francs a day to the Englishman's four and a half; but with better living, more instruction, and improved tools (for the French tools were very poor at first), the Frenchmen came to earn four francs. In the severe and dangerous work of mining, however, the Englishman maintained his superiority in nerve and steadiness. The Piedmontese were very good hands, especially for cutting rock, and at the same time well-conducted, sober and saving. The Neapolitans would not take any heavy work,

but they seem to have been temperate and thrifty. The men from Lucca ranked midway between the Piedmontese and the Neapolitans. The Germans proved less enduring than the French; those employed, however, were mostly Bavarians. The Belgians were good labourers. In the mode of working, the foreign labourers had of course much to learn from the English, whose experience in railway making had taught them the most compendious processes for moving earth.

Mr. Hawkshaw, the engineer, however says, as to the relative cost of unskilled labour in different countries: "I have arrived at the conclusion that its cost is much the same in all. I have had personal experience in South America, in Russia, and in Holland, as well as in my own country, and, as consulting engineer to some of the Indian and other foreign railways, I am pretty well acquainted with the value of Hindoo and other labour; and though an English labourer will do a larger amount of work than a Creole or a Hindoo, yet you have to pay them proportionately higher wages. Dutch labourers are, I think, as good as English, or nearly so; and Russian workmen are docile and easily taught, and readily adopt every method shown to them to be better than their own."

The "navvies," though rough, seem not to have been unmanageable. There are no trades' unions among them, and they seldom strike. Brandy being cheap in France, they were given to drink, which was not the French habit: but their good nature, and the freedom with which they spent their money, made them popular, and even the *gendarmes* soon found out the best way of managing them. They sometimes, but not generally, got unruly on pay day. They came to their foreign work without wife or family. The unmarried often took foreign wives. It is pleasant to hear that those who had wives and families in England sent home money periodically to them; and that

they all sent money often to their parents. They sturdily kept their English habits and their English dress, with the high-low boots laced up, if they could possibly get them made.

The multiplicity of schemes now submitted to Mr. Brassey brought out his powers of calculation and mental arithmetic, which appear to have been very great. After listening to a multitude of complicated details, he would arrive mentally in a few seconds at the approximate cost of a line. He made little use of notes, trusting to his memory, which, naturally strong, was strengthened by habit. Dealing with hundreds of people, he kept their affairs in his head, and at every halt in his journeys, even for a quarter of an hour at a railway station, he would sit down and write letters of the clearest kind. His biographer says that he was one of the greatest letter-writers ever known.

If he ever got into serious difficulties, it was not from miscalculation, but from financial embarrassments, which in 1866 pressed upon him in such a manner and with such severity, that his property of all kinds was largely committed, and he weathered the storm only by the aid of the staunch friends whom his high qualities and honourable conduct had wedded to his person and his fortunes. In the midst of his difficulties he pushed on his works to their conclusion with his characteristic rapidity. His perseverance supported his reputation, and turned the wavering balance in his favour. The daring and vigorous completion of the Lemberg and Czarnovitz works especially had this good effect; and an incident, in connection with them, showed the zeal and devotion which Mr. Brassey's character inspired. The works were chiefly going on at Lemberg, five hundred miles from Vienna, and the difficulty was, how to get the money to pay the men from Vienna to Lemberg, the intervening country being occupied by the Austrian and Prussian armies. Mr. Brassey's coadjutor and devoted friend.

Mr. Ofenheim, Director-General of the Company, undertook to do it. He was told there was no engine; but he found an old engine in a shed. Next he wanted an engine-driver, and he found one; but the man said that he had a wife and children, and that he would not go. His reluctance was overcome by the promise of a high reward for himself, and a provision, in case of his death, for his wife and family. The two jumped on the old engine and got up steam. They then started, and ran at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour between the sentinels of the opposing armies, who were so surprised, as Mr. Ofenheim says, that they had not time to shoot him. His only fear was that there might be a rail up somewhere. But he got to Lemberg, and paid the men, who would otherwise have gone home, leaving the line unfinished for the winter. The Emperor of Austria might well ask, "Who is this Mr. Brassey, this English contractor, for whom men are to be found who work with such zeal, and risk their lives?" In recognition of a power which the Emperor had reason to envy, he sent Mr. Brassey the Cross of the Iron Crown.

It was only in Spain, "the land where two and two make five," that Mr. Brassey's powers of calculation failed him. He and his partners lost largely upon the Bilbao railway. It seems that there was a mistake as to the nature of the soil, and that the climate proved wetter than was expected. But the firm also forgot to allow for the ecclesiastical calendar, and the stoppage of work on the numberless *fête* days. There were, however, other difficulties peculiarly Spanish,—antediluvian finance, antediluvian currency, the necessity of sending pay under a guard of clerks armed with revolvers, and the strange nature of the people whom it was requisite to employ—one of them, a Carlist chief, living in defiance of the Government with a tail of ruffians like himself, who, when you would not transact business as he wished, "bivouaced" with his tail round your office,

and threatened to "kill you as he would a fly." Mr. Brassey managed notwithstanding to illustrate the civilizing power of railways by teaching the Basques the use of paper money.

Minor misfortunes of course occurred, such as the fall of the Barentin Viaduct on the Rouen and Havre railway, a brick structure one hundred feet high and a third of a mile in length, which had just elicited the praise of the Minister of Public Works. Rapid execution in bad weather, and inferior mortar, were the principal causes of this accident. By extraordinary effort the viaduct was rebuilt in less than six months, a display of energy and resource which the company acknowledged by an allowance of £10,000. On the Bilbao railway some of the works were destroyed by very heavy rains. The agent telegraphed to Mr. Brassey to come at once, as a bridge had been washed down. Three hours afterwards came a telegram announcing that a large bank was carried away, and next morning another saying that the rain continued and more damage had been done. Mr. Brassey, turning to a friend, said, laughing: "I think I had better wait till I hear that the rain has ceased, so that when I do go I may see what is *left* of the works, and estimate all the disasters at once, and so save a second journey."

Mr. Brassey's business rapidly became developed to an immense extent, and, instead of being contractor for one or two lines, he became a sort of contractor-in-chief, and a man to be consulted by all railway proprietors. In thirty-six years he executed no less than one hundred and seventy railway and other contracts. In his residence, as in his enterprises, he now became cosmopolitan, and lived a good deal on the rail. He had the physical power to bear this life. His brother-in-law says, "I have known him come direct from France to Rugby, having left Havre the night before—he would have been engaged in the office the whole day.

He would then come down to Rugby by the mail train at twelve o'clock, and it was his common practice to be on the works by six o'clock the next morning. He would frequently walk from Rugby to Nuneaton, a distance of sixteen miles. Having arrived at Nuneaton in the afternoon, he would proceed the same night by road to Tamworth; and the next morning he would be out on the road so soon that he had the reputation among his staff of being the first man on the works. He used to proceed over the works from Tamworth to Stafford, walking the greater part of the distance; and would frequently proceed that same evening to Lancaster, in order to inspect the works there in progress under the contract which he had for the execution of the railway from Lancaster to Carlisle."

In constructing the Great Northern Railway the difficulties of the Fen Country were met and surmounted. Mr. Brassey's chief agent in this was Mr. Ballard, a man self-raised from the ranks of labour, but indebted for the eminence which he ultimately attained to Mr. Brassey's discrimination in selecting him for the arduous undertaking. He has borne interesting testimony to his superior's comprehensiveness and rapidity of view, the directness with which he went to the important point, disregarding secondary matters, and economizing his time and thought.

The Italian Railway enterprises of Mr. Brassey owed their origin to the economical genius of Count Cavour, and their execution drew from the Count the declaration that Mr. Brassey was "one of the most remarkable men he knew; clear-headed, cautious, yet very enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully." "We never," said the Count, "had a difficulty with him." And he added that "Mr. Brassey would make a splendid minister of public works." Mr. Brassey took shares gallantly, and, when their value had risen, most generously resigned them, with a view to enabling the govern-

ment to interest Piedmontese investors in the undertaking. So far was he from being a maker of "corners." It is justly remarked that these Piedmontese railroads, constructed by English enterprise, were a most important link in the chain of events which brought about the emancipation and unification of Italy.

Mr. Brassey has left on record the notable remark that the railway from Turin to Novara was completed for about the same money as was spent in obtaining the Bill for the railway from London to York. If the history of railway bills in the British Parliament, of which this statement gives us an inkling, could be fully disclosed, it would be one of the most scandalous revelations that ever startled the world. The contests which led to such ruinous expense and to so much demoralization, both of Parliament and of the commercial world, were a consequence of adopting the system of free competition in place of that of government control. Mr. Brassey was himself in favour of the system of government control. "He was of opinion that the French policy, which did not admit the principle of free competition, was not only more calculated to serve the interests of the shareholders, but that it was more favourable to the public. He moreover considered that a multiplicity of parallel lines of communication between the same termini, and the uncontrolled competition in regard to the service of trains, such as exists in England, did not secure so efficient a service for the public as the system adopted in France." Mr. Thomas Brassey says that he remembers that his father, when travelling in France, would constantly point out the superiority of the arrangements, and express his regret that the French policy had not been adopted in England. "He thought that all the advantage of cheap service and of sufficiently frequent communication, which were intended to be secured for the British public under a system of free competition, would have been equally well secured by adopting the foreign system, and

giving a monopoly of the interests of railway communication in a given district to one company; and then limiting the exercise of that monopoly by watchful supervision on the part of the State in the interest of the public." With regard to extensions, he thought that the government might have secured sufficient compulsory powers. There can be no sort of doubt that this policy would have saved the country an enormous amount of pecuniary loss, personal misery, and public demoralization. It is a policy, it will be observed, of government regulation, not of government subsidies or construction by government.

For the adoption of the policy of free competition Sir Robert Peel was specially responsible. He said, in his own defence, that he had not at his command power to control those undertakings. Mr. Helps assumes rather characteristically that he meant official power; and draws a moral in favour of the extension of the civil service. But there is no doubt that Peel really meant Parliamentary power. The railway men in the Parliament were too strong for him, and compelled him to throw overboard the scheme of government control formed by his own committee under the presidency of Lord Dalhousie. The moral to be drawn therefore is not that of civil service extension, but that of the necessity of guarding against Parliamentary rings in legislation concerning public works.

Of all Mr. Brassey's undertakings none were superior in importance to that with which Canadians are best acquainted—the Grand Trunk Railway, with the Victoria Bridge. It is needless here to describe this enterprise, or to dwell on the tragic annals of the ruin brought on thousands of shareholders, which, financially speaking, was its calamitous sequel. The severest part of the undertaking was the Victoria Bridge. "The first working season there," says one of the chief agents, "was a period of difficulty, trouble and disaster." The agents of the

contractors had no experience of the climate. There were numerous strikes among the workmen. The cholera committed dreadful ravages in the neighbourhood. In one case, out of a gang of two hundred men, sixty were sick at one time, many of whom ultimately died. The shortness of the working season in this country involved much loss of time. It was seldom that the setting of the masonry was fairly commenced before the middle of August, and it was certain that all work must cease at the end of November. Then there was the shoving of the ice at the beginning and breaking up of the frosts, and the collision between floating rafts 250 feet long, and the staging erected for putting together the tubes. Great financial difficulties were also experienced in consequence of the Crimean war. The mechanical difficulties were also immense, and called for extraordinary efforts both of energy and invention. The bridge, however, was completed, as had been intended, in Dec. 1859, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales in the following year. "The devotion and energy of the large number of workmen employed," says Mr. Hodges, "can hardly be praised too highly. Once brought into proper discipline, they worked as we alone can work against difficulties. They have left behind them in Canada an imperishable monument of British skill, pluck, science and perseverance in this bridge, which they not only designed but constructed."

The whole of the iron for the tubes was prepared at Birkenhead, but so well prepared that, in the centre tube, consisting of no less than 10,309 pieces, in which nearly half a million of holes were punched, not one plate required alteration, neither was there a plate punched wrong. The faculty of invention, however, was developed in the British engineers and workmen by the air of the new world. A steam-traveller was made and sent out by one of the most eminent firms in England, after two years of experiments and an outlay of some thou-

sands of pounds, which would never do much more than move itself about, and at last had to be laid aside as useless. But the same descriptions and drawings having been shown to Mr. Chaffey, one of the sub-contractors, who "had been in Canada a sufficient length of time to free his genius from the cramped ideas of early life," a rough and ugly machine was constructed, which was soon in full work. The same increase of inventiveness, according to Mr. Hodges, was visible in the ordinary workman, when transferred from the perfect but mechanical and cramping routine of British industry, to a country where he has to mix trades and turn his hand to all kinds of work. "In England he is a machine, but as soon as he gets out to the United States he becomes an intellectual being." Comparing the German with the British mechanic, Mr. Hodges says—"I do not think that a German is a better man than an Englishman; but I draw this distinction between them, that when a German leaves school he begins to educate himself, but the Englishman does not, for, as soon as he casts off the thralldom of school, he learns nothing more unless he is forced to, and if he is forced to do it, he will then beat the German. An Englishman acts well when he is put under compulsion by circumstances."

Labour being scarce, a large number of French-Canadians were, at Mr. Brassey's suggestion, brought up in organized gangs, each having an Englishman or an American as their leader. We are told, however, that they proved useless except for very light work. "They could ballast, but they could not excavate. They could not even ballast as the English navy does, continuously working at filling for the whole day. The only way in which they could be useful was by allowing them to fill the waggons, and then ride out with the ballast train to the place where the ballast was tipped, giving them an opportunity of resting. Then the empty waggon went back again to be filled;

and so alternately resting during the work; in that way, they did very much more. They would work fast for ten minutes and then they were 'done.' This was not through idleness but physical weakness. They are small men, and they are a class who are not well fed. They live entirely on vegetable food, and they scarcely ever taste meat." It is obvious to suggest that the want of meat is the cause of their inefficiency. Yet the common farm labourer in England, who does a very hard and long day's work, hardly tastes meat, in many counties, the year round.

In the case of the Crimean railway, private enterprise came, in a memorable manner, to the assistance of a Government overwhelmed by administrative difficulties. A forty years' peace had rusted the machinery of the war department, while the machinery of railway construction was in the highest working order. Sir John Burgoyne, the chief of the engineering staff, testified that it was impossible to overrate the services rendered by the railway, or its effects in shortening the time of the siege, and alleviating the fatigues and sufferings of the troops. The disorganization of the government department was accidental and temporary, as was subsequently proved by the success of the Abyssinian expedition, and, indeed, by the closing period of the Crimean war itself, when the British army was well supplied while the French administration broke down. The resources of private industry, on which the embarrassed Government drew, on the other hand are always there; and the immense auxiliary power would be at once manifested if England should become involved in a dangerous war. It should be remembered, too, that the crushing war expenditure in time of peace, which alarmists always advocate, would prevent the growth of those resources, and deprive England of the "signs of war."

The Danish Railways brought the British navy again into comparison with his foreign

rivals. Mr. Rowan, the agent of Messrs. Peto and Brassey, was greatly pleased with his Danish labourers, but, on being pressed, said "No man is equal to the British navy ; but the Dane, from his steady, constant labour, is a good workman, and a first-class one will do nearly as much work in a day as an Englishman." The Dane takes time : his habit is in summer to begin work at four in the morning, and continue till eight in the evening, taking five intervals of rest.

The Danish engineers, in Mr. Rowan's judgment, are over-educated, and, as a consequence, wanting in decisiveness. "They have been in the habit of applying to their masters for everything, finding out nothing for themselves ; the consequence is that they are children, and cannot form a judgment. It is the same in the North of Germany ; the great difficulty is that you cannot get them to come to a decision. They want always to inquire and to investigate, and they never come to a result." This evidence must have been given some years ago, for of late it has been made pretty apparent that the investigations and inquiries of the North Germans do not prevent their coming to a decision, or that decision from leading to a result. Mr. Helps seizes the opportunity for a thrust at the system of competitive examination, which has taken from the heads of departments the power of "personal selection." The answer to him is Sedan. A bullet through your head is the strongest proof which logic can afford that the German, from whose rifle it comes, was not prevented by his knowledge of the theory of projectiles from marking his man with promptness, and taking a steady aim. That over-exertion of the intellect in youth does a man harm, is a true though not a very fruitful proposition ; but knowledge does not destroy decisiveness : it only turns it from the decisiveness of a bull into the decisiveness of a man. Which nations do the great works ? The educated nations, or Mexico and Spain ?

The Australian Railways brought out two things, one gratifying, the other the reverse. The gratifying thing was that the unlimited confidence which Mr. Brassey reposed in his agents was repaid by their zeal and fidelity in his service. The thing which was the reverse of gratifying was, that the great advantage which the English labourer gains in Australia, from the higher wages and comparative cheapness of living, is counteracted by his love of drink.

The Argentine Railway had special importance and interest, in opening up a vast and most fruitful and salubrious region to European emigration. Their territories offer room and food for myriads. "The population of Russia, that hard-featured country, is about 75,000,000 ; the population of the Argentine Republic, to which nature has been so bountiful, and in which she is so beautiful, is about 1,000,000." If ever government in the South American States becomes more settled, we shall find them formidable rivals.

The Indian Railways are also likely to be a landmark in the history of civilization. They unite that vast country and its people, both materially and morally, break down caste, bring the natives from all points to the centres of instruction, and distribute the produce of the soil evenly and rapidly, so as to prevent famines. The Orissa famine would never have occurred had Mr. Brassey's works been there. What effect the railways will ultimately have on British rule is another question. They multiply our army by increasing the rapidity of transport, but, on the other hand, they are likely to diminish that division among the native powers on which the Empire is partly based. Rebellion may run along the railway line as well as command.

There were periods in Mr. Brassey's career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring seventeen millions of capital for their completion. It is also satisfac-



tory to know, that in the foreign countries and colonies over which his operations extended, he was instrumental in raising the wages and condition of the working class, as in affording, to the *elite* of that class opportunities for rising to higher positions.

His remuneration for all this, though in the aggregate very large, was by no means excessive. Upon seventy-eight millions of money laid out in the enterprises which he conducted, he retained two millions and a half, that is as nearly as possible three per cent. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations. Three per cent. was not more than a fair payment for the brain-work, the anxiety and the risk. The risk, it must be recollected, was constant, and there were moments at which, if Mr. Brassey had died, he would have been found comparatively poor. His fortune was made, not by immoderate gains upon any one transaction, but by reasonable profits in a business of vast extent, and which owed its vast extent to a reputation fairly earned by probity, energy and skill. We do not learn that he figured in any lobby, or formed a member of any ring. Whether he was a Norman or not, he was too much a gentleman, in the best sense of the term, to crawl to opulence by low and petty ways. He left no stain on the escutcheon of a captain of industry.

Nor when riches increased did he set his heart upon them. His heart was set on the work rather than on the pay. The monuments of his enterprise and skill were more to him than the millions. He seems even to have been rather careless in keeping his accounts. He gave away freely—as much as £200,000, it is believed—in the course of his life. His accumulations arose not from parsimony but from the smallness of his personal expenses. He hated show and luxury, and kept a moderate establishment, which the increase of his wealth never induced him to extend. He seems to have felt a singular diffidence as to his capacity for aristocratic expenditure.

The conversation turning one day on the immense fortunes of certain noblemen, he said, "I understand it is easy and natural enough for those who are born and brought up to it, to spend £50,000 or even £150,000 a year; but I should be very sorry to have to undergo the fatigue of even spending £30,000 a year. I believe such a job as that would drive me mad." He felt an equally strange misgiving as to his capacity for aristocratic idleness. "It requires a special education," he said, "to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours, in a rational way, without any calling or occupation. To live the life of a gentleman, one must have been brought up to it. It is impossible for a man who has been engaged in business pursuits the greater part of his life to retire: if he does so, he soon discovers that he has made a great mistake. I shall not retire: but if, for some good reason, I should be obliged to do so, it would be to a farm. There I should bring up stock which I would cause to be weighed every day, ascertaining at the same time their daily cost, as against the increasing weight. I should then know when to sell and start again with another lot."

Of tinsel, which sometimes is as corrupting to vulgar souls as money, this man seems to have been as regardless as he was of pelf. He received the Cross of the Iron Crown from the Emperor of Austria. He accepted what was graciously offered, but he said that, as an Englishman, he did not know what good Crosses were to him. The circumstance reminded him that he had received other Crosses, but he had to ask his agent what they were, and where they were. He was told that they were the Legion of Honour of France, and the Chevaliership of Italy: but the Crosses could not be found. Duplicates were procured to be taken to Mrs. Brassey, who, her husband remarked, would be glad to possess them all.

Such millionaires would do unmixed good in the world; but unfortunately they are a

to die and leave their millions, and the social influence which the millions confer, to "that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son."

This is not said with any personal reference. On the contrary, Mr. Brassey seems to have been unusually fortunate in his heir. We find some indication of this in a chapter toward the close of Mr. Helps' volume, in which are thrown together the son's miscellaneous recollections of the father. The chapter affords further proof that the great contractor was not made of the same clay as the Fisks and Vanderbilts—that he was not a mere market-rigger and money-grubber—but a really great man, devoted to a special calling. He is represented by his son as having taken a lively interest in a wide and varied range of subjects—engineering subjects especially as a matter of course, but not engineering subjects alone. He studied countries and their people, evincing the most intense interest in Chicago, speculating on the future industrial prosperity of Canada, and imparting the results of his observations admirably when he got home. Like all great men, he had a poetic element in his character. He loved the beauties of nature, and delighted in mountain scenery. He was a great sight-seer, and when he visited a city on business, went through its churches, public buildings and picture galleries, as assiduously as a tourist. For half an hour he stood gazing with delight on the *Maison Carrée*, at Nîmes. For sculpture and painting he had a strong taste, and the *Venus of Milo* "was a joy to him." He had a keen eye for beauty, shapeliness and comeliness everywhere, in porcelain, in furniture, in dress, in a well built yacht, in a well appointed regiment of horse. Society, too, he liked, in spite of his simplicity of habits; loved to gather his friends around his board, and was always a genial host. For literature he had no time, but he enjoyed oratory, and liked to hear good reading. He used to test his son's progress in reading, at the close of each half year, by making him read aloud a chapter of the Bible. His

good sense confined his ambition to his proper sphere, and prevented him from giving ear to any solicitations to go into politics, which he had not leisure to study, and which he knew ought not to be handled by ignorance. His own leanings were Conservative; but his son, who is a Liberal, testifies that his father never offered him advice on political matters, or remonstrated with him on a single vote which he gave in the House of Commons. It is little to the discredit of a man so immersed in business that he should have been fascinated, as he was, by the outward appearance of perfect order presented by the French Empire and by the brilliancy of its visible edifice, not discerning the explosive forces which its policy was all the time accumulating in the dark social realms below; though the fact that he, with all his natural sagacity, did fall into this tremendous error, is a warning to railway and steamboat politicians.

Mr. Brassey's advice was often sought by parents who had sons to start in the world. "As usual, a disposition was shewn to prefer a career which did not involve the apparent degradation of learning a trade practically, side by side with operatives in a workshop. But my father, who had known, by his wide experience, the immense value of a technical knowledge of a trade or business as compared with general educational advantages of the second order, and who knew how much more easy it is to earn a living as a skilful artisan than as a clerk, possessing a mere general education, always urged those who sought his advice to begin by giving to their sons a practical knowledge of a trade."

"My father," says Mr. Brassey junior, "ever mindful of his own struggles and efforts in early life, evinced at all times the most anxious disposition to assist young men to enter upon a career. The small loans which he advanced for this purpose, and the innumerable letters which he wrote in the hope of obtaining for his young clients help or employment in other quarters, constitute a

bright and most honourable feature in his life." His powers of letter-writing were enormous, and, it seems to us, were exercised even to excess. So much writing would, at least in the case of any ordinary man, have consumed too much of the energy which should be devoted to thought. His correspondence was brought with his luncheon basket when he was shooting on the moors. After a long day's journey he sat down in the coffee room of the hotel, and wrote thirty-two letters before he went to bed. He never allowed a letter, even a begging letter, to remain unanswered; and, says his son, "the same benignity and courtesy which marked his conduct in every relation of life, pervaded his whole correspondence." "In the many volumes of his letters which are preserved, I venture to affirm that there is not the faintest indication of an ungenerous or unkindly sentiment—not a sentence which is not inspired by the spirit of equity and justice, and by universal charity to mankind."

By the same authority we are assured that "Mr. Brassey was of a singularly patient disposition in dealing with all ordinary affairs of life. We know how, whenever a hitch occurs in a railway journey, a great number of passengers become irritated, almost to a kind of foolish frenzy. He always took these matters most patiently. He well knew that no persons are so anxious to avoid such detentions as the officials themselves, and never allowed himself to altercation with a helpless guard or distracted station-master."

The only blemish which the son can collect in the father's character, is a want of firmness in blaming when blame was due, and an incapability of refusing a request or rejecting a proposal strongly urged by others. The latter defect was, in his son's judgment, the cause of the greatest disasters which he experienced as a man of business. Both defects were closely allied to virtues—extreme tenderness of heart and consideration for the feelings of others.

"He was graceful," says Mr. Brassey jun.,

in conclusion, "in every movement, always intelligent in observation, with an excellent command of language, and only here and there betrayed, by some slight provincialisms, in how small a degree he had in early life enjoyed the educational advantages of those with whom his high commercial position in later years placed him in constant communication. But these things are small in comparison to the greater points of character by which he seemed to me to be distinguished. In all he said or did, he ever showed himself to be inspired by that chivalry of heart and mind which must truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman."

Mention has been made of his great generosity. One of his old agents having lost all his earnings, Mr. Brassey gave him several new missions, that he might have a chance of recovering himself. But the agent died suddenly, and his wife died nearly at the same time, leaving six orphan children without provision. Mr. Brassey gave up, in their favour, a policy of insurance which he held as security for several thousands, and, in addition, headed a subscription for them with a large sum. It seems that his delicacy in giving was equal to his generosity; that of his numberless benefactions, very few were published in subscription lists, and that his right hand seldom knew what his left hand did.

His refinement was of the truly moral kind, and of the kind that tells on others. It was not only that coarse and indecent language was checked in his presence; but the pain he evinced at all unkind wrangling, and at the manifestation of petty jealousies, operated strongly in preventing their being displayed before him. As one who was most intimate with him graphically observed, "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence, conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious."

Mr. Helps tells us that the tender-hearted

ness which pervaded Mr. Brassey's character was never more manifested than on the occasion of any illness of his friends. At the busiest period of his life he would travel hundreds of miles to be at the bedside of a sick or dying friend. In his turn he experienced, in his own last illness, similar manifestations of affectionate solicitude. Many of the persons, we are told, who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing once more their old master whom they loved so much. They were men of all classes, humble navvies as well as trusted agents. They would not intrude upon his illness, but would wait for hours in the hall, in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage, and getting a shake of the hand or a sign of friendly recognition. "The world," remarks Mr. Helps, "is after all not so ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be; those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving which exists to a great extent in all of us."

"Mr. Brassey," we are told, "had ever been a very religious man. His religion was of that kind which most of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hope-

fulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship, in which he had been brought up as a child." The religious element in his character was no doubt strong, and lay at the root of his tender-heartedness and his charity, as well as of the calm resignation with which he met disaster, and his indifference to gain. At the time of a great panic, when things were at the worst, he only said: "Never mind, we must be content with a little less, that is all." This was when he supposed himself to have lost a million. The duty of religious inquiry, which he could not perform himself, he would no doubt have recognized in those to whose lot it falls to give their fellow men assurance of religious truth.

Mr. Brassey's wife said of him that "he was a most unworldly man." This may seem a strange thing to say of a great contractor and a millionaire. Yet, in the highest sense, it was true. Mr. Brassey was not a monk: his life was passed in the world, and in the world's most engrossing, and, as it proves in too many cases, most contaminating business. Yet, if the picture of him presented to us be true, he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

His character is reflected in the portrait which forms the frontispiece to the biography, and on which those who pursue his calling will do well sometimes to look.

## A SONG.

## I.

No work, no home, no wealth have I,  
But Mary loves me true ;  
And for her sake, upon my knees,  
I'd beg the wide world through :  
For her sweet eyes look into mine,  
With fondness soft and deep ;  
My heart's entranced, and I could die,  
Were death but conscious sleep.

## II.

But life is work, and work is life,  
And life's the way to Heaven,  
And hand in hand we'd like to go  
The road that God has given.  
And England, dear old Mother-land,  
Has plenty mouths to feed,  
Beside her sons and daughters fair,  
Whose strength is as their need.

## III.

To Canada ! to Canada !  
To that fair land I'll roam,  
And till the soil, with heart of grace,  
For Mary and a home.  
Hurrah for love ! hurrah for hope !  
Hurrah for Industry !  
Hurrah for aye for Canada !  
And the bonnie Maple-tree !

AURORA.

## THE SWALLOWS OF ST. JURGENS.

*(From the German of Theodor Storm.)*

THE little town where I was born makes no pretensions to beauty ; it lies on a flat and treeless sea-coast, and the houses are old and gloomy. Nevertheless I have ever considered it a pleasant place, and two birds, regarded as sacred by man, seem to share my opinion. In the height of summer storks may constantly be seen hovering over the town, having their nests in the roofs beneath, and in April the first southern breezes are certain to bear the swallows hither, and one neighbour tells another that they are come.

It is even so now. In the garden, under my windows, the first violets are in blossom, and the swallow already sits on the railing, and twitters her old song—

“Als ich abschied nahm, als ich abschied nahm.”

And, as she sings, my thoughts turn to one now long dead, to whom I owe some of the happiest hours of my childhood.

In spirit I wander again up the long street, at the extreme end of which stands St. Jurgens' hospital; for, like most towns in the north of any importance, ours can boast of such an institution. The present house was built by one of our reigning dukes in the sixteenth century, and, through the generosity of the burghers, has gradually attained to a state of prosperity which renders it a most comfortable abode for those old people who, after the battle of life, still need some haven of refuge before they attain to their eternal rest. On one side of the building lies St. Jurgens' church-yard, beneath whose mighty lindens the first reformers preached ; the other faces the inner court, with its ad-

joining narrow strip of garden, where, in my youth, the inmates were wont to gather their Sunday nosegays. A dark gateway, surmounted by two heavy Gothic gables, leads from the street into this court, whence access is had by a row of doors to the interior of the house, to the chapel, and to the rooms of the inmates.

Many a time, as a boy, have I passed through that gateway, for, since the large church of St. Mary had been pulled down, it having fallen into a state of disrepair, public worship was held, during many years, in the chapel of St. Jurgens' hospital.

How often, in summer-time, before entering the chapel-door, have I lingered in the still Sunday morning in the sunny court, filled, according to the season, with the scent of wall-flower, carnations or mignonette, from the neighbouring garden. But this was not the only charm of church-going in those days ; for often, particularly when I had risen an hour earlier than usual, I would stroll farther down the court and fix my eyes on a little window in the upper story, flooded with the morning sunshine, in one corner of which a pair of swallows had built their nest. One half of the lattice generally stood open, and, at the sound of my footsteps on the pavement, a woman's head, the grey hair smoothly braided beneath a snow-white cap, would look forth with a friendly nod. “Good morning, Hansen,” I then cried ; for we children never called our old friend by any other than her surname ; in fact, we scarcely knew that she had besides the pleasant sounding one of Agnes, which once on a time had doubtless suited her well,

when the blue eyes were yet young, and the fair hair unmixed with grey.

For many years she had been in our grandmother's service as housekeeper, and later, when I was about twelve years of age, had been admitted to the hospital as daughter of a burgher and tax-payer of the town. From that time forth, the chief attraction of our grandmother's house for us children had disappeared; for Hansen never failed at all times, and that without our being aware of it, to keep us actively and pleasantly employed. For my sister she would cut patterns for new dolls' dresses, while I, pencil in hand, copied from her design all sorts of ornamental capitals, or attempted to draw the old church from a now rare print which belonged to her. In later years it has struck me as singular that, in all our intercourse with her, she never repeated to us any of the tales or legends in which our neighbourhood is so rich; she seemed rather to discourage them as something useless or even injurious, when any one else started such subjects. And yet hers was far from being a cold or unimaginative nature. On the other hand she took great delight in all sorts of animals and birds; swallows particularly were favourites with her, and she managed to protect their nests from the all-destroying broom of our grandmother, whose almost Dutch love of cleanliness could ill tolerate the little intruders. She seemed also to have carefully studied the habits of those birds. Thus I remember once taking a black martin which I had found, apparently lifeless, on the pavement of the court. "The beautiful creature will die," I said, as I sadly stroked the shining brown-black plumage; but Hansen shook her head.

"Oh, no," said she, "That is the queen of the air, and all she wants is the free heavens! She has doubtless fallen to the ground through fear of a hawk, and has not been able to use her long wings to rise again."

Then we went into the garden; I with the swallow, which lay quietly in my hand

and looked at me with its large brown eyes.

"Now throw her up into the air!" cried Hansen.

And wonderingly I saw how, thrown from my hand, quick as thought the seemingly lifeless bird spread its pinions, and, with loud and joyful twitterings, shot like a feathered dart into the sunny firmament.

"You should have seen them flying from the tower," said Hansen. "I mean from the tower of the old church, for that was something like a tower."

Then she stroked my cheek with a sigh, and went back to the house to her usual work. "Why does Hansen sigh?" thought I. It was many years after that I heard the answer to this question from the mouth of one then wholly unknown to me.

Now she lived in peace and comfort, but her swallows had followed her, and we children, too, knew where to find her. When I entered her neat little chamber on a Sunday morning before church-time, she was always ready dressed in her best gown, and sitting with her hymn-book before her. If I then wished to seat myself beside her on the little sofa, she would say: "Eh, what! you won't see the swallows there!" Then she would lift aside a pot of geraniums or carnations from the window, and place me in her arm-chair, in the deep recess of the window. "But you must not throw your arms about that way," she would add smiling, "They are not accustomed to see such lively young folks every day." And then I would sit quietly and watch the slender birds as they darted to and fro in the sunshine, building their nests or feeding their young, while Hansen, opposite, discoursed to me of the glories of the old times; of the entertainments in my great grandfather's house; of the processions of the old companies of sharpshooters, or—and this was her favourite theme—of the paintings and altar-pieces of the old church, where she herself had stood as godmother to the last bell-ringer's little grand-daughter. Then,

when the first tone of the organ rolled towards us from the chapel, she rose, and we walked together through a narrow and apparently endless corridor, dimly lighted by the scanty rays which fell through the curtained panes in the doors of the small apartments on either side. Here and there one of those doors would open, and in the gleam which, for a few moments, dispelled the twilight, I saw quaintly-dressed old men and women hobbling along, the most of whom had doubtless dwelt here from before the time of my birth. Many a question would be upon my lips ; but, on the way to church, I knew I could expect no answer from Hansen ; and so we proceeded, in silence, to the end of the passage, where Hansen, with the rest of the aged company, took their places in the pews reserved for the inmates of the hospital, while I went up to the choir. Here I sat, dreamily watching the revolving chime of the organ, and when the pastor ascended the pulpit, I must confess the words of his (doubtless) excellent sermon fell on my ear like the monotonous murmur of far-off waves, for there hung on the opposite wall the life-sized portrait of an old pastor, with long curling black hair and strangely cut moustache, which never failed to absorb my whole attention. The melancholy black eyes seemed to look forth into the new time, as from a dark world of witchcraft and superstition, and to me were eloquent of by-gone days whose history is still to be found in the old chronicles of our town, down to the wicked huntsman whose last misdeed is recorded in the epitaph of his murdered victim in the old church. Then, when all at once the organ began to peal forth the dismissal, I would take myself off quietly to the open air, for it was no joke to undergo an examination on the sermon at the hands of my old friend.

Hansen seldom spoke of her own past life ; it was not till I had been a student for several years that, during a vacation visit to

my home, she, for the first time, told me something of her history.

It was in April, on her sixty-fifth birthday. I had to-day, as in former years, brought her the customary two ducats from my grandmother, and some small gifts from our family, and had been treated to a glass of Malaga, which she kept in her little cupboard for such occasions. After we had chatted for a short time I begged her to shew me the state-hall, where for centuries the directors of the hospital had held their banquet, after the settlement of the yearly accounts. To this Hansen agreed, and we went together along the gloomy corridor ; for the hall lay beyond the chapel, at the other extremity of the building. In descending the back stairs my foot slipped, and as I stumbled down the last few steps, a door in the passage below me was jerked open, and an old man of ninety thrust forth his bald and ghastly head. He muttered indistinctly some angry words, and then stared after us with his glassy eyes until we entered the chapel-door.

I knew him well. The inmates of the hospital called him the "ghost seer," for they maintained that he was gifted with second sight.

"His eyes are enough to frighten one," said I to Hansen, as we passed through the chapel.

"He does not see you at all," she replied ; "he can now only look backward upon his own foolish and sinful life."

"But," I continued jestingly, "he can see the open coffins standing in the corner there, while those in them still wander about among the living."

"These are but shadows, my child ; he can do no more evil." "But," she added, "he has no right to be in the hospital, and only managed to slip into a vacancy which was in the bailiff's gift ; for we others must shew proof of our character as burghers before we are admitted here."

Meanwhile we had obtained the key from



the housekeeper, and now ascended the staircase to the banquet-hall. It was only a moderately large, low-roofed apartment. At the one end stood an antique time-piece, the legacy of a deceased inmate, while on that opposite the life-sized portrait of a man in a scarlet doublet was hung. These were the only ornaments the room possessed.

"That is the good Duke, the founder of the hospital," said Hansen; "but people enjoy his gifts and never think of him, though he must have wished to be remembered when he was gone."

"But you, at any rate, think of him, Hansen."

She looked at me with her soft eyes.

"Ay, my child," she said, "that lies some how in my nature; I cannot easily forget."

On both sides of the room was a row of windows, looking to the street and to the churchyard; the small panes were set in a leaden frame, and in almost every one a name was engraved in black colour, chiefly out of well-known burgher families; and beneath: "Manager here, Anno —," and then followed the respective dates.

"Look, that is your great grandfather," said Hansen, pointing to one of these panes; "I shall never forget him either; it was with him my father learned his business, and afterwards he often got both advice and help from him; only when the hardest times came, his eyes were already closed."

I read another name: "Liborius Michael Hansen, Manager here, Anno 1799."

"That was my father," said Hansen.

"Your father? Then how was it——?"

"That I spent half my life in service when my family were people of some position?"

"I mean what was it that brought misfortune on your family?"

Hansen had seated herself on one of the old leathern chairs. "It was no uncommon thing, my child," she said. "It was in the year '7, the time the continental ports were closed; in those days the rogues flourished

and honest folks were ruined. And my father was an honourable man! He took his good name with him to the grave," she continued, after a short pause. "I can still remember how once, when we were walking through the streets together, he showed me an old house which has long since been destroyed. 'Mark that,' said he to me, 'that is where the pious merchant, Mericke, gravely lived in the year 1549, when the great fire broke out on the third Sunday after Easter. When the flames came near he rushed into the street with measure and balance, and prayed to God that if he had ever wittingly injured his neighbour by so much as one grain, his house might not be spared. But the flames passed over it, while all around fell in ashes. 'See, my child,' added my father, lifting up his hands, 'I, too, could say the same, and the Lord would leave our house unscathed.'"

Hansen looked at me. "We should never boast," she then said. "You are old enough to hear it now; you must know, too, about me when I am no longer here. My good father had one weakness; he was superstitious. In the time of his greatest misfortune, this weakness led him to do that which soon broke his heart; for he could never again tell the story of the pious merchant."

"Next door to us there lived a master carpenter. When he and his young wife both died, the son they left was put under my father's care. Harry—for that was the boy's name—was a great reader, and had soon got as far as the third class in our grammar school; but he had not the means to study, and so he took to his father's trade. Then, afterwards, when he was a journeyman, he travelled two years, and came back again to work with his master, and soon he came to be known for his great skill in all the finer kinds of work. We two had grown up together; when he was still an apprentice he often read to me out of the books he borrowed from his old schoolfellows. You know we lived at the Market Place, in the

old house with the balconies, opposite the Town Hall ; there is still a great box-tree in the garden. How often have we sat with our book under that tree, while the bees hummed above us among the little green blossoms. After his return it was just the same, he often came to us ; in short, my dear boy, we were both fond of each other, and did not seek to conceal it.

"My mother was no longer alive ; what my father thought, if, indeed, he ever thought of the matter, I never knew. Nor did it ever get so far as to be a formal engagement.

"One morning, in the early spring, I had gone out into our garden ; the crocuses and pink hepaticas were just beginning to bud, and everything around was so young and fresh ; but I felt troubled and oppressed with a sense of my father's misfortunes. Although he never spoke to me about business, I yet felt that it was always the longer the worse. In the last months I had often seen the town-beadle entering his office door, and when he was gone my father would lock himself in for hours ; and many a day he rose from the dinner-table without tasting a morsel. The week before he had passed a whole evening reading the cards, and, when I ventured, as if in joke, to ask what he was consulting his oracle upon, he only motioned me away in silence, and soon after went to his room, bidding me a short 'good night.'

"All this weighed upon my heart ; and my eyes, which looked inward, knew nothing of the sweet sunshine which transfigured the whole outer world. All at once I heard a lark singing from the marsh below ; and you know, my child, in youth the heart is still so light, that even a little bird has power to lift it up again. In a moment all the clouds of our troubles seemed to have vanished, and the future lay bright and sunny before me. I still remember how I knelt down beside the flower-beds, and with what delight I gazed upon the tender buds and the fresh green which everywhere burst from the teeming earth. I thought of Harry, too, and at

length, I believe, only of him. Then I heard the click of the garden gate, and when I looked up, there he was coming towards me.

"Whether he, too, had heard the lark, I know not—he looked the picture of hope.

"'Good morning, Agnes,' he cried, 'have you heard the news?'

"'Is it good news, Harry?'

"'Of course, what else should it be? I am to be made master, and that very soon, too.'

"You may guess how surprised I was ! for my first thought was—'Oh me ! Now he will be able to take a wife.'

"I dare say I looked quite confused, for Harry asked—'Is anything wrong with you, Agnes?'

"'With me, Harry? Nothing at all,' said I, 'the air felt a little chilly.' This was certainly not true ; but it is somehow always the case—at such a time we cannot say the words the other would best like to hear.

"'But there is something wrong with me now,' said Harry, 'the best of all is still awaiting !'

"To this I made no reply, not even a word. Harry, too, walked a short way in silence beside me ; then suddenly he said—'Agnes, do you think a merchant's daughter ever before married a master carpenter?'

"When I looked up and met his good brown eyes fixed on me so beseechingly, I gave him my hand, and said at once—'Maybe this will be the first time it has happened.'

"'Agnes,' cried Harry, 'what will people say?'

"'I don't know, Harry. But supposing the merchant's daughter were poor?'

"'Poor, Agnes?' and he seized me joyfully by both hands, 'Is it not enough if she is good and pretty?'

"That was a happy day ; the spring sunshine was bright ; we walked hand in hand ; and, while we were silent, the larks above us sang from a thousand clear throats. Thus we had come, without being aware of it, to the well opposite our house, which lay beneath the row of elder trees by the garden

wall. I looked over the wooden frame-work into the depths below. 'How the water glistens down there,' I said.

"Happiness makes people light-hearted. Harry began to tease me. 'Water?' said he, 'that is gold you see glittering there.'

"I did not know what he meant.

"Don't you know that there is a treasure hidden in your well?' he continued. 'Just look closer; a little grey man, with a cocked hat, sits at the bottom. Perhaps, after all, it is only the light in his hand that shines so strangely, for he keeps watch over the treasure.'

"The thought of my father's urgent need shot through my mind. Harry picked up a stone and threw it in, and it was some time before the sound reached us.

"Do you hear, Agnes,' said he, 'that struck the chest.'

"Harry, don't be foolish!' I cried, 'what nonsense you talk!'

"I am only repeating what I hear from other folk!' he replied.

"But my curiosity was awakened; perhaps, too, the desire for the hidden riches, which would put an end to all our difficulties.

"Who speaks of such things?' I asked again, 'for I never even heard of it.'

"Harry looked at me and laughed. 'How should I remember? Hans or Kung; or, I believe, after all, that rascal, the wizard, spread the report.'

"The wizard? All sorts of thoughts came into my mind. The wizard, who was a broken-down pedler, was one who wrought charms on man and beast, gave counsel and dealt in all the mysteries by which, in those days, a profitable trade was driven at the expense of the credulous. He is the same they now call the ghost-seer, a name he has just as much right to as to his former one. Within the past few days I had seen him several times, when at work in the entrance-lobby, going into my father's business-room, and he had always slunk past me with a suspicious glance, and without waiting an an-

swer to his whining enquiry: 'Herr Hansen at home?' On one occasion he had been nearly an hour within; shortly before he left I heard my father's well-known desk unlocked, and, as I thought, the clink of gold pieces. All this now came back to my mind.

"But Harry roused me. 'Agnes, are you dreaming?' he cried; 'or do you wish to seek for the treasure?' Alas, he did not know of my father's distress; his thoughts were occupied only with his own future, in which I, too, was bound up. He seized both my hands and cried joyfully: 'We want no treasure, Agnes; your father has already lifted my small fortune, and that is enough to furnish a house and workshop. For the future,' he added with a smile, 'we'll trust to these not altogether unskilled hands.'

"I could make no response to his hopeful words; my thoughts were busy with the treasure and the wizard; I knew not whether it was over-sanguine expectation or the shadow of coming misfortune which so oppressed my bosom. Perhaps it was a presentiment that this well would, ere long, swallow up all the treasure of my life.

"The day after this I had gone to a village in the neighbourhood, where the pastor's wife, a relative of ours, had asked me to help her in nursing her sick child. But when there I had no peace; of late my father had been so silent and yet so restless; I had seen him repeatedly pacing to and fro in the garden, or standing by the well gazing into its depths; a fear seized me that he might do himself an injury. On the third day I fancied I could call to mind his having urged me, in a strange manner, to the journey; as night came on my anxiety became almost unbearable, and when, at ten o'clock, the moon rose, I begged my cousin to drive me to town that same night. And so it was, after vainly endeavouring to calm my fears, he gave orders to yoke, and, as midnight was striking on the church-tower, the carriage halted before our house. All was quiet; it was not till I had knocked for some time

that the chain was withdrawn, and the apprentice, who had a closet on the ground floor, opened the door. Everything was as usual. 'Is the master at home?' I asked.

" 'Master went to bed at ten o'clock,' was the reply.

" With a lighter heart I went up to my room, whose windows looked out upon the garden. The night without was so bright that, before lighting my candle, I approached the window. The moon stood above the elder trees, whose yet leafless branches were clearly outlined against the night-sky; and my thoughts followed my eyes up from the earth to the great loving God beyond, to whom I confided all my sorrows. Just as I was in the act of turning back into my room, I saw a red glow shooting upwards from the mouth of the well, which lay hidden in shadow; the tufts of grass around, and the branches of the trees above, were illumined as with golden fire. A superstitious dread seized me, for I thought of the taper of the little grey man who was said to sit at the bottom. On looking more closely, however, I observed a ladder against the side of the well, of which only the upper end was visible to me. At the same moment I heard a shriek from the depths, then a rumbling noise, followed by a confused sound of voices. All at once the light vanished, and I heard distinctly steps ascending the ladder. All my ghostly terrors fled, but an undefined fear for my father's safety took possession of me.

" With trembling knees I sought his bedroom, which was next to mine. As I cautiously drew aside the bed-curtain, the moonlight fell on the vacant pillows, on which, doubtless, it was long since his poor head had found repose; now they lay untouched. In an agony of terror I rushed down stairs to the back door; it was locked and the key gone. I went into the kitchen and got a light; then to the business-room, which also looked towards the garden. For a time I stood helplessly gazing from the window; I heard footsteps among the elder trees, but

could distinguish nothing, for the wall behind, in spite of the moonlight, cast deep shadows. Then the door outside was unlocked, and soon after the door of the room opened. My father came in. I am old now, but I have not forgotten that moment; his long grey hair was dripping with water or sweat; his clothes, which he usually kept so scrupulously clean, were covered all over with green slime.

" He gave a great start at sight of me. 'How is this? What are you doing here?' he said harshly.

" 'My cousin gave me a drive home, father!'

" 'At midnight? He might have let that be.'

" I looked at my father; he stood motionless and with downcast eyes. 'I had no peace,' said I; 'I felt as if I were wanted here, as if could not stay away from you.'

" The old man sank into a chair and covered his face with both hands. 'Go to your room' he murmured; 'I wish to be alone.'

" But I did not go. 'Let me stay beside you,' I whispered. My father took no notice of me; he raised his head and seemed to listen to something outside. Suddenly he started up. 'Hush!' he cried, 'do you hear it?' and gazed at me with distended eyes.

" I turned to the window and looked out. All was silent as the grave, only the elder-branches, swayed by the night wind, smote against each other. 'I hear nothing,' said I.

" My father still stood, as if listening to a sound which filled him with horror. 'I thought it was no sin,' he said as to himself, 'nor is there anything wrong in it; and the well stands, as yet at least, on my own ground.' Then turning to me he continued: 'I know you have no faith in it, my child, but it is nevertheless quite true; the divining-rod turned three times, and the information, for which I paid too dear, agreed in every particular; there is a treasure in our well, buried there at the time of the Swedish war. Why should I not seek for it! We

dammed up the spring, drew off the water, and to-night we dug for it."

"'We?' I asked. 'Who is the other you speak of?'"

"'There is but one in the town who understands such things.'

"'You surely don't mean the wizard? He is no good assistant!'"

"'There is nothing wicked in the divining rod, my child.'

"'But those who use it are impostors!'"

"My father had seated himself again on his chair and looked despairingly before him. Then shaking his head he said: 'The spade had even struck upon it, but something happened;—then interrupting himself he went on: 'Eighteen years ago your mother died; when she realized that she was going to leave us, she broke out into a bitter fit of weeping, which never ceased till she fell into her death-sleep. That was the last sound I heard from your mother's mouth.' He paused a moment, then hesitating, as if afraid of the sound of his own voice, he said: 'This night, eighteen years after, when the spade struck the chest, I heard it again. It was not merely in my ears, as it had been so often during all these years, under me; from the bottom of the earth, it came up. Such work must be carried on in silence, but I felt as though the sharp iron pierced your dead mother's heart. I shrieked aloud, the lamp went out, and—and so,' he added gloomily, 'it has all vanished again.'

"I threw myself upon my knees before my father, and put my arms around his neck.

"'I am no longer a child,' said I, 'let us cling together father; I know that misfortune has fallen upon us.'

"He said nothing, but leant his damp forehead upon my shoulder; it was the first time he had sought support from his child. How long we sat thus I know not. Then I felt my cheeks wet with scalding tears, which streamed from his old eyes. I clung closer to him. 'Don't cry, father,' I entreated, 'we are able to bear poverty.'

"He stroked my hair with his trembling hand, and said in a low voice, so low that I scarcely caught the words: 'Poverty perhaps, my child, but not dishonour.'

"And now, my boy, came a bitter hour; but one which I can yet look back upon with comfort. For now, for the first time in my life, I could show my father his child's love, and from that moment it was his chief consolation, and soon too the only thing on earth he could call his own. While I sat by him, and secretly gulped down my tears, my father poured out his heart to me. I now learnt that he was on the verge of bankruptcy; but this was not the worst. During a sleepless night, while tossing on his hot pillows, vainly seeking some way out of his difficulties, the half-forgotten legend of the treasure in the well came back to his mind. The thought haunted him ever after; by day, when he sat over his ledger; by night, when at last he fell into a troubled sleep. In his dream, he saw the gold glittering in the dark water; and, when he rose in the morning, the same spell drove him out to the well, to gaze, as if enchanted, into its mysterious depths. Then he sought out his evil counsellor. He, however, did not enter into the scheme at once, but demanded, in the first place, a considerable sum for the necessary preparations for the undertaking. My poor father, already in desperation, gave him what he asked, and soon a second, and even a third time. The visionary swallowed up the real gold, which was still in his hands. but this gold was not his own, it was only in his keeping, and belonged to his ward. There was no possibility of repaying it; we had no relations able to help us, your grandfather was no longer alive; at last, we were forced to confess that we could look for no help from man.

"The candle had burned down, my head rested upon my father's breast, my hand lay in his; thus we sat on in darkness. What else was spoken between us on that night I do not remember now. But never before.

not even when my father had appeared to my eyes faultless, almost as God himself, had I felt such tender affection for him as in that hour when he confessed his guilty act. Gradually the stars faded in the heavens without, a little bird sang from the elder-trees, and the first gleam of morning light pierced the gloomy chamber. My father rose and went to his desk, on which his great ledgers lay. The life-sized oil-painting of my grandfather, with pigtail and leathern coloured waistcoat, seemed to look down sternly upon his son. 'I shall go over it all once more,' said my father; 'if the sum total remains the same,' he added hesitatingly, and casting a supplicating glance at his father's portrait, 'then a sad prospect lies before me, for I shall have to seek mercy from both God and man.'

"At his wish I left the room, and soon all was astir in the house—it was day. When I had put things in order, I went into the garden, and through the little back gate out to the highway, where Harry generally passed in the morning, on his way to the work-shop.

"I had not long to wait; as six o'clock struck, I saw him approaching. 'Harry, one moment!' I said, beckoning him to come with me into the garden.

"He gave me a strange look, for my bad news was no doubt written upon my face; and when I had led him to a corner of the garden and had taken his hand in mine, I stood a long time without being able to utter a word. At last, however, I told him all, and then said: 'My father will speak to you himself, do not be hard upon him.'

"He had turned deadly pale, and an expression came into his eyes, perhaps only of despair, but which frightened me.

"'Harry, Harry, what will you do to the old man?' I cried.

"He pressed his hand upon his breast. 'Nothing, Agnes,' said he, as he looked at me with a sad smile; 'but now I must go away from here.'

"I was startled. 'Why so?' I faltered.

"'I dare not see your father again.'

"'Oh, Harry! you will surely forgive him!'

"'Yes, Agnes, I owe him more than that; but—he must not bow down his grey hairs before me. And then'—he added, as if this was but of small importance. 'I don't think I can become a master quite so soon now.'

"I made no reply; but I saw the happiness, towards which only yesterday I had stretched forth my hand, fading away into the dim distance. But there was no help for it; it was best as Harry proposed. I only asked: 'When will you go, Harry?' I scarce knew myself what I said.

"'Only see that your father does not seek me out to-day,' he replied; 'by to-morrow morning I'll have settled all my affairs here. And don't distress yourself about me, I shall easily find employment.'

"With these words we parted; our hearts were too full to let us say more."

The speaker paused for a time. Then she continued: "The next morning I saw him once more, and never again; all my whole long life, never again."

Her head sank upon her breast; her hands, which had lain in her lap, she pressed gently together, as if thereby to calm the grief which now shook the frail old form, as it had once done the heart of the fair-haired maiden.

She did not remain long in this posture; regaining her composure with an effort, she rose from her chair and approached the window. "Why should I complain!" she said, pointing to a pane on which her father's name was inscribed. "That man suffered more than I did, but I must tell you about that too.

"Harry was gone. He had bidden farewell to my father in a heartily kind letter; they did not meet again. Soon afterwards legal proceedings were taken against us, the publication of the bankruptcy was shortly to follow.

"In those days it was the custom in our

town that all public announcements were made, not as now, by the pastor in church, but were read by the town clerk, from the open window of the town-house; and, beforehand, the small bell in the tower was tolled for half an hour. As we lived opposite the town-house, I had often looked on and seen children and idlers gather under the windows, and on the door-steps of the town-house, during the ringing of the bell. The same took place on the publication of a bankruptcy; but there it was looked upon in a different light, and the phrase: 'The bell has tolled over him' was held as a disgrace. On such occasions, too, I had listened without much thought; but now I trembled at the effect such a proceeding would have on my father's already depressed spirits. He had told me that he had applied to the Burgomaster on the subject, through a friendly Senator, and this Senator had comforted him with the assurance that the announcement would be made, for this time, without the bell being tolled. But I knew, on good authority, that this was not to be relied upon. Nevertheless, I did not seek to disturb my father in his harmless illusion, but tried to persuade him to go into the country and spend that day with our relations. But, as he said with a sad smile, he did not wish to forsake a sinking ship before the final breaking up. In my anxiety, it came into my mind that, in the back division of our deep vaulted cellar no sound of a bell had ever reached me. On this I built my plans. My father went in with my proposal that we should together draw up a list of the goods stored there, which might help to shorten the bailiffs' unpleasant duties, when they came afterwards to make out the inventory.

"By the time the dreadful hour arrived, we had already been long at our under-ground labours. My father arranged the goods, while I, by the light of a lantern, wrote down what he told me on a sheet of paper. Several times I had fancied I heard the distant tolling of a bell; then I spoke some loud words

till all sounds from without were again drowned in the pushing and dragging of casks and boxes. All promised well; my father was quite engrossed in his work. Suddenly the cellar door above burst open; our old maid-servant summoned me, I don't remember now about what, and at the same time the clear full tones of the bell came down to us. My father stopped short and put down the box he had in his hands, upon the ground. 'The bell!' he moaned out, and fell as if powerless against the wall. 'I am spared nothing.' This was only for a moment; then he stood erect, and before I had time to utter a word he had left the place, and, immediately after, I heard him ascending the cellar-stair. I, too, now quitted the cellar, and, after vainly seeking my father in his business-room, found him in the sitting-room, standing with folded hands at the open window. At this moment the bell ceased ringing, the three-winged window in the town-house opposite, on which the bright morning sun shone, was thrown open, and I saw the beadle putting out the scarlet window-cushions. A crowd of half grown lads already hung about the iron railings of the door-steps. My father stood motionless and looked on with anxious eyes. I sought, with gentle words, to lead him away, but he put me aside. 'Let me be, my child,' said he, 'this is my concern. I must hear it.'

"So he remained. The old town-clerk, with white powdered hair, appeared in the middle window opposite, and read in his shrill voice, from a paper which he held before him with both hands, the declaration of the bankruptcy, while two Senators at his side leant upon the scarlet cushions. Every word was borne to us distinctly in the clear spring atmosphere. When my father heard his full name proclaimed over the market-place, I saw him shudder; still he kept his place till all was over. Then he drew out his gold watch, which he had inherited from his father, and laid it upon the table. 'It belongs to my creditors with the rest,' he

said, 'put it into its case, that it may be sealed with the other things to-morrow.'

"The following day the men came and sealed everything; but my father could not leave his bed; in the night he had had a shock of paralysis. When, some months after, our house was sold, he had to be carried on a stretcher, borrowed from the hospital, to the small lodging we had taken on the outskirts of the town. Here he lived on for nine years, a helpless and broken down man. In his better hours he did a little in the way of writing and making out accounts for others; the greater part I had to earn with the work of my hands. But at the last he passed away peacefully in my arms, in calm assurance of God's mercy. After his death I came among good friends; that was in your grandfather's house."

My old friend paused. But I was thinking of Harry. "But did you never during all that time hear anything of Harry?" I asked.

"Never, my child," she replied.

"Do you know, Hansen," I said, "I don't think much of your Harry; he didn't keep his promise."

She laid her hands upon my arm. "You must not speak so, child. I knew him. There are other things besides death which men must obey. But let us go to my room; you have left your hat there, and it must be near dinner-time."

And so we locked the empty dining-hall again, and returned by the same way we had come. This time the ghost-seer's door did not open; but within we heard the sound of his footsteps on the sanded floor.

When we had reached Hansen's room, where the last ray of the noonday sun still shone through the window, she drew out a drawer and took from it an old-fashioned, highly polished mahogany box, which, once on a time, might have been a birthday gift from the young carpenter.

"You must see this too," said Hansen, as she unlocked the casket. It contained

a number of bills of exchange, all in the name of Harry Jensen, 'son of the late master-carpenter, Harry Christian Jensen, of this place,' and all bearing a date within the last ten years.

"How do you come by this money?" I asked.

She smiled. "I have not worked for nothing."

"But the bills are not in your name."

"It is my father's debt which I repay. All the property of those who die here goes to the hospital. That is why I had the bills made out in Harry Jensen's name at once." Yet a moment, before locking it fast again, she weighed the box in her hand. "The treasure has come back again," she said, "but the happiness, my child, the happiness which was once along with it—that is no longer there."

As she spoke these words a flock of swallows outside darted by with loud cries, and immediately two of the birds fluttered near to the window, and alighted twittering upon the open casement. They were the first swallows I had seen that spring. "Do you hear their congratulations, Hansen," I cried. "They have come back on purpose for your birthday."

Hansen only nodded. Her still beautiful blue eyes gazed sadly on the friendly little songsters. Then she laid her hands on my arm, and said gently: "Go away now, my child; thank all those who remembered me. I would rather be alone now."

Several years later I was on my way back to my native town, after a tour in central Germany. At one of the principal stations on the railroad—for the age of steam had already set in—an old white-haired man entered the carriage, of which I had hitherto been the sole occupant. A small portmanteau was handed in after him, which I helped him to put under the seat; then he sat down opposite me, with the friendly remark: "Well, this is the first time we have travel-



led together." As he spoke, there came around the mouth and into the brown eyes an expression of such kindness as inspired one, involuntarily, with the utmost confidence. The scrupulous cleanliness of his exterior, visible not alone in his brown cloth coat and white neck-cloth, the natural refinement and courtesy of the man, all attracted me, and before long we had become quite communicative about our several homes and family circles. I learnt that he was a maker of pianos in a pretty large town in Swabia. Hereupon I was struck with the fact that my travelling companion spoke the southern dialect, although I had read the name "Jensen" on his box, which, as far as I knew, belonged only to the extreme north of Germany.

When I made this remark he smiled. "I dare say I am almost a Swabian now," he said, "for I have lived over forty years in that goodly land, and have never been out of it during all that time; but I come originally from the north, and that is where I got my name." And then he named my own native town as his birthplace.

"Then you are a countryman of mine, as near as possible," I cried; "I too was born there, and am just now on my way home."

The old man seized both my hands, and looked lovingly at me. "That is the good Lord's doing," he said, "and so we shall travel all the way together, if it so please you. I too am returning to my native place; I hope to see an old friend there, if God will." I agreed with pleasure to his proposal.

When we had arrived at the railway terminus of those days, twenty miles of our journey still lay before us, and soon we were seated side by side on the comfortable cushions of a carriage, the cover of which we had thrown back, to enjoy the splendid autumn weather. Gradually the country became more familiar, the woods disappeared, then the hedgerows on either hand, and soon even the banks on which they stood,

and the vast treeless plain lay stretched out before us. My companion gazed silently upon it. "I am so unused to this wide expanse," he remarked, "I feel here as if I looked into eternity on every side." Then he relapsed into silence, and I did not disturb him.

About midway on our journey, as we left a village through which the highway passed, and emerged again into the open country, I observed that he bent forward his head and eagerly scanned the distance. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand, and became visibly uneasy. "In general I can see a long way," he said at length, "but I look in vain for our tower; and yet in my youth it was always from this point I was wont to greet it, when I returned from my wanderings."

"You must be mistaken," I replied, "it is impossible that the low steeple can be seen from this distance."

"Low!" cried the old man, almost indignantly, "that tower has for centuries served as a landmark to ships many miles out at sea!"

Then his mistake was apparent. "You must be thinking," I said, with some hesitation, "of the tower of the old church, which was pulled down more than forty years ago."

The old man stared at me with his large eyes, as if I was raving. "The old church pulled down—and forty years ago! My God, how long have I been away; and never to have heard a word of it!"

He folded his hands and sat for some time as if sunk in a train of sorrowful recollections. Then he said: "On that beautiful tower, which it seems exists now only in my imagination, I promised, nearly fifty years ago, to return to her for whose sake I have taken this long journey. If you care to listen, I shall tell you that part of my history. Perhaps you may then be able to give me some idea of whether my hopes are likely to be realized or not."

I assured him of my interest, and while

the postilion nodded on his seat, beneath the glowing noon sunshine, and the wheels rolled slowly through the sand, the old man began his story.

"In my youth I had a great wish to study for one of the learned professions, but as my parents both died early, and I had not the necessary means, I took to my father's trade, that is, turned carpenter. Already in my travels, as apprentice, I had a notion of settling in some distant part, for I was not altogether without means; the sale of my father's house had brought in a good round sum, enough to set me agoing. Still I went back to my home again, and this was for the sake of a fair young girl. I don't think I ever saw such blue eyes again. One of her friends once said to her in joke: 'Agnes, I'll pluck violets out of your eyes.' I never forgot the words." The old man sat silent a time, and gazed before him with a glorified expression on his face, as though he looked once more into those blue eyes of his youth. Then, while I almost involuntarily pronounced the name of my old friend in St. Jurgens to myself, he began once more: "She was the daughter of a merchant who was my guardian. We had grown up together as neighbours' children; her mother was dead, and the girl led a quiet, solitary life with her father. Perhaps it was on this account that she came to have such a regard for me, the only playmate of her own age she ever had. Soon after my return at any rate, we were, between ourselves, as good as engaged. It was already settled that I was to begin business in our native town, when, by an unexpected event, I lost the whole of my small fortune. And so it came that I was obliged to leave the place.

"On the last day Agnes had promised to meet me in the evening, on the road that ran behind their garden, to speak a last word with me, but when, at the stroke of the appointed hour, I reached the place, she was not there. I stood listening behind the wall, under the overhanging linden

branches; but I waited in vain. At this time I could not enter her father's house: not that there had been any coolness between us; on the contrary, I believe he would have given me his daughter's hand without much hesitation, for he was fond of me, and he was not a proud man; there was another reason, but one which I would rather let remain buried in the past.

"I remember it well even now. It was a dark and stormy April evening. More than once I was deceived by the weathercock on the roof, and thought I heard the well-known door of the courtyard open, but no step came down the garden path. Long I stood leaning against the wall, and watched the black clouds driving across the heavens; at last with a heavy heart I went away.

"The next morning it had just struck five on the tower when I descended the stair of my lodging, after a sleepless night, and said farewell to my landlord and his wife. In the narrow, ill-paved streets, were still the darkness and dirt of winter; the town seemed yet sunk in sleep, not a single familiar face met me, and thus sad and solitary I went my way. Just as I was about to turn the corner of the church-yard, a bright ray burst forth, and suddenly flooded with spring sunshine the high quaint gables of the old apothecary's house, whose under-story, with its sign of the carved lion, still lay in the misty shadows of the street. As I glanced upward a long-drawn tone rang through the air high over me, then again, and yet again, as if calling aloud to the world.

"I stepped into the church-yard, and when I looked up at the tower I saw the bellringer standing on the gallery, and saw that he still held his long horn in his hand. Then I knew that the first swallows were come, and Jacob had sounded a welcome to them, and had called aloud to the town that spring had come into the land. For this he got his time-honoured draught in the wine vault of the town-house, and a bright dollar from the Burgomaster. I knew the

man, and had often been up beside him—as a boy to look down upon my pigeons flying, afterwards, now and again with Agnes, for the old man had a little grand-daughter who lived with him, who was Agnes' god-child, and a great pet of hers. Once, on a Christmas eve, I had even helped her to drag a complete Christmas tree up to the top of the tower. Now the well-known oaken door stood open; involuntarily I entered, and in the darkness which suddenly surrounded me, slowly ascended the stair, and, when this ceased, the narrow ladder-like steps which formed the continuation. The only sound that broke the solitude was the creaking of the machinery of the huge clock. I remember in those days I had always a horror of the lifeless thing, and was seized now with a strong desire to clutch hold of the wheels, and bring it to a standstill. Just then I heard old Jacob clambering down from above. He seemed to be talking to a child, and exhorting it to be cautious. I called up good morning to him through the darkness, and asked if it was little Meta who was with him.

"Is that you, Harry?" cried the old man; "of course Meta must go with me to the Herr Burgomaster."

"At length they both came down to where I had stepped aside into a niche. When Jacob caught sight of me standing beside him, prepared for travelling, he cried, in astonishment, 'What is the meaning of this, Harry? What are you going up the town for, with knapsack and glazed cap on? You're surely not going to leave us all again?'"

"It's too true, Jacob," I replied, "it will not be for long, we'll hope."

"Ay, ay, I thought there was something else in the wind!" muttered the old man. "Well, what must be must; the swallows are back again, and that's the best time for travelling. And thank you kindly for coming to say good-bye."

"Well, good-bye, Jacob!" said I, "and

when you look down from your tower some fine sunny day, and see me coming back again through gate, you'll blow me a welcome as you've done to the swallows to-day!"

"The old man shook me by the hand, as he took his little granddaughter upon his arm. 'That I will, Master Harry!' he cried, smiling; as he was accustomed to call me in jest. But as I was preparing to descend again with him, he added, 'If you would like a 'God speed' from Agnes, she has been up above since early morning; she is as fond of her birds as ever.'"

"Never in all my life had I mounted the last break-neck steps so quickly as I now did, although I could scarce draw my breath for the throbbing of my heart. Yet, when I stepped out on the little gallery into the dazzling brightness of the heavens, I stood still involuntarily, and cast a glance over the iron railing. There, far below, lay my native town, in all the beauty of early spring; cherry trees, already white with blossom, peeped everywhere from between the roofs. Yonder gable, opposite the little tower of the town hall, belonged to my guardian's house. I could see the garden, and the road behind it: my heart was full, and an overwhelming feeling of home-sickness took possession of me. Unconsciously, I may have uttered a cry, for suddenly I felt my hands grasped, and when I looked up, Agnes stood beside me. 'Harry,' she said, 'have you come once more?' And a joyful smile flitted across her face."

"I didn't expect to find you here," I replied, "and I must go now; why did you keep me waiting in vain yesterday?"

"Then all the joy faded out of her face. 'I could not help it, Harry; my father would not let me leave him. Afterwards I ran down to the garden, but you were already gone; you did not come back again; and so early this morning I climbed the tower. I thought I might perhaps see you as you went out of the gate.'"

"The future lay uncertain before me, but I

had formed a plan. Once before I had been in the employment of a piano maker; now I intended to follow out this trade, hoping in time to earn enough to set up business on my own account; for these instruments began even then to be in great demand. All this I now told the girl, and also where I meant to go to first.

"She stood leaning upon the railing, and seemed to be gazing absently into the heavens. Now she slowly turned her head. 'Harry,' she said, in a low voice, 'don't go away, Harry!'

"But, when I looked at her without answering, she cried again, 'No, don't listen to me; I am a child, I don't know what I am saying!' The morning wind had loosened a little lock of her fair hair, and blew it across the pale face which now looked so patiently up into mine.

"'We must wait, Agnes,' said I; 'I must now go in search of fortune, and try to bring it home with me again. I shall not write; I shall come myself at the right time.'

"She gazed at me a while with her large eyes; then she pressed my hand. 'I shall wait,' she said in a steady voice; 'Go, Harry, and God be with you!'

"I did not go just yet. The tower, on which we two stood, lifted its head high into the solitude of the blue heavens; only the swallows, whose steel-blue plumage glistened in the sunshine, fluttered around us, and bathed in the sea of air and light. I still held her hands; I felt as though I could never leave this spot, as though already we were both free from all our troubles. But time pressed—the quarter-bell beneath us rang out its warning. Then, while the waves of sound still vibrated around the tower, a swallow came flying so near that it almost touched us with its wings, and, alighting fearlessly upon the edge of the railing at arm's length from us, suddenly poured forth a flood of rapturous sounds from its distended throat, while we stood, as if spell-bound, gazing into its bright

little eye. Agnes threw herself upon my breast. 'Don't forget to return!' she cried. The bird spread its wings and flew away.

"How I came down to earth through the dark tower I know not. When I had reached the high-road beyond the gate of the town, I stood still and looked back. There, on the tower, in a flood of sunlight, I could discern her dear form; she seemed to me to be leaning far over the top of the railing, and involuntarily a cry of terror escaped me. But the form remained motionless.

"And at last I turned, and went with hasty steps along the high-road, without once again looking behind me.

The old man sat silent for a time; then he said, "She waited for me in vain; I never returned. I must now tell you how this could happen.

"The first employment I found was in Vienna, where the best pianos were made in those days; after a year and a half I went into Wurtemberg, to the place where I still live. A fellow apprentice of mine had a brother there who was in want of a trustworthy assistant. They were a young couple, and I lodged with them. The business was only a small one, but the master was a kind man and skilful, and I soon learnt more with him than I had done in the large factory, where I had only worked in one department. As I applied myself diligently to my trade, and also found my Vienna experience of some value, I soon gained the confidence of these good people. They were pleased, too, that in my spare hours I gave the eldest of their two boys German lessons; for in those days I still had the northern accent, which they liked, and wished, as they said, that their children might learn to speak as good German. Soon the younger brother joined us, and we did not stick to the dry grammar; I got hold of books, out of which I read to them both for their instruction and amusement.

Thus it was that the children, too, became warmly attached to me. When, after a year, I succeeded for the first time in constructing, without assistance, a piano of a particularly fine tone, there was as great rejoicing in the whole house as if one of the family had completed his master-piece. And now I thought of my return.

"But my young master fell sick. A cold brought on a serious chest complaint, the seeds of which had, perhaps, long lain dormant within him. The care of the business fell, as a matter of course, entirely into my hands. Now I could not possibly leave. I began, too, to get more insight into the circumstances of the family with whom I lived on terms of the closest friendship. Unity and industry dwelt beneath their roof. But there was a third, an evil inmate, which these good spirits had not been able to expel. In every dark corner the sick man saw it crouching. This was anxiety for the future.

"Take the broom and sweep it away,' I would often say to my friend; 'I shall help you, Martin!' Then he would press my hand, and for a moment a melancholy smile spread over his pale face; but soon again he saw the dark shadows on everything.

"Unhappily these were not merely in his imagination. The capital with which he had started business had been all along too small. During the first years he suffered losses through bad workmen, for which he had not laid his account; the sale of the stock, too, was not so rapid as was necessary under the circumstances; now, to crown all, came an illness of which none could foresee the end. At length they were entirely dependent on me, both for their actual support and for consolation in their sorrows. The boys held fast my hands when we sat by the father's bed, which soon he was unable to leave. With him the failing of the bodily strength seemed but to increase the unrest of the spirit; brooding he lay upon his pillows and built plans for the future. At

times, when he felt the icy breath of approaching death, he would start up suddenly and cry, 'I cannot die, I will not die!' and then again, with clasped hands, 'My God, my God, Thy will be done!'

And at last came the hour of release. We stood all beside his bed; he thanked me, and took leave of us all. But then, as if he saw before him something from which he must protect them, he drew his wife and the two boys suddenly towards him, gazed at them with woeful eyes, and groaned aloud. When I exhorted him, 'Cast thy care upon the Lord, Martin!' he cried, despairingly, 'Harry, Harry, it is no longer care, it is utter want! Over me it will have no power now, but my wife, my dear children, how can they escape from it!'

"There is a strange power in a death-bed; I don't know if you have ever experienced it, my young friend. But in that moment I promised to my dying master that I would stand by his family until they were beyond reach of the phantom which disturbed his last hours. And when I had made this promise, death waited no longer. Softly he entered the door. Martin stretched out his hand; I thought it sought mine, but before I touched it, it was grasped by God's invisible messenger—my young master had ceased to live."

My fellow-traveller took off his hat and laid it upon his lap, his white hair was lifted by the warm mid-day breeze. He sat silent, as if consecrating these moments to the memory of his long departed friend. But I was forced to think of the words my old Hansen had once spoken; "There are other things beside death which man must obey." And yet it was death which had sundered the living. For, of course, I could no longer doubt the identity of him who sat by my side. After a time the old man resumed his story, as he slowly covered his head.

"I kept my promise," he said, "but in making it I had broken another; for now I

could not go away. It was soon evident that matters were even worse than I had thought. A few months after the husband's death, too, a third child—a girl—was born; under the circumstances only a fresh burden. I did my best, but year after year passed, and we were little better off. I gave not only my whole strength, but the savings of past years as well, yet I was scarcely able to keep the phantom of poverty at bay. I saw clearly that if any one, in the smallest degree less faithful, were to take my place, those committed to my care would assuredly fall a prey to him.

"Often, often, in the midst of my work, did unutterable home-sickness take possession of me, and gnaw and tear my very heart; more than once when, unconsciously, I sat with the chisel idle in my hand, I was startled by the sound of the good woman's voice; for my thoughts were far away in my home, and quite another voice was in my ears. In my dreams I saw the tower of our native town; at first in bright sunshine, encircled by a flock of swallows; later, when the dream returned, I saw it black and threatening against the desolate sky, the autumn wind howled, and I heard the great bell tolling; but always, even then, Agnes stood above, leaning upon the railing of the gallery; she still wore the blue dress in which she had bidden me farewell; but now it was all torn, and the shreds fluttered in the air. "When will the swallows return?" was the cry I heard. I knew her voice, but it had a wailing sound in the stormy blast. When I awoke from such dreams I would hear the swallows in the faint dawn twittering in the eaves above my window. In the earlier years I would raise my head and let them sing my heart full of yearning and tearful longings; later I could not endure it, and more than once, when the twittering would not cease, I have thrown open my window and driven the dear birds away.

"It was on such a morning that I once declared that I must now leave; that at last

the time was come that I must think of my own life. But the two boys broke out into loud lamentations, and the mother, without speaking a word, put her little daughter on my lap, who immediately clasped her little arms tightly round my neck. My heart yearned over the children; I could not forsake them. I thought, 'Stay, then, one year more!' But the year passed and still I did not go. The gulf which separated me from my youth grew ever wider. At length all the past seemed to lie far out of reach behind me, like a dream of which I dared no longer to think. I was already over forty, when, in accordance with the wishes of the children, who had, meanwhile, grown up, I married the mother, whose sole support I had been so long.

"And now a strange thing came to pass. I had always had a sincere regard for the woman, as she well deserved, but now that she was irrevocably bound to me, there arose within me a feeling of aversion, nay, almost of hatred, towards her, which I had often difficulty to conceal. Such is man. In my heart I threw all the blame upon her of that which was in reality only the consequence of my own weakness. But God, for my deliverance, suffered me to fall into temptation.

"It was on a Sunday in the height of summer. We had set out on an excursion to a village among the hills, where a relative of the family lived. The two sons, with their little sister, had outstripped us old folks; the sound of their voices and their laughter had died away in the forest through which the road ran. My wife now proposed that we should take a footpath which she knew, alongside of a quarry, by which we could overtake the young people. 'I was once here with Martin when we were engaged,' she said, as we turned aside into the fir trees. A little further on I remember gathering a dark-blue flower; I wonder if it is still to be found there.'

"In a short time the wood ceased on one

side, and the path ran close to the edge of the sloping ground on the one hand, while on the other it was overgrown with bramble-branches and other underwood. My wife walked briskly on before me. I followed slowly, and was soon sunk in my old dreams. Like a lost paradise my old home lay before my eyes, which I knew I never could regain. Only as through a veil I saw that the rocky declivity was blue with gentians, which my wife stooped down to pluck now and again. What was all that to me! Suddenly I hear a shriek and see her hands thrown up into the air; I see the loose stones give way under her feet and roll down over the face of the rock, which a few paces lower falls in a perpendicular line into the abyss below.

"I stood as if paralysed. The thought rushed through my brain: 'Stay, let her fall; thou art free!' but God helped me. In an instant I was beside her, and, throwing myself over the edge of the path, I seized her hands and drew her up to me in safety. 'Harry, my good Harry,' she cried weeping, 'again it is thy hand that has rescued me.'

Like burning drops these words fell into my soul. During all these years no word of the past had crossed my lips; at first from youthful shyness to unveil my inmost secrets, later from an involuntary desire to conceal the conflict that rent my heart. Now, suddenly, an impulse seized me to confess all without reserve. And so, seated on the edge of the precipice, I poured out my heart to the woman whom shortly before I had wished buried beneath it. Nor did I keep back that either. She burst into a violent flood of tears; she wept for me, for herself, but loudest of all she lamented over Agnes. 'Harry, Harry,' she cried, laying her head upon my breast, 'I never knew of that; but it is too late now, and no one can take this sin from us!'

"It was now my turn to console her, and it was some hours later before we reached the village, where we had been long expected

by our children. But from that time forth my wife, with her gentle and loving heart, was my best friend, and there was no longer a secret between us. So the years passed away. In time she seemed to have forgotten that the welfare of herself and the children had been bought at the expense of another's happiness, and I, too, grew more tranquil. Only in spring, when the swallows returned, or when, later in the year, they alone of all the birds sang in the deepening evening red, my old sorrow woke, and I heard ever the dear young voice, and ever in my ears sounded the words: 'Do not forget to return!'

"So it was one evening this summer—I was sitting on the bench in front of our door watching the fading daylight, which was visible over the vine-clad hills through an opening in the street. Our youngest son's little girl had climbed into my lap, and, tired with play, had lain down in grandfather's arms. Soon the little eyes closed, and the crimson too had died out of the sky. Yet a swallow still sat on the neighbour's roof opposite, and twittered softly in the gloaming as of long past days.

"Just then my wife came out. She stood for a time silently beside me, and when I did not look up she asked gently: 'What ails thee, old man?' And when I made no answer, and only the bird's song sounded from out the dusk: 'Is it then the swallow again?'

"'Thou knowest me, mother,' said I. 'Thou hast ever had patience with me.'

"But I did not yet know her entirely; she had more than that for me. She laid her hands upon my shoulders. 'What thinkest thou?' she cried, as she looked at me with her kind old eyes. 'Thou must see Agnes once more, now we are able; thou wouldst else have no peace in the grave beside me!'

"I was almost frightened at this proposal, and tried to make objections, but she said: 'Nay, it is right thou shouldst go!' So:

followed her counsel, and that is how it comes that I am on my way home once again ; but when we drive through the gate, I fear old Jacob will not blow a welcome now."

My fellow-traveller was silent, but I held back no longer, for I was deeply moved. "I know you," said I, "I know you well, Harry Jensen ; and Agnes too I know ; she lived many years in my grandmother's house, and has been as a mother to me. I have heard everything from her own mouth ; that, too, which you kept back."

The old man folded his hands. "God be praised !" said he, "is it possible that she lives, and still forgives me !"

I little thought I had kindled a hope whose fulfilment already lay within the kingdom of shadows ; I only replied : "She knew the friend of her youth ; she never blamed him." And now it was my turn to speak. He listened in breathless silence, and drank in greedily every word from my lips.

The postilion cracked his whip. The low spire of our native town appeared above the horizon. When I pointed it out to the old man, he took hold of my hand. "My young friend," said he, "I tremble before the approaching hour."

Before long our carriage rattled over the pavement of the town. The lovely autumn weather had filled the streets with people, and, as I had been long absent, passers-by greeted me on all sides with friendly nods of welcome. Only a glance of surprise, or at most of curiosity, was cast on the aged stranger at my side. At length we halted before the inn-door, and here I thought to take leave of my friend for the day, for he wished to pay his first visit to St. Jurgens alone.

A few minutes later I was at home, surrounded by parents, sisters and brothers. "All well ?" was my first enquiry.

"All here are well, as you see," replied my mother, "but—there is one you will see no more."

"Hansen !" cried I ; for of whom else could I then have thought.

My mother nodded. "But what is the matter with you, my child ? Her time was come ; early this morning she fell asleep quietly in my arms."

In a few hurried words I told them of the fellow-traveller I had had, and, while all yet stood deeply moved, I left the house without changing my clothes, for I could not now leave the old man alone.

I went first to the inn, and, having heard there that he was gone, proceeded straight up the street towards St. Jurgens.

When I had got so far I saw the ghost-seer, whom death seemed to despise, standing in the middle of the street in front of the hospital. His hands behind his back, he swayed himself to and fro from the knees, while he stared up, from beneath the broad brim of his cap towards one of the gables. As my eyes followed in the same direction I saw upon the highest ledge, even upon the bell which hung up above in an opening in the wall, a great conclave of swallows sitting one beside the other, while single ones hovered around them, now rising high into the air, then returning again with loud twitterings and chirpings. Some of those seemed to bring new companions with them, who then sought to find place upon the eaves beside the others.

Involuntarily I stood gazing. I saw that they were preparing to take flight ; our northern sun was no longer warm enough for them. The old creature beside me pulled his cap off his head and waved it to and fro. "Shoo !" he screamed, "away with ye, ye brutes !" But yet awhile the spectacle upon the gable lasted : then suddenly, as if upborne by a breeze, the whole of the swallows rose straight into the air, and in the same moment were lost to sight in the blue vault of the heavens.

The ghost-seer still stood muttering half-intelligible words, while I passed into the court yard of the hospital, beneath the dark



gateway. One wing of the casement of Hansen's window stood open as of old; the swallow's nest too was still there. Hesitatingly I ascended the stair and opened the room door. There my old Hansen lay, still and peaceful; the linen cloth which had covered her was half thrown back. On the edge of the bed sat my fellow-traveller, but his eyes passed over the corpse and were fixed on the bare wall above. I saw well that his rigid gaze spanned a vast gulf, and on the other side stood the bright vision of his youth, now quickly fading into the dim air.

I had seated myself, apparently unobserved by him, in the arm-chair by the open window, and looked at the empty nest, from which peeped forth blades of grass and feathers, which had once served as protection to the little fledglings. When I again cast a glance into the room the head of the old man was bent down close above that of the corpse. He seemed to be gazing per-

plexedly into the aged sunken countenance which lay before him in all the calm solemnity of death. "If I could but see her eyes once more!" he murmured. "But God has closed them!" Then, as if to convince himself that nevertheless it was indeed she herself, he took a lock of the shining grey hair, which flowed down on either side of her head upon the linen sheet, and passed it caressingly between his hands.

"We have come too late, Harry Jensen!" I cried sorrowfully.

He looked up and nodded. "By fifty years," said he, "just as life has passed." Then slowly rising he turned back the sheet, and covered up the peaceful face of the dead.

A gust of wind struck the window. Methought I heard afar, from out the high heavens where the swallows fly, the last words of their old song:

"Als ich wiederkam, als ich wiederkam,  
War alles leer."

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## THE DANCE OF THE WINDS.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

The Wind-god, Eolus, sat one morn  
In his cavern of tempests, quite forlorn;  
He'd been ill of a fever a month and a day,  
And the sun had been having things all his own way,  
Pouring o'er earth such a torrent of heat  
That the meadows were dry as the trampled street,  
And people were panting, and ready to die  
Of the fires that blazed from the pitiless sky.

But the King felt better that hot June day,  
So he said to himself: "I will get up a play  
Among the children, by way of a change;  
No doubt they are feeling, like me, very strange

At this dreary confinement—a month and more,  
And never once stirring at all out of door !  
It is terribly wearisome keeping so still—  
They all shall go out for a dance on the hill.”

Then aloud he spake, and the dreary hall  
Re-echoed hoarsely his hollow call :  
“ Ho ! Boreas, Auster, Eurus, ho !  
And you, too, dainty-winged Zephyrus, go  
And have a dance on the hills to-day,  
And I'll sit here and enjoy your play.”

Then Boreas started with such a roar  
That the King, his father, was troubled sore,  
And peevishly muttered within himself—  
“ He'll burst his throat, the unmannerly elf ! ”  
But Auster, angry at seeing his brother  
Astart of him, broke away with another  
As fearful a yell from the opposite side  
Of the wind-cave, gloomy, and long, and wide.

One from the South, and one from the North,  
The rough-tempered brothers went shrieking forth ;  
And faster, and faster, and faster still,  
They swept o'er valley, and forest, and hill.  
The clouds affrighted before them flew,  
From white swift changing to black or blue ;  
But, failing to 'scape the assailants' ire,  
Fell afoul of each other in conflict dire.

Now hot, now cold—what a strife was there !  
Till the crashing hailstones smote the air,  
And men and women in country and town  
Were hastily closing their windows down,  
And shutting doors with a crash and a bang,  
While the rain-drops beat, and the hail-stones rang,  
And the lightnings glared from the fiery eyes  
Of the furious combatants up in the skies,  
And burst in thunder-claps far and near,  
Making the timorous shake with fear.

Then Eolus with affright grew cold,  
For his blood, you'll remember, is thin and old,  
And his turbulent sons such an uproar made,  
That, watching the conflict, he grew afraid

Lest, in the rage of their desperate fight,  
The pair should finish each other outright.

So he shouted to Eurus : " Away, away !  
And come up from the East by the shortest way,  
And try and part them ; and you, too, go,  
Zephyrus ! why are you loitering so ? "

Then away sped Eurus, shrieking so loud  
That he startled a lazy, half-slumbering cloud,  
That fled before him white in the face,  
And dashed away at a furious pace.  
But he drove it fiercely betwixt the two,  
Who parted, and scarce knowing what to do,  
Descended, and each from an opposite place  
Began to fling dirt in the other one's face.

Then round, and round, and round again,  
They raced and chased over valley and plain,  
Catching up, in their mischievous whirls,  
The hats of boys and the bonnets of girls ;  
Tossing up feathers, and leaves, and sticks,  
Knocking down chimneys, and scattering bricks,  
Levelling fences, and pulling up trees,  
Till Eolus—oftentimes hard to please—  
Clapped his hands as his wine he quaffed,  
And laughed as he never before had laughed.

Cried Eurus : " Ho, ho ! so this furious fight  
Ends up in a romp and a frolic !—all right.  
I am in for a share ! " Then away went he,  
And joined with a will in the boisterous glee,  
Till, out of breath, ere the sun went down,  
They all fell asleep in the forest brown.

A full hour after, ambling along,  
Came dainty Zephyrus humming a song,  
And pausing—the truant—to kiss each flower  
That blushed in garden, or field, or bower.  
But no one was left to be merry with him,  
So he danced with the leaves till the light grew dim—  
And, as twilight was going to sleep in the West,  
He, too, fell asleep on a rose's breast.

YORKVILLE, Oct., 1872.

## LORD ELGIN.

(Concluded.)

IN Jamaica Lord Elgin had become acquainted with a Planter Colony; in Canada he had become acquainted with a free and self-governed Colony. In China, to enlarge still further the circle of his Colonial experience, he was to become acquainted with what might be called—with regard to a portion at least of its inhabitants—a filibustering Colony. The relations of nations styling themselves civilized with barbarous or semi-barbarous populations, fill one of the darkest pages of the history of mankind in general, and of British history in particular. And, perhaps, on that dark page there is nothing of deeper hue than the record of British opium-smugglers and kidnappers in China.

"Unless I am greatly misinformed," says Lord Elgin, in replying to an address from some missionaries, "vile and reckless men, protected by the privileges to which I have referred, and still more by the terror which British prowess has inspired, are now infesting the coasts of China. It may be that for the moment they are able, in too many cases, to perpetrate the worst crimes with impunity; but they bring discredit on the Christian name; inspire hatred of the foreigner, where no such hatred exists; and, as some recent instances prove, teach occasionally to the natives a lesson of vengeance which, when once learnt, may not always be applied with discrimination." "It is a terrible business," he says, in another place, "this living among inferior races. I have seldom, from men or women, since I came into the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether China-

men or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their *salaaming*, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not, as dogs, because in that case we would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives, but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful—an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the objects of their passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed." Is it very wonderful that, under such circumstances, missionary enterprise does not make more progress among the natives? Is there not, in fact, a need of missionary enterprise in another direction?

The event which led to the rupture with China, and finally to a revolution in our relations with that country, and in the policy of the Chinese Government, are too well known to require minute recapitulation. The *Lorch Arrow*, a pretended British vessel, was boarded by the Chinese on a charge of piracy. The British on the spot seized the occasion for a quarrel, and, finding arms in their hands, took the opportunity of enforcing what they styled treaty obligations, and bombarded Canton. There was no doubt, in Lord Elgin's mind at all events, as to the character of the transaction. "I have hardly alluded," he says, "in my ultimatum to that wretched question of the *Arrow*, which is a scandal to us, and is so considered, I have

reason to know, by all except the few who are personally compromised." In another passage, he distinctly intimates his conviction that the *Arrow* was one of a class of vessels which fraudulently carried the British flag for the purpose of levying piratical exactions on the junks. The House of Commons passed a vote of censure against the Government; but the feelings engendered by the Crimean war were still dominant in the nation; and an appeal to the country, by the dissolution of Parliament, resulted in a complete triumph for Lord Palmerston and the *Arrow*.

Lord Elgin, during the two years of his residence at home, had given a general support to the Government, and the qualities which he had displayed in Canada pointed him out as the right man to be sent to China. The choice proved a most happy one: he secured the diplomatic objects of his mission with the least possible infringement of the laws of humanity; and, by his whole conduct and bearing, did much to redeem the tarnished honour of his country. Fortunately for us he kept a pretty regular journal, and he has thus enabled us to see countries which he visited, the people with whom he came in contact, and the events in which he bore the leading part, through the eyes of a clear-sighted, sagacious, and right-minded man. His command of language was also remarkable, and he had great descriptive power.

He went, of course, by the Overland route. Passing through Egypt, he says, "What might not be made of this country, if it were wisely guided.

"I am glad to have had two days in Egypt. It gave me an idea, at least, of that country—in some degree a painful one. I suppose that France and England, by their mutual jealousies, will be the means of perpetuating the abominations of the system under which that magnificent country is ruled. They say that the Pacha's revenue is about £4,000,000, and his expenses about £2,000,000: so that he has about £2,000,000 of pocket money. Yet I suppose that the Fellahs, owing to their industry and the incom-

parable fertility of the country, are not badly off, as compared with the peasantry elsewhere. We passed, at one of our stopping places between Cairo and Suez, part of a Turkish regiment on their way to Jeddah. These men were dressed in a somewhat European costume, some of them with the Queen's medal on their breast. There was a harem in a sort of omnibus with them, containing the establishment of one of the officers. One of the ladies dropped her veil for a moment, and I saw rather a pretty face; almost the only Mahomedan female face I have seen since I reached this continent. They are much more rigorous, it appears, with the ladies in Egypt than at Constantinople. There they wear a veil which is quite transparent, and go about shopping; but in Egypt they seem to go out very little, and their veil completely hides everything but the eye. In the palace which I visited near Cairo (and which the Pacha offered, if we had chosen to take it), I looked through some of the grated windows allowed in the harems, and I suppose that it must require a good deal of practice to see comfortably out of them. It appears that the persons who ascend to the top of the minarets to call to prayer at the appointed hour, are blind men, and that the blind are selected for this office lest they should be able to look down into the harems. That is, certainly, carrying caution very far."

He arrives at Ceylon, and is charmed with its greenness and beauty, its luxuriant vegetation, its bright nights, and the brilliant phosphorescence of its seas. He takes a ride into the interior, and finds one of the most magnificent views he ever witnessed—in the foreground this tropical luxuriance, and beyond, far below, the glistening sea, studded with ships and boats innumerable, over which again the Malay peninsula, with its varied outline.

"I had hardly begun to admire the scene, when a gentleman in a blue flannel sort of dress, with a roughish beard, and a cigar in his mouth, made his appearance, and was presented to me as the Bishop of Labuan! He was there endeavouring to recruit his health, which has suffered a good deal. He complained of the damp of the climate, while admitting its many charms, and seemed to think that he owed the dampness a bad cold with which he was afflicted. Soon afterwards his wife joined us. They were both at Sarawak when the last troubles took place, and must have had a bad time of it. The Chinese behaved well to them; indeed they seemed desirous to make the bishop their leader. His con-

verts (about fifty) were staunch ; and he has a school at which about the same number of Chinese boys are educated. These facts pleaded in his favour, and it says something for the Chinese that they were not insensible to these claims. They committed some cruel acts, but they certainly might have committed more. They respected the women, except one (Mrs. C., whom they wounded severely), and they stuck by the bishop until they found that he was trying to bring Brooke back. They then turned upon him, and he had to run for his life. The bishop gave me an interesting description of his school of Chinese boys. He says they are much more like English boys than other Orientals; that when a new boy comes they generally get up a fight, and let him earn his place by his prowess. But there is no managing them without pretty severe punishments. Indeed, he says, that if a boy be in fault, the others do not at all like his not being well punished ; they seem to think that it is an injustice to the rest if this is omitted."

In the midst of the beauties of Ceylon, however, Lord Elgin received the terrible news of the Indian mutiny, with urgent calls from Lord Canning for aid. With a moral courage, and a self-sacrifice really commendable, though, perhaps, rated rather too highly by his friendly biographer, Lord Elgin despatched to India the troops destined for his own support in China. At first he hoped that these troops might be speedily restored to him ; but, finding that this would not be the case, and feeling that if he remained at Hong-Kong without the means of doing anything he would damage the position of England with the Chinese, he resolved himself to go to Calcutta. His arrival there in the *Shannon*, in the midst of the awful crisis, called forth great enthusiasm. "I shall never forget," he said, "to my dying day—for the hour was a dark one, and there was hardly a countenance in Calcutta save that of the Governor-General, Lord Canning, which was not blanched with fear—I shall never forget the cheers with which the *Shannon* was received, as she sailed up the river, pouring forth her salute from those sixty-eight pounders which the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel sent up to Allahabad, and from those twenty-

four pounders which, according to Lord Clyde, made way across the country in a manner never before witnessed."

He evidently formed a high opinion of Lord Canning, and he saw something of the difficulties with which the authors of the policy of "clemency" had to contend. "*August 22.* — tells me that yesterday, at dinner, the fact that Government had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, telling them that after death they should be cast to the dogs to be devoured, &c., was mentioned. A reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of Government ; could not see any impropriety in torturing men's souls ; seemed to think that a good deal might be said in favour of bodily torture as well ! These are your teachers, O Israel ! Imagine what the pupils become under such leading !"

Fresh troops arriving for China, Lord Elgin proceeded to Hong-Kong, where he at once experienced the caprices of the Chinese climate. "I wish," he says, "I could send you a sketch of that gloomy hill, at the foot of which Victoria lies, as it loomed sullenly in the dusky morning, its crest wreathed with clouds, and its cheeks wrinkled by white lines that marked the track of the descending torrents."

"The weather cleared about noon. I remained in my cabin, as usual, till after five, when I ordered my boat and went on shore. There were signs of the night's work here and there. Masts of junks sticking out of the water, and on land verandahs mutilated, &c. Loch accompanied me, and we walked up the hill to a road which runs above the town. The prospect was magnificent—Victoria below us, running down the steep bank to the water's edge ; beyond, the bay crowded with ships and junks, and closed on the opposite side by a semicircle of hills, bold, rugged and bare, and glaring in the bright sunset. When we got beyond the town, the hill along which we were walking began to remind me of some of the scenery in the Highlands—steep and treeless, the water gushing out at every step

among the huge granite boulders, and dashing, with a merry noise, across our path. After somewhat more than an hour's walk we turned back, and began to descend a long and precipitous path, or rather street—for there were houses on either side—in search of our boat. By the time we had embarked the hues of the sunset had vanished, a moon, nearly full, rode undisputed mistress in the cloudless sky, and we cut our way to our ship through the ripple that was dancing and sparkling in her beams."

The descriptions of scenery in the journal are excellent, and show that, beneath the practical statesman, there lay a good deal of the poet.

"Head Quarters, House, Hong Kong, Nov. 22nd. —I wish you could take wings and join me here, if it were even for a few hours. We should first wander through these spacious apartments. We should then stroll out on the verandah, or along the path of the little terrace garden, which General Ashburnham has surrounded with a defensive wall; and from thence I should point out to you the harbour, bright as a flower bed with the flags of many nations, the jutting promontory of Korsloom, and the barrier of bleak and jagged hills that bound the prospect. A little later, when the sun began to sink, and the long shadows to fall from the mountain's side, we should set forth for a walk along a level pathway of about a quarter of a mile long, which is cut in its flank, and connects with this garden. From thence we should watch this same circle of hills, now turned into a garland, and glowing in the sunset, lights crimson and purple, and blue and green, and colours for which a name has not yet been found, as they successively lit upon them. Perhaps we should be tempted to wait (and it could not be long to wait, for the night follows in these regions very closely on the heels of day), until, on these self-same hills, then gloomy and dark and sullen, tens of thousands of bright and silent stars were looking down calmly from Heaven."

But other work than gazing on the scenery and the stars was at hand. Lord Elgin sent in his demands to the Chinese Governor, Yeh. "I made them," he says, "as moderate as possible, so as to give him a chance of accepting: although, if he had accepted, I know that I should have brought on my head the imprecations both of the navy and army, and of the civilians, the time being given by the missionaries and the women. And now, Yeh having refused, I shall do what-

ever I possibly can to secure the adoption of plans of attack, &c., which will lead to the least destruction of life and property \* \* The weather is charming: the thermometer about 60° in the shade in the morning: the sun powerful, and the atmosphere beautifully clear. When we steamed up to Canton, and saw the rich alluvial banks covered with the luxuriant evidences of unrivalled industry and natural fertility combined; beyond the barren uplands, sprinkled with a soil of a reddish tint, which gave them the appearance of heather slopes in the Highlands; and beyond them again, the white cloud mountain range, standing out, bold and blue, in the clear sunshine, I thought bitterly of those who, for the most selfish objects, are trampling under foot this ancient civilization."

The miserable people of Canton were already suffering deeply from what Lord Elgin calls "this horrid war." The Admiral, having sent on shore some casks of damaged biscuit, there was such a rush for it that some people were drowned. The ships were surrounded by boats filled with women, who picked up orange peel and offal. One of the gun-boats having got ashore, the officer coolly ordered the Chinese on the quays to pull her off, which they did. "Fancy," says Lord Elgin, "having to fight such people!"

He fought them, in pursuance of his recorded resolution, as humanely as possible, but very little to the contentment of the "civilized" community, of which he was the representative. "The truth is that the whole world, just now, is raving mad with a passion for killing and slaying, and it is difficult for a person in his sober senses, like myself, to hold his own among them." People wanted "what is styled a vigorous policy in China; in other words, a policy which consists in resorting to the most violent measures of coercion or repression, on the slenderest provocation." "The settlement here (at Swatow), is against treaty. It con-

sists, mainly, of agents of the two great opium houses, Dent and Jardine, with their hangers-on. This, with a considerable business in the coolie trade—which consists in kidnapping wretched coolies, putting them on board ships, where all the horrors of the slave-trade are reproduced, and sending them, on specious promises, to such places as Cuba—is the chief business of the ‘foreign’ merchants at Swatow.” These worthies did not, by any means, want China opened to fair trade. What they wanted was, a privileged monopoly of smuggling and kidnapping, protected by British guns.

Lord Elgin’s general testimony is strongly in favour of the Chinese, in their relations with foreigners, provided the foreigners behave well to them. “I have made it a point,” he says, “whenever I have met missionaries or others who have penetrated into the interior from Ningpo and Shanghai, to ask them what treatment they experienced in those expeditions, and the answer has almost invariably been that, at points remote from those to which foreigners have access, there was no diminution, but, on the contrary, rather an enhancement of the courtesy exhibited towards them by the natives.” He gives more than one instance of prejudiced misconstruction of the conduct of these unfortunate people, and of the ignorant and unsympathizing insolence with which they are treated by Europeans. “I heard that in the Western suburb (of Canton), the people looked ‘ill-natured,’ so I have been, the greater part of my last two days, in that suburb, looking in vain into faces to discover these menacing indications. Yesterday, I walked through very out-of-the-way streets, and crowded thoroughfares, with Wade and two sailors, through thousands and thousands, without a symptom of disrespect. \* \* \* I know that our people for a long time used to insist on every Chinaman they met taking his hat off. Of course it rather astonished a respectable Chinese shop-keeper to be poked in the ribs by a sturdy sailor or soldier, and told in bad

Chinese, or in pantomime, to take off his hat, which is a thing they never do, and which is not with them even a mark of respect. I only mention this as an instance of the follies which people commit, when they know nothing of the manners of those with whom they have to deal.”

At Canton, Lord Elgin visited two of the prisons, and found them in a very bad state. The condition of the inmates of one cell was appalling. The authorities offered excuses connected with the bombardment. But the cruelty of the criminal law is one of the things which clearly stamp the imperfect character of Chinese civilization.

After leaving Canton, Lord Elgin paid a visit to Chusan, which he calls a charming island, and wonders how people could have preferred Hong-Kong. From Chusan he visited a Buddhist monastery in the islet of Potou.

“We entered the buildings, which were like all the Buddhistic temples—the same images, &c.—and were soon surrounded by crowds of the most filthy and miserable looking bonzes, some clad in grey, and some in yellow. All were very civil, however, and on the invitation of the superior—who had a much more intelligent look than the rest—we went into an apartment at the side of the temple and had some tea. After a short rest we proceeded on our way, and mounted a hill about one thousand five hundred feet in height, passing by some more temples on the way. I never saw human beings apparently in a lower condition than those bonzes, though some of the temples were under repair, and, on the whole, tolerably cared for. The view from the top of the hill was magnificent, and there was glorious music here and there, from the sea rolling in upon the sandy beach. We met some women (not young ones) going up the hill, in chains, to worship at the temples, and found in the temples some individuals at their devotions. In one there was a monk hidden behind a great drum, repeating in a plaintive tone, over and over again, the name of Buddha, ‘ameta fo,’ or something like that sound. I observed some lumps on the forehead, evidently produced by knocking it against the ground. The utter want of respect of these people for their temples, coupled with this asceticism, and apparent self-sacrifice in their religion, is a combination which I cannot at present understand. It has one bad effect, that, in the plundering expeditions which we Christians dignify with



the name of wars, in these countries idols are ripped up in the hope of finding treasure in them, temple ornaments seized, and in short, no sort of consideration is shown for the religious feelings of the natives."

Lord Elgin remarks that the absence of any strong religious antipathies on the part of the Chinese removes one great obstacle to intercourse, which operates most powerfully in other eastern countries. "The owner of the humblest dwelling almost invariably offers to the foreigner, who enters it, the hospitable tea-cup, without any apparent apprehension that his guest, by using, will defile it; and priests and worshippers attach no idea of profanation to the presence of the stranger in the joss-house. This is a fact, as I humbly conceive, not without its significance, when we come to consider what prospect there may be of our being able to extend and multiply relations of commerce and amity with this industrious portion of the human race."

The taking of the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, to secure the passage of the Envoys up to Tientsin was, in Lord Elgin's opinion, a more creditable affair, in a military point of view, than the taking of Canton. "Our gun-boats and men appear to have done well, and though they were opposed to poor troops, still they were troops, and not crowds of women and children, who were the victims of the bombardment at Canton." Still it was, at best, a wretched war. The Chinese were incapable of directing even such fire-arms as they had, and they were totally without tactics or discipline. Lord Elgin was convinced that twenty-four determined men, with revolvers and a sufficient number of cartridges, might walk through China from one end to another. On his way up the Peiho, he writes in his journal: "The night was lovely—a moon nearly full, the bank, perfectly flat and treeless, at first became fringed with mud villages, silent as the grave, and trees standing like spectres over the stream. There

we went ceaselessly on through the silvery silence, panting and breathing flame. Through the night watches, when no Chinaman moves, when the junks cast anchor, we laboured on cutting ruthlessly and recklessly through the waters of that glowing and startled river which, until the last few weeks, no stranger keel had ever furrowed! Whose work were we engaged in when we burst thus, with hideous violence and brutal energy, into these darkest and most mysterious recesses of the traditions of the past? I wish I could answer that question in a manner satisfactory to myself. At the same time, there is, certainly, not much to regret in the old civilization which we are thus scattering to the winds. A dense population, timorous and pauperized, such would seem to be its chief product." The last words require some qualification, for Lord Elgin afterwards says of the peasantry on the river Yangtse-kiang, "We took a walk, conversing with the peasants, who live in a row of cottages, with their well cultivated lands in front and rear of their dwellings: the lands are generally their own, and of not more than three or four acres in extent, I should think; but it is difficult to get accurate information from them on such points. We found one rather superior sort of man, who said he was a tenant, and that he paid four out of ten parts of the produce of his farm to the landlord. They gave me the impression of a well-to-do peasantry. Afterwards I walked through the country town of Paho, which is built of stone and seemingly prosperous." His description of the country on the road by which he afterwards advanced to Peking, with the hamlets smiling amidst their clumps of trees, also seems to indicate a good deal of prosperity among the people. Indeed he says, in broad terms, that what he has seen leads him to think that the rural population of China "is, generally speaking, well-doing and contented."

The Envoy's anxious thoughts, on the subject of his mission, never prevent his

mind from being open to the beautiful or curious features of the scenes through which he is passing on the Yantse. He writes :

"After awhile we (the *Furious*) put out our strength and left gunboats and all behind. When the sun had passed the meridian, the masts and sails were a protection from his rays, and as he continued to drop towards the water, right ahead of us, he strewed our path first with glittering silver spangles, then with roses, then with violets, through all of which we sped ruthlessly. The banks still flat, until the last part of the trip, when we approached some hills on the left, not very lofty, but clearly defined, and with a kind of dreamy softness about them which reminded one of Egypt. Altogether it was impossible to have had anything more charming in the way of yachting ; the waters a perfect calm, or hardly crisped by the breeze that played on their surface."

And again—

"The sun has just set among a crowd of mountains which bound the horizon ahead of us, and in such a blaze of fiery light that earth and sky in his neighbourhood have all been too glorious to look upon. Standing out in advance on the edge of this sea of molten gold is a solitary rock, about a quarter of the size of the Bass, which goes by the name of Golden Island, and seems as the pedestal of a tall pagoda. I never saw a more beautiful scene or a more magnificent sunset."

Further on he writes : "We have just passed a bit of scenery on our left which reminds me of Ardgowan—a range of lofty hills in the background, broken up by deep valleys and hillocks covered with trees ; dark-green fir and hardwood, tinted with Canadian autumn colours, running up towards it from the river." And he makes the rather aristocratic reflection—"With two or three thousand acres, what a magnificent situation for a park !"

After beating the Chinese in war, and, what was a good deal more difficult, surmounting the impediments which their ignorance, stupidity and duplicity placed in the way of diplomacy, Lord Elgin succeeded in concluding a treaty which met the entire approbation of his Government. It was not however on the terms of the treaty, but on the manner in which it was obtained, that

he reflected with most satisfaction. "Any one," he says, "could have obtained the Treaty of Tientsin. What was really meritorious was that it should have been obtained at so small a cost of human suffering. But this is also what discredits it in the eyes of many, of almost all here. If we had carried on war for some years—if we had carried misery and desolation all over the Empire—it would have been thought quite natural that the Emperor should have been reduced to accept the terms imposed upon him at Tientsin. But to do all this by means of a demonstration at Tientsin ! The announcement was received with a yell of derision by connoisseurs and baffled speculators in tea."

Gladly the Envoy departed from China. "I have gone through a good deal since we parted. Certainly I have seen more to disgust me with my fellow-countrymen than I saw during the whole course of my previous life, since I have found them in the East among populations too ignorant to resist and too timid to complain. I have an instinct in me which loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and all this keeps me in a perpetual boil." His is not the only true English heart that has boiled under the dishonour brought by filibustering iniquity on the British name.

Pending the negotiations in China, Lord Elgin visited Japan, where he also negotiated a treaty. He was pleased with the country and with the state of society which he found in it. On leaving it he writes : "We are again plunging into the China sea, and quitting the only place which I have left with any feeling of regret since I reached this abominable East—abominable not so much in itself as because it is strewed all over with the records of our violence and fraud and disregard of right."

The biographer plaintively contrasts the ovation which awaited Lord Elgin on his triumphant return from China with the indifference of the British public to the great work which he had done in Canada. The

indifference of the British public to the work of Canadian government, and to Colonial concerns generally, is an undeniable fact. While the result of a general election and the fate of the Government depend on the affair of the lorch *Arrow*, nobody ever heard a Colonial question even mentioned at the hustings. But this indifference is the effect not of disrespect but simply of ignorance, and the ignorance is inevitable and incurable. How can we expect the mass of the British constituencies, the farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, or even the men of business, to know anything about that which does not immediately concern them? What nation is there in which ordinary men give a thought to the affairs of any country but their own? How much do we ourselves know or care about what is going on in other portions of the Empire? What Canadian can give an account of Australian politics, or tell who is the leading statesman of Natal?

Lord Elgin flattered himself that he had come to repose in the happy home to which in his letters and journal his heart always turns. But he was disappointed. Fresh troubles arose with the Chinese Government about the ratification of the treaty; and Lord Elgin, upon an appeal being made by the British Government to his patriotism, consented to undertake a second mission. He was again associated with his old friend, Baron Gros, with whom, as the French envoy, he had cordially co-operated on the former occasion.

On his way he visited the Pyramids, the excursion to which from Cairo he was obliged to make by night, on account of the intensity of the heat and the risk of sun-stroke. The moon was nearly full, and by its light he had his first view of the Sphinx.

"We pushed on over the heaps of sand and *debris*, or, probably, covered up tombs, which surround the base of the Pyramids, when we suddenly came in face of the most remarkable object on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she

was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the Desert, looking over the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the East, as if in earnest expectation of the morning. And such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe—to me it seemed a look earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavouring to read the meaning conveyed by this wonderful eye; but I was struck, after a while, by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and of the mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth, which appeared to be in contrast with the anxious eye. Mr. Bowlby, who was a very sympathique inquirer into the significancy of this wonderful monument, agreed with me in thinking that the upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving, and striving vainly, to solve the mystery—(what mystery? The mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or of man's destiny?)—while the brow indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest."

The interpretation of the Sphinx's look conveyed in the last sentence is pretty subtle, and must have been a good deal assisted by the moonbeams. Mr. Bowlby, who so readily concurred in it, must have been "very *sympathique*" in the same sense as Polonius. This gentleman was the correspondent of the *Times*, and the closeness of his relations with Lord Elgin is, to tell the truth, a little indication of the one weak point in Lord Elgin's generally fine character—a too anxious desire for public approbation. The public service, as well as the independence of the press, has suffered severely by more than one liaison of this kind.

"Transfixed and awe-struck" Lord Elgin stood before the Sphinx. His French companion exclaimed, "*Ah, que c'est drôle!*"

Again the Envoy finds himself in the "abominable East." From Ceylon he writes: "Have you read Russell's book on the Indian Mutiny? I have done so, and I recommend it to you. It has made me very sad; but it only confirms what I believed before respecting the scandalous treatment which the natives receive at our

hands in India. I am glad that he has had courage to speak out as he does on this point. Can I do anything to prevent England from calling down on herself God's curse for brutalities committed on another feeble Oriental race? Or are all my exertions to result only in the extension of the area over which Englishmen are to exhibit how hollow and superficial are both their civilization and their Christianity? \* \* \*

The tone of the two or three men connected with mercantile houses in China, whom I find on board, is all for blood and massacre on a great scale. I hope they will be disappointed; but it is not a cheerful or hopeful prospect, look at it from what side we may."

The single infirmity which has just been mentioned as besetting Lord Elgin enhances the credit due to him for the firmness with which he adhered to his humane policy—in defiance of the depraved opinion by which he was surrounded in the East—and thus saved the honour of the country.

On his way to Peytang, near the mouth of the Peiho, where the landing of the allied forces was to take place, he makes the following, among other entries, in his journal:

"I have just heard a story of the poor country people here (at Talien Whan). A few days ago a party of drunken sailors went to a village, got into a row, and killed a man by mistake. On the day following, three officers went to the village armed with revolvers. The villagers surrounded them, took from them the revolvers (whether the officers fired or not is disputed), and then conducted them, without doing them any injury, to their boat. An officer, with an interpreter, was then sent to the village to ask for the revolvers. They were at once given up, the villagers stating that they had no wish to take them, but that as one of their number had been shot already, they objected to people coming to them with arms."

\* \* \* \* \*

I am reading the '*Lettres édifiantes et curieuses*,' which are the reports of the Jesuit missionaries who were established in China at the commencement of the last century. They are very interesting, and the writers seem to have been good and zealous people.

At the same time one cannot help being struck by their puerility on many points. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, pushed to its extreme logical conclusions, as it is by them, leads to rather strange practical consequences. Starting from the principle that all unbaptized children are certainly eternally lost, and all baptized (if they die immediately) as certainly saved, they naturally infer that they do more for the kingdom of heaven by baptizing dying children than by any other work of conversion in which they can be engaged. The sums which they expend in sending people about the streets to administer this sacrament to all the moribund children they can find; the arts which they employ to perform this office secretly on children in this state whom they are asked to treat medically: and the glee with which they record the success of their tricks, are certainly remarkable."

A series of military operations and negotiations seemed about to lead to the desired result, when the negotiations were broken off by the treacherous seizure of Mrs. Parkes and others. Then came the advance to Peking and the looting of the Emperor's summer palace.

"*Sunday, Oct. 7.*—We hear this morning that the French and our cavalry have captured the summer palace of the Emperor. All the big-wigs have fled, nothing remains but a portion of the household. We are told that the *prisoners* are all in Peking. \* \* \* *Five p.m.* I have just returned from the summer palace. It is really a fine thing, like an English park—numberless buildings, with handsome rooms, and fitted with Chinese *curios* and handsome clocks, bronzes, &c. But, alas, such a scene of desolation! The French general came up full of protestations. He had prevented *looting*, in order that all the plunder might be divided between the armies, &c., &c. There was not a room that I saw in which half the things had not been taken away or broken to pieces. I tried to get a regiment of ours sent to guard the place, and then sold the things by auction; but it is difficult to get things done by system in such a case, so some officers are left, who are to fill two or three carts with treasures, which are to be sold. \* \* \* Plundering and devastating a place like this is bad enough, but what is much worse is the waste and breakage. Out of £1,000,000 worth of property, I daresay £50,000 will not be realised. French soldiers are destroying in every way the most beautiful silks, breaking the jade ornaments and porcelain, &c. War is a hateful business. The more one sees of it the more one detests it."

The Envoy got on very well with the

French authorities. But he did not admire the habits of the French soldiery. "I am anxious," he says, "to conclude peace as soon as possible after the capture of the Peiho forts, because from what I have seen of the conduct of the French here, I am sure that they will commit all manner of atrocities, and make foreigners detested in every town and village they enter. Of course their presence makes it very difficult to maintain discipline among our own people."

The outrage on Mr. Parkes, and the murder of some of his companions, seemed to Lord Elgin to call for some signal chastisement; and the chastisement which appeared to him likely to produce the most salutary effect on the Emperor, and at the same time to be attended with least suffering to the innocent people, was the burning of the Summer Palace. The palace was accordingly given to the flames.

Lord Elgin afterwards visited the Imperial city, from which the Emperor had fled.

"*Pekin, Nov. 2nd.*—Yesterday, after the mail had left, I mounted on horseback, and with an escort, and Parkes and Credock, proceeded to the Imperial city, within which is the Imperial palace. We obtained access to two enclosures, forming part of the Imperial palace appendages; both elevated places, the one ascended by a pathway in regular Chinese intervals on a large scale, and really striking in its way; and the other being a well-wooded, park-like eminence, covered by temples, with images of Buddha. The view from both was magnificent. Peking is so full of trees, and the houses are so low, that it hardly had the effect of looking down on a great city. Here and there temples or high gateways rose above the trees, but the general impression was rather that of a rich plain densely peopled. In the distance the view was bounded by a lofty chain of mountains, snow-capped. From the park-like eminence we looked down upon the Imperial palace—a large enclosure crowded with yellow-roofed buildings, generally low, and a few trees dotted among them. It is difficult to imagine how the unfortunates shut up there can ever have any exercise. I don't wonder that the Emperor preferred Yuen-ming-yuen. The yellow roofs, interspersed here and there with very deep blue ones, had, however, a very brilliant effect in the sunshine."

Having wrung from the Emperor an edict ratifying and extending the treaty of Tientsin, with an indemnity for the expenses of the war, and having further settled some troubles at Shanghai, the Envoy was at liberty to depart, and joyfully he departed.

On his homeward voyage he visited Manila and Java, and made copious entries concerning both in his journal. Of Java he says in conclusion:

"Altogether I was much interested by Java. As I have said, it is ruled entirely for the interest of the governing race. No attempt is made to raise the natives. I believe that the missionaries are not allowed to visit the interior. I asked about schools, and ascertained that in the provinces of which the regency of Bantong forms a part, and which contains some 600,000 inhabitants, there were five; not, I suspect, much attended. It was clear from the tone of the officials that there was no wish to educate the natives. There is a kind of forced labour. They pay a tithe of the produce of their rice fields; are obliged (in certain districts) to plant coffee, and to sell the produce at a rate fixed by the Government; in others to work on sugar estates, and on all to make roads. Nevertheless I am not satisfied that they are unhappy, or that the system can be called a failure. In those districts which I visited there was no appearance of their being overworked; and I was assured that on the sugar estates the proprietors have no power of punishing those who do not work; that it rests with the officials exclusively to do so. The tone of the officials on the subject is, that no punishment is necessary, because, although they are so lazy that if they had the choice they would never do anything, they do not make any difficulty about working when they are told to do so. Economically it is a success. The fertility of the island is very great, so that the labour of the natives leaves a large surplus after their own subsistence is provided for. There are twenty provinces, in each of which the chief officer is the president—a Dutchman; but the native chief (Regent) has the more direct relations with the people, arranges about their labour, &c. The Dutch officials look after him, and see that he does not abuse his power."

At a Royal Academy dinner, on his return to England, Lord Elgin justified the burning of the Summer Palace. He then proceeded to give his views on Chinese intellect, and the probable results of its being

brought into contact with the intellect of Europe.

"And now, Sir, to pass to another topic. I have been repeatedly asked whether, in my opinion, the interests of art in this country are likely to be in any degree promoted by the opening up of China. I must say in reply, that in matters of art I do not think we have much to learn from that country; but I am not quite prepared to admit that even in this department we can gain nothing from them. The distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese mind is this, that at all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder, some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when it made, at a period equally remote, the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when in the tenth century it invented the printing press; and as my illustrious friend on my right (Sir E. Landseer) has reminded me, it has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in colour and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fireworks. The mariner's compass has produced nothing better than the coasting junk. The art of printing has stagnated in stereotyped editions of Confucius, and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful. Nevertheless I am disposed to believe that under this mass of abortions and rubbish there lie hidden some sparks of a diviner fire, which the genius of my countrymen may gather and nurse into a flame."

Lord Elgin had not been more than a month at home, when he was made Viceroy of India. Much as he abhorred the East, it was destined to be the scene of the last act in the varied drama of his public life.

Calm reigned in India after the storm of the great mutiny. The successor of Lord Canning was not called upon to cope with any great peril or to undertake any new enterprise. Abstinence from new enterprises while the land enjoyed the needful repose, and the wounds of the recent struggle were healing, was in fact an obvious part of his duty. The feeling that he would have little

opportunity for distinction in truth conflicted with patriotic motives in his mind, when he was debating whether to accept or decline the appointment. But he made a careful study of all the great Indian questions, with a view to triumphs other than those of war. He was remarkably patient in investigation, cautious in forming his conclusions, and sedulous in availing himself of the knowledge and opinions of those around him, while he always acted ultimately on his own judgment. At Calcutta, he had two or three people to dine with him every day when he had not a great dinner. "By this means," he says, "I get acquainted with individuals, and if my bees have any honey in them, I extract it at the moment of the day when it is most gushing. It is very convenient besides, because it enables me to converse by candle-light with persons who want to talk to me about their private affairs, instead of wasting daylight upon them."

We have valuable letters from the Viceroy to Sir Charles Wood, on several questions of importance, such as the Army, the mode of treating the native potentates and the natives generally, and the relations of the Indian Empire with Afghanistan, with regard to which country he was very far from favouring the meddling policy by which Lord Palmerston had brought a terrible disaster on the British arms, and deep dishonour on the British name. The relations between the subject and the dominant race were his great difficulty, as they must be the great difficulty of every Viceroy of India. The mutiny had of course left behind deep feelings of hostility and suspicion. Fearful things had been done by the British as well as by the mutineers. Lord Canning was nicknamed "Clemency Canning," but Lord Elgin says that it was only the clamour for blood and indiscriminate vengeance which raged around him that imparted by contrast the grace of clemency to acts which carried justice to the verge of severity. In proof of this he quotes the report of an officer as to the reign of terror

which followed the fall of Delhi. "The terrors of that period, when every man who had two enemies was sure to swing, are not forgotten. The people declare that the work of Nadia Shah was as nothing to it. His executions were completed in twelve hours. But for months after the last fall of Delhi no one was sure of his own life, or of that of the being dearest to him, for an hour." The natives, as Lord Elgin says, looked with gratitude to the men who alone had the will and the power to arrest this course of proceeding, and prevent its extension over the land.

The panic among the dominant race naturally continued even when the mutiny had been suppressed, and it sometimes manifested itself in ridiculous and disgraceful forms. Stories were spread of designs for the secret assassination of Europeans. Such stories, Lord Elgin says, were the conversation of every mess table, before the native servants, who would be the agents in the plots.

"But talking is not all. The commanding officer at Agra has acted on these suspicions, and, in the face of the native population, taken extraordinary precautions on the assumption that the wells were poisoned. We have no report as yet on the subject. All we know is from the newspapers; but of the fact I fear there can be little doubt. If there be disaffected persons in that locality (and no doubt there are many such), it will be strange indeed if they do not profit by so broad a hint. Then again this panic, beginning with the officers, spreads to the men. Some cases of terrorism have occurred at Delhi, which are a disgrace to our race. And of course we know what follows. Cowardice and cruelty being twins, the man who runs terror-stricken into his barracks to-night, because he mistook the chirp of a cricket for the click of a pistol, indemnifies himself to-morrow by beating his bearer to within an inch of his life."

The Viceroy himself received, from some of these panic-mongers, letters warning him of plots against his life. "By the bye," he says, "last night was fixed upon, by my anonymous correspondents, for my own assassination,"

The habitual disregard of native life by Europeans was painfully brought under the

Viceroy's notice. In stating his reasons for refusing to exercise the prerogative of mercy in the case of a European who had murdered a native, and in whose favour an agitation had been got up, he says: "It is true that this murder was not committed with previous preparation and deliberation. It had not, therefore, this special quality of aggravation. But it was marked by an aggravation of its own not less culpable, and unfortunately, only too frequently characteristic of the homicides perpetrated by Europeans on natives in this country. It was committed in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which could have been resisted if the life of the victim had been estimated at the value of that of a dog. Any action on my part, which could have seemed to sanction this estimate of the value of native life, would have been attended by the most pernicious consequences." "It is bad enough," he proceeds "as it is. The other day a station-master kicked a native, who was, as he says, milking a goat belonging to the former. The native fell dead, and the local paper, without a word of commiseration for the victim or his family, complains of the hardship of compelling the station-master to go to Calcutta, in this warm weather, to have the case enquired into. Other instances, in which the natives have died from the effect of personal chastisement administered by Europeans, have occurred since I have been here."

The imprudence of missionaries, who, after trampling on native prejudices, claimed the protection of the Government, was another source of occasional anxiety.

"You (Sir C. Wood) may be interested by reading a letter (of which I enclose a copy), written by the officer commanding the country at Delhi, on the subject of the alleged assault by a native trooper on a missionary. I should think that the cause of Christian truth and charity would be as well served by preaching in a Church or building of some sort, as by holding forth in the streets of a city full of fanatical unbelievers.

If I am told that the Apostles pursued the latter course, I would observe that they had the authorities, as well as the mob, against them, and took, not only the thrashings of the latter, but also the judicial penalties inflicted by the former, like men. It is a very different matter when you have a powerful Government to fall back upon, and to quell any riot which you may raise. However, these are burning questions, and one must handle them cautiously."

Indian railways were another great subject of deliberation, and one on which Lord Elgin has left some sensible remarks, derived partly from his American experience. There are some who wished, in the English fashion, to build all the lines, both main and subsidiary, on the most expensive scale, so that railways could not be introduced into any part of India where an expenditure of ten thousand pounds to fifteen thousand pounds a mile could not be afforded. Lord Elgin, on the contrary, advocated the policy of having cheap railroads where you could not afford dear ones. "I have been a good deal in America, and I know that our practical cousins there do not refuse to avail themselves of advantages within their reach, by grasping at those which are beyond it. In 1854, I travelled by railway from New York to Washington. We had several ferries to cross on the way, but we found that the railway with the ferries was much better than no railway at all. In short, in America, where they cannot get a *packa* railway, they take a *hutch* one instead. This, I think, is what we must do in India.

The terrible climate of India had proved fatal to Lord Elgin's predecessor, and he had himself, on leaving England, expressed a mournful presentiment as to its probable effect on himself. We find him, while hard at work in the deadly vapour-bath of Calcutta, rushing out to get a breath of fresh air, and a little of the exercise which was habitual and indispensable to him, before the sun appeared, "angry and glaring," above the

horizon. And again he writes, "It is now dreadfully hot. In search of something to stay my gasping, I mounted on to the roof of the house this morning, to take my walk there, instead of in my close garden, where there are low shrubs which give no shade, but exclude the breeze. I made nothing, however, by my motion, for no air was stirring even there. I had a solitary and ghastly stroll on the leads, surrounded by the *adjutants*, a sort of hideous and filthy vulture. They do the work of scavengers in Calcutta, and are ready to treat one as a nuisance if they had a chance." The luxuries of India, even those which surround the Viceroy, are in part mere palliations of misery.

After a time Lord Elgin fulfilled at once the requirements of his own failing health, and those of his Viceregal duty, by making a progress through the Northern provinces, ending with the great Indian sanatorium, Simla. On the road, the pageantry which surrounds the splendid trust of the Indian Viceroy was displayed in all its magnificence. At Agra, which was to be the scene of a grand Durbar, or gathering of the native chiefs, the Viceroy, as we are told by his secretary, met with a reception worthy of the East.

"The road, thickly lined with native troops, crossed the Jumna by a bridge of boats, and wound along the river's banks beneath those lofty sandstone walls; then, mounting a steep hill, and leaving the main entry into Agra fort upon the right, the Taj remaining to the left, it led through miles of garden ground, thickly studded with suburban villas, to the Viceroy's camp, which occupied the centre of an extensive plain, where tents were pitched for the accommodation of the Government of India and an escort of ten thousand men. Beyond these were ranked, according to priority of arrival, the far spreading noisy camps of those rajas, the number of whose followers was within some bounds; and beyond them again stretched miles and miles of tents, contain-



ing thousands upon thousands of ill-conditioned looking men from Central India and the wildest part of Rajpootana, the followers of such maharajas as Jeypoor, who marched to meet the Viceroy with an army thirty thousand strong, found in horse and foot and guns, ready for the field."

Lord Elgin himself was deeply impressed by the splendour and picturesqueness of the scene. "Perhaps (he wrote) months of the monotony of a Calcutta existence may render the mind more sensitive to novelty and beauty; at any rate, the impressions produced on visiting Agra at this time have been singularly vivid and keen. The surpassing beauty of the buildings, among which the Taj stands pre-eminent; the vast concourse of chiefs and retainers, combining so many of the attributes of feudal and chivalrous times, with the picturesqueness in attire and the gorgeousness of colouring which only the East can supply; produced an effect of fairy-land, of which it was difficult to divest oneself in order to come down to the sterner realities of the present. These realities consisted mainly in receiving the chiefs at public and private Durbars, exchanging presents and civilities with them, and returning their visits. The great Durbar was attended by a larger number of chiefs than was before assembled on a similar occasion."

The Grand Durbar itself was thus depicted, by an eye witness, in one of the Indian newspapers:

"It is difficult to describe, without seeing it is impossible to conceive, a scene like that presented at a grand Durbar of this kind. One may imagine any amount of display of jewels, gold and glitter, gorgeous dresses, splendid uniforms, and handsome faces. You may see far more beautiful sights in the shape of Court grandeur at our European palaces, at Versailles and St. James'; but nothing that will give you an idea of an Indian Durbar. The exhibition of costly jewels, the display of wealth in priceless ornaments and splendid dresses, the strange mixture of wealth and poverty, the means of accomplishing magnificence and splendour, enjoyed to such profusion, yet rendered almost void to this end from want of taste. 'Barbaric wealth,' indeed,

you behold; barbaric from its extent and profusion, and barbaric from the hideous use made of it. The host of chiefs, who sat on the right side of the huge Durbar tent, close packed in a semicircle, and who rose as one man when the band outside began 'God Save the Queen,' and the artillery thundered forth the salute, were a blaze of jewels. From underneath head-dresses of every conceivable form and structure—the golden crown studded with rubies and emeralds, the queer butterfly-spreading Mahratic cap, the close-fitting Rajpoot turban, the common *pugree* of the Mohammedan chief, ordinary in shape, but made of the richest material—from under each and all these, are dark, piercing faces, and bright glancing eyes, eager to catch the first view of the great Lord Paramount of Hindostan. What a multitude of different expressions one notices, while scanning that strange group of princes of royal descent, whose ancestors held the very thrones they now hold—far back beyond the range of history. The scheming politician, the low debauchee, the debased sensualist, the chivalrous soldier, the daring ambitious descendant of a line of royal robbers, the crafty intriguer, the religious enthusiast, the fanatic and the sceptic, side by side, you can trace in each swarthy face the character written on its features by the working of the brain within."

High on a throne of massive gold, with crimson velvet cushion, and for arms two lions of gold, the Viceroy addressed all these principalities and powers in weighty words, uttered in a clear and distinct voice, so that he could be heard at the further corner of the vast tent.

It was the gorgeous sunset of his long official day. For a few weeks afterwards, at Dhurmsala, amidst the magnificent scenery of the hills, he was attacked by a disease which his physician pronounced to be fatal. He met his end with religious fortitude. Lady Elgin, with his approval, rode up to the cemetery at Dhurmsala to select a spot for his grave; and he gently expressed pleasure when told of the quiet and beautiful aspect of the spot chosen, with the glorious view of the sunny range towering above, and the wide prospect of hill and plain below. On that grave a grateful country has inscribed the epitaph due to eminent administrative ability and high-souled devotion to public duty.

## THE BATTLE OF THE HUNS.

(There is at Berlin a world-renowned picture by Kaulbach, suggested by the legend which is told in the following verses. Through the shadowy gloom of night that has gathered over the deserted battle-field, —strewn with corpses,—are dimly discerned the spectral figures of the combatants, whose spirits were fabled to have renewed the deadly combat above their lifeless bodies,—a combat which is said to have continued without intermission for three days and nights.)

THERE is an ancient legend  
Of a fierce and bloody fray ;  
When, beside the yellow Tiber,  
Barbarian cohorts lay.

The savage hordes of Attila  
Had wasted like a flame,—  
And the proud, imperial city,  
Quaked at the conqueror's name.

Yet, issuing from her portals  
To battle on the plain ;  
Went forth her best and bravest,—  
But—came not back again !

Then, when the sunset glory  
Faded from tower and dome,  
There was woe and bitter wailing  
Within the walls of Rome.

For the dark night that descended  
Upon the bloody field  
Cloaked thousands sleeping ghastly  
'Neath battered helm and shield.

Close by the dark barbarian  
Lay the Roman, proud and pale,  
And all was deathly stillness  
Save for the women's wail.

But they said,—to whom 'twas given,  
To pierce the misty bound,  
Which ever lies between us  
And the unseen world around.

That, above the weeping women,  
Above the stiffened dead ;  
A strange and fearful battle  
Was raging overhead.

For the shades of the departed  
 Crowded the dusky air ;  
 And in deadly hate were fighting  
 A second combat there !

Three days and nights that followed,  
 Nor truce nor respite brought ;  
 Where, above the clay-cold sleepers,  
 The shadowy warriors fought.

Thus runs the weird old legend  
 Of the warlike days of old,—  
 But, perchance, a deeper meaning  
 May lurk within its fold—

That the souls of the departed  
 Again may come to trace  
 With a clearer ken, the windings  
 Of this their mortal race—

That Eternity's long ages,  
 Shall bear traces of the fight  
 We have fought in life's hard conflict  
 For the wrong or for the right !

FIDELIS.

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## THE PROCTORS.

A SKETCH OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

BY ALLAN A'DALE.

OH ! nox ambrosiana, on which Dobson and I first met under the roof-tree of St. Innocents' ! With what a grand sense of independence did we lounge in the battered easy-chairs of the absent senior-man, whose castle had been assigned to me as a temporary refuge. Banqueting on the dainties and the ginger wine which a careful parent had provided to support me through matriculation, we recounted to each other such traditions of the college as we had heard, and agreed that we were both

uncommonly good fellows, and that, come sorrow or come joy, we should stand by each other. We did stand by each other on many trying occasions, and the friendship which originated on that night continued without interruption till Dobson, having twice failed to conquer his "little-go," gave up his design of entering the Church, and exiled himself to the far west, with a view to cattle-dealing.

We may have been carousing, in the innocent manner I have described, for an hour

or more, when a knock at the door introduced a young gentleman, unknown to us, of mild and benevolent aspect.

"The Senior Proctor," said the mild and benevolent young gentleman, in hurried tones, "asked me if I'd be so kind as to look up all the new gentlemen in residence, and beg them to come to his room to see about their preliminaries." The Senior Proctor! Who, in the name of terror, was he? The preliminaries! What fateful things were they?

"Didn't know about the proctors?" the mild young gentleman inquired, "why the proctors put you through the preliminary examination, to see if you're fit to go before the Professors to-morrow. Come on, and I'll take you to them. Exam. hard? Well, a leetle, though fellows often get through. Particular about Euclid? Oh no, not in the least; oh perhaps not; by no means. Here's the door. You come in first." And before Dobson could bid me one farewell, the benevolent young gentleman had him inside the mysterious chamber, and the heavy door closed with a bang upon them both.

A high sense of honour forbade my listening at the key-hole, as curiosity prompted, so I paced the floor in nervous expectation, and vainly endeavoured to fix in my mind some faint conception of the thirteenth proposition of the Second Book.

In about fifteen minutes Dobson re-appeared. His face was deadly pale; his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Dobson!" I murmured. He smiled sadly.

"Dobson!" I said again. "Tell me the worst. Speak, I adjure you."

Again that sad smile. Still that long look into the future.

At length he spoke, and with unnatural calmness. "I wouldn't like to swear to it; but I rather think—indeed I may positively say—that I'm plucked—and you're to go in at once."

I stood aghast. An icy terror chilled my heart.

"Oh Dobson," I asked tremulously, "do you think I'll pass?"

"No," said Dobson, with a faint gleam of cheerfulness.

"One word more, Dobson. Did they give you the thirteenth of the Second?" But he was again exploring the future, and, with trembling hand, I opened the door.

I stood in a large room, lined from floor to ceiling with books. Before me, and behind a green table, sat three preternaturally solemn gentlemen in academic costume. The centre person of the three first caught my gaze. He was robed in a gown gorgeous with purple and gold. (The next time I saw it was on the Chancellor, at Convocation.) A college cap, with velvet top and gold tassel, adorned his striking head. He had bushy whiskers of uncompromising redness, corresponding nicely with his complexion, which was florid. His cheeks probably blushed for his nose, which was most fiery red of all, and moreover larger, and less decided in shape, than that of the Apollo Belvidere. The nose supported a pair of heavy spectacles, or rather spectacle rims, for I could see that no glasses dimmed the lustre of his keen eyes. Wearing spectacles, with the glasses knocked out, I put down as merely a learned eccentricity. He appeared to have a contempt for the barber's art, for his hair was unshorn and his chin unshaven, and as he was, on the whole, extremely ugly and rather slovenly, I felt myself to be in the presence of a man of singular genius. The gentlemen on each side were much younger, and cleaner. They wrote a good deal in ponderous books which lay open before them, and seemed inclined to laugh at times at the learned gentleman's peculiarities, which I thought very irreverent. Besides these, three other individuals, in gowns and tremendous white bands, sat in three great arm-chairs. They assisted occasionally in the examination

which ensued, and evinced a kindly interest in my domestic affairs.

"I shall not conceal from you the fact," said the learned gentleman, with much affability and a Celtic accent, "that I am the Senior Proctor, and Emeritus Professor of Things in General. These gentlemen who support me are the junior proctors, and the three gentlemen on your right are members of the Senatus, who have kindly consented to assist with their valuable suggestions in the preliminaries of the matriculants."

The junior proctors here bent over their books, and took notes diligently, which struck me as a little superfluous, as they ought to have known all this before.

"You will oblige us, in the first place," continued the courteous Senior Proctor, "by candidly stating your name in full, your post-office address, your age next birthday, and whether you have ever been vaccinated."

Though exceedingly surprised at the peculiar nature of the opening questions, I answered them without reservation, and the junior proctors made a frantic note.

At this point a member of the Senatus anxiously inquired if I had any uncles in the lumbering business. I set his mind at rest, when another member of the Senatus asked me if my mother's family name was Hobbs. I was catechized at some length after this fashion, and when I had made a clean breast of all my domestic secrets, though with some unwillingness and resentment, we came to sterner matters.

"Would you prefer to translate a passage from a Latin, Greek, or Sanscrit author?" said the Senior Proctor. "Latin," I answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"The Latin," soliloquized the Senior Proctor, in a sort of learned reverie, "is undeniably a fine language, a very fine language. At the same time, it lacks the peculiar joyousness, the vivacity, the sparkling humour of the Sanscrit. In no Latin writer do

we find the delightful pleasantry, the inexpressible love of fun, which makes the Rigvedas the pastime of the student's leisure hour. Nor is there, in the Latin, that solemn grandeur and unfathomable mystery which establishes the Greek verb deep in the affection of the scholar. But, in spite of these disadvantages, I consider the Latin a fine, a highly respectable language, and you will be so good as to mention any favourite passage of yours from any Latin author."

The junior proctors appeared struck with the comparative merits of the three tongues, so lucidly expounded, and took a note.

I did not hesitate to mention the opening lines of the Second Book of the *Æneid*, as possessing peculiar attractions for me. I must confess that my choice was not grounded on any particular excellence of style, or loftiness of imagination, which distinguishes this passage, so much as on the circumstance that I had been familiar with it from my earliest years, and considered myself equal to its translation. That pleasing delusion was soon dispelled. I was requested to pause at every full stop, and my construing was most unsparingly criticized by the Senior Proctor, whose comments were echoed by the other learned dignitaries. Thus, having rendered the first two lines in time-honoured fashion—

"All became silent, and kept their looks intent,  
fixed upon him;  
"Thereupon father *Æneas* thus began, from his  
lofty couch"—

the Senior Proctor interrupts me.

"Pardon me, but you entirely fail to transfer the poetic fire, which flashes through the original lines, to your translation."

Chorus of senators and junior proctors—  
—"Not a spark of poetic fire!"

S. P. "Where, in your construction, is the breathless, eager multitude, hushed into awe and reverence? Where the benignant countenance of the pious *Æneas*, beaming with benevolence, fascinating the gaze of the love-sick queen?"

Chorus—"Where, indeed?"

I might have suggested, "Nowhere, that can discover;" but I didn't.

Then followed questions, critical and explanatory:

By the Senior Proctor—"Can you quote from Homer to prove that the habit of whistling and imitating the cries of domestic animals, at public meetings, was held in contempt?"

Answer—"No."

By a member of the Senatus—"What is the name of the step-mother of pious Æneas?"

Answer—"I'm afraid I've forgotten."

By a junior proctor—"What was the exact height, in cubits, of the 'lofty couch' on which 'father Æneas thus began?'"

"I knew that once, but it has escaped my memory."

In this style did the examination proceed till I was completely bewildered, and had resigned all hope of passing these appalling preliminaries. Yet, at times, in such unseemly levity did the junior proctors indulge, and so utterly unintelligible did their questions become, the idea flashed across my mind that the learned examiners were not all they pretended to be. In the midst of a rather noisy argument between a junior proctor and a senator, as to whether the police of Troy wore helmets, (during which I learned a good many facts hitherto unknown to me) the door opened quietly behind me. Glancing over my shoulder I observed a gentleman in clerical clothes, and a trencher. The discussion went on, for the scholars, heated with their argument, did not notice the new arrival.

"I tell you sir," shouted the junior proctor, "I have heard the Dean himself say that the helmets of our modern police are constructed on the model of one brought by faithful Achates, for he was a policeman, from Italy, and preserved in the Roman Capitol."

"Are you sure the Dean said that, Mr.

Thompson?" said the clerical gentleman at the door, stepping into full view. Then my suspicions were proved true. In an instant a complete transformation came over the scene. The junior proctors looked foolish, and turned as red as their senior. They closed their note-books with celerity, and attempted the impossible feat of dragging them, unnoticed, out of sight. The members of the Senatus abandoned their chairs of state, consulted the nearest book-shelves with close attention, and, in an abstracted way, tried to transfer their long bands to their pockets.

The Senior Proctor alone preserved his equanimity. Without the least embarrassment he rose from his chair, elegantly doffed his trencher, removed his spectacles from his nose, and with the suavity he had all along exhibited, expressed the hope that he saw the clerical gentleman in good health, and that the long vacation had restored his shattered faculties to their usual vigour.

"It is a very strange circumstance, Mr. O'Rourke," said the clerical gentleman, in frigid tones, and taking no notice of these considerate inquiries, "that this is the third time I have found you in this very position, tricked out in the Chancellor's robes."

The Senior Proctor appeared to assent to this, and muttered that it *was* strange when you came to think about it.

"I don't think the Master would feel gratified if he knew his senior men were in the habit of desecrating his lecture-room, and usurping his authority. He would probably tell you that your own knowledge is not so extensive that you can afford to waste time, which should be devoted to reading, in undignified practical joking of this sort. We can get through the examinations without any assistance from officious undergraduates. Get off to your rooms, gentlemen, every one of you, and Mr. O'Rourke must expect that the next time he is found here, the Master will hear of his vagaries."

The Senior Proctor smiled with unruffled

sweetness of temper, divested himself of his borrowed plumes with much deliberation, gave the clerical gentleman "good night" with charming affability, and left the room humming a psalm tune. Then followed the senators, conscious of their bands, and his junior disciples, who only waited to get through the door to indulge the laughter with which they had been struggling all evening.

"You're one of the freshmen, I suppose?" said the clerical gentleman, addressing me. "and these amiable young fellows have been trying to frighten you a little. You'll soon learn to know professors from undergraduates. Come with me and have a glass of wine."

And this was my introduction to the Dean.

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### POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

WHATEVER difference of opinion there may be as to the general results of the elections, on one point there is none. Everybody says that Corruption has made a gigantic stride among us. It has not only increased in amount, but attacked classes hitherto untainted; not only the venal populace of the cities, but, in too many cases, the substantial farmers, the sinews of the body politic, have been tempted to forget their self-respect, and to accept the bribe which, a few years ago, they would have rejected with scorn.

This may be due in part to special causes. It is said that the Protectionists and the Pacific Railway men have opened their purses for the Government, and have stimulated a corresponding expenditure on the side of the Opposition. But, supposing this to be the case, the entanglement of commercial interests with political parties is not likely to end here. Nor will the Pacific Railway contract be the last thing of the kind under a system which improvidently commits the direction of public works, without check or control, to the majority of a party legislature.

Corruption grows by what it feeds upon. It will increase, and increase in an ever accelerating ratio, while the moral resistance will become continually weaker, till among

us, as in other countries, bribery becomes a jest, and corruptionist a name hardly more odious than that of politician. The progress of electoral demoralization is as certain as the increasing volume and rapidity of the descending avalanche. We shall sink to the level of the States, and perhaps below it. For corruption is deeper, more complete, and more hopeless in a small nation than in a great one.

How is the evil to be checked? This cry is loudly raised to-day by the still unextinguished morality of the nation. To-morrow it will be heard no more, and the thought of reform and purity will be derided as an impracticable dream.

Will the ballot suffice? The ballot is a sovereign remedy for intimidation, of which we have comparatively little here; but conclusive arguments and decisive experience show that it is inefficacious as a remedy for corruption. It is needless to repeat the jocose but cogent reasonings of Sydney Smith. If there is reason to fear that those who sell their votes will not deliver the article for which they have been paid, the corruptionist has only to buy the voters in bodies instead of buying them individually, and to make the payment conditional on his election. But the fact is, there is honour enough among thieves to assure the general

fulfilment of the corrupt bargain, especially as it would soon be seen that a breach of contract spoiled the trade. Bribery will not be rendered impracticable by the ballot, while detection will.

An amendment of the law, substituting impartial judges for partizan committees in the trial of controverted elections, would be more efficacious. So, apparently, think our corruptionists, and so British experience and the experience of Ontario show. But neither this remedy, nor any legal or administrative remedy that could be devised, would apply to any corruption but that which takes place at the time of the election. We knew an instance of a constituency in England, one of the two seats for which was held for life by a very wealthy man, practically without a contest, while the other seat was fiercely contested. This man was not resident in the constituency; he was politically undistinguished; he was no speaker; he had no very popular qualities of any kind; he came little among his constituents, and gave himself, personally, very little trouble to conciliate their good will. He never bribed, and had an inquiry been instituted into his conduct, or that of his agents, in connection with the elections, he would have come out white as driven snow. What was his talisman? It was one of the simplest kind. Every year, at Christmas, one of his local friends distributed for him, among the poorer electors, a large sum of money as Christmas gifts. Not a question was asked as to the vote which any of the recipients had given or intended to give; but it was distinctly understood that the distribution would continue so long, and so long only, as the benevolent donor remained member of Parliament for that borough.

A good law is preferable to a bad one, if it were only as a declaration of public morality; but let the law chase corruption as it will, corruption will find a lurking place. It is Protean in its forms, and will evade the most skilfully forged chains.

And supposing that we could repress electoral corruption, should we be much better off while Parliamentary corruption remained? We have heard of a Minister saying that the constituencies might do what they pleased, that what he wanted to buy was not the constituency but the member. We have seen one Opposition leader after another debauched, and either turned into a tool of the Government, or flung out into political nonentity, so that no Opposition, sufficiently strong to control the abuses of the Administration, could be formed. We have heard numberless charges of bribing opponents with place and patronage, levelled by each party against the other, and we know that in the charges on both sides there is a good deal of truth. It would be something, of course, that the electors should escape the demoralizing effects of bribery; but the Government of the country would scarcely be more pure.

Who doubts the unsatisfactory character of the present state of things? Who believes that the deliberations of a party cabinet have, for their paramount object, the welfare of the country, and not the retention of office? The Opposition orators and journals thunder indignantly against the questionable acts of the Government—the subsidy given to Nova Scotia; the terms of the compact with British Columbia, which has placed all the Columbian votes in the pocket of the Minister; the refusal of securities for the independence of Parliament, so manifestly threatened by the Pacific Railway contract; the retention of the unreformed election law; the attitude of the Ministers on the subject of the Secret Service Money; the numerous instances in which patronage has been employed for other objects than the service of the public. Without entering into details, at once needless and disagreeable, we do not doubt the general fact to which these various accusations point. We do not doubt that the present Government of the Dominion subsists, like other govern-



ments of the same description, by means which are more or less corrupt. We do not doubt that, even in dealing with the greatest interests of the nation, even in dealing with such momentous undertakings as the Pacific Railway, it is influenced by a motive which renders its decisions more or less untrustworthy, and its action more or less injurious to national morality, as well as to the material prosperity of the nation.

"Then," cry the Opposition, "the remedy is obvious. Vote for us. Turn out the Government; put us in power. Corruption will vanish, and a reign of purity will commence." But is it so? The general system, and the mode in which the cabinet is formed—out of a special group of office-seekers—remaining the same, will a mere change of Ministers make much difference in the morality of the Government, or in its method of maintaining itself in place? We have been furnished from an unexpected, but most authoritative, quarter, with a decisive answer to the question. The leading organ of the present Opposition, an organ which, if we may venture on the expression, is more than leading, gave us the other day an editorial, heralding the approaching triumph of the Opposition. In this editorial it rehearsed all the acts of corruption alleged to have been committed by Sir John A. Macdonald's Government, alluding especially to the means by which it has obtained support in the smaller provinces, and then said: "*Sir John Macdonald's own system of government will be turned upon himself.* He has taught men to follow him for the favours he could confer; will it be strange if his disciples should take into account the possible advantages that might accrue from following another and stronger chief? The strength of the Reformers lies in the possession of certain definite principles, giving unity and cohesion to their ranks, and imparting to their policy a directness and force in which their opponents are wholly wanting. Under our Federal system, sectional and constitutional

questions are constantly arising that place a weak Government at the mercy of the Opposition leader who can control, within a few votes, a clear majority of the House. A weather-cock in a North-Wester, or a cork in a tornado, would show steadiness itself compared to poor John A., thumping his desk and shaking his head, in impotent rage, at the desertion of a whole province over some local difficulty or dilemma. How often, even with a majority of two to one at his back, was this political harlequin baffled and worsted in the late Parliament? How was it he could never pass a permanent and general Election Law? What became of his Supreme Court Bill? How often did he shift and alter the tariff? What was the fate of his buncombe 'National Policy'? By how many votes did he save his precious British Columbia scheme? How many defeats did he avoid by amendments begging the question? How many times, last session, did he wheel about and turn about, Jim Crow fashion, during debates on the New Brunswick School Bill? Let his supporters recollect a few of these incidents, now become historical, and tell us what are his chances, with the game of brag played out, and an Opposition as strong in numbers as his own pledged supporters."

"The system of Sir John A. Macdonald will be turned upon himself." This, we have no doubt, is what the future, so bright in the eyes of the great Opposition journalist, really has in store for us. When Parliament meets, or rather long before Parliament meets, will commence a political auction, at which the articles bid for will be the votes of the unattached members for the smaller provinces, and the bidders will be a "corrupt" Government on one side, and a virtuous Opposition on the other. Prince Edward's Island, now that it shows a tendency to follow the example of Columbia, will, probably, be the subject of a supplementary competition. The bidding will be high, parties being so evenly balanced, and the stake, under

the present circumstances, being so large; and the expenses, whatever they may be, will be defrayed by the public. In the New Brunswick School case, to which the journalist refers, and which certainly was sufficiently ignominious, the Opposition was influenced, as every impartial observer must have seen, by exactly the same motive which influenced the Government—the fear of losing the New Brunswick vote on one side, and the fear of losing the Roman Catholic vote on the other. A similar remark may be made as to the proposal to purchase the Nova Scotia buildings, by which the Opposition tried to cap the Government grant. And if the votes of the Churches are an element in the game, the relations of both parties to the Roman Catholics are equally affectionate, and their object in forming these relations palpably the same.

We have great faith in the honourable intentions of the leaders of the Opposition; and we are at the same time perfectly convinced that, as soon as they became the heads of a party Government, struggling for its life against a hungry and vindictive enemy, nearly a match for it in force, their intentions would give way to the exigencies of their position, and that they would do first things for which they would be sorry, and then things of which they would be ashamed. At last shame itself would cease.

Electoral corruption has its source in Parliamentary corruption, which affords inducements to candidates and Ministers to purchase seats; and the source of parliamentary corruption is the system of making the offices of State, with the patronage annexed to them, the prize of a perpetual conflict between two organized factions, euphemistically styled party government.

This question has been more than once presented to our readers within the last half-year; but we wish to keep it before their minds for a time, on account of its transcendent importance to the country, and because it is more likely to command atten-

tion while the memory of the elections, and the evil influences revealed by them, is fresh. Moreover, as we have said before, this is the accepted season; soon the malady may be beyond control, and the last chance may be lost of saving the country from the gulf into which it is too manifestly sinking.

Already the sinister forms of American corruption have made their appearance among us. Already some of the most unprincipled members of the community have taken to politics as their congenial trade. The Wire-puller is here. The Log-roller is here. The Ward Politician is here. The Working Man's Friend is here. And at Ottawa, since the recent development of public works, we have seen plainly enough the sinister face of a Canadian Lobby.

Party government, in England, dates as a regular institution from the reign of William III., who, after vainly attempting to form a cabinet without distinction of party, was compelled, by the factiousness and selfishness of the men about him, and his position as the occupant of a disputed throne, to form a cabinet on the party principle. And with party government at once came organized corruption. "From the day," says Macaulay, "on which Caermarthen was called a second time to the chief direction of affairs, Parliamentary corruption continued to be practised, with scarcely any intermission, by a long succession of statesmen, till the close of the American war. \* \* \* \* It at length became as notorious that there was a market for votes at the Treasury as that there was a market for cattle in Smithfield. Numerous demagogues out of power declaimed against this vile traffic; but every one of these demagogues, as soon as he was in power, found himself driven by a kind of fatality to engage in that traffic, or at least to connive at it. Now and then, perhaps, a man who had romantic notions of public virtue refused to be himself the paymaster of the corrupt crew, and averted his eyes

while his less scrupulous colleagues did that which he knew to be indispensable and yet felt to be degrading. But the instances of this prudery were rare indeed. The doctrine generally received, even among upright and honourable politicians was, that it was shameful to receive bribes, but that it was necessary to distribute them. It is a remarkable fact that the evil reached the greatest height during the administration of Henry Pelham, a statesman of good intentions, of spotless morals in private life, and of exemplary disinterestedness. It is not difficult to guess by what arguments he, and other well-meaning men, who like him followed the fashion of their age, quieted their consciences. No casuist, however severe, has denied that it may be a duty to give what it is a crime to take. \* \* \*

And might not the same plea be urged in defence of a Minister who, when no other expedient would avail, paid greedy and low minded men not to ruin their country."

The only intermission of corruption, during the period mentioned by Macaulay, was when Chatham for a few years put party under his feet, and ruled as the Minister of the nation.

But the mutual hatred, the mutual slander, and the reckless sacrifice of patriotism to factious passions, which party government brought with it, were worse, if possible, than the corruption. Chatham himself conspired from merely factious motives — motives which were afterwards admitted to have been merely factious by the conspirators themselves—to drive Walpole into the iniquitous and disastrous war with Spain, which, as its natural consequence, brought on the attempt of the Pretender, and a renewal of civil war in England. In the recent controversy respecting the Treaty of Washington, Lord Cairns, a man who had held one of the highest offices in the State, supported with the utmost violence and with all the resources of legal casuistry at his command, the most outrageous pretensions of the Ame-

rican Government, simply for the purpose of embarrassing the Government of his own country. The same man had done his utmost, at the time of the American war, to impede the efforts of Lord Palmerston's Ministry to prevent the escape of cruisers and preserve the neutrality which was so essential to us as a commercial nation. Can it be doubted that Lord Cairns had been taught by the party system to hate Englishmen of the opposite party more than he loved England? Did not Lord Derby, when he took a tremendous "leap in the dark," by carrying an extension of the suffrage, which, whether expedient or not in itself, was contrary to the avowed principles of his party, and which he must have believed to be fraught with the utmost peril to his country, find comfort in the reflection that he had "dished the Whigs?" And would not the Whigs have sacrificed the public good with equal facility for the satisfaction of dishing Lord Derby?

In France party government was introduced with constitutional monarchy, on the restoration of the Bourbons, and reintroduced with the constitutional dynasty of Louis Philippe. There again it bred corruption, (the Government multiplying offices for corrupt purposes, till, under Louis Philippe, the number of officers actually exceeded the number of electors,) and not only corruption, but, as the fury of the factions increased, civil war and political ruin. Transported with hatred of his rival Guizot, Thiers, himself an adherent of constitutional monarchy, headed the movement which overthrew the constitutional throne.

It is needless to show how corruption has attended party government in the United States. But it is equally certain that the spirit engendered by the struggle of the two factions for place contributed in no small degree to prepare the way for the civil war and if any one feels assured that the possibilities of such calamities in the United States are exhausted, he reads the situation with different eyes from ours.

In Belgium, to which it is the habit to point as an instance of the success of the system, the two factions have been religious—one ultramontane, the other rationalist—and their struggle has lately led to most dangerous convulsions.

In Spain and her emancipated colonies, the strife of parliamentary factions soon terminated in civil war, which has become the normal condition of these countries.

We are, happily, far removed as yet from any peril of the kind last mentioned. Yet every true Canadian must have felt that the passions excited in the late contest, and which found their expressions in the most frantic invective and calumny on both sides, were not only hideous in themselves but dangerous to our moral unity as a nation. Even those most responsible for the public welfare did not scruple to countenance inflammatory appeals to the bitter memory of the Fenian raids, which, considering the general conduct of the Irish portion of the community, and considering also the admission of previous wrong involved in the late acts of justice done by the British Parliament to Ireland, ought, as between Canadians, to be buried in oblivion. A journalist, whose seat was contested by an Irish Roman Catholic, actually publishes in the columns of his journal a list of all those who voted for his opponent, with a picture of the monument to the Canadians slain by the Fenians at its head. This is done, be it observed, in cold blood, when the contest is over, and the journalist has gained his election. Is the distance very great between such malignity and the passions which lead to civil war?

As we have said before, in England party has at least an intelligible basis, and one which may determine the allegiance of a reasonable man and a lover of his country, inasmuch as the great conflict between aristocratic and democratic principles of government, carried on for so many years and with so many vicissitudes, is not yet closed. But in Canada, since the establishment of Re-

sponsible Government and religious equality, party has had no intelligible basis; it has been faction and nothing else. In all the speeches and manifestoes of the party leaders during the late contest, it was impossible to discover any principle which could form a permanent line of demarcation.

There were reminiscences of a political past, before the concession of responsible government, when principles were really at stake; but, as regards the present, there were only administrative questions, such as that of the Pacific Railway, which, however important at the time, cannot furnish permanent articles of party faith. Saving such questions, we had nothing but vague though vehement assertions of the necessity of party government, and of the impracticable and visionary character of all who looked beyond it. British institutions, we were told, could not be carried on without party. If by British institutions is meant party government, the proposition is indisputable, though not profound; but if it is meant that we cannot possibly have representative assemblies, self-taxation and trial by jury, without putting up the government periodically as the prize of a faction fight, the proposition agrees neither with reason nor with facts. Again, it was laid down that party was necessary because God had so constituted us as to think differently on most subjects. We imagined that God had so constituted us as to think alike on all subjects, truth being one, and our faculties being the same; and that difference of opinion arose from error on one side, or both, which further investigation and discussion would in the end remove. Such has been the case in science and in all rational inquiry. But it seems that in politics Providence has made half the community incapable of ever arriving at truth, in order that there may always be a Parliamentary Opposition. A Ministerial orator avowed his theoretical belief in party, and in the necessity of having a body of "astute and able men" as an Opposition, to

criticize and control the Government; but afterwards, coming to parties in Canada, he laid it down that there ought to be only two—one, that of patriots like himself, at once in the best sense Conservative and Reforming, carrying on the government in the highest interest of the whole nation; the other that of "Independents," "Annexationists," and other infamous and disloyal persons, making it their business to "paralyse" the government, and prevent it from promoting the union and prosperity of the country. So that half, or nearly half, of the community are to be always disloyal, enemies of the nation, and devoted to the malignant work of paralysing the efforts of a Government which is labouring successfully for the public good. This is to be the basis of our political system for ever!

On no subject but politics are such absurdities now current. But in former days the scientific world was divided into factions which throttled each other as the political factions do now. Perhaps, if lucrative offices had been the prize of the conflict, we should still have the parties of Nominalists and Realists wrestling over a psychological question which has long since been settled by mental science, and consigned to the grave of the Middle Ages. In truth, the theory that all men are born Nominalists or Realists would be more tenable than the theory that they are born Macdonaldites or Grits. We use the only two available names, though the first denotes adherence to a person, not a principle, and the second has no meaning whatever. The supporters of the Government call themselves Conservatives, Liberal Conservatives, Moderates, and finally, the party of Union and Progress, which last appellation might as well be exchanged for that of the party of Virtue and Happiness. To this *mélange* some of them, in compliment to their mixed antecedents, persist in adding the title of Reformer. The member of the Government to whom we have just referred, for instance protests that no one is

so true a Reformer as he is. But if Reformer means anything in politics, it means the opposite to Conservative.

In the case of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, it is admitted that "the party lines are not yet drawn." It would seem that Providence, in the application of its universal law to humanity, has overlooked the small Provinces. The lines of party in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are not yet drawn, and never will be drawn, because there is no abiding difference of principle by which party lines can be traced. But the lines of faction will be drawn, and that soon, by the process to which we have already referred as about speedily to commence.

When Lord Elgin became Governor-General, the parties which had fought the great battle of Responsible Government were still in existence, and the Clergy Reserves question was still unsettled. Yet Lord Elgin remarked that "there was little, if anything, of public principle to divide men." He complained that, in the negotiations between the leaders of different parties, "no question of principle or of public policy was mooted," and that "the whole discussion turned upon personal considerations." "There are half a dozen parties here," he says, "standing on no principle, and all intent on making political capital out of whatever turns up." And again he speaks of the absence of any grievance to stir the depths of the popular mind, as a circumstance that may account for "the selfishness of public men, and their indifference to the higher aims of statesmanship." Far more is this the case now, when political self-government and religious equality have been fully established, and the country asks only for an honest and vigorous administration. As a matter of fact we have hardly, for some time past, had any but Coalition Governments. The present Dominion Cabinet is made up by a combination of men who still call themselves Reformers with men who have always called themselves Conservatives. The late Ontario Govern-

ment was a Coalition Government ; and the present contains a member whose accession proves, at least, that there is no impassable gulf between Canadian Conservatism and Canadian Reform. The two rivals, whose organs now interchange daily volleys of every description of projectile, were a few years ago sitting as colleagues in a Cabinet, formed, no doubt, specially with a view to Confederation, but which also carried on the general government of the country : and when one of them seceded from that Cabinet, it was not on a question of general principle, such as would render union dishonourable, but on a purely administrative question connected with the Reciprocity negotiation.

If there is a permanent line of demarcation, of a rational and moral kind, between Canadian parties, it must be capable of being plainly stated. We may fairly expect that the statement will be brief as well as plain. A juryman, in one of the State Trials under George III., reasonably refused to convict the prisoner of an offence, when it had taken the Attorney General eight hours to explain what the offence was : and we may, with equal reason, decline to dedicate our political lives to a struggle for a principle which cannot be expounded in less than three columns of close print.

In the old country, which we affectionately but somewhat unreflectingly imitate in spite of the great difference of our circumstances, party government, we repeat, has at least a rational and moral basis. It has also, to temper its evils, antidotes which are wanting here. In England there is a strong and settled public opinion which restrains the excesses of the party chiefs ; there is a great body of independent wealth and intelligence which, though it may to a certain extent belong to the parties, belongs more to the country ; there is a corps of public men whose tenure of their places in Parliament is practically assured to them for life, and who are deeply imbued with tra-

ditions of government, which, amidst all their rivalries, they continue to respect ; there are the grave experiences and heavy burdens of an old country, which impose, even on the most unscrupulous, a prudence unknown to political adventurers gambling with the virgin resources of a young nation ; there is a great Civil Service, which fortunate accident has combined with wisdom to place outside party, and which carries on the ordinary administration of the country almost independently of the party chiefs who form the Cabinet ; there is a press in which, though there are plenty of organists and Bohemians ; there are also a great many independent writers on politics of the best kind, furnished in many instances by the numerous fellowships of the great universities, which thus exercise, in their way, a critical and corrective power. And yet, even in the old country, how superior to all mere party governments was the government of Sir Robert Peel during that brief hour for which faction permitted him to rule, in some measure, as the Minister of the nation ! How mournfully did the hearts of the people follow the retirement, how anxiously did they expect the return, of the one statesman who aspired to rule, not for a faction, but for the country !

A party government is essentially a weak government. It cannot venture to offend or estrange any one who commands votes. It is unable to grapple with the selfishness of local interests, sections, rings—the perpetual enemies of the common weal. It cannot even give its attention steadily to its proper work. The greater part of its energies is devoted to the maintenance of its own existence against the attacks of the Opposition—the smaller part to the public service. It can contain only half the leading statesmen of the country, while the faculties of the other half are devoted to obstructing and paralyzing the conduct of affairs. Probably it will not contain the greatest administrators of all ; since the temper of the

great administrator is peculiarly alien to the narrowness of faction.

Now Canada cannot afford to have a weak government. We flatter ourselves that we are a strong race, and that we do not, like the feebler races, stand in need of a ruler's paternal care. Probably there is reason in our boast. But this very strength, and the self-reliance which accompanies it, are apt to produce an intense individuality, and a want of regard for the interests of the community. This is sure to be especially the case among emigrants, who are only half attached to their new country, and each of whom has come, emphatically, to shift for himself, and to improve his own condition, with the memory, perhaps, of a community which was not very kind to him in his breast. One has only to walk about our streets to see how much people of this kind think of themselves, and how greatly they need good laws, firmly administered, to make them think of the rights and interests of others. Moreover, though we have not here those abuses of personal government or class privilege which once justified in this country, and may still justify in England, the existence of a reform party, we have abuses of another kind. The administration of great cities, throughout this continent, may in fact be said to be one vast abuse; and with a party government looking for support to the ward politicians, or afraid to excite their enmity, there can be no prospect of reform. The course of the labour movement may also render necessary measures for the protection of liberty of contract, and the general rights of the community, against tyrannical interference; and the incidents of the late elections have shown what we have to expect from a party government in that direction. There is something typical of the present system in the aspect of the Parliament at Ottawa fiercely debating the Proton outrage, while the navigation of a noble river is being choked with slabs and sawdust, beneath

the very building in which the wranglers sit.

If Canada cannot afford to have a weak government, still less can she afford to have a bad one. Our union is not yet properly cemented, and the attempt, for instance, of a reckless party leader to dragoon a great Province by buying up votes in the smaller Provinces, might rouse such resistance in the great Province as would lead to a very serious crisis. Geography is all against us, and we abound with sectional interests, local and commercial. Not only so, but our Confederation embraces two distinct nationalities, sharply contrasted in social and religious character, as well as differing in blood and language,—one a pioneer offset of the Anglo-Saxon race; the other a petrified remnant of the France before the Revolution. But yesterday the two nationalities were in conflict, and to-day the conflict is rather suppressed than extinct. The struggle between the races and the religions in Manitoba bore a sufficient analogy to that between the Slavery and Free-Soil parties in Kansas, which heralded the American civil war, to warn us that we cannot venture to let the Government, which should be the instrument of consolidation, be turned by the furious rivalries of faction into an instrument of disruption.

The subject of public works, again, at the present juncture, is one of exceptional importance, and, at the same time, of exceptional peril. If we allow the resources of a young country, and undertakings vital to its commercial prosperity, to become dice on the gambling table of party, fiscal disaster will follow, and perhaps bring Annexation in its train. Without pronouncing on the policy of the compact with Columbia, we may point to the magnitude of that transaction as a measure of the power of mischief which an unprincipled party leader might exercise in this direction.

On the other hand, if we can keep our

political institutions pure and sound, Canada will possess attractions, compared with her chief rivals on this Continent, which will give her a great advantage in the race.

The politicians who framed the constitution of the Dominion were, in many respects, highly qualified for their momentous task. They were men of undoubted ability; they had an adequate sense of the resources and hopes of Canada; they were thoroughly versed in provincial politics and in the details of provincial administration; they possessed the confidence of the country, and were in a position to secure the adoptions of their plans. But they had all, without exception, been trained in those party, and almost personal, conflicts, the pettiness of which Lord Elgin justly characterises as unfavourable to statesmanship of the broader kind. Their political information seems to have been confined to that which they had acquired in the limited sphere of their own practice. The day is probably yet far distant when politics will assume the character of a science. But we have arrived at a period when general experience may greatly aid and qualify local experience in legislation of all kinds, and especially in framing constitutions. The civilized world, including the various British Colonies, has, during the last century, been the scene of a vast series of most pregnant experiments in the construction of governments on the elective principle, the results of which, when all due allowance has been made for peculiarities of national character and circumstances, are to a great extent applicable to the solution of similar problems in all civilized countries. Of knowledge of this kind, not a trace is to be seen in the speeches or writings of the framers of our Constitution. Beyond their local experience they seem to have had only two things present to their minds—the British Constitution, of which they took the conventional view stereotyped in Blackstone, which is widely at variance with actual facts, and the example of the American Union,

which they somewhat misconstrued, taking the Civil War to have been caused by the weakness of the Federal power, when, in fact, if there was any cause besides the social antagonism between Slavery and Free Labour, it was the apprehension of Federal interference with the local institutions of the Southern States. They do not seem even to have formed a distinct conception of the character and objects of Federal government, for they proclaim as their guiding principle a desire of reproducing the British Constitution, which is National, not Federal, and furnishes no model for a federation. Nor does it appear that they were clearly conscious of the fact that the Provinces were already federated under the British Crown, and the special functions of a Federal Government—that is to say, foreign relations and peace and war—already vested in the British Cabinet. One of their number has just told us that it was their great aim to make the Dominion Parliament the sole theatre of the party conflict, excluding it from the Provincial assemblies; if so, we must commend their benevolence at the expense of their forecast, more especially as they had the results of conclusive experience in the State legislatures of the Union at their very door. But they gave themselves little time to exercise forecast. They were eager to escape from the deadlock which the strife of their factions had brought about, and to avert the dangers which they erroneously imagined to be impending on the side of the United States. The speech of the Prime Minister, in proposing Confederation to the Legislature, is little more than an exhortation to haste.

Already we have reason to suspect that this narrowness of vision and haste combined have led to serious errors and omissions. Our nominee Senate, an attempt to reproduce the House of Lords under social conditions hopelessly uncongenial, has few and faint defenders. The practical relations between the central and local legislatures have



evidently not been settled, and it is not easy to foresee how they will settle themselves. that the plan of the framers has, in this respect, miscarried, we have authoritative assurance. The terms of admission into the Confederation, which ought to have been regulated, as in the United States, on general principles of justice, independent of all party, have been left to be regulated in each particular instance by a party government, whose paramount object it is, and must always be, to attract the votes of the new province to its own side. An

An equally calamitous error was committed in consigning, absolutely, to a party government and its partisan majority the expenditure on public works. Perhaps a similar remark may be made with regard to the taking of the census, on which the balance of political power is made to depend, and which ought, therefore, to have been placed, by the Constitution, in strictly impartial hands. No tribunal of any kind is provided for the repression of political corruption and malversation, in spite of the signal warning afforded by the example of the United States. No power is reserved to the nation of amending the Constitution so that if, for instance, the nominee Senate should persist in putting a veto on a reform affecting its own constitution, there would be no escape from the dilemma.\* But the most palpable and the most fatal error of all was that which is here specially under consideration—the permanent infliction on Canada of the English system of party government, which, in a country where there are no dividing lines of principle, inevitably becomes a government of organized factions, constantly bidding against each other for power and patronage by demagogism, intrigue and corruption. The error was a pardonable one in legislators who knew no other system,

\* It will be observed that none of these errors, if errors they be, are covered by the excuse which covers some other defects in the Constitution—the recalcitrant nationality of Quebec.

though they might have taken warning from the dead-lock of faction, which was the immediate cause of the Confederation movement. But it was most calamitous, and it is visibly bringing political ruin on the country.

It cannot be said that this was the natural course, or the one which statesmen, not biased by sinister training and misleading analogies, would have adopted in framing an elective government. The natural course was, fairly to carry into effect the elective principle, and, as the Parliament was to be elected by the nation, to vest the election of the Executive Council in the Parliament, with a reservation of the formal authority of the Crown, and with such securities for the preservation of harmony between the Executive and Legislature, and against one-sidedness in the former, as a proper rotation of elections and the minority clause would afford. Such a government would neither be immaculate nor infallible; its members would often be elected on grounds far from the most satisfactory, and would themselves be far below the highest standard in point of ability and virtue. But as a body, it would at least be free from the present temptations to the practice of corruption. Holding power by a certain, though limited, tenure, it would have no inducement to buy support for the purpose of maintaining its own existence; under the operation of the minority clause it would embrace elements sufficiently independent of each other, and mutually watchful enough, to prevent it from acting, like a bad party cabinet, as a united gang in the prosecution of sinister designs. Its energy would not be diverted, by the constant struggle for self-preservation, from the business of the country; it would have no need to quail before rings and sections; its traditions would be unbroken, and its policy would probably be stable. Finally, it might preserve a certain amount of dignity, as it would not be called upon to take the stump, to clasp hands with rowdyism, emulate it in ribaldry, or brawl with it on the hustings.

It would be an incidental advantage of no mean kind that a government so constituted would have no special object in bedevilling the press, and turning the journals, which should be organs of public instruction, into organs of the mendacity of faction. Our journalists would be at liberty to do higher, and, we may fairly suppose, more congenial work, than they have been doing for the last six months.

Granting that the elections to the Dominion Parliament would be sometimes bad, there would at least be an even chance in our favour. But the system of government by organized factions is a process by which the most unprincipled members of the community are almost infallibly selected as the holders of power, and as cynosures for the imitation of the community at large. It may safely be said, that no rational being would have thought of instituting such a system if he had not been misled by false examples and blind adherence to tradition.

It would probably be a further improvement if the election of members for the Dominion Parliament were vested in the Provincial Parliaments, as that of the American Senate is in the State Legislatures. This would at once settle the relations between the local and central Assemblies, and bind them together into a united whole. It would spare the country one set of popular elections without derogating from the electoral supremacy of the people. It would, probably, act in some measure as an antidote to localism in the choice of representatives, the prevalence of which has ruined the character of the representation in the United States, and to which there is a marked tendency here. The standard of English statesmanship has been hitherto maintained by keeping the representation national, and freely electing eminent men to seats for constituencies with which they had no local connection, as in the case of the present Premier, and in those of Lord Palmerston and Canning before him. Of late

the House of Commons has been invaded to a formidable extent by "locals," and the consequence has been such a falling off in ability that, when the present leaders go, it is difficult to say who will take their places. It might fairly be hoped that in elections to the Dominion Parliament, conducted in the manner here suggested, by the members of the Provincial Parliaments, exercising their electoral power as a trust in presence of the people of the province, while mere wealth would generally prevail, room might sometimes be found for capacity, and that a sufficient succession of statesmen might be provided for the government of the nation. It may perhaps be thought by some that statesmanship has become unnecessary, and that we can get along very well with a Parliament of opulent gentlemen, who subscribe liberally to local objects, and give picnics to their constituents. Those who have studied with attention the critical changes which are now going on in the whole tissue of society, religious, moral, social and industrial, will probably be of a different opinion.

There is nothing cloudy or chimerical in the proposal to substitute legal elections for faction, as the mode of selecting the Executive Council out of the Legislature. It is a definite remedy for a specific disease, a remedy for which is urgently needed, and being perfectly feasible in itself, it is a fit subject for practical consideration. That which is cloudy is the theory that Nature or Providence has divided the community into two sections, which are destined to be for ever waging political war against each other without the possibility of agreement. That which is chimerical is the notion that faction, when recognized as the instrument of government, and called by a soft name, will cease to be faction, and, at the height of a furious struggle for power and pelf, curb its own frenzy, and keep its selfish ends in subordination to the paramount claims of the public good.

It is suggested that the abolition of party and its conflict would consign the political world to a miserable stagnation. Alas ! close at hand is the Labour Question, and looming behind it, some of them not in a very remote distance, are other questions, the greatest that have ever stirred the mind of humanity, which itself was never before so sensitive or so liable to disturbance. There is little reason to fear that stagnation will be the lot of this or of the next generation, even though our political institutions should become instruments for the promotion of union and good will instead of firebrands of discord, and though, while we are solving the tremendous problems which beset life in all its aspects, we should be impartially and quietly governed.

To escape from a parliamentary deadlock, brought on by party, the leaders of party resorted to Confederation. Another deadlock has now been brought about by the same agency. The accounts given by the organs of the results of the late elections are extravagantly contradictory, and illustrate the influence of faction on the veracity of the press. But the fact is that, among

the members whose opinions are declared, the two parties are very evenly balanced. A solution cannot be found in another Confederation : Faction has no more worlds to conquer, except, perhaps, Prince Edward's Island. A majority, to carry on a Government, can be found only in the Provinces "where the party lines are not yet drawn." The majority so obtained will have to be kept up by the same means, and the country will be launched in a course of interminable corruption. The only alternative is to obtain from the Imperial Government leave to make use of the experience gained in this first session of our Dominion Parliament, by revising the Constitution, and so to alter the mode of selecting the Ministers of State, and forming the Cabinet, that the men whose rivalries are now distracting the country, and corrupting it to the very core, and neither section of whom can reasonably be expected to resign its pretensions, may be united in a Government entitled to the general support of the community, as an organ, not of faction or personal ambition, but of the public good.

## SELECTIONS.

### THE SCIENCE OF SELLING.

*From the French.*

**T**O know how to sell, all difficulties notwithstanding, is a problem to her success in solving which Paris owes most of her greatness. —There are two classes of men who distinguish themselves in this science of selling: the travelling agent and the shopman. The former is one of the most curious specimens of humanity of modern times. He has seen everything, he knows everybody. Saturated with the Paris vices, he can at any given moment affect the

simplicity of the province. He is the link between the village and the capital, although he is neither a Parisian nor a Provincial—he is merely a traveller. He likes a joke and a song, sides apparently with all parties, but is quite patriotic on the whole. He is obliged to be an observer, or else give up his trade, for has he not to sound men by a single glance, to guess at their actions, their manners, above all their solvency ; and not to lose his time, to make a rapid estimate

of all chances of success? Thus has he acquired the habit of judging promptly, and acting with decision. He talks magisterially of the theatres in Paris, of their actors and those of the province, knows the good and bad parts of France, and could pilot you, if necessary, from vice to virtue with the same assurance. His collection of set phrases is ever at hand, and the words flow uninterruptedly, producing on his victims a sort of moral shower-bath that does not allow them to consider any question very closely. He smokes and drinks, and tells a good story. He wears charms on his watch chain, and makes generally a sort of lordly impression on country people, who are apt to mistake him for his betters. He never allows himself to be bored, but knows exactly when and how to bore others. As to his activity, there is nothing like it. Nor the kite darting upon its prey; nor the stag inventing new outlets to escape the hounds and hunters; nor the dogs scenting the game, can be compared to the rapidity of his flight when he suspects a commission, or to the skill with which he trips up a rival, or to the cleverness with which he pounces upon an investment. How many superior qualities are not requisite to make such a man!

Now the clerk in the store has to be equally clever to succeed in his department, and must apply his wit and philosophy to the same purpose. Out of his store, and away from his specialty, he is as a balloon without gas; he owes his faculties only to the centre of merchandize where he is placed, just like the actor, who is only brilliant on the stage. Compared with the other clerks or salesmen of Europe, the Parisian clerk is better informed; he can talk about asphaltum, the Bal Mabille, the polka, literature, illustrations, railroads, politics, but he is exceedingly stupid the moment he leaves the counter, or forgets the graces of his salesmanship. On his tight rope in the store, the ready word on the lip, the eye alive to the object, the shawl in his hand, he would eclipse Talleyrand himself. In his own house, however, Talleyrand will get the better of the clerk. The following anecdote will go to prove this fact.

Two pretty Duchesses were one day chattering around the illustrious Prince: one of them wanted a bracelet. A bracelet had been ordered from one of the most celebrated jewellers of Paris, and they were awaiting the clerk that was to bring the desired article. One of these special geniuses comes at last with three bracelets, three marvels, between which the two ladies are at a loss. To hesitate in a matter of choice is to declare oneself vanquished. After ten minutes' hesitation, the Prince is consulted; he sees the two ladies caught in the snares of two of the enchanting ornaments, for, from the first, one of them had been laid aside, and the doubt lay between the two others. The Prince hardly looked up from his book, did not even examine the bracelets, he fixed a searching

glance upon the clerk: "Which would you choose for your lady love?" he said to him. The young man pointed to one of the two articles in question. "Then," continued the astute diplomatist, "take the other for your Lisette, and two charming ladies will be made happy." The Duchesses smiled, and the clerk withdrew, as flattered with the present as with the good opinion the Prince had of his taste.

Had the same question been put to the innocent salesman whilst behind his counter, he would infallibly have decided otherwise, and reserved the most saleable of the jewels for another occasion, for incredible is their tact in selling what they fear might be left on their hands.

It is quite a curious study to watch the various movements of both buyers and sellers when intent on a bargain. Follow two ladies into one of those palatial stores, and you will have a living demonstration of the degree of acuteness the human mind has reached. The same drama is played for a fifty cents' worth *barège* or muslin as for an Indian shawl, except that the purchase of a cashmere will, as a matter of course, cause greater emotions than that of the lighter and cheaper fabrics. To buy so important an article as a shawl, ladies go generally two together, and two are none too many to resist the ensnaring graces of the crafty salesmen. They will be met for example, either by a handsome young man of most candid looks, and a voice as soft as the material he is displaying, one whom no one would think of distrusting, or by another, resolute in manner, with black eyes and a sort of imperial air, who shows the goods with a laconic "There!" By another still, light-haired, with merriment in his eye, full of activity and persuasion; and still another bearded and cravated as becomes the imposing severity of a judge. These different kinds of clerks, who correspond to the different kinds of female character, are the arms of their master, generally a corpulent, good-natured gentleman, who has made his mark in the world, has been decorated perhaps with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, for having proved the superiority of the French loom, has a wife and children, a country house and a large banking account. This personage descends into the arena, whenever the plot, too long entangled, requires a sudden *dénouement*. But it is the remarkable perspicacity of these young men that deserves the attention of the physiologist. They seem to understand thoroughly the slightest vibrations of the cashmere fibre in the female heart. Let a miss, an elderly lady, a young mother, a fast woman, a duchess, a plain house-keeper, an innocent stranger, present themselves, and each is at once analysed by these men, who read her through from the moment she approaches the door; for these serviceable agents are posted at all points of observation; near the door, at the windows, behind the counter, in a corner, in the middle of the store—and nothing escapes

them. You wonder what they can be thinking about, so listless do they appear; and yet, at that very moment are the wishes, the purse, the intentions, the fancies—of a woman—better searched, than the Custom-house officers can search a suspicious carriage at the frontiers. These intelligent fellows see a thing at a glance, the slightest detail in dress, an almost invisible stain on the boot, a faded hat, an ill-sorted ribbon, the old or new style of the dress, the freshness of the gloves, the jewellery in vogue, all, in short, that can betray in a woman her quality, her fortune, her character. Then, with telegraphic rapidity is the opinion transmitted from one to the other, by a look, a sign, a smile, a motion of the lips, and every one is under arms to secure a bargain. If it be an English lady, the sombre, mysterious, Byronic personage is in attendance; if a plain sort of a woman, the oldest of the clerks. In less than a quarter of an hour, he shows her a hundred shawls—intoxicates her with colours and designs; unfolds as many shawls as the kite describes circles around the hare he is going to seize, and the good woman, all in a maze, not knowing what to choose, and flattered in all her notions, gives herself up to the clerk, who gains his point with the customary phrase, the question lying between two shawls: "This one, madam, has everything to recommend it; it is apple green, the fashionable colour, but the fashion changes, whilst this one (a black or white one, the sale of which is urgent,) will last for ever, and will suit all dresses."

"You have no idea," said lately one of these masters in the art of selling, to a friend of ours, "what eloquent ingenuity is required in this shawl business. You are a discreet fellow, and I will let you into a little secret which, as a study of the morality of our times, cannot fail to interest you, and will give you an idea of the inventive genius of our master. He invented what we call the Selim-shawl—a shawl the sale of which is considered an impossibility, and which we always sell. We keep in a cedar box of very plain exterior, but richly lined with satin, a shawl worth from five to six hundred francs, and which we pass off as having been sent by Selim to the Emperor Napoleon. This shawl is our Imperial Guard, we bring it forward at all critical moments: it is sold, and never dies. Our last one was palmed off on an English lady—the greatest triumph we have yet achieved, for the English women are our battle of Waterloo—escape us always. We meet with women that slip out of our hands like eels, but we catch them again on the staircase; others that fancy they can get the better of us with a joke; we laugh with them and hold them fast; questionable foreigners, to whom we bring our second rate shawls, and whom we inveigle with flatteries; but the English women are unconquerable, you might as well attack the bronze statue of Louis XIV: they seem to take a particular pleasure in fooling us. This makes our last victory so

notable; but you shall judge yourself what it cost us in ingenuity and patience when I tell you the story—the manœuvre occupied the whole establishment. As soon as we saw her come we knew what sort of conflict was before us. One of us met her: "Does madame wish an Indian shawl or a French shawl, a high priced or—?"

"I will see."

"How high a price is madame willing to give?"

"I will see."

Several shawls were hung in the best light to exhibit their designs and colours.

"These are our best shawls," continued my colleague, calling her attention to them; "our best qualities in blue, red and orange; all ten thousand francs. Here are others at five thousand, and some at three thousand."

She looked all round with the most complete indifference before deigning to notice the articles in question, and when at last she gave some attention to the shawls, she asked, without giving any sign of approbation or disapprobation: "Have you any others?"

"Yes, madame; but perhaps madame has not quite made up her mind to buy a shawl?"

"Oh yes, I have."

Inferior shawls were brought forth, but spread out with the importance necessary to fix the attention, and with the customary phrase: "These are much dearer; they are entirely new, and have not been worn yet; they have come by mail recently, and have been bought from the manufacturers of Lahore themselves."

"Oh, I understand," she replied; I like them pretty well." Still no marked sign of preference. We are all very patient, and know how to wait. My colleague waited, but we could see his irritation in the few glances he cast towards us.

"What's the price of this one?" she said at last, after an unusually long pause, and pointing to a shawl, sky blue, and covered with birds nestling in pagodas.

"Seven thousand francs."

She took the shawl, wrapped herself in it, looked in the glass, and returned it to its place.

"No, I don't like it."

Another long quarter of an hour passed in fruitless attempts.

"We have nothing else, madame," said my colleague, looking at our master.

"Madame is hard to please, like all persons of taste," said the latter, and advanced to the attack in his turn.

But our English customer took up her eyeglass, and looked at the head of the establishment with a curious "*who are you*" air, which he would never have tolerated from any-one except a foreigner. She evidently did not know that he was qualified to be elected deputy at any time, and that he dined sometimes at the Tueries.

"We have but one shawl left, madame," he said, after she seemed to have satisfied herself with her scrutiny, and with that peculiar blandness you well know, "but I never show it to any one, because nobody likes it—it is so odd. I thought this morning of giving it to my wife. I've had it since 1805; it comes from the empress Josephine."

"Let me see it, sir."

"Go and get it," said the chief to one of us; it is at my house."

"I should like to see it very much."

This remark sounded like a triumph, for we all thought she was going away. The shawl, however, mysteriously imprisoned in the above-mentioned cedar box.

"This shawl cost sixty thousand francs in arkey, madame," said our master.

"Oh!"

"It is one of the seven shawls sent by Selim before his rupture with Napoleon. The Empress Josephine, a creole, as milady knows, was very capricious, and exchanged it against one of those that were brought by the Turkish ambassador, and which my predecessor had bought. I have never been able to get its real price, for in France the ladies are not rich enough to buy such costly articles; it is different in England. This shawl is worth seven thousand francs; adding the interest which has accrued, the sum would amount to fourteen thousand francs."

"How has interest accrued?"

The patron was a little startled by her sharp query, but continued with the same assurance: "Here, madame," and with precautions which the demonstrators of the Grün-Gewölbe in Dresden would have admired, he opened, with a diminutive key, a square cedar box, the form and simplicity of which seemed to make a profound impression upon the English lady. From this box, lined with black satin, issued a shawl worth about fifteen hundred francs, of a bright yellow with black designs, whose brilliancy was only surpassed by the oddities of its diaphanous inventions.

"Splendid," exclaimed the lady. "Truly beautiful."

"The Emperor Napoleon," continued the

patron, taking every possible advantage of the position, "admired it very much himself and—"

"Indeed." She took the shawl, draped it around her, examined herself, and returned it to the patron, who in his turn took it up, held it to the light, tumbled it, in fine made it go through all the shawl gymnastics. He knows how to play with shawls as Thalberg plays on the piano.

"Very fine—very!"

We all thought the shawl was sold.

"Well, madame," remarked the chief, as he saw the lady absorbed in a rather prolonged meditation.

"Really, I think I prefer buying a carriage."

An electric shock would not have startled us more than this unexpected announcement.

"I have a very fine one," observed our master, quite composedly. "I got it from a Russian princess, the Princess Narzikoff, who left it to me in payment of some goods. If madame would like to see it, I am sure she would be much pleased. It is a very handsome carriage; quite new; has not been in the street ten times; there is not one like it in Paris."

Our stupefaction was only equalled by our profound admiration for our chief.

"Well, let us have it."

"Madame, be pleased to keep the shawl on," said he, "and you will be able to judge what its effect is in the carriage." He took his hat and gloves, handed the lady into the carriage, one which we keep always in attendance, and they drove off. We all wondered how the matter would end. Twenty minutes later the chief returned. "Take this bill to the hotel Lawson," he said to our errand man, "and wait for the payment; there are six thousand francs to be paid."

"You sold the shawl then," we all cried.

"Sold the shawl! Milady was so pleased with the notice it attracted, that she determined to buy it. 'You can keep your carriage,' she said, 'and I will take the shawl.'"

So we ordered at once a new cedar box, and selected from among our oldest shawls the one best calculated to play the part of the Selim Shawl.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WORLD WAS PEOPLED. Ethnological lectures by Rev. Edward Fontaine, Professor of Theology and Natural Science, &c., &c. Appleton & Co. New York. 1872.

Few things are more acceptable in the present day than to find an intelligent, thoroughly-informed theologian, of liberal and well-cultured mind, undertak-

ing to deal with the truths of science as fairly and impartially as with any other revelations of truth. But whether the modern theologian become the patron or the contemner of science, one essential pre-requisite would seem to be that he shall have mastered the subject of which he treats. To hear a good man denouncing from the pulpit the "godless

science, and philosophy, falsely so called," of a Lyell, a Huxley, or a Darwin; while he betrays, by his blundering misstatements, that his whole knowledge has been acquired from some prejudiced review article, concocted for the denominational organ of his own prescribed opinions: is not calculated to give weight to his teachings in matters lying more legitimately within his range.

If the blind are to be the accepted leaders of the blind, we know where both must land at the last. Of our present learned Professor of Theology and Natural Science, one extract will suffice, in illustration of his competency for the task he undertakes. He is proceeding to consider "the objections to the commonly received theory that all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve;" and he thus proceeds:

"Among these objections I will not include the theory of development, or the transmutation of species, advocated by Lamarck, Darwin, and others. From their premises the startling conclusion is deduced that the present races of mankind, by the natural process of transmutation, and evolution from pre-existent animal types, have been gradually developed into varieties of the *genus homo* from gorillas, apes, or other forms of *quadrumania*. The absurdity of the idea that the progenitors of men were monkeys, or inferior mammalia of some sort, has been exposed sufficiently by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists;" and so he thinks it sufficient to "refer those who have the curiosity to examine it, to the able refutations of the grotesque theory in their lectures!"

Where this reverend combiner of the professorial mastery of Theology and Natural Science has fixed his New York study for the last score of years—unless he has succeeded to old Rip Van Winkle's sleeping-chamber in the Catskills, on the Hudson—we are puzzled to guess. That Agassiz differs from Darwin is undoubted; but the Boston professor must be a little amused to be quoted in defence of the Adamic descent of man. It is now upwards of a quarter of a century since Agassiz published, in the *Revue Suisse* for 1845, his peculiar views as to "human races as distinct primordial forms of the type of man;" which has since expanded into his theory of realms of peculiar animals, including men, specifically belonging to the regions in which he assumes them to have originated. According to him the American Red Man and the Grizzly Bear are equally primordial American forms. The Negro and white European have no more relation to either than the Giraffe or the Chamois.

So notorious are the peculiar views of Agassiz, that when, in 1857, the savants of Boston celebrated his fiftieth birth day, the Poet Lowell wrote an ode for the occasion, of which one stanza will suffice:—

"To him who every egg has scanned,  
From roe to flea included,  
Save those which savants find so grand  
In nests where mares have brooded!  
To him who gives us each full leave,  
His pedigree amended,  
To choose a private Adam and Eve  
From whom to be descended!"

But then Lyell's lectures have at any rate exposed the absurdity of Darwin's ideas. We had always fancied that Lyell was the very man who first announced to the British Association the promised revelations of Darwin; and preceded them with his

own unqualified faith in every proposition they embrace. The Reverend Professor evidently has not seen a later edition of Lyell's principles than the first. Of his "Antiquity of Man" he has never heard; and, with amusing innocence he tells us on page 228, "The view of the unity of the human race which I have presented is supported by the opinions of Sir Charles Lyell and Baron Humboldt." The truth is, the author's knowledge of geology is confined to a perusal of Hugh Miller's "Footprints of the Creator;" and Lyell is known to him only as the author of a work styled his "Visits to the United States of North America," of which the latest was made twenty-seven years ago. It is by such silly displays of orthodox presumption, as the work now referred to, that ignorant prejudice is taught to believe itself a virtue; and a needless antagonism is fostered between theology and science, as though there necessarily existed an irreconcilable conflict between the revelations of divine teaching and the disclosures of scientific truth.

HIGHER LAW: a Romance. By the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine. London: Tinsley Brothers.

This writer's second work is, to a great extent, a reproduction of his first. It is, in fact, little more than a kaleidoscopic variation. The themes, as before, are Scepticism and Woman-worship. The chief characters are essentially the same. Herbert Ainslie is cut in two, and the larger portion of him is embodied in Edmund Noel, the smaller in James Maynard; but there is hardly any thing in these two put together which there was not in the single character before. Margaret Waring is Mary Travers over again, with only a change of name and circumstances. Like Mary Travers, she is not a woman but a goddess. "She seemed, by the ethereal essence of her nature, to be so far removed from the range of ordinary humanity as to arouse feelings nearly akin to those with which they (the Mexicans) regarded their patron saints." When she is on a journey you are reminded of the flight into Egypt, and it appears to Edmund Noel that "if ever mother was virgin, and none was ever more essentially so than Margaret." The effect which her presence produces is always, but that which might be produced by a divine apparition. But this divinity has one weakness—she is apt to reproach herself with having done wrong. "No," she had discovered this peculiarity of her nature, and reminded her that she was now upon earth, and no longer in a sphere where love is omnipotent to keep all evil from the beloved; and that it was unreasonable to indulge in self-reproach for the limitations of her mortality."

The new characters are Sophia Bevan, a strong-minded, witty woman of the Beatrice type, who, however, takes little part in the action, and, in fact, is not much more than an abstraction; and Lord Littmass, a peer, a brilliantly successful man of the world, and a writer of philosophic novels, full of beautiful sentiment and a selfish villain at heart. Lord Littmass can hardly be said to be one of those airy nothings to which only the poet's fancy has given a local habitation and a name. Few can be so to know his local habitation, and even his name is half syllabled in Debrett. This had better have been avoided. It was not necessary to run the slightest

risk of giving personal pain, or pandering to the love of personal slander, in order to illustrate the union, which in itself is only too possible, of literary sentimentalism and philosophy with practical selfishness and knavery.

James Maynard is the unacknowledged, though legitimate, son of Lord Littmass. Singularly enough, he seems never to have had the curiosity to inquire into his own origin. He is a Fellow of a College at Oxford, an intellectual monk, devoted to physical science and to an enquiry into primitive religions. That there is a world of affection and passion besides the world of pure intellect, is a fact of which he is first made aware by the results of his researches into religious antiquities. In the spirit of the primitive cultus, he falls in love with Margaret Waring, the ward of Lord Littmass. But as that intellectual nobleman has been making free with his ward's fortune, he does not find it convenient to let the marriage take place. He is, however, obliging enough, just at the right moment, to vacate life in a highly sensational manner, by a spasm of the heart, with his pen in hand, leaving some important confession written under the influence of a mysterious stimulant, on his last page. Having married Margaret, James Maynard takes her to Mexico, where he is superintendent of a mine for a European company—an appointment which he owes to his high scientific acquirements. But the pair had not been destined for each other; James cannot really win Margaret's love, and his somewhat scientific attempts to analyse the causes of her coldness only make the matter worse. Edmund Noel goes to visit them at their Mexican *hacienda*, and an "elective affinity" at once makes itself divinely manifest. "He (Noel) saw that Margaret and himself were indeed one and identical in temperament, in character, in soul—the other half of each other, long dreamed of and yearned for; and now at length found, found when too late." It is evident that the feeling is shared by Margaret, though she is the most faithful and dutiful of wives; and the reader at once divines that it will not be "too late" for the purpose of destiny to be fulfilled. Sophia Bevan, seeing how matters stand, says "I never before appreciated the beauty of divorce." This, however, is not the way in which the knot is eventually untied. James Maynard, in the prosecution of his researches into primitive religion, has been in the habit of visiting Stonehenge. He wanders thither once more; a storm comes on; he takes shelter under one of the great stones; it is blown down upon him; and his corpse is found by a working party under the direction of Edmund Noel, not so much

mashed as might have been expected, owing to the wetness of the ground. So perish all husbands who commit such an offence against the religion of love as to marry a goddess when they are not her other half, and when her other half is in existence, and yearning for union with her in a divine whole. The scene is laid—though a great part of the novel is laid in Mexico, as that of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" was—in California, the exodus from traditional religion and morality being in each symbolized, as it were, by an exodus from the civilized world. The description of Mexico and its inhabitants, with the account of Juarez, the type and restorer of the Indian race, are the portions of the work which we have read with the most unalloyed satisfaction. The philosophy has the same kind of interest which it had in "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," being a strong and vivid statement of the sceptical view, both in its intellectual and emotional aspect. But it takes so many things as proved which seem to us not to have been proved, and so many things as disproved which seem to us not to have been yet disproved, that it excites in us controversial feelings which almost exclude the possibility of æsthetic enjoyment. It is also anti-ascetic to an extreme, which will offend not a few. It pervades the whole of this tale as it did the last. Each personage distils it at every pore. As from the Homeric gods, when wounded, flowed not blood but ichar, so we feel that if James Maynard or Edmund Noel cut his finger, there would flow not blood but dissertations about religion, the formation of character, art, marriage, or the theory of love. Even Mrs Partridge, Margaret's nurse, philosophises, and tells her young lady that "life is a riddle to all until they learn to love." This is at least three centuries in advance of the old nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

As to the woman-worship, it would make women fools, and men drivellers, unworthy of any woman's love.

The composition, like that of former novels, is good throughout. It is a specimen of that easy and graceful style of which John Henry Newman may be regarded as the chief originator or restorer.

The writer seems very familiar with Oxford, and with the life of Oxford Fellows. We should certainly conclude that he had been one, were it not for some strange little slips which he makes in scholarship. He speaks of the words *medio de parte dolorum surgit amari aliquid* as occurring in a Latin ode, a blunder which could hardly have been made by any one who had ever scanned a Latin verse.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The principal literary announcement of the month, in fact the only one which can be said to attract general interest, is that of Mr. Stanley's promised book on the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. Although an exceptionally high price has been paid for it, the sale of the book will, no doubt, prove remunerative, unless some more exciting subject take possession of the public mind and consign Mr. Stanley and his adventures to premature oblivion. Its title is thus advertised:—"How I Found Livingstone: Travels

and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of Four Months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley." The illustrations are to be engraved from the author's own drawings, and maps given of his route. The publishers take pains to inform the public that "this work is not made up of correspondence which has already appeared in print." This may, in some sense, be true. They further assert that it will contain "valuable geographical and ethnographical information,—which we take leave



to doubt. Anything of scientific worth to be found in the book will be easily gleaned in the published works of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, and the other African authorities. The Four Months' Residence with Livingstone might certainly be turned to account; and if, to the courage and perseverance Mr. Stanley unquestionably possesses, he could add a little of the self-abnegation and devotion to his hero which animated James Boswell, his disclosures would be valuable. This we are forbidden to expect, for he stands pledged not to anticipate Dr. Livingstone's own account of his explorations. The indignation of the *Herald* at the astonishment and incredulity with which the letters to its editor were received, should be poured upon Mr. Stanley, and not upon the British public. It was he, as it turns out, who dissuaded the traveller from writing anything worthy of himself. To the worn-out traveller, whose earnestness of purpose would have been a rebuke to any impudence but that of a Yankee interviewer, he submitted that the proprietor of the *Herald* wanted puffs, and that the readers of the *Herald* wanted "gossip,"—hence the voluptuous descriptions of African beauty and the fulsome adulation of Bennett and his journal. Dr. Livingstone was, no doubt, grateful; but the drafts upon his gratitude, although he was bound to honour them, must have been irksome indeed. The publishers of Mr. Stanley's book are not responsible for the quality of this work; they have of course, to take the author's word for it. It seems, however, that considerable uncertainty prevails as to the quantity. In the *Athenæum*, seven hundred pages are promised, but in the *Saturday Review*, as a concession, we presume, to the cynical character of that journal, only six hundred are announced. Mr. Stanley is new at the modern art of "book-making," and has not yet ascertained how much "padding" his venture will bear. For the sake of the publishers, we trust the book may serve the only end for which it was written—to sell. Mr. Stanley deserves every credit for the energy and zeal he displayed. No one will grudge him all the honour and all the profit which deservedly follow the active exercise of qualities Anglo-Saxons instinctively admire. There our commendations must cease. The expedition was sent forth in the interest neither of philanthropy nor of science, but simply as a means of notoriety and money-making. The doubts thrown on Mr Stanley's veracity would never have found expression if he had not been the agent of a journal avowedly conducted without regard to truth and honour. Mr. Greeley once said that "the crying evil of the United States is the toleration given to liars and lying." The *Herald* is a symptom of the disease, and its success an aggravation of it. It had no right, therefore, to expect that any of its agents should command belief upon his bare word, until corroborative evidence were forthcoming. Even now, in commenting upon a passage in one of Livingstone's letters, penned under the watchful eye of Stanley, it dares to say (Sept. 21st.): "The contrast it cannot fail to suggest between his treatment by those of his native land and a foreign nation seems to find *cheery* allusion in this phrase." If Dr. Livingstone knows nothing of the anxiety his absence has caused in England, if he is ignorant of the exertions of the late Sir Roderick Murchison, of Sir S. Baker, and of his own son, the *N. Y. Herald* is cognizant of both, and has, therefore, no excuse for the constant reiteration of an untruth. We fear that Mr. Stanley will not be found guiltless in this matter.

It is too plain, from the "cheery allusions" referred to, that the American deliberately concealed from the traveller any information respecting the efforts of the Government and the Geographical Society in order that he and his journal might reap all the advantages of the position. The "leperous distilment" poured into Livingstone's ear has taken serious effect. Should it rankle there during the next two years, the Doctor's return, instead of being the occasion of general congratulation, may be the signal for strife and re-creation. If this should be the case, we shall have to thank the disingenuousness of the *Herald* and its agent for so untoward a result. That Livingstone was reached and relieved by Stanley, we sincerely rejoice; but we cannot be expected to trace the expedition to motives which had no share in its inception, or in carrying it to a successful issue. Vanity and the love of self have frequently been over-ruled for good; but it is not often that a successful adventurer succeeds in concealing his ruling passions under the high sounding names of philanthropy, science and religion.

An English critic takes malicious pleasure in pointing out the blunders committed by newspaper writers in reference to the history of Canterbury Cathedral. The attack is hardly fair. When such an event as the late fire occurs, people require to know next morning by breakfast time all that can be discovered on the subject. Journalists are usually well-informed, but they are not omniscient, and consequently an important matter has often to be "read up *pro re nata*"—for the emergency as it arises. The result is, of course, inaccuracy and blundering. The *Telegraph* has unearthed a list of no less than three "conflagrations," omitting altogether the great historical fire, that of 1174. It further explains to the unlettered reader that Louis VII of France is the same as St. Louis—a most notable discovery. The *Standard*, however, has decidedly the advantage on this occasion, of its magniloquent contemporary. St. Anselm, (ob. 1109) is put before Lanfranc (ob. 1089), the latter dying, we are erroneously told, in 1109, at the age of a hundred. Longevity must have been a characteristic feature of the times; for, according to the *Standard*, St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Augustine of Canterbury were one person—"the great author of the 'Civitas Dei' himself." If so, he must have reached the patriarchal age of 250 years. Newspaper men should either take more time in consulting the authorities, or abstain from penetrating so far into the mists of antiquity.

"The History of India, as told by its own Historians. The Mahomedan Period. Vol. IV.," consisting of the posthumous papers of Sir H. M. Elliot, revised and continued by Prof. Dowson, of Sandhurst, is announced. Archbishop Trench has completed a revised and enlarged edition of "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany," and other lectures on the Thirty Years' War. "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer," by Mr. Furlley, is the record of the labours and trials of the army of the Red Cross, which went forth into France not to slay but to heal. We strongly recommend to the student Messrs. Woodward & Cates's *Encyclopedia of Chronology*. It is constructed on an entirely different plan to the ordinary chronological tables. The persons, events, &c., &c., are mentioned in systematic connection. The work will greatly facilitate the study of history.

Works on Art and Belles Lettres we are compelled to leave unnoticed until our next number.

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CARMINA.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

I.

THERE is a little bay or creek on the Calabrian shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which, from its peculiar situation, is scarcely ever visited by travellers or tourists, yet, perhaps, there is not in all Italy a lovelier spot, or one that the poet might more fitly designate as "*un pezzo di Cielo caduto in terra*,"—a piece of heaven fallen to earth. Rocks of the most picturesque forms and most brilliant hues—red, yellow, purple and green—and often broken into lovely little caverns and grottoes, are grouped about the shore, and among them the broad-leaved fig, the aloe, the cactus, rosemary, lavender, myrtle, and the golden cistus, grow in richest profusion. Higher and higher rise the great mountains behind, till they fade into purple clouds on the edge of the horizon. Far away towards Sicily spreads the beautiful sea, serene, unruffled, smiling—a mirror in which the azure heaven above may

see itself reflected. The chirp of the cicada at noon, and the lizard basking in the hot sunshine; the sweet sad cry of the aziola and the fire-flies gleaming through the myrtle hedges in the scented twilight, are the only sights and sounds that break the summer stillness. It would be easy to fancy that nature had made the spot thus lonely and inaccessible, that its beauty might remain for ever unprofaned by mortal eye.

But in spite of the silence and solitude of the place, a few years ago some signs of human life and habitation might be seen about it. In a tiny natural basin among the rocks, into which the sea flowed by a narrow opening, a small skiff was made fast and a steep path, looking very much as if it had been made by goats, led from thence to a little platform or terrace, lying, as it were, at the very feet of the mountains, on which was a rude stone cottage, shaded by a huge and ancient fig tree. On a certain evening, at that

lovely season in Italy when the fierce heats of summer merge into the balmy mildness of early autumn, two girls stood at the door of this cottage. One, an ill-made, dwarfish figure, with dull and vacant features, was spinning with a hand-spindle, or distaff; the other, a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, tall and graceful, and with an expression of the most vivid intelligence lighting up her face, held a pitcher of milk, which she had just taken from some goats that were browsing near.

"Take it into the house, Ninetta *mia*," she said, giving the pitcher to the spinner, "and be sure you give the *madre* a cupful while it is warm. I must go and try if there is anything in the nets."

"Yes, yes, Carmina," said the spinner, with alacrity, but in a weak, childish voice; and, taking the pitcher, she went into the cottage.

A stranger unaccustomed to mountain paths would not have found that which led from the cottage to the sea either safe or pleasant, but Carmina had been used to it all her life, and was as active and sure-footed as a young kid. It was quite as safe and easy to her as any level road could have been and she ran quickly down, singing, in a clear melodious voice, one of those wild, thrilling airs with which the Pifferari attract admiring crowds in the streets of Naples or Rome. She was soon beside the little basin in which the skiff lay. Casting loose the fastening, she jumped in, and, taking up the paddle and pushing it against the rocks, first at one side and then at the other, she quickly got her skiff through the narrow entrance and out into the bay.

Any vessel much larger than Carmina's little skiff was prevented from entering this bay by a barrier of sunken rocks, which extended nearly all the way across its mouth, and towards the centre of the reef raised their great heads above the water, too scattered and unconnected a group to be called an island, but large enough for many shrubs and plants to find root and nourishment in their

crevices. They were not much more than a hundred yards from the land, and it was to this point that Carmina directed her skiff. Guiding it among them till she reached the first of the little fishing nets set in the narrow channel, she was stooping over it, when the sudden fall of a fragment of stone close beside made her start and look up.

Leaning over the rock just above her, so close that she could have touched him with her paddle, she saw the head and shoulders of a man. A very handsome head it was, too—a broad, square brow, shaded with dark curling hair, dark, brilliant eyes, a straight well-formed nose, a jaw somewhat square, perhaps, but a singularly handsome mouth, not at all disfigured by his well-trimmed, black moustache. It was a face that could look stern enough on occasions, no doubt, but now it was gentle and smiling, and though she was startled and surprised, Carmina did not feel much frightened.

"Do not fear me, *cara mia*," said the stranger, gently, "I would not harm you for the world."

He had one of those exquisite voices which penetrate the heart like a strain of rich music, and its tones confirmed his words, as much as the frank and pleasant expression of his handsome face.

"I am not afraid, signor," said Carmina.

"But you wonder how I came here, do you not?—Well, I will tell you. I was passing these rocks in a boat with two other men, and I took it into my head to jump out and scramble upon them. Would you believe it, they sailed off and left me?"

"It is some joke," said Carmina, "they will come back again for the signor."

"I am afraid not," said the stranger; "I was wet enough when I got on the rocks, and now my clothes are quite dry, so you see I must have been a long time here."

"But why should they treat the signor so badly?" said Carmina.

"Perhaps they could not help it," said the stranger, gravely.

Something in his manner puzzled Carmina. That there was some mystery she saw, but that there could be anything bad or false about this noble looking signor, she never once imagined.

"Cannot the signor swim?" she asked. "It is not far from the shore."

"Oh, yes, I can swim, but you see I waited for a boat, and for once Dame Fortune has proved kind." Then, smiling as he read Carmina's wondering though unsuspicious thoughts in her expressive face, he added—"The truth is, I waited because I had some faint hope that my friends might return. But where do you come from, fair maiden? I do not see any houses on the shore."

"There is only our cottage, signor, and you could not see it from this if you did not know where to look for it. It lies among the rocks just beneath that great fig tree."

"And who lives with you there? Have you a father or brothers?"

"No, signor, my father is dead; I never had any brothers."

"You are not married?"

"Oh, no, signor," said Carmina, with a quick vivid blush. "I live with my mother and sister. The poor mother has no use of her limbs, and lies in bed all day, and the little sister has not all her wits."

"And who takes care of them?"

"They have only me, signor."

"*Poveretta*," said the stranger, compassionately, "that is hard for you."

"Oh, no, signor, I am strong, and able to work, and the Madonna helps me."

"I think she helped me when she sent you to find me here, my gentle one. Will you give me my supper and a bed to-night?"

"Yes, surely, signor, if you can put up with poor fare and humble lodging."

"You could not give me any that would not be better than I expected to have a little while ago," said the stranger. "But now that we are going to be good friends, it is necessary that we should know each

other's names. Mine is Paolo. What is yours?"

"Carmina, signor."

"Well then, Carmina, let us try what we can find in your nets. When I saw them I knew the owner would be likely to come for them soon, but I expected to see some old man or young lad—not anyone like you, *bella Carmina*!"

Springing to his feet, and showing a tall, athletic, finely proportioned figure, he swung himself round a projecting piece of rock, and let himself drop down beside Carmina. In a second he had one of the nets out of the water, and was emptying the small, shining, silvery blue fish that were struggling in the meshes into the basket Carmina had brought to hold them.

"Why should you trouble yourself, signor Paolo," said Carmina, "you are not used to such work, and I do it by myself every day."

"But this day you have some one to help you," said Paolo. "*Evviva!*" as he raised another net, "this one is so full I can hardly lift it!"

"Oh, signor," Carmina exclaimed, "you have brought me good luck; I never had my nets so full before. I must give the best fish I have got to St. Antonio!" And carefully selecting the largest and finest, she threw it into the sea.

Paolo smiled at the gentle superstition. "I, too, owe a debt to the saints for sending you to my aid, Carmina, and, perhaps, some some day or other I will ask you to pay it for me. There is the last fish, and the basket is overflowing. Now, I suppose, we must set the nets again."

This was soon done, and then Paolo lifted the basket into the skiff, and attempted to take the paddle from Carmina, but she would not give it up.

"You had better let me have it, Carmina; I am a heavier freight than your little craft is used to."

"Oh, that is nothing, signor; my skiff goes of itself."

Paolo said no more, but folded his arms and leaned back in the boat. Carmina's beauty had charmed his eye and imagination the first moment he had seen her, and now, as he watched, with indolent enjoyment, the graceful motions of her perfect figure while the skiff flew along to the light strokes of her paddle, he thought her the most beautiful being he had ever beheld. Something must be allowed to the romantic scene and circumstances, and a young man's excited fancy but, in truth, he was not far wrong. Her tall, light figure had the perfect proportions, the graceful roundness, the firm, elastic step of a young Diana. Her features were as finely moulded as her form, but it was the bright enchanting spirit that looked out of those features which gave her face such an irresistible charm. Her lovely brown eyes were full of sweetness, of light and joy; the rich bloom of the carnation glowed on her clear olive cheek, and deepened into crimson on her full but delicate lips. Her abundant hair, black as jet, but shining with a purple lustre when the sun touched it, was wreathed around her head with a natural grace which might have suited the head of a Muse. Her whole aspect was radiant with youth, and health, and happiness, and beauty, and, besides all these charms, there was about her a purity, a simplicity, a candour, an utter absence of all vanity and affectation which Paolo had never before met with in woman. The small, light skiff, the lovely maiden who seemed to guide it with a touch, the purple light of the waveless sea on which they floated, the rosy and golden atmosphere which wrapped them round, seemed, to his charmed fancy, like a scene in fairy-land into which he had suddenly been transported. He would not utter a word lest he might break the spell. But, in spite of the charm of the situation, he felt very forcibly that he was hungry and thirsty, and not yet out of reach of a great peril, from which he had narrowly escaped that morning. It was, therefore, not without satisfaction that he saw Carmina run her tiny

craft into its little haven, and, throwing off his fit of *dolce far niente*, he sprang lightly out, helped Carmina to make the skiff fast, and then turned to take up the basket of fish. But Carmina caught it hastily up, lifted it to her head, and steadied it there with her up-turned graceful arms, looking, Paolo thought, like a beautiful Caryatide. "I must carry my own fish," she said, laughing, "and if Signor Paolo is not very well used to rocks, he will find it hard enough to climb them without any burden."

"Yet I suppose, *you* expect to get safely up with that basket on your head?" said Paolo.

"Oh, I have been going up and down them all my life," said Carmina. "I could go safely blindfold."

"Then surely I ought to be able to go with my eyes open."

"I am afraid the path is more difficult than you think, signor," said Carmina, a little anxiously. "There are some very bad spots, and if you were to slip——"

"Do not fear, kind Carmina, I shall not slip. You will find I can follow wherever you may lead."

Fully assured by his steady look and confident smile, Carmina led the way, and Paolo came after with steps as firm and sure, if not quite as light and rapid, as her own. Long years after, the sudden scent of wild myrtle, or bruised lavender, or thyme, would transport his imagination to that lovely shore, and in fancy he was once more following Carmina with the basket of fish poised lightly on her head, and watching the folds of her brown woollen dress swaying with the movements of her graceful figure as she climbed the rocky path.

At every difficult spot Carmina always stopped and looked back, to be reassured by finding Paolo close beside her, and hearing his laughing "Go on, Carmina!" till an abrupt turn placed them suddenly on the little terrace on which the cottage was built. It was a rough stone hut, with a rude flight

of steps outside leading to an upper chamber. A great fig-tree grew beside it ; rocks and fragments of rocks were scattered all about, but plants and shrubs grew in every fissure, and here and there were patches of mountain grass and herbs on which some goats were feeding. At one end of the cottage was a little plot of earth in which grew some vegetables and pot-herbs, and on a low ledge of rock beside this little garden, were a couple of bee-hives. Just beyond was a *fiumare*, or water-course, now a dry, stony hollow, but after rain flooded by the mountain torrents, and rendered perfectly impassable. All round were more rocks and rocky terraces, reaching apparently to the very crests of the mountains, and descending from among them, in some mysterious and invisible way, was a road that crossed the *fiumare* close to the cottage gardens and wound along the coast to Reggio.

As soon as the goats caught sight of Paolo, they scampered away, and Ninetta, who was standing at the door shading her eyes from the setting sun with her hand as she looked out for her sister, immediately followed their example. Carmina called to her encouragingly, and after peeping at the stranger from behind the fig tree for a minute, she came forward with timid and hesitating steps.

"Your sister is more afraid of me than you were, Carmina," said Paolo.

"She is not very wise, signor," said Carmina, "but she is very good. She takes great care of the *madre* when I am away, and she is always a great help to me. It is true, little sister !" and Carmina looked tenderly at poor Ninetta, into whose heavy features came a gleam of brightness at this praise.

"Ah, but Jacopo would help you better if you would let him," said Ninetta.

"Who is Jacopo?" asked Paolo.

"Oh, he is very good and very rich, too," said Ninetta. "He has a beautiful boat, not like Carmina's little skiff, but ever so big, and with great masts and sails. He often

comes to see the *madre*, and he wants Carmina to marry him."

A quick, jealous pang, surely most absurd under the circumstances, darted through Paolo, and he bent his piercing eyes on Carmina with a stern glance that made her cheek flush painfully.

"Hush, little sister," she said, "you know I cannot marry Jacopo, and he also knows it."

"Why cannot you marry him?" asked Paolo.

"Because I do not love him," said Carmina, looking up at her stern questioner with clear, innocent eyes.

"Poor Jacopo !" said Paolo ; and his voice was soft and gentle once more, and his eyes kind, and Carmina felt happy again.

"See, Ninetta," she said, "what a great basket of fish. We never had so many before. Will you make some ready to fry for the signor's supper?"

"Yes, Carmina," and, delighted to be employed, Ninetta seized the basket and ran away to prepare the fish, while Carmina led Paolo into the cottage, the door of which stood wide open.

It was but a rough dwelling, consisting of one apartment below and a loft above. The floor was of stone, and the walls unplastered. A couple of wooden chairs and a table, a few pans and pipkins for cooking, two or three cups and plates and similar household articles on some shelves, and an old carved chest, probably containing the holiday clothes of the family, seemed nearly all the furniture. On the walls hung a few prints of the Virgin and Saints, and some rude engravings of scenes from Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto—the death of Clorinda, Angelica at the Fountain, Dante and Beatrice ;—with some stanzas from the *Gerusalemme*, and Orlando, and the story of Paolo and Francesca, printed on narrow slips of paper, as ballads used to be in the olden time. A small hand-loom, with a piece of bright-coloured stuff on it, stood near the open door, and in a sort of alcove

was a bedstead in which the bedridden mother lay. Above her head was a print of the Madonna and Child, and the light from a little window near, the only one in the room, shone full on her pale worn face, her snow-white hair, and her thin, trembling fingers, with which she was feebly winding balls of many colours.

"Who is it, Carmina?" she asked querulously, as Carmina and the stranger entered. "Is that Jacopo?"

"No, *madre mia*," said Carmina, "it is a strange signor. His boat has gone away and left him, and we must give him his supper and his bed."

"I will gladly pay for your hospitality, *padrona*," said Paolo, stepping forward like one who had been used to win favour easily, "and add my best thanks also."

"Nay, signor," exclaimed Carmina hastily, "do not speak of paying; we have but little to give, but all we have is at your service."

Yes, signor," said the *madre*, "Carmina knows—whatever Carmina says is right. Is it not so, signor?"

"I am sure it is, *padrona*," answered Paolo, and turning to Carmina with a smiling glance, he added, "But do not let me be any trouble. A crust of bread given by kind hands, such as yours, Carmina, will taste sweet to me to-night, as you would well understand if you knew all."

"Nay, you shall have better than that, signor," said Carmina gaily, "there are the fish you know."

"But a drink first, Carmina—I am dying with thirst."

"Ah, I fear the signor will never drink our poor wine," said Carmina, as she hastily brought out a wicker-bound bottle of the common country wine.

"*Cara* Carmina," said Paolo, "I would give all the wine of Naples for one good draught of water."

"That the signor shall have in a moment," said the delighted Carmina, and dart-

ing out she quickly returned with a pitcher of water just drawn from the spring, clear and sparkling—

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

"Ah, *che bella cassa!*" exclaimed Paolo, when he had taken a deep draught, "the nectar of the gods could not be more delicious!" He did not add—"nor Hebe a fairer cup-bearer," but he thought he had never seen anything in his life so exquisite as the bright, beautiful smile with which Carmina heard his expressions of satisfaction. The next moment she had lighted a charcoal fire in an iron tripod, and put the fish, which Ninetta had prepared to fry, in a pan of boiling oil. Then she placed on the table some maize cakes, a piece of goat's milk cheese, fresh figs, and honey in the comb; and when to these were added the contents of the frying-pan, crisp, brown, and done to a turn, a more fastidious and less hungry man than Paolo might well have been satisfied with his fare. As for Paolo, he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and delighted his young hostess by declaring that it was a supper fit for a prince.

His bed was next to be prepared, and this, with poor Carmina's limited resources, seemed no easy task. There was nothing in the dwelling which could properly be so called, except that on which the bedridden woman lay, but on the loft there was a store of sweet, dry grass, which she and Ninetta had collected in the crevices of the rocks and put away to help the goats' winter provender, and with this, a cloak, and a clean coverlet and pillow kept to adorn the *madre's* bed on state occasions, she arranged a couch on which youth and health might sleep soundly enough.

In the meantime, having finished his supper, Paolo stepped out of doors, and remained leaning against a tall fragment of rock underneath which was a natural bench, which might have afforded two friends, or better still two lovers, a pleasant seat. He

may have been looking at the shimmering sea, gleaming like a wondrous opal in the faint light of the moon, and at the stars coming out one by one in the blue depths overhead from which twilight's dusky veil was slowly falling, but his face expressed very different emotions from those which such a scene would naturally excite. It looked very stern and even hard; but it softened as he saw Carmina coming towards him.

"Your bed is ready on the loft, signor," she said; I wish it could have been better."

"Thanks, gentle Carmina. But will you come and sit down on this bench for a little while? I have something to tell you—will you listen to it?"

"Yes, signor, willingly," said Carmina.

She sat down as she spoke, and Paolo seated himself beside her, and as she looked at him she saw that his face was very grave.

"Carmina," he said, looking down at her upturned listening face, "have you ever heard that this Italy of ours was once a great nation—mistress of the world?"

"Yes, signor, I have heard my father say so."

"And have you ever heard him speak of those heroic men who have sworn to make her a free and united nation again? Have you ever heard him speak of Mazzini and Garibaldi?"

"Yes, signor, often, and he used to say that all true Italians ought to honour them more than the blessed Saints."

"Then your father would have helped them if he could?"

"Yes, signor, I think he was pledged to help them, and all Italy's deliverers. I have heard my mother say that he belonged to a society called the Carbonari, but I was too young to understand such things then. It is now three years since some charcoal-burners found him stabbed to death in the mountains. Ah! that was a sad day when they brought him home. The poor *madre* was well and strong then, but when she saw my father dead she went into fits. In a few days

she had grown old and grey, and has been as you saw her ever since."

"And you, Carmina, have devoted yourself to her and Ninetta. Does your life never seem hard to you?"

"Never, signor. I love the dear *madre* and little Ninetta, and I like to work for them and take care of them."

"Carmina," said Paolo, "you are an angel!" and as he watched the bright colour springing to her sensitive face, which looked more lovely than ever under that soft light, he forgot for the moment everything but those radiant eyes in which, as if welling forth from some unfathomable fountain, the glory of new-born love was shining.

"Ah, no, signor, not a bit of an angel," said Carmina. "But you—you yourself are a patriot and a hero, like Mazzini and Garibaldi. I knew it the very first minute I saw you. Is it not true?"

"A patriot, certainly," said Paolo—"as to the hero, Carmina, let us hope so. Poor Italy wants all the heroes she can get. If a dagger, or the scaffold, or a living death in some dungeon does not end my career too soon, I may do something; but my life is at no time worth an hour's purchase, and had it not been for those friendly rocks where you found me, I might have been lying in prison now, instead of sitting in the free air, and looking into your kind eyes."

"Ah! Madonna!" said Carmina shuddering, "But have you—have you killed any one, signor?"

She trembled a little at the thought, but it was only from the depth of her sympathy with Paolo. In her primitive code of morals, he would have been perfectly justified in taking the life of any enemy or oppressor, whenever he had an opportunity of so doing. She was a true Italian girl, and, tender-hearted as she was, held many things more sacred than life, except it were a life she loved.

"No, *cara* Carmina, I have not killed any one," said Paolo. "But I have not yet told you how I came to be on the rocks where



you found me. I was sent to Messina by the leaders of a society called "La Giovane Italia," to aid a patriotic movement going on there in connection with one in Naples. But unfortunately, before much had been done, the suspicions of the police were excited, and I learned from a secret friend that I was about to be arrested. As all our plans were now made abortive, my duty was to return to Naples and let the leaders of the society know what had occurred. After some trouble I contrived to get on board a smuggling *speronare* bound for Naples, and lay concealed there till the *padrone* was ready to sail. But some spy must have found this out at the last moment, for we were pursued by a government boat, much larger and swifter than the *speronare*, and certain to overtake her. Fortunately the *speronare*, in tacking to gain the wind, had come close to your friendly rocks, as her shallow keel enabled her to do, and the sight of them inspired me with a sudden hope of escape. It was the work of a moment to drop into the water and gain their shelter, while the *padrone*, wishing me good luck, and vowing by all the saints that nothing would make him betray me, held on his course, still followed by the government boat. No doubt he was soon overtaken and most likely compelled to return to Messina to be examined there; but as the direct course lies far from the rocks, I could not have seen them going back. Not knowing very well where to go or what to do when I got to the land, it seemed to me I had better stay where I was for awhile, on the chance that some fishing boat or smuggling craft might come near enough to take me off. But not one came in sight, and I was just about to swim to the shore, and look out for some food and a night's shelter, when you, my good angel, appeared! But what did you think when you saw me, Carmina? Did you think I was a brigand, or a runaway galley slave, or what did you think?"

"Something very near the truth, signor,"

said Carmina; "I thought you looked far more like one of those noble heroes and patriots my father used to talk about, than like a brigand or a galley slave."

"Thanks for your good opinion, kind Carmina," said Paolo, smiling.

"But, signor," said Carmina, "will the *padrone* keep his oath not to betray you? Is he a true Italian? Is he a patriot?"

"No, neither the one nor the other, but he is a smuggler, and hates all governments and their officials alike. He would enjoy deceiving them intensely; but no doubt he will be subjected to a strict examination, and if there is any question of his losing his boat, or being imprisoned, he will certainly tell all. Then there is a boy, his son, who may be frightened into confession, though his father swore that if the lad proved such a chicken heart, as he phrased it, he would then and there let him taste his stiletto. But doubtless the boy knows the value of such oaths."

"Then the signor is not safe here," said Carmina. "The *shirri* may come and search the coast to-morrow."

"Very true, Carmina, so you see the sooner I get away from this the better."

"Signore Paolo," exclaimed Carmina, "I could show you the way to the charcoal-pits up the mountains. You would be safe with the charcoal-burners; the *shirri* never dare to go there."

"Yes, *cara* Carmina; but there are other and more important considerations than my safety. It is necessary for Italy's sake, and the sake of many lives valuable to her, that I should get to Naples as quickly as possible. A boat would be the only way, and I might perhaps find one in Reggio; but no doubt the police are on the alert there."

"Jacopo has a boat," said Carmina, "a strong, safe boat, and everyone says he is a good sailor. He goes to Messina and Palermo, and any other port for which he gets a cargo. He would take the signor to Naples."

"Perhaps he would not like to run the risk of taking me," said Paolo. "If I were found on board his boat, it might get him into trouble."

"Jacopo would not mind risk," said Carmina, "and if I asked him to take the signor, he would do it."

Anxious as he was to find some way of getting to Naples, Paolo did not hear Carmina say this without intense annoyance. His face darkened; his brow knit, and his lip curled as he said, "Have you deceived me, Carmina? I thought you said this man was nothing to you."

"I did not deceive you, Signor Paolo," said Carmina; "I said I did not love Jacopo, and that I could not marry him, and it is true; but he has been a good, kind friend to the *madre* and to me. When I was a little child, and my father was alive, he used to come here often and used to call me his little sister and I felt almost as if he were my brother, till he asked me to marry him—that seemed to turn me against him. I had to tell him that I could never be his wife a great many times before he would believe me; but he knows now how true it is, and he will never ask me again. But he says he will always be our friend, and I am sure he always will. Oh, Signor Paolo, do you think I would tell you a falsehood for anything on earth?"

Paolo could not look at her earnest, ingenuous face, could not listen to her clear, pure voice, and doubt her sincerity. "Forgive me, Carmina," he said, his face growing soft, and his voice gentle again. "I know you are as true as truth itself. But where do you suppose this friend of yours is now, and how am I to see him?"

"He took his boat to Messina this morning, signor," said Carmina. "I know this"—and she looked timidly at Paolo—"because he took my scarfs with him. He always takes the scarfs that I weave on my hand-loom to Messina, and sells them there for me. He will be back some time to-night,

and Ninetta can go to him at day-break, and ask him to come and see the signor at once."

"And you think he will come?"

"I am sure of it, signor; "but"—and she turned away from Paolo's penetrating glance as she spoke—"the signor must remember that it is for his sake I am going to ask this favour of Jacopo."

"*Cara Carmina!*" said Paolo, "how can I ever repay your kindness!"

"Do not talk of repaying, signor," said Carmina. "I am glad and proud to be able to serve you—you who are risking your life for Italy."

"Carmina," said Paolo, "if you were a man, you too would risk your life for Italy."

"To help you I would risk it now, though I am only a woman!" said Carmina.

"You are a brave, noble girl," said Paolo.

He took her hand and looked into her deep eyes, gleaming with such magic lustre in the soft moonlight. The faint sweet odours of folded flowers floated on the warm air, fireflies flashed and gleamed in a mazy dance in and out through the green branches, the murmurs of the sea softly kissing the shore fell with a strange impassioned rhythm on his ear. On such a night such eyes might have awakened love in the coldest heart. And Paolo's was very far from being cold just then. It was throbbing with passion. His whole being seemed drawn towards this lovely, artless girl as he had never felt drawn to woman, and his heart told him that she loved him as he had never been loved before. The temptation to clasp her in his arms and tell her he too loved her was almost irresistible. But he remembered himself in time. What had he to do with any other love than Italy.

"How thoughtless I am," he exclaimed, releasing Carmina's hand and springing to his feet; "I have kept you out here too long, Carmina. You must go in to the *madre*, and I must take some sleep while I have a chance of getting it. You will say

an *Ave* for me to-night, Carmina, will you not?"

"Yes, signor, from my heart," said Carmina.

"Thanks, my gentle one," and again taking her hand he touched it lightly with his lips. "*Felicissima notte*, Carmina!"

"*Felicissima notte*, signor," said Carmina softly, and, with a heart throbbing wildly with emotions she had never known before, she ran into the cottage.

Probably there are but few men or women in our English-speaking lands who have any certain faith in the story of Romeo and Juliet. Shakspeare's genius has made it immortal to them, and young hearts respond to its passion and its pathos while they see it acted or hear it read. But its sudden love and swiftly following tragedy lie so far away from the world in which they live, and all their experience is in it, that when the curtain falls, or the book is closed, it is only remembered as a beautiful, but wholly ideal, creation of romance, as impossible to have existed in real life as the wonders of Fairy-land.

But in that fervid Southern clime where those ill-fated lovers lived and loved and died, the very reverse is the case. There it seems the most natural story in the world, for there its passionate and tragic incidents have been paralleled again and again. Love at first sight is the undoubting faith of every Italian girl and boy, and death, according to their belief, the only fitting conclusion to a disappointed or unhappy passion. Carmina, as we have said, was a true Italian girl, and she had fallen in love with this handsome young stranger, as suddenly, as passionately, and as irretrievably, as Juliet with Romeo.

Paolo's feelings towards Carmina were somewhat different. His passions and susceptibilities were as strong as those of any Italian, even of the warm South; but he was far more self-controlled and reserved than his countrymen are generally supposed

to be. His nature was originally firm, resolute and determined and his patriotic devotion to his country, and the difficulties and dangers he had encountered in her cause, had strengthened and intensified all the stronger traits of his character. He had been charmed by Carmina's beauty the first moment he beheld her; the romantic circumstances of their meeting had deepened the spell; and the simple, unconscious nobleness of nature, which all her words and looks revealed, seemed to justify the irresistible attraction he felt towards her. Yet his reason told him that to give way to the fascination which was growing stronger every instant would in his circumstances be foolish and absurd. Some men would have thought little of plucking so fair a flower of love thus suddenly and unexpectedly springing up in the midst of a stormy and uncertain existence, and gone on their way without a moment's thought as to what the future might bring to the poor flower left behind. But Paolo was of another stamp. Love given and received was to him a bond not lightly to be broken. He could no more have betrayed and deserted the heart that loved him, than he could have taken her life or destroyed her beauty. But how was it possible for him to encumber himself with any ties that might interfere with his devotion to Italy? He had sworn to sacrifice all the softer feelings of his nature on that sacred shrine, and he would keep his vow.

But as Carmina disappeared into the cottage, and the soft trembling tones of her "*Felicissima notte*" thrilled on his ears, he sighed. He told himself that he could never again hope to meet with a woman who so nearly approached his idea of perfection—so beautiful, loving and faithful, so simple and innocent, so gentle and so brave. What delight it would be to develop the latent faculties of such a pure and unsophisticated nature, and then what a true wife and helpmeet she would be. All the heroism of her nature

would be called out in sympathy with the great cause to which his life was consecrated—would exalt for him the hour of triumph should it ever come and strengthen him to defy defeat, exile or death. Once, when disgusted with the vanity, frivolity and heartlessness of the women of his own rank, he had said to himself that if he ever met with such a woman as his whole soul told him he had found in this Calabrian girl, he would woo her for his wife, let her rank or condition of life be what it might; but since then he had chosen Italy for his bride, and had sworn to have no other. That sacred oath must be kept, and when once he was out of sight of those love-compelling eyes, the absorbing interest and exciting labours of his life would soon banish all memory of this madness. And Carmina, would she forget too? She was not cold-hearted, shallow, trivial, like other women; she had not the all-engrossing pleasures and occupations of "society" to divert her thoughts; nor had she, as he had, great aims and high hopes to fill her mind. No doubt she would remember him with love and longing for many a day—remember him as we must remember a brief and only glimpse of the brightness that life can give, but does not give to us, making her dull and monotonous existence all the darker for the contrast. But time cures all things, and she, like others, would learn at last to submit to the inevitable. Perhaps she would marry Jacopo after all. Yes, that would be best. He would advise her to marry Jacopo to-morrow. But what a fearful sacrifice and sacrilege it would be. That beautiful, glorious creature the wife and bond-slave of an ignorant, soulless savage. No, it must not be! Better for her to die than meet with such a fate!

Thus he inwardly raved, as he walked up and down in the moonlight, trying to cool his fevered blood. Once a shadow seemed to cross the cottage door, and fancying that Carmina was there, and knowing that, if he were to keep his resolution, he must not

meet her now, he hurried up the stone stairs and threw himself on the bed she, poor girl, had taken such pains to make comfortable, little heeding or caring whether it was hard or soft. There he tossed uneasily for hours, till at last fatigue conquered every other sensation, and he fell asleep.

II.

THE sun shining brightly in through a hole which served as a window above the door of Paolo's rude chamber, roused him from sleep, and, looking about him, he recalled the events of the preceding day; his flight from Messina in the *speronare*, the pursuit of the *shirri*, his escape on the rock, and his dreamy transit over the bay with Carmina in her tiny skiff. Her beauty, her bright intelligence, her kind eyes and soft voice, seemed as vividly present to his senses as if she were really beside him; he felt the touch of her hand thrill through every nerve as he had felt it the night before, and his face softened and flushed. But the next moment it darkened and grew stern. "What a fool I am!" he exclaimed; "I thought I had got over all such boyish nonsense long ago!"

Starting up he opened the door, and, stepping out on the stone stairs, saw before him such a scene of beauty as can only be found under Italy's blue and radiant skies. A light veil of mist, just dispersed by the newly-risen sun, hung round the horizon in gauze-like folds, tinted with the most exquisite hues of the violet and rose. The many-coloured rocks, and the lovely shrubs and plants growing so profusely among them, shone and glittered with the fresh brightness of morning, and beyond lay the syren sea, blue, shining, clear as a mirror, kissing the shore with softly murmuring lips.

At this moment Carmina came up to the cottage door, returning from milking her goats.

"Buono giorno, bella Carmina!" he said,

kissing his hand to her gaily, as he descended the stairs.

"Will the signor have a drink of milk?" Carmina asked, holding up her pitcher.

Paolo stooped and drank, while Carmina held the brimming pitcher, crowned with rich creamy froth, to his lips.

"Delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught; "shall I ever get such sweet milk in Naples?"

"Ah! the signor will have much better things in Naples," said Carmina.

"If Jacopo will take me there," said Paolo. "His boat seems my only chance."

"Ninetta has gone for him, signor, and he will soon be here. I had a dream of good omen last night," and Carmina looked up with serious, earnest eyes; "I saw the signor in Jacopo's boat, the Madonna standing at the prow, and pointing the way across the waves. She will guide the signor safely to Naples. But, in the meantime, it is necessary that he should have some breakfast."

"Thanks, kindest Carmina; but I must first take a dip in yonder sea, and try if it will not cool my blood and steady my nerves. He who aspires to make Italy free must have head and heart firm and clear."

Springing down the rocks, Paolo plunged into the blue water, fresh, cool, clear as crystal. But the heaving waves came round him caressingly, kissing and embracing him with tender, passionate murmurs, like sea-nymphs clasping him to their swelling breasts. Every thing about him, the golden quivering rays of light, the blue glittering sea, the warm-scented air, the white-winged sea-birds, dipping and playing over the sparkling water, all seemed to utter one word—Love. Rushing away from the waves, which seemed to agitate and excite, instead of calming his senses, he dressed himself, and, passing his fingers through the wet curls of his hair that it might dry in the warm sunshine, turned away from the syren sea, and slowly ascended the path to the cottage. But here, again, the perfumed breath of the lavender and myr-

tle, the soft, thrilling notes of a bird calling to his mate in the flowery hedges, bright-coloured insects glancing in the sunshine, or murmuring, hidden among the spicy herbs,—the blue, glowing sky over head, bending down to clasp the warm rich earth below—every sight and sound in that enchanted clime, were eloquent of Love. Or was it the subtle influence of the passion that possessed him which infused its own emotion into everything he heard and saw?

When he got back to the cottage he found that Carmina had laid out his breakfast on a table, placed under the shade of the fig-tree.

"I thought the signor would like to take his breakfast here," she said.

"Yes, that will be delightful, Carmina—like a lovely poem, a delicious idyl. If I were only an *improvisatore*, where could I find a fitter inspiration?" and, in spite of himself, his eyes sought Carmina's.

"Italy is the signor's inspiration," said Carmina, "and it is greater to be a patriot and do heroic deeds, than to be a poet and sing them—that is what my father used to say."

"But, as far as I am concerned, the great deeds have yet to come, Carmina; and sometimes I think—last night I thought—even now I can almost believe, that it may be I am sacrificing all that is sweet and beautiful in life to a dream that will never prove true."

"It will prove true!" said Carmina, with enthusiasm. "Italy will be free, and the signor will be honoured as one of her noblest liberators."

"*Cara Carmina!*" said Paolo, smiling, "I hope you are a true prophetess!"

"Signor, your own heart tells you that I am. But see, the fish are getting cold. Will you not sit down and take some breakfast?"

"And you, Carmina, do you eat nothing?"

"Oh, I had my breakfast long ago with the *madre*," said Carmina, and going into the house, she returned with her spindle and stood at the door spinning while Paolo

ate his fish and told her some of his perils and adventures in the cause of *la Patria*, to which she listened much as Desdemona once listened to Othello.

He had scarcely finished his meal when Ninetta and Jacopo came in sight. As they drew near, Paolo looked with somewhat jealous scrutiny at Carmina's lover. He was a stout, well-made young man, dressed in sailor fashion, with good features, but a somewhat slow and stolid expression.

"*Buono giorno*, Carmina!" he said, lifting the red Levantine cap that he wore and, going up to her, he took out of his pocket, with slow deliberation, a small leather bag, or purse, and gave it to her. "I could have sold twice as many scarfs if I had had them," he said, "so I think we must put a higher price on the next."

"Many thanks, Jacopo," said Carmina.

But Jacopo turned hastily away from her thanks, and addressed Paolo. "I am Jacopo, at your service, signor," he said, in a curiously self-possessed and phlegmatic manner; "the little one," and he pointed to Ninetta, "told me you wished to speak with me."

"I hear that you have a good boat," said Paolo, "and I wished to know if you would take me to Naples in her?"

"When would the signor want to go?" inquired Jacopo, in his deliberate manner.

"This minute, if possible. But I must tell you that I am one of those who have dared to speak and write of a liberated Italy, and have been denounced by the Government. I should be in prison now if I had not managed to get out of Messina. You will see, therefore, that if I were discovered in your boat it might get you into trouble."

"I shouldn't mind running some risk for the pleasure of cheating the cursed barbarians," said Jacopo, "yet no one but a fool would run into a wolf's mouth, when he sees that it is open."

"Certainly not," said Paolo; "but explain your meaning."

"As I was coming from Messina yester-

day evening I was overhauled by a government boat, with a commissary of police and some of his men on board. They told me they were looking for a certain Signor Paolo Marocchi, a dangerous conspirator. He had been seen, they said, going on board a *speronare*, which they had chased, but on coming up with it he was found to have escaped in some mysterious manner. The *padrone* denied having ever seen him, and declared that the spy must have mistaken some other boat for his; but he had been taken into custody, and it was believed threats of imprisonment, or at least the confiscation of his boat, would extort a confession from him before long."

"No doubt of it," said Paolo. "The wonder is that he has kept silence so long."

"*Per Dio!*" said Jacopo, "there isn't a man in all these seas wouldn't thwart the tyrants if he could, without running too great a risk. But we all know, if they want a confession they are not at all delicate in their measures for getting it: so we must expect him to tell all he knows any minute and then the *sbirri* will scour all the coast till they find you."

"Which shows that the sooner I am out of this the better," said Paolo.

"Yes, signor; but at this very time their boats are lying in wait, and if we set out in the open day we should have small chance of escaping them?"

"Then what is to be done?" exclaimed Carmina, who had been listening to every word with eager anxiety.

"Either of two things," said Jacopo, in his methodical manner, "the signor can go up the mountains and hide with the *Carbonari* till the search is given up."

"Impossible!" said Paolo. "My honour requires me to get to Naples with the least possible delay, or to perish in the attempt. The journey by land would be too slow and full of dangers for a proscribed man. There is no way for me but by sea. If you cannot

take me, I must get to Reggio in the best way I can, and try for a boat there."

"*Cospetto!* signor, I did not say I would not take you. This is what I have to propose. The moon goes down before midnight. I know this shore well, and could sail along it in safety on the darkest night. There is a little cove at the far side of that headland, to the left, where the water is so deep, close up to the rocks, that a boat like mine can come near enough for an active man like the signor to jump on board. When the moon sets I will take her round to the cove, and you can get on board much more safely there than where she lies now, surrounded by other boats, perhaps with spies on board, and so far away from the shore that you would have to come off in a skiff from the very place where the *sbirri* would probably land, and where they may already have set a watch for you. But the cove is only known to a few coast sailors like myself. *Ebbene!* what do you say to that plan, signor?"

"I say it promises well."

"And you, Carmina—what do you say?"

"I say it is good, Jacopo."

"Well then, at midnight you will show the signor the way to the cove. She knows it well, signor, for when I was a boy and used to come here with my old mother, now dead and gone, I often carried her there in my arms that she might gather the red sea-apples that grow in the rocks. *Ebbene*, signor! is it settled?"

"Yes, Jacopo, it is settled, and I shall owe you as many scudi as you choose to demand to be paid at Naples, and my best thanks into the bargain."

"I will not charge you more than a fair remuneration, signor," said Jacopo. "I am a good friend to *La Giovane Italia*."

"Why not join it, Jacopo? Why not give all your strength to the cause of the beloved land? A steady man like you would be worth half a dozen hot-headed

fellows who will fight wildly to-day, and perhaps run away to-morrow."

"Running away is not in my line, certainly," said Jacopo, with a half glance at Carmina. "Well, the signor will meet me at the cove when the moon goes down. I will not fail him. But in the meantime keep a good look-out for the *sbirri*. If they learn how you escaped from the *speronare*, they will probably send orders to those at Reggio to search the coast; but if you watch the road, anyone coming will be seen soon enough for you to escape to the mountains. Carmina can show you the way. *Addio*, signor. *Addio*, Carmina," and once more lifting his red cap, he walked off with a firm steady step and carriage, which gave assurance of a courage and coolness that might safely be relied on in the hour of need.

"This Jacopo is a brave fellow, Carmina," said Paolo.

"Yes, signor, he is brave and good."

"And yet you cannot love him!"

"No, signor, I cannot love him."

"But why not, Carmina?"

"Ah! signor, we cannot *give* love, even if we wish it—it goes where it will."

Paolo's heart smote him as he looked at her earnest, ingenuous face, and he turned away without another word.

"Carmina," he said a little while after, "You know the place where those who travel yonder road come first in sight; let us bring out your little loom and put it under the fig-tree, and then you can weave your scarfs and watch the road at the same time. And I will lie on the turf at your feet and tell you stories. *Cara* Carmina, we must part to-night, and perhaps we shall never see each other again. Who knows what my fate may bring forth for me to-morrow—perhaps imprisonment, perhaps death? Let us be happy to-day."

So the loom was brought out and put under the great fig-tree, and Carmina wove her bright-coloured scarfs, and Ninetta sat beside her and spun with her spindle, and

Paolo lay on the sweet-scented herbs that grew all about, and told the story of Romeo and Juliet, of Isabella and her Pot of Basil, of the Patient Griselda, and many another sweet old story of love and sorrow, till Carmina's bright eyes swam in tears, and even Ninetta let her spindle fall and listened with something like intelligence.

When the time for the mid-day meal arrived, Paolo insisted on helping Carmina to prepare the *polenta*, and laughed with infinite delight at the mistakes he made. When she went to the spring for fresh water, he followed and stole gently behind her as she leant against a rock waiting till her pitcher, which she had set under the bright, bubbling silvery threads of water flowing out of a crevice in the rocks, should be full. When she stooped to take it up, Paolo was too quick for her, and snatched it away.

"That is not fair, signor," cried Carmina, laughing, "give me back my pitcher."

"Take it then," said Paolo, just suffering her to touch it, and then suddenly raising it far above her reach.

Carmina was little more than a child, and Paolo was but five and twenty; they looked into each other's eyes and saw there light and warmth and love, and for the moment they were happy. The great shadow of parting, the darkness of the uncertain future, were forgotten, and, laughing and chattering like two children, they returned to the cottage.

When their simple meal was over, he helped her to gather the late figs which yet hung on the tree, to string the bright red pepper-pods on myrtle twigs, to tie up little bunches of sweet basil, mint, savory, thyme, and other spicy herbs. It was to him like a living Arcadian idyl, filled with all the fresh, simple, open-air delights which we love to believe made life beautiful when the world was young, and Greece and Italy enchanted lands. He made Carmina teach him how to weave, and laughed as gaily as Ninetta at his awkward attempts at learning. All the gravity

and gloom with which a life full of hazards and responsibilities, and devoted to one great purpose, had clouded his brilliant youth, vanished as if by magic, and he felt as if he had suddenly grown careless, joyous, light-hearted as a boy. A prophetic looker-on might have believed him possessed with that wild exhilaration of spirits which superstition tells us is the certain harbinger of coming evil. But the glowing sun crossed the zenith and dropped down towards the horizon, and no sign of danger appeared.

As evening came on, Paolo's wild excitement calmed somewhat down, and his mood grew quieter. Taking a pencil and piece of paper out of his pocket, he made a hasty sketch of the cottage, the rocks, the fig-tree, the lovely little bay in front, the mountains in the background, and Carmina standing at the cottage door. It was the merest outline, and Carmina looking over his shoulder could barely recognize the scene. "It is only a shadow," said Paolo, "but the living colours are painted on my heart." Putting it carefully in his pocket-book, he went to a great elder bush which grew near, cut a branch with his pocket knife, and fashioned it into a rustic pipe which the peasants in the Abruzzi had taught him to make when a boy. He was an exquisite musician, and from this imperfect instrument he drew forth such rich, thrilling strains, as Carmina had never heard before. First he played the bright inspiring music of "I Puritani," in which Bellini has enshrined all the patriotic devotion of his pure and noble nature; and then, as if involuntarily, the notes changed, and the tender pathos of the *Sonnambula*, the passionate love and despair of *Norma*, seemed the voice of Paolo's own soul, and found an answering echo in Carmina's. His eyes sought hers till their glances met, and her soul seemed drawn forth and mingled with his. His flute dropped, and, drawing close to her, he silently clasped her hand, and thus they sat, they knew not how long, as in a delicious dream.

"Carmina, Carmina!" cried Ninetta, run-



ning up to them, "the goats are bleating to be milked; don't you hear them?"

Slowly the hands of the lovers unclasped themselves, and they rose, scarce conscious for a moment of where they were.

"Madonna be praised, the sun will soon set now," said Carmina, "and then the signor will be safe!"

"And the most beautiful day of my life will be ended," said Paolo.

At this moment a heavy cloud seemed to creep over the sun, the goats rushed wildly towards them, and they saw climbing the terrace from the *fiumare*, a commissary of police and three men. In their short trance of bliss the lovers had forgotten to watch the road, and fate had seized them in the very moment of their fancied security. Escape was impossible. Paolo had a revolver in his pocket, but it had been thoroughly soaked when he had jumped out of the *speronare*. The *sbirri* were strong stout men, well armed, and there was nothing to be done but submit.

"Signor, you are my prisoner," said the commissary, while his men gathered round, and Carmina pressed her white lips together to keep back her screams, and looked on with wild despairing eyes.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Paolo.

"To Reggio to-night, signor; to-morrow to Messina," said the commissary, civilly enough—"but first it is my duty to search you for any concealed papers or documents."

Paolo's light summer jacket and trowsers, and even his cap, were quickly but closely examined. The useless revolver, a purse containing some scudi and bank bills, a pocket-book, a watch, a pocket-knife, and some loose coins were all that were found. In the pocket-book were memoranda in various ciphers, of which the commissary could evidently make nothing. The sketch Paolo had made a little while ago seemed equally puzzling, and in spite of Paolo's request that it at least might be restored to

him, he put it carefully away with the other contents of the pocket-book. The knife, a handkerchief, and the loose coins he returned to Paolo; the revolver he handed over to one of his men; as to the watch and purse he hesitated.

"It is necessary that these bills should be examined by my chief, signor," he said.

"Be it so," said Paolo, "and as to the scudi and my watch, which, as you see, is a valuable one, have the goodness to take charge of them for me."

The commissary bowed. He understood very well what Paolo meant. He was not above receiving a bribe and giving to his prisoners in return such indulgences as seemed compatible with their safe keeping.

"I think you may spare the signor the annoyance of those handcuffs you are parading there, Niccolo," he said, "at least for the present. A rich and generous signor like his Excellenza is not to be treated like a poor vagabond."

"Not if he will come quietly," said Niccolo, somewhat gruffly; "but, for my part, I think it is best always to make sure. It saves trouble in the end."

"I shall not attempt any resistance," said Paolo. "Such odds as four armed men against one unarmed are rather too much for me."

"Well said, signor," said the commissary. "You may put up your handcuffs, Niccolo." And he slipped some scudi out of Paolo's purse into the *sbirri's* hand. "Two for each," he said, knowing well that he must divide his spoils with his men, if he expected them to connive at his dishonesty.

By this time the sky, which had been growing darker and darker every moment, had become almost black, the wind had risen, and a vivid flash of lightning leaping out of the livid clouds, brought with it a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the ground beneath them as well as the heavens overhead, and resounded with deafening echoes through the mountains. Flash after

flash, peal after peal followed, and large heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"Jesu, Maria!" cried the *shirri*, "what a storm! Let us go into the cottage."

"Will the signor go first," said the commissary, keeping close to Paolo.

"Come, Carmina," said Paolo, gently touching her, for she stood perfectly still, like a beautiful statue, while the blue forked lightnings played round her head—"come into the cottage."

"Into the cottage!" she exclaimed—"Oh, yes, Madonna has not forsaken us!"

They were soon all in the cottage, where they found Ninetta crying and sobbing with terror, and the poor bed-ridden mother nearly as much frightened. The rain poured down, not in drops, but great sheets of water; the wind blew with terrific violence; the thunder broke with incessant peals and deafening claps over the very roof; and the vivid blaze of the lightning lit up the room. The commissary and his men crossed themselves, and repeated one *Ave* after another; Ninetta screamed, and the *madre* answered her cries with low groans and lamentations. Even Paolo looked pale, but Carmina seemed suddenly to have recovered all her spirit and energy. Calm and self-possessed she went about the house, closing the window shutters, fastening the door, and lighting the lamp. Then she prepared a composing draught for her mother, and made Ninetta, who lay coiled on the bed beside the *madre*, take one also; soothing them with caresses and encouraging words, till their wailings ceased and they slept, or seemed to sleep.

But these summer storms on the Mediterranean, though fierce, are brief. The lightning grew less vivid and came at longer intervals, the rain gradually ceased, the wind died away, and the thunder rolled in the distance. The commissary and his men recovered their courage and ceased their prayers.

"The storm has gone by," said the com-

missary. "Go out, Niccolo, and see if we may march."

"Pardon, signor commissary," said Carmina, "but you will not be able to go to Reggio to-night."

"*Diavolo*," said the commissary, "why not?"

"Have you forgotten the *fumare* you crossed close by the cottage? It is roaring like a cataract by this time."

"Santa Madonna! I am afraid she is right," said one of the men.

"*Cospetto*, go and see," said the commissary.

Niccolo went out, but soon returned with the unwelcome intelligence that the *fumare* was quite impassable; the water from the mountain streams which the rain had flooded was pouring down white with foam, and bearing stones, shrubs and even small trees in its wild course.

"Then we must stay where we are," said the philosophical commissary. "See here, little one," and he turned to Carmina—

"Have you got anything in the house to eat and drink?"

"Not much, Eccellenza—only some bread and cheese and figs."

"Is there any wine?"

"A little, Eccellenza; not much."

"Well, bring us all you have, *carina*, and be quick about it."

"Yes, Eccellenza," and Carmina hastened to obey, apparently with great alacrity.

"If we had a pack of cards it might help to pass the time," said the commissary.

"Come, Luigi, I'll be sworn you are not without one."

Luigi grinned and produced an ancient and well-thumbed pack, and, gathering round the table, the men were soon deep in the mysteries of "Red and Black."

The commissary invited Paolo to join them, but he refused, and, leaning his head against the wall, as he lay half reclining on the great chest, he seemed sunk in sombre meditation. His eyes followed Carmina as

she moved about, but it was with a vague, shadowy feeling of the unreality of all that surrounded him, as we see things in dreams. He saw Carmina collecting her small stock of provisions, and arranging them before the *shirri*, as if she were eager to please them. He saw her searching up four drinking cups and then taking them to a table in a shadowy corner where she had prepared her mother's sleeping draught; he saw her fill them from the wicker-bound wine bottle, and hand one to each man.

"You believe in a fair division of your favours, pretty one," said the commissary. "But is this all you have?"

"There is a little more, signor," said Carmina, as she placed the bottle on the table.

But by this time the players were in a state of frantic excitement over their game. Much talking and screaming had made them thirsty, and each man drank off his glass almost at a draught.

"More, more, girl," said the commissary, "fill for us again." Carmina obeyed.

"And hearken, little one," the commissary continued: "Why do you not give the poor fellow yonder some? He seems terribly down in the mouth."

But Carmina never once looked at Paolo. "Presently, signor," she said indifferently.

"*Peste!*" cried one of the *shirri* the next minute. "What are you doing with the cards, men? You are mixing them all up together!"

"No, but you are upsetting the table," cried another; "everything will be on the floor in a moment."

"*Diavolo!* the room is going round!" cried the commissary.

The next instant the heads of the four card-players had fallen on the table, and they lay motionless and breathing heavily.

"*Per Dio!* what is this?" cried Paolo, suddenly springing to his feet. "Carmina, what have you been giving them? Is it poison?"

"No, signor," said Carmina, "though

it would be little matter if it were. It is a charm the wise mother Olympia gave me to put the *madre* to sleep when her pains are too bad to bear. They will sleep now for hours, and before they waken you will be far enough out of their reach."

As she spoke she opened the door, letting in a flood of moonlight. "Come now, Signor Paolo," she said, looking up at him with bright sparkling eyes, "let us go."

Amazed, bewildered, like some one suddenly wakened out of a bad dream, Paolo followed her out of the cottage. Every vestige of the storm had disappeared from the sky, which was now blue and cloudless, and full of stars whose fainter light was lost in the lustre of the moon.

"Will the signor come with me now to Mother Olympia's hut?" said Carmina, "it will not take us much out of our way, and we shall be at the Cove long before the moon sets."

"I will go with you to Mother Olympia's or anywhere you choose, *mia* Carmina," said Paolo, "but what do you want her for?"

"I want her to take care of the *madre* and Ninetta till I come back," said Carmina. "If the *shirri* should waken sooner than I expect, she will talk to them and make them go quietly away. Every one from Rome to Reggio knows the wise Olympia and obeys her commands, for her power is great. Madonna grant she may be here now, for she seldom stays long in one place."

Full of eager and joyful excitement, only restrained by Paolo's somewhat serious and abstracted manner, Carmina hurriedly climbed a rough path, if path it could be called leading from the terrace towards the mountains, and Paolo with difficulty kept pace with her swift footsteps. After proceeding at this rapid rate for a few minutes, a huge rock and a great ilex tree seemed to bar their way; but Carmina, turning a little aside, led the way round the rock, and Paolo following, saw a little hut built of turf and reeds resting under its shelter.

The door of the hut was open ; a brass lamp of antique fashion, with many wicks, was burning inside, and in the doorway, on an old tripod-like seat, an ancient woman sat spinning with a distaff and spindle. She was almost as small as a child, and her tiny fleshless hands were like the hands of a skeleton ; her hair was of a peculiar silvery whiteness, shining with an unearthly lustre in the moonlight, and giving a more ghastly aspect to her ashen, wrinkled features ; but out of this corpse-like face shone two piercing bright black eyes, full of a strange solemn searching power, which might have served for the eyes of one of the awful Fates. Nearly all the hut behind her was in shadow, but close beside her appeared the head and horns of a goat munching some provender.

"And what does the little Carmina want with the old Olympia to-night?" asked this weird old crone, before Carmina could speak, "and who is the handsome Eccellenza she has brought with her?" And she bent her piercing eyes on Paolo, who felt as if they were capable of reading his inmost soul.

A very few words sufficed to make the sibyl comprehend all that Carmina had to tell. Evidently her acute intelligence was of a sort which, to the ignorant, might well seem born of the supernatural and mysterious intuition to which she pretended.

"Say no more, *figliuola*," she said, "I understand it all. You want me to protect the *madre* and Ninetta from the *sbirri* when they wake. But that won't be for a long time yet ; for a charm mixed in a storm always works well. Ah ! it were little matter if they never woke—dogs, vipers, scorpions that they are ! The old Olympia couldn't think much of giving them a medicine that would make them sleep for ever. But the little Carmina is young and innocent, and must keep her soul white and clean while she can. Carmina believes in *ladonna* and the Saints, and the Sancto

Bambino—all the Church and the priest tell her to believe, but the old Olympia believes in none of these things. I am of the old faith ; I believe in the old gods and in spells and charms and omens ; and I have power—power over the invisible secrets of earth and air. And every one in Sicily and Calabria, in Naples and Rome, east and west, north and south, knows it and fears the wise Olympia."

She had risen while speaking, and waved her wasted fingers like birds' claws towards every quarter of the horizon. Her small spare figure seemed to dilate and grow tall, her withered, ashen-hued face, her silvery shining hair, her black piercing eyes, gleaming from under her white coif, looked wild and unearthly as she stood in the red sullen flame of the lamp, which gleamed with a lurid vapourous glow contrasted with the pure clear light of the moon. The dark twisted stem of the ilex tree raised itself over the hut, and among its glittering waxen leaves, pointed with thorns, hung streamers of pale grey moss, waving back and forward in the light night breeze. The whole scene was grotesquely weird ; and the horned head of the goat, thrusting itself forward when its mistress rose, added to its wild necromantic character. It was not without a curious thrill of that delight which imaginative natures always feel in anything which even for a moment seems to take them out of the prosaic limits of commonplace existence, into the shadowy regions of the unknown, that Paolo beheld it. As for Carmina, she had evidently perfect faith in the sibyl's pretensions ; but she had known her since she was a child, and her reverence was totally unmingled with fear.

"It is true," she said, "the wise Olympia is powerful and men fear her ; but she is always good to the poor and helpless, and she will protect the *madre* and Ninetta from harm."

"Be satisfied, *figliuola*, no one shall harm them. I will tell the cursed *sbirri* that it

was I who put them to sleep and released their prisoner, and they will not dare to ask why I did it. I will command them to go back to Reggio and swear that the signor was not to be found on all the coast, and they will do as I bid them and no one shall find fault. Such power has the old Olympia."

Then she turned to Paolo and gazed on him with that keen penetrating scrutiny in which, no doubt, lay half her power over the hopes and fears of men.

"Signor! I have heard of you before to-night," she said. "You have served the cause of *la Patria*, and are a friend of the beloved Garibaldi. Ah! signor, is not that a soldier-hero? Like the brave men who lived in the great days of old. I saw him not long since, Eccellenza. He passed through the mountains with a handful of men carrying the glorious tri-coloured flag—the red, white and green. They were poorly dressed, signor, and worse shod, and carried whatever weapons had come to their hands; but every man had the soul of a patriot and hero, and was worthy to follow his great-hearted leader. He wore the red shirt, like the rest, with a silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck and flowing down his back, a hat with black plumes, and a great crooked sabre in a glittering steel scabbard. I saw them coming, signor, and I stood on a high rock and, as they went by, I threw a laurel bough on the noble general's head. And he caught it, and pulling off the leaves, scattered them among the men. '*Coraggio ragazzi!*' he said, 'Courage, boys! we shall have a laurel bough each when we get to Naples!' Ah! signor, I think I see him now—his bronze coloured hair and beard, his blue grey eye, his grave, steadfast look—brave as a lion, gentle as a child—a true king of men. But a king he never shall be, nor a king's favourite. He shall have a greater destiny. To him shall be the glory, to others the gain. He shall give a throne and receive instead a prison! But the whole

world shall hail him as Italy's great Liberator, and he shall reign forever over the hearts of his countrymen!"

As she spoke her fixed dilated eyes looked with a far-off gaze, as if she were rapt in a vision of the future, and her words seemed to drop from her lips as if impelled by some power not her own.

"And Mazzini, mother?" exclaimed Paolo, almost believing for the moment that he was listening to some inspired oracle. "He who has kept the sacred lamp of Freedom burning through Italy's darkest night, and fed it with the divine flame from his own soul—what of him?"

"Scorn, suspicion, slander and ignominy shall be his portion during life—after death all free peoples shall do honour to his memory, and Italy shall worship him as the noblest and purest of all the great names that light up the pages of her wondrous story!"

"And what can you tell me of my own destiny, mother? Shall it be in anything like that of my great leaders?"

Bringing back her gaze, as it were, from that mystic region in which she read the secrets invisible to common vision, she turned her glance on Paolo and regarded him for a little while in silence, her gaze seeming to penetrate every corner of his heart and soul.

"Signor, Italy is dear to you—you love her well—but you were not born to be one of her martyrs—when she triumphs, you shall triumph! Fortune shall always favour you." Then she turned to Carmina and gazed for a moment on her eager listening face—"Maiden!" she said, "your fate is linked with his—the threads of your destinies are twined together—I see both you and him wrapped in a crimson mist—is it blood?—is it the sun rising rosy red? I know not. My heart of prophecy is ended."

"It is the bright sun rising over free Italy," exclaimed Paolo.

"May it be so, signor," said the sibyl. "Now, *figliuola*, guide the signor to the

Cove, while the old Olympia goes to take care of the *madre*."

"First take these, mother," said Paolo, and he emptied all the coins the commissary had left him into the sibyl's hands, "you should have had more, mother, if the *sbirri* had not taken my purse."

"Ah! the accursed hounds," she cried, "may the bird of Jove one day pick the eyes out of their unburied corpses. Farewell, noble *eccellenza*. *Figliuola*, do not fear for your helpless ones; the old Olympia will take care of them."

Then with her spindle in her hand, and followed by her shaggy goat, she disappeared round the rock so suddenly that if Paolo had not known the way she went, he might have been tempted to believe that the earth had swallowed her.

"Carmina!" said Paolo to his guide, as she led the way among the rocks to the sea, "do you believe that the threads of our destinies are mingled together as the wise Olympia said?"

"Yes, signor," said Carmina, "I believe it."

"Tell me how and in what way, *mia* Carmina."

"Signor, I have helped to save you from prison, perhaps from death—will not that give me always some share in your life? Will you not always remember the poor Carmina, though perhaps she will never see you more?"

"Remember you? Is that all you ask in return for the life you have given me?"

"Yes, signor, all." But as she said it her voice faltered.

Paolo said no more, and in a few minutes the sea came in sight. Following the windings of the shore for a few yards, the little Cove opened suddenly before them, the deep water flowing close up to a series of flat rocks, rising one above another like steps of stairs. Beside these steps two or three enormous chestnut trees were growing, flinging wide their great arms, through which the

moon, now near her setting, poured a flood of veiled soft light, making the mossy ground beneath look like an enchanted bower, in which the fireflies shone and glittered like fairy lamps.

"Now, signor, you are indeed safe," said Carmina. "Jacopo will soon be here, and the Madonna will guide you safely over the waves to Naples as I saw her do in my dream."

Paolo gazed at her beautiful face, eloquent with all the struggling emotions that filled her heart, and looking more touching and pathetic in the moon's pale light than he had ever seen it before.

"You are my *madonna*, Carmina *mia*! You shall guide me safely over the waves! I will not go without you."

"Without me, Signor Paolo?" faltered Carmina.

"Oh, Carmina, did you think I could leave you behind me? I love you, my own one; I love you with all my heart and soul. Do you not love me?"

He held out his arms, and she threw herself into them, and sobbed out all the pent-up emotions of the last few hours on his breast.

"Let us sit down, my Carmina," said Paolo.

Still holding her in his arms, he soothed her agitation with soft kisses and loving words, till at last her passionate weeping ceased, and she grew calmer.

"Oh, *carissima*!" said Paolo, "I loved you from the first moment I saw you, but I tried to conquer my passion; I told myself that no other love should interfere with my love for Italy. But to love you, my Carmina, will only make my love for Italy the holier and purer. You will help me to save her from her tyrants as you have saved me from their hirelings. What bliss it will be to hold my darling in my arms to-night as we bound over the free waves instead of leaving her behind and carrying with me an empty heart which no joy could ever fill again! But what is the matter, *carissima*?—You turn away your

face—when I kiss you, you kiss me not again. Do you not love me, Carmina?"

"Oh, Signor Paolo," Carmina began—

But Paolo interrupted her. "Do not call me signor; call me Paolo."

"Paolo—Paolo *mio*!" she exclaimed, "I love you, I adore you, I worship you; but I cannot go with you!"

"Carmina, what is it you say? Do you not understand me? You shall be my wife, my beloved and honoured wife. The moment we get to Naples, we shall be united for ever. Will you not trust me, Carmina? I swear to make you my wife."

"Oh, Paolo, I want no oaths, no promises; it would be my pride and joy to follow you all over the world; but I cannot leave the poor *madre* and Ninetta."

For a moment, Paolo was silent from surprise. Though he had admired Carmina's devotion to her mother and sister, it had never once occurred to him that it could for an instant compete with her love for him, or be the slightest obstacle to her accompanying him to Naples.

"Then you love them better than you love me?" he said at last.

"Ah! no," said poor Carmina, simply. "Madonna forgive me, it seems to me now that I do not love them at all—that I cannot love any one but you; but they love me—they trust in me; could I be so base as to forsake them?"

"And do not I love you, Carmina?"

"Signor Paolo, you have health and strength, and a great mind; you have friends; you have your hopes for Italy: you have many things. They have nothing in the world but me; I will never desert them."

In a passion of mortified love and anger Paolo sprang up and walked away. Carmina buried her face in her hands, and wept those hopeless tears in whose bitter flow love and joy and life itself seem ebbing away. But after a little while, as the sound of her anguished weeping reached his ears,

Paolo's heart smote him, and, coming back, he knelt down beside her, put his arms round her, and drew her face close to his. "Forgive me, *amina mia*!" he said, "I know you love me."

She clung to him passionately, but could not speak.

"Listen to me, *carissima*. You may be sure the wise Olympia will take care of the *madre* and Ninetta till she hears from you. She will understand very well where you have gone. You know that she said our fates were joined together. It is your destiny to come with me, Carmina, and you cannot escape it."

"Oh, Signor Paolo, it must not be. If the *madre* knew I had gone away and left her she would die with grief in a day, and then I should have murdered my mother."

"And what about me, Carmina? I shall die with grief if you do not come."

"Ah! signor, you are too wise and strong to die of grief for the loss of a simple girl like me. You will say, as you said a little while ago, it is better that you should have no other love to interfere with your love for Italy."

"False girl!" exclaimed Paolo, "you judge me by yourself; to-morrow you will have forgotten me."

"To-morrow! Never, signor! While I live your image and yours only shall fill my heart and soul! May Madonna above forsake me if for one moment I forget you or cease to love you!"

"Love!" said Paolo, bitterly. "What sort of love is that which can torture the beloved one so cruelly as you are torturing me?"

"Oh, Paolo *mio*, am I torturing you? Forgive me, forgive me; I think my heart is broken. When the wise Olympia said our fates were joined together, I think she meant that I was to die for you—pine away and die when you have left me."

"No, my Carmina, no, you must not die," and Paolo clasped her again. "Come

with me, and live to bless me. Your mother shall be taken care of. I will pay Jacopo to bring her and Ninetta to Naples. You shall put them to board in a convent, where you can see them every day. Come with me, my heart's beloved, soul of my soul; come, and be my pride, my joy, my heart's best treasure."

"Oh, Paolo, Paolo, I wish I could die in your arms this moment. I know I shall die when you are gone; but I cannot go with you. The *madre* is so old and grey and feeble; her life hangs by a thread; if I left her for a single day, she would die. Madonna, have pity upon me and help me! I must not forsake my mother."

"Well, be it so," said Paolo. "I thought I had found a love that would have counted all the world as nothing for my sake; but I have been bitterly mistaken."

Again he sprang up, almost flinging her from him as he did so, and, going to the edge of the Cove, looked out across the water. Carmina still sat where he had left her, no longer weeping, but still and motionless as if she had been turned into stone.

By this time the moon had gone down, and only the faint tremulous light of the stars was in the sky. The sea murmured and moaned, as if in sympathy with the passionate unrest which agitated the hearts of the lovers. The fireflies gave out their light in fitful flashes, and faint gleams of lightning appeared and vanished at intervals on the distant horizon. Suddenly a low rushing sound was heard close to the Cove, and the next instant a boat came round the rocky shore, throwing up showers of phosphorescent light as the waves parted beneath her keel. With a wild hurried impulse, Paolo darted to Carmina. "*Mia* Carmina!" he exclaimed, "here is Jacopo, will you not come? Say yes—oh! say yes; in a moment more it will be too late, and I shall have gone for ever!"

But Carmina neither spoke nor moved. Terrified at her strange silence and stillness,

Paolo caught hold of her hands; they were as cold as death. "Carmina! Carmina! what is this!" he exclaimed. "She is ill—she is dying; oh, my God, have I killed her?"

His wild despairing tones, his frenzied grasp, his passionate kisses, roused Carmina from the stupor of anguish into which she had fallen. "No, no," she said, "I am better now. Go with Jacopo."

"But not without you, Carmina. Come with me; oh, my beloved, come!"

"I cannot, Signor Paolo, I cannot. Forgive me—forget me!" and, sliding from his arms, she threw herself on the ground.

But the next moment Paolo had raised her, and clasped her passionately to his heart. "Forget you, Carmina? Never! Brave, noble, heroic girl, how could I forget you? Oh, my Carmina, I have been selfish and cruel. I am not worthy of you, but I love you—I will love you for ever. Dry your tears, *carissima*, and tell me you will not grieve any more. We shall not be parted for long. As soon as I can get away from Naples, I will come back to you, and make you my wife. Keep up your courage, my noble girl, we shall yet be happy. We shall live to see the sun rise on a free and united Italy, and we shall see it together!"

The sudden reaction from despair to rapture was almost more than Carmina could bear; but joy seldom kills, and after a minute or two she was able to murmur broken assurances of her love and happiness.

By this time Jacopo had brought his boat to the steps, and, surprised at finding no one to meet him, had given a low signal whistle.

"Go now, go at once," said Carmina; "Madonna, preserve you, Paolo *mio*, and send you back to me again!"

"I will come back, my Carmina; do not fear but I will come back. But it is hard to part. Is it not hard to part, my Carmina?"



"Not so hard now I know you will come back," said Carmina. "But there is Jacopo's whistle again. Oh, Paolo, Paolo *mio*, you must go!" And, kissing him passionately, she tore herself away.

But Paolo clasped her once more. "Farewell, my love, my bride," he said. "My heart is yours now and for ever!"

The next moment he had sprung on board the *felucca*, and Carmina watched it slowly disappearing, and leaving a train of light in its wake. Paolo had gone, but Carmina was not alone, for love and faith and hope were with her.

(*To be continued.*)

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## MEMORIES.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

MEMORIES! memories! why do ye spring  
From the heart's deep caverns to-night,  
And why do ye sadness around me fling  
Instead of a silvery light?

Memories! oh, ye have made me weep,  
For ye bring to my earnest gaze  
Friends lying silent in death's still sleep,  
Dear friends of my youthful days.

Ye have brought to my sight in the dim twilight,  
My mother's hallowed face,  
And I bathe in the light of the smile I loved  
In the years that are fled apace.

My sister whose voice like music fell,  
And soft was the clasp of her hand;  
She is here to-night and I know her well,  
Yes, here from the Spirit land.

One dearer than all stands before me now,  
Ye have brought her again to my sight,  
With the far away look in her soft blue eyes,  
And her smile which was ever so bright.

She stands by my side as in days gone by  
She stood 'neath the elm tree old,  
With the sunlight dancing amid her hair,  
And glinting her curls with gold.

I might almost dream she was here again,  
From the land of the blest ones above,  
But I wait for the low sweet voice in vain,  
The voice of my early love.

PETERBORO'.

## THE LAST OF THE HURONS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE shores of the Georgian Bay present to the voyager upon its waters a picturesque variety of bold headlands, rocky islands of every size and shape, and quiet inlets bordered by the columned forest or the smiling clearing and thriving town or village. The region between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Simcoe, which is now a rich agricultural district, was, two centuries and a half ago, the home of the numerous and powerful Huron nation of Indians. Much of this region is still covered with what seems to be a virgin forest, yet the plough and the axe of the pioneer often bring to light the relics of a former population concerning whom local tradition is silent, and of whom the lingering red men of the present know nothing. Yet in the pages of history live the records of this lost race, written with a fidelity and vigour that rehabilitate the past and bring us face to face with this extinct nation. The three large volumes of *Relations des Jésuites*\* now before me contain a minute and graphic account by men of scholastic training, keen insight and cultivated powers of observation, of the daily life, the wars and conflicts, the social, and especially the religious condition, of this strange people. As we read these quaint old pages, we are present at the firesides and the festivals of the Huron nation; we witness their superstitious rites and usages, their war and medicine dances and their funeral customs; and, at length, as the result of the pious zeal of the Jesuit missionaries, their general adoption of Chris-

tianity and their celebration of Christian worship.

In the region between the Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe and the river Severn, in the year 1639, were no less than thirty-two Huron villages, and about thirty thousand inhabitants. These villages were not mere squalid collections of wigwams, but consisted of well built dwellings, about thirty or thirty-five feet high, as many wide, and sometimes thirty and even a hundred yards long. They were generally well fortified by a ditch rampart and three or four rows of palisades; and sometimes had flanking bastions which covered the front with a cross-fire. The inhabitants were not mere hunting nomades, but an agricultural people, who laid up ample stores of provisions, chiefly Indian corn, for their maintenance during the winter.

It is not within the scope of this paper to describe the planting of the Huron mission, but rather to depict the closing scenes of the forest tragedy.

As early as 1626, Jean de Brébeuf, the apostle of the Hurons, had visited, and for three years remained among these savage tribes. On Kirk's conquest of Quebec he was recalled, but in 1634, accompanied by Pères Daniel and Davost, he returned under a savage escort to the temporarily abandoned mission. By a tortuous route of nine hundred miles up the Ottawa, and through Lake Nipissing, French River, and the Georgian Bay, they reached the Bay of Penetanguishene. Over four-and-thirty portages, sometimes of several miles, often steep and rugged, through tangled forests and over sharp rocks that lacerated their naked feet, the missionary pioneers helped to bear their bark canoes and their contents. Fifty times

\* For forty years, 1632-1672, these *Relations* were annually sent to the Provincial of the Order at Paris. They were collected and published in three large 8vo volumes by the Canadian Government in 1858. I have closely followed these *Relations* in the text.

they had to plunge into rapids and, wading or stumbling over boulders in the rocky channel, to drag the laden boats against an arrowy stream. With drenched and tattered garments, with weary and fasting frames, with bruised and mangled feet, stung by mosquitoes and venomous insects, they had to sleep on the damp earth or naked rock. "But amid it all," writes Brébeuf, "my soul enjoyed a sublime contentment, knowing that all I suffered was for God."\* Separated from his companions and abandoned by his perfidious escort, Brébeuf offered himself and all his labours to God for the salvation of these poor savages, † and pressed through the woods to the scene of his former toil. He found that Brulé, a fellow-countryman, had been cruelly murdered in his absence and, with prophetic instinct, anticipated the same fate for himself, but desired only that it might be in advancing the glory of God. Davost and Daniel soon after arrived, a mission house and chapel were built, and the latter decorated with a few pictures, images and sacred vessels, brought with much trouble over the long and difficult route from Quebec. Here the Christian altar was reared, surpliced priests chanted the ancient litanies of the church, whose unwonted sounds awoke strange echoes in the forest aisles, and savagetribees were besought by the *death of Christ and love of Mary to seek the salvation of the Cross.*

But by weary years of hope deferred the missionaries' faith was sorely tried. They toiled and preached and prayed and fasted, without any apparent reward of their labour: the ramparts of error seemed impregnable. The hosts of hell seemed leagued against them. The Indian, "sorcerers," as the Jesuits called medicine-men, whom they believed to be the imps of Satan, if not, indeed,

his human impersonation, stirred up the passions of their tribe against the mystic medicine-men of the pale-faces. These were the cause, they alleged, of the fearful drought that parched the land, of the dread pestilence that consumed the people; the malign spell of their presence neutralized the skill of the hunter and the valour of the bravest warrior. The chanting of their sacred litanies was mistaken for a magic incantation, and the mysterious ceremonies of the mass for a malignant conjury. The cross was a charm of evil potency, blasting the crops and affrighting the thunder-bird that brought the refreshing rain.

The missionaries walked in the shadow of a perpetual peril. Often the tomahawk gleamed above their heads or a deadly ambush lurked for their lives. But beneath the protection of St. Mary and St. Joseph they walked unhurt. The murderous hand was restrained, the death-winged arrow was turned aside; undismayed by their danger, undeterred by lowering looks and muttered curse, they calmly went on their way of mercy. In winter storms and summer heat, from plague-smitten town to town, they journeyed through the dreary forest, to administer their homely simples to the victims of the loathsome small-pox, to exhort the dying, to absolve the penitent, and, where possible, to hallow with Christian rites the burial of the dead. The wail of a sick child, faintly heard through the bark walls of an infected cabin, was an irresistible appeal to the missionaries' heart. Heedless of the scowling glance or rude insult, they would enter the dwelling and, by stealth or guile, they would administer the sacred rite which snatched an infant soul from endless perdition,—from the jaws of the "Infernal Wolf."† They

\* "Mon âme ressentoit de très-grands contentemens, considérant que ie suffrois pour Dieu. Brébeuf, *Relation des Hurons*, 1635, p. 26.

† "M'offris a nostre Seigneur, avec tous nos petits travaux, pour le salut de ces pauvres peuples."—*Id.* 28.

‡ "Ce loup infernal." Thus, as they phrased it, the dying infants were changed "from little savages to little angels." Of a thousand baptisms in 1639—all but twenty were baptised in immediate danger of death. Two hundred and sixty were infants and many more quite young.

shared the privations and discomforts of savage life. They endured the torments of filth and vermin, of stifling, acrid smoke parching the throat and inflaming the eyes till the letters of the breviary seemed written in blood. Often they had no privacy for devotion save in the dim crypts of the forest, where, carving a cross upon a tree, they chanted their solemn litanies till, gnawed to the bone by the piercing cold, they returned to the reeking hut and the foul orgies of pagan superstition.

Yet the hearts of the missionaries quailed not: they were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm that courted danger as a condition of success. The gentle Lalemant prayed that if the blood of the martyrs were the necessary seed of the Church, its effusion should not be wanting. Nor did the mission lack in time that dread baptism. The pious Fathers believed that powers supernal and infernal fought for them or against them in their assault upon the Kingdom of Satan. On the side of Christ, His Virgin Mother and the blessed gospel were legions of angels and the sworded seraphim. Opposed to them were all the powers of darkness, aided by those imps of the pit, the dreaded "sorcerers," whom Satan clothed with vicarious skill to baffle the efforts of the missionaries and the prayers of the holy Saints. Foul fiends haunted the air, and their demoniac shrieks or blood-curdling laughter could be heard in the wailing night wind, or in the howling of the wolves down the dim forest aisles. More dreadful still, assuming lovely siren forms, they assailed the missionary on the side of his human weakness, but at the holy sign of the Cross the baneful spell was broken—the tempting presence melted into air.\*

\* Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 24. One chapter of the *Relations* is headed *Du règne de Satan en ces contrées*, which the simple Fathers designated the very fortress and donjon-keep of demons—une des principales forteresses, et comme un donjon des Démon.

Yet, with these intensely realistic conceptions of their ghostly foes, the Jesuits shrank not from the conflict with Hell itself. Emparadised in beatific vision, they beheld the glorious palace of the skies prepared, a heavenly voice assured them, for those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God on earth. Angelic visitants cheered their lonely vigils, and even the Blessed Mother of Christ, surrounded by a choir of holy virgins, by her smile of heavenly approbation enbraved their souls for living martyrdom.† Nor were they without previsions of their future sufferings and of the manner in which they should glorify God.

Many years before his martyrdom, Christ crowned with thorns and the Blessed Virgin with transpierced heart appeared in a vision to Brébeuf, and revealed to him that he also should tread the thorny way of the holy Cross. Again, the Saviour, with an infinite compassion, folded him in a loving embrace, pardoned all his sins, and, with the assurance that he was a chosen vessel to bear his name unto the Gentiles, showed him how great things he must suffer for His name's sake. In a transport of devotion the willing victim exclaimed—"Naught shall separate me from the love of Christ, nor tribulation, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword."‡ His ardour for martyrdom rising into a passion he writes, "I feel myself vehemently impelled to die for Christ."§ Wishing to make himself a holocaust, says his biographer, and a victim consecrated to death and to anticipate the happiness of the fate that awaited him, he made a vow never to refuse the grace of martyrdom, but to accept the stroke of death with all the contentment and joy of his heart. "Yea, Lord," he exclaimed, "though all the torments that captives in these lands can undergo in their cruel sufferings should fall on me alone, I

† *Relation* 1649, 24.

‡ Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 23.

§ "Sentio pro Christo." *Ib.* 18.

offer, with all my heart, to endure them in my own person."\*

Indeed he sought by his rigorous penances to make his life a continuous martyrdom. Beneath his hair-shirt he wore an iron girdle, studded with sharp points. Daily, or more often still, he inflicted upon himself unsparing flagellation. His fasts were frequent and austere, and often, in pious vigils, he wore the night away.

Such enthusiasm as that of these empassioned devotees was not without its unfailing reward. Inveterate prejudice was overcome, bitter hostility was changed to tender affection, and the worn and faded close, black cassock, the cross and rosary hanging from the girdle, and the wide-brimmed looped-up hat of the Jesuit missionary became the objects of loving regard instead of the symbols of a dreaded spiritual power. The Indians abandoned their cruel and cannibal practices. Many of them received Christian baptism. In the rude forest sanctuary was broken to savage neophytes the sacred bread which the crowned monarchs of Europe received from the hands of mitred priests beneath cathedral dome. As at evening the Angelus sounded

" The bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as a priest with  
his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
among them.  
From the rustic altar the crucifix \* \* \*  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it."

The little children were taught to repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo* and the *Pater Noster*. Rude natures were touched to human tenderness and pity by the tender story of a Saviour's love; and lawless passions were restrained by the dread menace of eternal

\* Ouy, mon Dieu, si tous les tourmens que les captifs peuvent endurer en ces pays, dans la cruauté des supplices, devoient tomber sur moy, ie m'y offre de tout mon cœur, et moy seul ie les souffriray. *Ib.* 23.

flames. Savage manners and unholy pagan rites gave way to Christian decorum and pious devotion, and the implacable red men learned to pray for their enemies.

That, in some instances at least, the conversion of the Indians was not a merely nominal one but a radical change of disposition, is evidenced by the following prayer of a Huron tribe for their hereditary foes, the cruel Iroquois:—"Pardon, O Lord, those who pursue us with fury, who destroy us with such rage. Open their blind eyes; make them to know Thee and to love Thee, and then, being Thy friends they will also be ours, and we shall together be Thy children."\* A more signal triumph of grace over the implacable hate of the Indian nature it is difficult to conceive. "Let us strive," exclaimed another convert, "to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus."

The scattered missionaries were reinforced by pious recruits drawn across the sea by an impassioned zeal that knew no abatement even unto death. At almost every Indian town was a mission established and consecrated by some holy name. Thus in the Northern half of what is now the County of Simcoe, were the missions of St. Michel, St. Joseph, St. Jean, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Louis, St. Denys, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Ignace,† St. François Xavier, Ste. Marie, Ste. Anne, Ste. Agnès, Ste. Catherine, Ste. Cécile, St. Geneviève, Ste. Madeleine, Ste. Thérèse, and several others. The most important of these was that of Ste. Marie, established in 1640, on a small stream, now known as the river Wye, which flows into

† "Seigneur, pardonnez à ceux qui nous poursuivent avec tant de fureur, qui nous font mourir avec tant de rage, ouvrez leurs yeux, ils ne voyent goutte; faites qu'ils vous connoissent et qu'ils vous aiment, et alors estans vos amys ils seront les nôtres, et nous serons tous vos enfans." Vincent, *Relation*, 1645. 16.

‡ The frequency of this designation, throughout the whole of New France, attests the veneration in which the founder of the Society of Jesus was held

Gloucester Bay, itself an inlet of the Georgian Bay, not far from the present town of Penetanguishene. The outlines of the fortification, for it was both fort and mission, may still be traced amid the forest, which has long since overgrown the spot. A wall of combined masonry and palisades, flanked by bastions at the angles, enclosed a space of some thirty by sixty yards, containing a church, a mission residence, a kitchen and a refectory. Without the walls were a hut for Indian visitors, a hospital for the sick, and a cemetery for the dead. Sometimes as many as sixty white men were assembled at the mission, among whom were eight or ten soldiers, as many hired labourers, about a score of men serving without pay, and as many priests; most of these, however, were generally engaged in the various out-missions. The demands upon the hospitality of Ste. Marie were very great. During the year 1649 as many as six thousand Christian Indians were lodged and fed. But the fathers bestowed such care on agriculture, sometimes themselves working with spade and mattock, that in 1648 they had provisions laid up sufficient for three years. They had also a considerable quantity of live stock, including fowls, swine, and even horned cattle, brought with infinite trouble through the wilderness.

But this prosperity was destined to be rudely interrupted and to have a tragic close.

The terrible Iroquois, who dwelt to the south of Lake Ontario, in what is now Central New York, the most warlike and cruel of all the Indian races, the scourge and terror alike of the French and English settlements, waged perpetual war against their hereditary foes, the Hurons. Urged by implacable hate, large war parties would travel on snow-shoes through a pathless forest for hundreds of miles to burn and destroy the Huron villages and indiscriminately massacre their inhabitants, not merely the warriors, but the old men, the women, the little children. No distance was too

great, no perils too formidable, if they might only glut their thirst for Huron blood. Even single individuals lurked for weeks near the walls of Quebec or Montreal, for the opportunity to win a Huron scalp. With the persistence of a sleuth hound, a small war party of Iroquois travelled twenty days' journey north of the St. Lawrence in mid-winter to attack a Huron camp, and wantonly butchered its inhabitants. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty wretches infested the forest; lay in ambush at the portages of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and sprang, like a tiger on his prey, on the straggling parties of their foes. Their victims they tortured with demoniac cruelty. They hacked the body with knives and shells, scorched it with burning brands, and after, with fiendish ingenuity, exhausting every mode of suffering, in their unhallowed frenzy they devoured the quivering flesh. "They are not men, but wolves," said a wretched victim of their rage. The blood-curdling story of the tortures of Pères Bressani and Jaques reads more like Dante's distempered dream of the horrors of the Malebolgian abyss, than like the acts of human beings.\*

This tempest of heathen rage in 1648 was let loose on the Christian missions. The storm burst on the frontier village of St. Joseph, situated not far from the present town of Barrie, on the morning of July 4. This village had two thousand inhabitants, and was well fortified, but most of the warriors were absent at the hunt or on distant journeys. Père Daniel, who for fourteen years had here laboured in the Gospel, arrayed in the vestments of his office, had just finished the celebration of the mass in the

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\* Bressani, in a letter to the General of his Order at Rome, apologizes for the bad writing and the blood smears on the paper, by the statement that only one finger is left on his mutilated and unhealed hand. His ink was a mixture of gunpowder and water; his table the ground. Sometimes the victim would write his woes in his own blood on bark or beaver skin.

crowded mission chapel, when the dread war whoop of the Iroquois was heard. The painted savages rushed through the unprotected openings in the palisade, murdering all whom they met. Unable to baptize separately the multitude who, hitherto impenitent, now sought this ordinance, Père Daniel dipped his handkerchief in water and, shaking it over the terrified crowd, exclaimed, "My brethren, to-day we shall be in Heaven."\* Absolving the dying, and baptizing the penitent, he refused to escape. "Fly, brothers," he cried to his flock. "I will die here. We shall meet again in Heaven."† Boldly fronting the foe he received in his bosom a sheaf of arrows, and a ball from a deadly arquebuse. "He fell," says the contemporary chronicler, "murmuring the name of Jesus, and yielding joyously his soul to God, truly a good shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep."‡

Seven hundred persons, mostly women or children, were captured or killed. The body of the proto-martyr of the Huron Mission was burned to ashes, but his intrepid spirit, it was believed, appeared again among the living, animating their hearts to endure unto the bitter end, and not for one moment did they quail. "We cannot hope," writes Ragueneau, his companion in toil and tribulation, "but to follow in the burning path which he has trod, but we will gladly suffer for the glory of the Master whom we serve."

The next act of this tragedy opens eight months later, in the early spring of 1649. A thousand Iroquois warriors had, during the winter, made their way from near the Hudson River, round the head of Lake Ontario and across the western peninsula to the Hu-

ron country. The object of attack was the Village of St. Ignace, situated about ten miles northwest of the present town of Orillia. It was completely surprised in the early dawn of March 16th, and taken almost without a blow.‖ All the inhabitants were massacred, or reserved for cruelties more terrible than death, save three fugitives, who fled half-naked across the snow to the neighbouring Town of St. Louis, about three miles off. Most of the inhabitants of St. Louis had time to escape before the attack of the Iroquois, but about eighty Huron warriors made a stand for the defence of their homes. With them remained the two Jesuit missionaries, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, who, scorning to fly, chose the point of danger among their flock, standing in the breach, the one baptizing the catechumens, the other absolving the neophytes.§ The town was speedily taken and burned. The Jesuits, however, were not immediately killed, "being reserved for a more glorious crown,"¶ but were, with the other captives, driven before their exulting conquerors back to St. Ignace.

Now began a scene of fiendish torture. The missionaries, stripped naked, were compelled to run the gauntlet through a savage mob, frenzied with cruelty, drunk with blood. They received a perfect storm of blows on every part of the body. "Children," said Brébeuf to his fellow captives, "let us look to God. Let us remember that He is the witness of our sufferings, that He will be our exceeding great reward. I feel for you more than for myself. But endure with courage the little that remains of these torments. They will end with our lives, but the glory that follows will continue forever."

\* "Mes Frères, nous serons aujourd'hui dans le Ciel." Ragueneau. *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 3.

† "Fuyez, mes Frères. Pour moy, ie dois mourir icy ; nous nous reverrons dans le ciel." *Ib.* 4.

‡ "Il tomba prononçant le nom de Jésus, en rendant heureusement son âme à Dieu vraiment un bon Pasteur, qui expose et son âme et sa vie pour le salut de son troupeau." *Ib.* 4.

‖ "Quasi sans coup férir."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*. 1649. 10.

§ "L'un étoit à la brèche baptisant les catechumènes, l'autre donnant l'absolution aux neophytes."—Ragueneau, *Relations des Hurons*, 1649, 11.

¶ "Dieu les réservoir à des couronnes bien plus grandes."—*Ib.*

The Iroquois, maddened to fury, tore off the nails of their victims, pierced their hands, lacerated their flesh. Brébeuf, of brawny frame and iron thews, and dauntless bearing—the Ajax of the Huron Mission—was the especial object of their rage. On him they wreaked their most exquisite tortures. They cut off his lips, they seared his throat and bleeding gums, they hung a collar of red-hot hatchets around his neck. But he stood like a rock, unflinching to the last, without a murmur or a groan, his soul even then reposing on God, an object of amazement to even savage stoicism.\* The gentle and delicate Lalemant they envelope in bark saturated with pitch, which they fired, seaming his body with livid scars. As the stifling wreaths of smoke arose, he cried, “We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men.” They then tore out his eyes and seared the sockets with burning coals. In derision of the rite of baptism, which the missionaries had so often administered to others, their savage tormentors poured boiling water on their heads. “We baptize you,” they said, “that you may be happy in heaven ; for without a good baptism no one can be saved.”

The dying martyrs freely pardoned their foes, praying God to lay not these things to their charge. After nameless tortures the human hyenas scalped Brébeuf while yet alive, tore out his quivering heart, and drank his blood. Lalemant endured his sufferings for seventeen hours, and died by the welcome stroke of a tomahawk. Brébeuf’s stronger frame succumbed to his more deadly wounds in less than four hours. Intrepid and blessed spirits ! In a chariot of flame ye passed from mortal agonies, and the mocking of a ribald mob, to join the noble army of martyrs, to wear for evermore their starry and unwithering crown.

\* “Souffroit comme un rocher. Sans pousser aucun cry, estoit ses bourreaux mesmes ; sans doute que son cœur reposoit alors en son Dieu.”—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 14

In their divine repose, writes their biographer, they say, “We passed through fire and water, but Thou hast brought us into a wealthy place.”

The skull and other relics of Brébeuf are preserved at the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, and are *said* to have wrought miracles of healing, as well as the conversion of most obstinate heretics † ; but a more potent spell is that of his lofty spirit, his noble life, and his heroic death.

The night which followed this deed of blood was a night of terror at Ste. Marie, situated only six miles distant from St. Ignace. All day long the smoke of the burning village of St. Louis was visible, and Iroquois scouts prowled, wolf-like, near the mission walls. All that night and the night following the little garrison of forty Frenchmen stood at arms. In the chapel vows and prayers without ceasing were offered up. The Hurons rallied, and attacked the Iroquois in furious battle. But their valour was unavailing ; they were, almost to a man, cut off. The Iroquois in turn, panic-stricken, fled in haste, but not without a last act of damning cruelty. Tying to the stake at St. Ignace the prisoners whom they had not time to torture, they fired the town, retreating to the music, delightful to the savage ear, of the shrieks of human agony of mothers and their children, husbands and their wives, old age and infancy, writhing in the fierce flames’ torturing embrace.‡ The site of the hapless town may still be traced in the blackened embers, preserved beneath the forest growth of over two centuries.

The mission was wrecked. The Hurons were scattered. Their towns were abandoned, burnt or destroyed, and themselves

† “Plus opiniastres.”—Mercier, *Relations*, 1665. 26.

‡ “Prenans plaisir à leur depart, de se repaistre des cris espouvantables que pousoient ces pauvres victimes au milieu de ces flammes, ou des enfans grilloient à costés de leurs mères, ou un mary voyoit sa femme rostir auprès de soy.—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 13.



fugitives from a wrathful foe. "We are counted as sheep for the slaughter," writes the pious Ragueneau. The Fathers resolved to transfer the missions to the Grand Manitoulin, where they might gather again their scattered flock free from the attacks of their enemies. They unhappily changed their destination to Isle St. Joseph, now known as Christian Island, (probably from tradition of its Jesuit occupation), situated about twenty miles from Ste. Marie, and two or three miles from the main land. They set fire to the mission buildings, and, with sinking hearts, saw in an hour the labours of ten years destroyed. On a rude raft, near sunset on the 14th of June, they embarked, about forty whites in all, with all their household goods and treasures, and, after several days, reached Isle St. Joseph. They built a new mission-fortress, the remains of which may still be seen. Here by winter were assembled six or eight thousand wretched Hurons, dependent upon the charity of the mission. The Fathers had collected five or six hundred bushels of acorns, which were served out to the perishing Indians, and boiled with ashes to take away their bitter taste. But the good priests found compensation in the thought that man shall not live by bread alone; and they sought unweariedly to break unto the multitude the bread of life. In their extremity the famishing creatures were fain to eat the carrion remains of dogs and foxes, and, more horrible still, even the bodies of the dead.

O, the long and dreary winter !  
O, the cold and cruel winter !  
O, the wasting of the famine !  
O, the blasting of the fever !

Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Before spring, harassed by attacks of the Iroquois and wasted by pestilence, half of the number had died. Day by day the faithful missionaries visited the sick, exhorted the

living, absolved the dying, and celebrated the sacraments in the crowded chapel, which was daily filled ten or twelve times. Night by night, in frost and snow and bitter storm, through the livelong hours the sentry paced his weary round.

During the winter the Iroquois ravaged the mainland, burning villages and slaughtering the inhabitants. St. Jean, a town of some six hundred families, which had hitherto resisted attack amid the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, not far from the present town of Collingwood, was taken and destroyed. Here Père Garnier, the scion of a noble family of Paris, shared the heroic fate of Daniel, the first martyr of the mission. He was slain in the act of absolving a dying Indian. With the opening spring the pinchings of hunger drove the starving Hurons from Isle St. Joseph to the mainland. The relentless Iroquois were awaiting them. Of the large party who crossed but one man escaped to tell the tale of blood. The whole country was a land of horror, a place of massacre.\* There was nothing but despair on every side. More than ten thousand Hurons had already perished. Famine or an enemy more cruel still everywhere confronted them. They resolved to forsake their country, and to fly to some distant region in order to escape extermination by their foes. Many of them besought the Jesuits to lead them to an asylum beneath the guns of Quebec, where they might worship God in peace. The Fathers consulted much together but more with God,† and engaged in prayer for forty consecutive hours. They resolved to abandon the mission. Dread of the Iroquois hastened their retreat.

"It was not without tears," writes the pious Ragueneau, "that we left the country

\* "N'estoit plus qu'une terre d'horreur, et un lieu de massacre."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*. 1650, 22.

† "Nous consultations ensemble, mais plus encore avec Dieu."—*Id.*

of our hearts and hopes which, already red with the blood of our brethren, promised us a like happiness, opened for us the gate of heaven."\* The pious toils of fifteen years seemed frustrated, but, with devout submission the Father Superior writes, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." They were accompanied in their retreat by three hundred Christian Hurons, the sad relics of a nation once so populous.† Along the shores where had recently dwelt eight or ten thousand of their countrymen not one remained.‡ The little band of fugitives sought refuge on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec. But even here they were pursued by the undying hate of the Iroquois, who again and again attacked the mission beneath the very guns of the fort. The remaining Hurons were dispersed in scattered groups far over the bleak Northern wastes from the Saguenay to the Mississippi, and soon disappeared as a distinct race.

Of pathetic interest is the specimen of the Huron language given in the *Relations* for the year 1641. This language, once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful nation, is as completely lost as that of the builders of Babel. In all the world is none who comprehends the meaning of those strange mysterious words. Like the bones

of the dinornis and the megatherium this meagre fragment is the relic of an extinct race—the tombstone over the grave of a nation. Yet the labours of the Jesuit missionaries have not been altogether lost. The lives of these devoted martyrs\* and confessors were a perpetual altar flame of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, consuming the base and sordid elements of earth away, and developing an unsurpassed nobility of soul which is its own exceeding great reward. Through their efforts, also, multitudes of degraded savages were reclaimed from lives of utter barbarism and of pagan superstition and cruelty, to the dignity of men and not unfrequently to the piety of saints. He who reads the story of the self-denying lives and heroic deaths of these Jesuit Fathers, although of alien race and diverse belief, however mistaken he may deem their zeal or however false their creed, will not withhold the throb of sympathy for their sufferings and of exultation in their lofty courage and unflinching faith. The imperishable record of their pious labours, of their sublime daring, of their inextinguishable love of souls will be a perpetual inspiration to mankind.

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\* Of the little company of Jesuit missionaries, Pères Daniel, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, Garreau, Buteux and Chabanet and Goupil, Brulé and Lalande, lay labourers, died by violence in the service of the mission; De Noue was frozen to death in the snow, and Bressani, Jaques, Châtelaine, Chaumonot, Couture and others, endured tortures far worse than death.

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\* *Relations*, 1650. 26.

† "Tristes reliques d'une nation autrefois si peuplée."—*Id.*

‡ "Il n'en restoit pas mesme un seul."—*Id.*

## AUTUMN TINTS.

BY MONACHUS.

WE wandered off together.  
We walked in dreamful ease,  
In mellow autumn weather,  
Past autumn-tinted trees ;  
The breath of soft September  
Left fragrance in the air,  
And well do I remember  
I thought you true as fair.

The maples' deep carnations,  
The beeches' silv'ry sheen,  
Hid nature's sad mutations,  
And I forgot the green :  
Forgot the green of summer,  
The buds of early spring,  
And gave the latest comer  
My false heart's offering.

O painted autumn roses !  
O dying autumn leaves !  
Your beauty fades and closes,  
That gaudy hue deceives :  
Like clouds that gather golden  
Around the setting sun,  
Your glories are beholden  
Just ere the day is done.

Or, like th' electric flushes,  
That fire Canadian skies,  
Your bright and changeful blushes  
In gold and crimson rise.  
But health has long departed  
From all that hectic glare ;  
And love sees broken-hearted  
The fate that's pictured there.

The brush that paints so brightly  
 No mortal artist wields ;  
 He touches all things lightly,  
 But sweeps the broadest fields.  
 The fairest flowers are chosen  
 To wither at his breath ;  
 The hand is cold and frozen  
 That paints those hues of death.

We wandered back together,  
 With hearts but ill at ease,  
 In mellow autumn weather,  
 Past autumn-tinted trees ;  
 The breath of soft September,  
 Left fragrance in the air,  
 And well we both remember  
 The love that ended there.

TORONTO.

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LEGISLATION UPON INSOLVENCY.

BY R. M. F.

THE passing of a Bill in the House of Commons, at Ottawa, during last Session, totally repealing "the Insolvent Act of 1869," has called the attention of the country, already directed to the subject, in a most marked manner to the imperfections of existing laws upon the subject of Insolvency. That such a Bill could pass through the Lower Chamber argues a very strong feeling among the people that the law, as it now stands, is defective, and so defective that no amendments can cure it. On the other hand, the delegations and petitions which flowed in upon our Canadian Lords immediately upon the action of the Com-

mons becoming known and the subsequent rejection of the Bill by the Senate, shows just as clearly that a large share of public opinion is in favour of the continuance of the present law until a better can be devised.

When public sentiment is, without the existence of any special circumstances of panic or crisis, thus strongly agitated upon a question affecting trade, we may safely conclude that there is some radical defect in our mode of trading, or in the laws which regulate the commerce of the country: for experience has shown that, in matters of civil polity, it requires either the revolutionary logic of a financial crisis, or the slow corroding of an evil

practice eating, visibly at last, into the very vitals of credit, to arouse business men to the conviction that what is may not be right. Too intent upon using existing means of progress, and too easily adapting themselves to the current of trade as it may flow, they do not take the time or trouble to consider the principles which should underlie legislation upon commercial questions. Hence too much of our commercial law is patchwork: the policy of instant expediency having too often usurped the place of principle.

We have a system of commercial *espionage* extending to every hamlet and cross-road in the country, and in the books of the professional spies who control and work this system, every person engaged in trade has his credit ticketed as "good, bad, or indifferent." Even the private character of every merchant, and his business history, can be learned by the subscribers, who employ and pay these mercantile detectives. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, we have a plentiful crop of insolvents, and we hear of men in business who have made half a dozen "arrangements" with their creditors in almost as many years. A variety of causes may exist for this undesirable state of things, and our commercial writers have discovered many of them, and are applying the proper remedies of exposure and condemnation. But there can be no doubt that some reason for the low standard of commercial morality in this country exists in the nature of its Insolvency laws. Such, at least, was the strongly expressed opinion of all those who pronounced in the House of Commons the opinion of the majority who voted for Mr. Colby's Bill.

The late attempt to repeal the Insolvent Act only shows the spread of opinions which have existed ever since we had an Insolvent Act. All can remember what a spirited discussion arose when the working of "The Insolvent Act of 1864" was found to afford so many opportunities for fraud, that credit, the very life of trade, was threatened with extinc-

tion. It was even then contended that the Insolvency laws should be altogether repealed, and unfortunate debtors left to the tender mercies of their creditors for a few years, until such another army of ruined men as existed before the passage of the Statute just referred to had been recruited; when it was proposed again to establish a legal "white-washing" machine to discharge them from their liabilities. But it was well considered that laws upon any subject, and especially upon such an important one as the relative positions of debtor and creditor, should be permanent, and not made for the occasion. More prudent counsels, therefore, at that time prevailed, and "The Insolvent Act of 1869" was passed. This Statute applies to "traders" only, and very properly so: for when credit is given to one who expects to pay by the sale of the goods entrusted to him, the crediting party is responsible for part at least of the risk that the circle of credit, which will enable his debtor to reimburse him, will remain intact; whereas when a "non-trader" contracts a liability, he virtually holds himself out as able to discharge it at maturity, apart from all considerations of the hazards of trade. But, although thus amended in principle, and improved in many details of practice and procedure, experience, as evidenced by the recent utterances of our law-makers, has proved that the new law has not been effectual in lessening materially the frauds perpetrated under the older Statute. Perhaps the disappointment experienced in the result of all previous legislation upon Insolvency in Canada has originated in wrong principles being applied in the framing of our Statutes upon the subject.

The laws of the Romans upon the relative positions of creditor and debtor were all in favour of the former. The contracting of a debt and the subsequent inability to liquidate it, were looked upon in the light of a crime; and the law proceeded to punish the debtor as a criminal, disregarding altogether his claims to humane indulgence.

when unmerited calamity overtook him. The means adopted for extorting information regarding hidden wealth were extremely cruel, and when all other means of enforcing payment were exhausted, the unfortunate debtor, upon some rude principle of forcing him to "work out" his debt, was made the slave of the creditor until satisfaction was had. From much the same vindictive practice arises the emigration of the "Heathen Chinese" to California. Yet a faint suspicion may exist that, here in Canada, at this present speaking, we are, in the practical results of enforcing fair dealing between man and man, not quite nineteen centuries in advance of the Romans, or entitled to despise the Celestials as a people behind the age.

It is axiomatic that good laws, properly administered, have a most powerful influence in elevating the standard of public thought. The converse of this is, of course, equally indisputable. It affords, therefore, a very strong argument against the wisdom of our present legislation, that under it prevails a vast amount of that reckless and improvident trading which has caused trade to languish on account of the uncertainty of credit, and benefitted nobody but dishonest traders and Official Assignees. In countries where the laws for the protection of life and property are either defective or feebly administered, the crime of murder is looked upon as a venial offence and the murderer, if he has an excuse for resorting to the gentle persuasion of the revolver or the bowie-knife, that will satisfy the loose notions of chivalry and honour which prevail in such communities, need not fear the law—even such law as is administered in the impromptu court, convened on occasion by the learned Chief Justice Lynch, assisted by a special jury of "regulators." So when pecuniary integrity is not strictly and rigidly insisted upon by the law, the status of commercial honour becomes disgracefully low, the effecting of a clever fraud, so far from excluding the perpetrator from society, confers upon him the

high distinction of being considered "smart." There are two ways of failing to make money! In all countries having bankruptcy laws, where the simple fact of failure is looked upon as a misfortune to be pitied and condoned under the mawkish spirit of humanity which so much obtains in this age, failure is very often made the means of effecting an end; and the laws in their laxity foster and encourage such practices by rendering them possible. The ancient and the modern ways of looking at commercial failures are briefly told by Jeremy Bentham, in his quaint language:—"By *Severus* every bankrupt is considered as a criminal; and out comes a law to squeeze and punish him. By *Clemens* every bankrupt is considered as the blameless child of misfortune, and out comes a law for his relief. In the eyes of *Severus* the interest of the creditor is everything; he is spotless as he is injured; what the wicked debtor may suffer is not worth a thought. In the eyes of *Clemens* every creditor is an extortioner; stone is the material of which his heart is made; if it break where is the damage?" If we could only arrive at a mean between these two extreme opinions of the Roman *Severus* and the Canadian *Clemens*, we should be able to concoct a law which would prove generally satisfactory in its results. As between the State and the community, the laws upon the subject of debtor and creditor should encourage and enforce strict honesty, so far as laws can encourage and enforce it, in order that commercial enterprises may receive their utmost development by the feeling that man may trust man to the farthest limit. As between debtor and creditor, the law should contain provision that when the debtor has failed to meet his engagements in full, the creditor shall have the utmost farthing the debtor can pay. If these two principles, each having its own proper influence, and supporting and maintaining, not subverting the other, were properly entertained by our legislators in framing laws relating to insolvent debtors,

then it is submitted the great majority of "assignments" would be prevented. "Bad debts" would be reduced to a minimum; and "bad debts" are the great source of Insolvency. It is against "bad debts" that wholesale dealers have to "insure," by charging more for their goods than the ordinary retail dealer can well afford to pay. If these same retail men, in their turn, have to "insure" against "bad debts," the incubus upon trade becomes overwhelming or, at least, "the wheels within wheels" become too complicated to warrant steady progress, or an intelligent comprehension of the irregularity of movement. Every now and then a crisis is the result of the disordered running of the intricate machinery of trade.

We are told in our legal text-books and in judicial decisions, that the policy of the bankruptcy laws is to distribute rateably among his creditors the assets of him who has become unable to meet his commercial engagements in full; and to protect creditors against improper conduct on the part of debtors. But in the great majority of cases the causes of this inability to pay is on account of the defective state of the law, never very strictly enquired into. The reading of our criminal law affords a curious study of the pursuit of the criminal by the Legislature and the persistent efforts of the law to strengthen the protecting wall which it has built about the public in these weak places, which ingenious criminals had discovered, and through which they had made their escape. It would have been well if the laws of trade had been watched as strictly, and the avenues to dishonest practices barricaded as effectually. But the experience of every one who has been much accustomed to attend meetings of creditors informs him that over seventy-five per cent. of all the bankruptcies in the country are occasioned by misconduct on the part of the bankrupt. This misconduct ranges in enormity from positive crime to that insanity which excuses even crime by putting the perpetrator beyond the operation

of the criminal code. To be entrusted with property, and when the day of reckoning comes to be without the wherewithal to square accounts, makes a *prima facie* case of wrong, and gives just ground for deciding that the person failing to pay all demands upon him has been either dishonest, improvident, or incompetent. Improvidence and incompetency are so nearly allied to dishonesty that it is pretty difficult to say where dishonesty begins. To have been regardless of the interest of the creditor is dishonest, though it may be improvident too. Is it quite honest to profess to cure the cancer by an incantation? If not, is it less a "confidence game" to pretend to know a business of which you are profoundly ignorant, and thus induce others to entrust their property to you? The possession of goods recently stolen, though consistent with a perfect innocence of the theft, puts the possessor upon proof of his innocence of any complicity in the crime. Presence under suspicious circumstances upon the scene of a murder just committed, although such presence may have been actuated by the very highest humanity—an endeavour to save the life of the victim—renders the person thus detected a suspected man, liable to be arrested and tried for the crime. In each case the presumption is against the person whose misfortune it was to have even innocently received the goods, or even accidentally been present at the scene of crime. The law has hanged many a man before now who was unable to rebut such a presumption. Yet the loss of another's money or property seems not a sufficiently strong circumstance to put the debtor upon proof that such loss was occasioned by no fault of his. The creditor has now to prove, and that generally out of the debtor's own mouth, that he could but would not pay. No wonder that with such facilities for going "through the mill," and coming out with a clean sheet upon which to write another schedule, so many men rashly embark in business, and recklessly squander their own

means and what of others they can obtain. The laws have been framed to regulate matters between debtor and creditor merely, always erring in the direction of leniency to the former. No regard has, as in the framing of Criminal Statutes, been paid to the interest of the State; and the State it is that is principally interested. A debtor in default is *primâ facie* a wrong-doer, and the State is concerned that no wrong-doer escape punishment. Before a debtor gets a judicial discharge from his liabilities, he should prove beyond reasonable doubt that he was blameless, or, if he cannot do that, he should show such facts in mitigation of his fault as he can, and submit to the measure of punishment allotted by the law to the degree of his offence. His should be the position of a defendant against whom a strong presumption of law exists, and which he is required to rebut before he can be freed from his obligations. Surely it ought not to be the part of the defrauded creditor, as at present, to prove that his debtor was guilty of a fraudulent bankruptcy. Under Insolvency laws, carefully framed so as to lead public opinion, and not be guided by its vitiated forms, the

man who failed to pay one hundred cents in the dollar would soon come to be correctly judged in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and the fear of their adverse opinion would generally prevail over the temptation of acquiring riches by dishonest means.

Parliament must undertake the task of reviewing the subject of Insolvency, and of passing a Statute in the place of the present one, which will expire by effluxion of time, in a little more than a year. It is to be hoped they may frame such a well-considered, statesmanlike law, that after it has been in operation for a time, we may not be able as now to apply to our own times the preamble to the Statute 34 and 35 Hen. viii., c. 4, which recites, "That  
"divers and sundry persons, craftily obtaining  
"into their own hands great substance of  
"other men's goods, do suddenly flee to parts  
"unknown, or keep their houses—not mind-  
"ing to pay or restore to any of their credi-  
"tors their debts or duties, but at their own  
"will and pleasure consume the substance  
"obtained by credit of other men for their  
"own pleasure and delicate living, against  
"all reason, equity and good conscience."

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NOVEMBER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

NOW lies fair summer on her funeral bier;  
The murderer wind, that has her beauty slain,  
Forever moans in dread remorse, like Cain;  
Slow tottering to the tomb the dying year  
Wails a sad threnody, like poor old Lear  
Above the slain Cordelia's corse, full fain  
To die with her and ease him of his pain.

The forest all is faded, sad and sere;  
The clouds, like funeral palls, hang dark and low;  
Slowly and sadly wave their hearse-like plumes  
The lofty pines, in mournful pomp of woe;  
And brood o'er all the winter's gathering glooms,  
While sad rains weep above the lowly bed,  
Where lieth the sweet summer, cold and dead.

NIAGARA, Ont.

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## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

BY W. B. M'MURRICH, M. A.

IT has been well remarked that want of remunerative employment is one of the great sources of crime. From the statistics of our gaols and penitentiaries it would appear that only about sixteen per cent of those committed are mechanics or possessed of a good education; whilst the remaining eighty-four per cent may be classed as common labourers, servants, &c., proving in a most conclusive manner that, given a good remunerative employment, so much less will be the incentive towards a life of crime. Remove a criminal from his associates and vicious surroundings; raise him above his normal condition of want; educate him in any of the useful trades and give him the opportunity of making use of his skilled labour and he is placed in a position in which crime on his part is unnecessary and a loss: as the amount he honestly earns from his trade is far in advance of, and more certain than he could hope to obtain by, a return to his former mode of life. Besides all this, as has been aptly remarked by an American writer, morally considered any acquisition which has been attained by hard, honest labour cannot fail to increase the self-respect of the one who has striven against an evil life of whatever character; and self-respect is the most potent talisman.

The Industrial Schools of Great Britain and the United States have already proved how true this is as regards that stratum of society which may appropriately be termed "the Juvenile Vagrant Class," and the success attending their operations warrants us in believing that, if introduced into Canada, they will not only remedy a glaring defect in our present system, but supply a want long felt

and be productive of great good. Schools of this description presuppose a rigid system of compulsory education, similar to that in operation for some years in the city of Boston and other American cities, and later introduced into London and other places in Great Britain—under which the children of school age are required to attend some school or other. They also supply the accommodation required for such children as are habitually erratic and who, from the pernicious example set before them or from their associations, are in danger of being driven into a life of crime. In this way, they receive the benefit of a sound English education and are instructed in some trade or calling by which, on leaving the school, they may earn an honest livelihood. The population of such schools are almost all drawn from the cities and large towns, the country being no place for idlers or those who try to live without work. Already, in all our large cities, we find this neglected and vagrant class in large numbers, and so far no general efforts have been put forth to reach this part of our population, although private philanthropy by the establishment of Boys' and Girls' Homes and other kindred institutions, has recognized the evils existing and is doing what is possible to apply a remedy.

These facts shew us that our present system of School Education, more especially in the cities, fails to reach the class which it most important should reap its advantage. Our schools, for the most part, are filled with the children of well-to-do people and, though nominally and by Statute free and open to all, they are so hedged round with conventional restrictions that the class of children just

referred to are practically excluded. Many children are prevented from attending through poverty, whilst others, through the ignorance or indifference of the parents, through vice or greed of gain, fail to enjoy their benefits. This is the link of the chain that is wanting to make our system complete—the power to compel these children to be educated and the machinery to give them the necessary education.

It is quite evident then that, on compulsory power being granted by the Legislature, the neglected children in our midst could not be sent to our present schools in the condition in which they would most likely be found, without the necessary clothing or appliances and with all their wild, untutored ways. Besides all which, to effect a remedy it is necessary that they should be removed from all their former associations and receive a special training which can only be imparted in an Industrial School. Since August Hermann Francke, in 1695, first extended a helping hand to raise up the destitute children he found around him in the city of Halle in Germany—and gratifying success crowned his efforts—many have been the devoted followers that have trod in his footsteps.

John Falk, the associate of Herder and Goethe, John Howard, Dr. J. Henry Wichern, Judge de Metz, Elizabeth Fry, Dr. Chalmers, John Griscom, James W. Girard are a few of the noble names, who have followed up the philanthropic movement then inaugurated for the amelioration and elevation of the vagrant and neglected classes.

Society was always at work with full energy to punish crime; the efforts of these philanthropists were put forth to prevent it. They judged it more for the good of the community to pay for bringing up these vagrant classes to be industrious and useful citizens than to pay for their maintenance as adult criminals in our costly gaols and penitentiaries. As Dr. Channing remarks—“If the child be left to grow up in utter ignor-

ance of its duty to its Maker, of its relations to Society; to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of his crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace—and who is most to blame when at last he deals the guilty blow? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the State is a primary duty of Society.”

The means used in different countries and in different places are diverse in their operations, but all tending to the same result.

We look back to the year 1820, and see the great Scotch Divine, Dr. Chalmers, devoting his talents and abilities to evangelize the outlying districts of Glasgow and, later on in his life, we find him associated with the Rev. Mr Tasker, in redeeming the character of the West Port, a portion of Edinburgh in which the population seemed lost to all the decencies of civilized life. By the agency of schools and internal mission work, in five years so grand were the results achieved, that the whole character of the locality was changed. Between four and five hundred children raised from their neglected and criminal ways of life, abandoned outcasts of the street, thronged the schools; nor was it known, remarks his biographer, that there was a single child of a family resident within the West Port who was not at school. Results thus attained could not escape observation and, soon after, attention was particularly called again to the subject of Ragged Schools through the results of the labours of a poor shoemaker in the town of Portsmouth called John Pounds, whose school of “little blackguards,” as he termed them, collected from the vile haunts and slums of the city, amply repaid his labours. Taught his trade and such learning as he could give them, they went out into the world capable of earning their living. In Scotland, about the same time, Sheriff Watson of the City of Aberdeen formed a society

for supplying instruction to all vagrant children of the city, in connection with wholesome meals and industrial occupation. So great was the success attending his efforts that the accommodation had speedily to be enlarged to do greater good. From these small beginnings have come the noble system of British Industrial Schools—regulated by Imperial Acts and under Governmental control.

It is impossible to describe in detail the result of endeavours of this kind on the Continent and in the United States. Suggestions sent from one continent have been received with welcome in another and have become the seed of abundant harvests of good throughout the world. Our neighbours can point to a West Port of their own in the Five Points' Mission of New York, which has been eminently successful. They can point to their New York Juvenile Asylum, for children voluntarily committed to their trust by their parents, or by competent legal authority; to their Children's Aid Society, which brings 25,000 children under its care annually, and has, since the year 1854, provided western homes for over 25,000 children; and to the State Industrial Schools at Randall's Island, Rochester, Lancaster, Westborough, and other places throughout the length and breadth of the Union. We in Canada are so far favoured by our position, that, in endeavouring to establish such schools in our midst, we can benefit by the experience of the past half century and cull, from the different systems in working operation, what is most suitable for adoption by ourselves. The various systems may be narrowed down to two :—1st, *The Congregate System*, constructed on the plan of a penitentiary, but made more comfortable, and wearing no penal aspect in their discipline : being the system adopted in England, at Randall's Island, Rochester, and other places in the United States ; and 2nd, *The Family Plan*—consisting of a number of detached houses, each house capable of accom-

modating about thirty children—forming a separate family under a matron or superintendent and assistants. Institutions of this kind can be seen at Mettray, in France and, on this Continent, at Lancaster and Westborough, near Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, where they are worked with marked success. After a careful consideration of the merits of these two systems, and from personal observation of their working, preference should, we think, be given to the Congregate Plan, and on the following grounds, ably summarized by Dr. H. K. Pierce, of the New York House of Refuge :—Because it is in a condition from its extensive resources, sanitary, educational, industrial and moral, to receive a large number at any given time within its walls, so that a great diminution of juvenile crime and evil influence may be secured in the vicinity. It allows of a better classification and, from its organization, must have better discipline. It admits of an earlier distribution of its inmates, because if the experiment of their discharge prove unsuccessful, it has room enough to receive them again. This is an evil experienced in small establishments on the family plan : they are often embarrassed by the influence of a returned child, as they have no reserved resources to meet the exigencies of his return. The object of such schools is, after a moral and educational training, to teach the children the use of the personal implements with which, in most cases, in the humblest walks of life, they may secure an honest living. The Congregate System, near large cities, with wide facilities in a new country, presents an opportunity for doing this work with much promise of success on a large scale. And where a person is found possessed of the reformatory powers—that strong, magnetic, spiritual power of awakening, with the Divine blessing, the latent manhood and the latent conscience in a boy's heart, it is desirable to give him a wide field. Numbers do not necessarily destroy this power. But the great advantage of

the Congregate System is the opportunity it offers for systematic labour. The boys are naturally lazy. They have lived truant, vagrant and vicious lives. They hate work. Farm work is not sharp enough, as a counter-irritant, in the majority of these cases. But the shop, with its carefully adjusted stints, with its delicate labours, requiring constant and absorbing attention, with its daily recurring duties, always demanding faithfulness, has an amazing influence upon the mind. Labour of this kind fires the ambition of the child and gives him the power to earn an honest livelihood, thus lessening the risk of the child returning to his old ways.

One great necessity, in the establishment of such a school, is not only that compulsory attendance be made the law of the land, but that power should be given to detain children committed to the school during their minority, or until such time as they may be discharged. Experience has shown that the commitment of a child for a definite period, rarely if ever, has any beneficial effect, as the child knows that when his term is up, he must go free. But when a child feels that everything depends upon himself, as to the length of time he is to remain as an inmate; that it is by the advances he makes in industry and education only, that he can expect to secure his discharge—then he is led to apply all his energies to the work before him—and his ambition and better feelings being roused, he benefits from the course of study he receives. As a further incentive, and as an auxiliary to the maintenance of discipline, the system of grades has been introduced in most of the schools. In the Western House of Refuge at Rochester, there are three grades regulated by the conduct and application of the child, both at his educational and industrial pursuits. It requires so many weeks of continued good conduct and diligent attention to both studies and labour, to raise from one to the other, and no child is allowed to leave until he has graduated from the highest grade.

The different grades are distinguished by different badges, and quite an amount of *esprit de corps* is exhibited by the children in the retention of the same. In other schools the grades are greater in number—and in some for conduct alone—but the success in all cases is the same and it is but rarely that corporal punishment has to be inflicted, the best feelings of the inmates being called forth by a spirit of rivalry. Whilst Industrial Schools are merely for the reception of neglected and vicious children committed to their care, either voluntarily by their parents or by legal commitment as not attending other schools, there is one class of children namely, the children of poor parents, unable through poverty to supply the necessary clothing and books required to allow of their attending the Public Schools—for these special provision would be required to be made, by allowing them to attend at the school during the times devoted to educational pursuits, giving them the liberty of attending at the meals with the inmates.

In this way they might reap the advantages of the education imparted, and their services during the rest of the day would not be lost to their parents.

In all questions such as this, the question of ways and means must always be a subject not only of interest, but of importance. The amount now spent yearly on the education of the country is so great that the burden should be as far as possible spread over the many, instead of the few. All our large cities are naturally the centres towards which gravitate the poor, and poverty-stricken throughout the country—leaving the country districts comparatively free and supplying our cities largely with the class of children for which these schools are urgently required. Looking to this fact and the large expenditure now entailed upon our cities for the support of the Public Schools, reaching in the City of Toronto the sum of \$40,000 per annum, it would appear reasonable and just that the erection of these schools should

be undertaken by the State and their location fixed at the five great centres of population in the Province, namely in the cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston and London.

The cities and adjoining counties could then forward children to these schools—and contribute to their maintenance. Having already the machinery in operation, under which are conducted our present Public Schools, namely, the different Boards of Trustees in the cities above mentioned, these boards might have their power extended, so as to control, manage and regulate the Industrial Schools when erected. All children, no matter of what religious persuasion, being

of the classes above mentioned, should be compelled, under the authority of the Boards, to attend these schools.

Should such schools be established, a new era will be commenced in our national system of education. An era that will be marked with great results among our neglected classes—classes too long already neglected by the rest of the community, who are now paying for that neglect, in the support they have to give to jails and penitentiaries. Toronto has taken the lead in this important movement, but the importance of the subject is so great, that the interest of all thinking minds must be awakened to its advancement and its speedy realization.

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## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY HENRY RAINE.

O dying splendour of the dying woods !  
 Was never sunset glory more divine ;  
 Nor ever yet did irised goblet shine  
 With gleaming vintage of the rarest wine,  
 So richly blent with rainbow-tinted floods.

O ceaseless year ! thy golden chariot wheels  
 Have flashed upon the boundless forest trees ;  
 Have flushed with peerless hues the leafy seas ;  
 Have blushed the fruitage on the orchard leas ;  
 And aye thy spherical music all reveals.

The Indian summer bathes the northern zone,  
 And, o'er the earth, its gorgeous vesture flings,  
 In jewelled grandeur, like to tropic wings ;  
 And ever through the lustrous aisles there sings  
 A wandering air in wondrous monotone.

O liquid ruby sprent with amethyst,  
 So richer far than silk of Samarcand ;  
 Shone coral yet so bright on golden strand  
 As these fair touches of thy glowing wand,  
 That burn like glories through the Indian mist ?

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Deep is the stillness of the forest glade ;  
 No lonely squirrel leaps with silent bound ;  
 No bird is calling from the lone profound,  
 Only a throbbing heart with bitter wound,  
 And flakes of gold that patter to the ground,  
 Which tell how life and earthly splendours fade.

BARRIE, ONT.

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## AN ADVENTURE AND NO MISTAKE.

BY J. F. N.

“ **N**OW that it's all over, we must take a holiday, that's certain,” said my friend, Jack Maynard. “Let us go to Jersey for a few weeks ; it will suit us splendidly.”

“All right—I'm ready and willing,” I replied.

It was very warm, too warm, even to think much—certainly too warm to talk : so these few words settled it.

Jack and myself were barristers. For years we had done nothing, and had got into the way of doing it ; suddenly, however, we were flooded with work—we had to talk, write, walk, drive, bustle, flurry and bully in such a manner that it knocked us up. We were creatures of habit, certainly, for we could not even break through the habit of doing nothing without suffering for it. We were unaccustomed to such hard work, and a week or two of extremely hot weather settled the matter. It was the last straw on the

back of the camel. However, at the time the opening sentence was spoken we had floated into still waters again. Our work was over and we were eager to get out of London and resume, for a month or so, in some other place our practice of taking things quietly.

On our arrival in Jersey, we proposed resolutions for our future guidance. Keeping the fact in mind that we were overworked and used up, we determined to eschew anything and everything that demanded exertion or encouraged excitement. It was carried unanimously that letter-writing, or writing of any description, walking, riding, rowing, or “doing the place,” was not to be even hinted at. Either of us reading more than one newspaper a day, or commencing a discussion, or talking “shop,” was to be heavily fined. In fact, the only occupations we left ourselves were bathing,

fishing, lounging, sailing, smoking and flirting, if we could get anybody to flirt with near at hand.

The road that leads to a certain uncomfortable place is said to be paved with good intentions. Whether we added any paving by making these resolutions is beyond my ken, but that they were the cause of our having to undergo a great deal more exertion than heretofore, for the term of our natural lives, is certain. It was another proof that

“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men,  
Gang aft aglee.”

In consequence of these regulations our principal recreation or rather occupation, was reclining on the beach, smoking and quizzing the bathers or throwing pebbles into the vast ocean. Jack was a warm advocate of this latter pastime, for, as he said, the action was good, it procured him an appetite, developed his biceps, didn’t tire him, and wasn’t dangerous, except to those urchins who got in the way.

One day we were sauntering about on St. Clement’s Bay, when Jack met an old East Indian officer, Colonel Duncan Cameron and his son, both of whom he had known abroad. This chance meeting changed our programme considerably for, as the Colonel was a very agreeable companion and had plenty of good stories to tell and, besides, was hospitably inclined, we spent most of our time afterwards at his house. A day seldom passed without the Colonel’s servant, a black man, imported from the tropics, and clad in strange raiment, making his appearance with an invitation to a croquet party, to tiffin or to dinner, &c. His dinners generally consisted of everything curried—“Curry, with a vengeance,” Jack called it, and I agreed with him. Remarkably hot stuff it was—the memory of it makes my mouth burn even now. The hotter it was the more the Colonel gloried in it; how he and all his family ever acquired the taste for it is a mystery to me. However, despite the

curry, we liked partaking of the Colonel’s good cheer, for he had two laughing, blue-eyed, golden-haired daughters, whose attractiveness was of the superlative quality. The younger one, Florence, found most favour in my sight, and I used to speak her fair. Every now and then she would break out into such a merry, ringing laugh or screw her charming little mouth into a pout that was provokingly tempting. She was perfectly irresistible—at least I found her so. Jack, thank goodness, preferred her sister Mary. We were constantly fining one another for breaking rules, by commencing a discussion upon their comparative merits; but we could never accurately decide upon the one who began the argument.

We were sitting on the balcony of our hotel, one evening, enjoying the beautiful sea view and immersed in the “cogibundity of cogitation,” assisted by our after-dinner cigars (not Jersey ones). I was dreamily watching the thin, white clouds of smoke curl upwards, form weird shapes and disappear, when I found myself speculating upon sundry strange things—one of them being as to how Jack would look if his beard were black instead of red, and then I began wondering why he did not dye it. It occurred to me that he did not do so because, having a nose to match, the harmony of the two would be spoilt. Cogitation upon this fact led me to noticing that this leading feature was redder and his face whiter than usual. Making a mental calculation to a nicety of how much he of the beard had imbibed the day before, and taking care not to omit a bottle of Jersey cider, or “bottled stomach-ache,” as he termed it, I broke the silence by saying:—

“You look pale to-day, O king! What have you been doing with yourself? Not going in for any more bottled—”

“It is not that which makes me look so pale and wan and haggard,” said Jack, and here his voice assumed a pathetic whine. “Old fellow! concealment like a worm i’

the bud is feeding on my damask"—"Nose," I suggested—"cheek," he continued, with a look of contempt, "and I'm sitting like patience on a balcony, waiting for to-morrow."

"Why waiting for to-morrow?" I asked.

"Why! because to-morrow evening, as you know, we are invited to a sand-eeling party, whatever that may be, and the conventionalities of Jersey society allow ladies to join these nocturnal expeditions. *Ergo*, the D.C. girls will be there, and, favoured by the darkness, I've determined to ask Mary to be mine, or state the reason why. You may laugh, you scoffer, but I have been upon the point of doing so for the last two or three days; but I can't screw my courage to the sticking point—I get so confoundedly bashful when I'm with her."

"How are you going about it, Jack?" I asked.

"Ah! you want to get a hint, sly dog. Well, as your turn will come some day, I'll tell you. I shan't go down upon my bones, that's certain. In the first place, it's unnecessary exertion and therefore opposed to our principles; and again, it's such a bore to regain the perpendicular—to say nothing of the absurdity of the thing if caught in the act by a third party. I suppose I shall whisper something to this effect:—'Maiden, I love thee! Please assist me to shuffle off my mort—my bachelor's coil, I mean. I'm very good at heart, I assure you, although, perhaps, appearances being against me, you don't believe it. Fairest of the fair—you must call them names, or they won't believe you are in earnest—'Fairest of the fair! Thou Psyche! Thou Hebe! Thou Venus! As the rising sun breaking o'er the dark and dreary landscape, so was the first sight of thee upon my too susceptible heart. The light from out those eyes that now are turned aside hath warmed my heart to love. Sul-tana of my soul! Queen of my love! be mine! Doff thy charming name of Cameron and take the nobler one of Maynard.'"

Here he paused for breath, took a pull at

his cigar, and emitting two distinct streams of smoke through his nose, he continued, "If that isn't what they call 'charming never so wisely,' I'm a Dutchman."

"Is the Colonel rich?" I asked.

"I don't think so," said Jack, maliciously. My countenance displayed my feelings.

"I've got an idea, and actually don't feel very ill after it," exclaimed Jack. "I know he intends giving and bequeathing unto his younger and well beloved daughter the sword with which he pursued and smote Rajah Singh, that renowned mutineer. He drove the sword with such force through the small of the Indian's back that it carried the individual off his horse and pinned him to the ground, where he spun round like a tee-totum, an impaled cockchafer, or any thing else that is rotary. You may smile, disbeliever, but it's a fact, therefore, O Knight of the rueful phiz! be not so cast down, look not so crest-fallen. Take Florence and her sword, and carve thy way to fortune. Set up a caravan, and exhibit to the public at a halfpenny per eye, a model in wax of the Colonel, with the identical sword in his grasp, and in the very act of performing the miraculous feat which sheds such a lustre of glory round his name."

I said nothing, for I don't encourage this bantering vein of his; presently he went on—

"By the by, about sand-eeling, the Colonel advises us to procure a pair of fisherman's boots and inexpressibles each, for most likely we shall get a little wet, and salt water is in no way conducive to the preservation or beautifying of one's toggery. I'll look out for the articles to-morrow morning, if you like."

"Very well," I answered; "good night!"

The following day Jack, true to his word, did in some manner, only known to himself, procure the fishing habiliments and, late in the evening, we put ourselves inside them and sallied forth. We looked extremely comical, to judge from the faces of the people we met at the hotel door—we certainly



felt extremely uncomfortable. The trousers were so rough and unpliable that walking in them was exquisite torture; one might have been dressed in a pair of sandpaper bags, with the sandy side inside, as Jack remarked.

"I don't believe fishermen or any other men live in these sort of things," Maynard grumbled; "they've been playing a joke on us, confound them. We shall be scrubbed to death before we get home, and isn't it a pleasant way of going out of the world? Come along! walk fast, it will do you good." The only pleasure he derived from our accelerated pace was the demoniacal one of enjoying my agony.

When we reached the trysting place we found the whole party assembled, all more or less arrayed in old and quaint dresses. The Colonel was encased in an antediluvian coat, and the extremities of his legs were thrust into boots that did not match, one coming up much higher than the other, giving him the appearance of having legs that didn't agree and weren't on speaking terms with one another. We were glad of this for *he* certainly couldn't afford to laugh at us. As soon as we had exhausted our merriment at each other's expense, the Colonel handed us a basket and a scraper apiece, and away we started. This latter article was made of bent iron with a wooden handle at one end, very similar to a sickle, though not curved quite so much; moreover, it was blunt.

It was a fine moonlight night, the air was soft and balmy, and, having Florence by my side, I soon forgot my troubles and was sorry when our walk came to an end. She explained to me that a sand-eel was very much like an ordinary eel, but smaller, and with a sharper head, that enabled it to burrow into the sand with remarkable rapidity.

"That piece of iron in your hand," she continued, "is for the purpose of raking them out, and when you see one you must be very quick or you'll lose it. I don't know the reason we always go at night to catch them: perhaps, because it's greater

fun. The sands where they abound are only left high and dry during the ebb of a spring tide, and they can then be approached by wading through a little water and clambering over some rocks but, in deference to Mr. Maynard's laziness, we are going by boat."

We soon arrived at the spot where the native in a boat awaited us; he looked rather blue in the countenance from the unusual exercise of rowing. The boat was too small to hold all of us, so we were taken across by instalments. On arriving at our destination we beheld several odd-looking people already there. Some were of the fishermen class, but the majority were evidently ladies and gentlemen, from their apparent enjoyment of the fun. They were all scraping away as though all their hopes in life depended upon getting sand-eels. When one of these unfortunate fishes was exhumed there was generally a scramble for him and the successful one—frequently a lady, scraped away with renewed vigour. Soon the mania seized us, we went at it in an earnest manner, and were soon rewarded by the capture of several eels. Florence seemed to take a great pleasure in basketing them, which she did with her little gloved hand in a most artistic manner although, being half afraid of the wriggling things, she would give a low scream and then a laugh after each seizure. It was a sharp eel that evaded being caught by her and I couldn't help comparing them with myself, but I don't think being caught was as pleasant to them as to me. Jack and Mary were partners at an early period, and had one basket between them. They looked contented and happy. Jack created a sensation by catching a youth walking off with some of the finest of his eels, and handing him over for punishment to the tender mercies of the black man, who looked highly pleased with his commission. His first act was to allow a small crab to fasten on the boy's nose, which caused him to howl in such a manner that some ladies rescued him from the

clutches of the darkey and the grasp of the crab, much to the former's disgust.

Duncan Cameron, jun., in ecstasies of delight at this incident, was still further amused when he found that several of the ladies were quite afraid of the native. He certainly hadn't a pleasant look: for, unless they came very close to him, only the whites of his eyes and his teeth were visible in the moonlight.

Cameron, senior, being of a plethoric nature, soon grew tired of stooping and commenced inspecting us. He would wander about from one to another shouting, "There's an eel, man! look alive! there he goes! quick or you've lost him! bah! butter fingers!"—which, at first, was bewildering and nearly sent his daughters wild with excitement, and elicited an "Oh! Pa! what a monster you are to tease one so." But he didn't mind it, and would depart with his face beaming with satisfaction.

Suddenly it got rumoured that the tide was rising, and this had the effect of dispersing us. First the Colonel, Mary and Jack were rowed across, and the man started to return for us; but, as we afterwards heard, the boat struck against a rock and went down. We did not see this accident, so after waiting some time we began to grow impatient, then anxious. The tide soon rose sufficiently to drive us off the sands on to the rocks; and then it drove us from point to point, till at last we stood upon the summit of the highest ledge. Our position began to be precarious and at last alarming. From the non-appearance of the boat we knew something had happened to it, and the uncertainty of what that something was increased our anxiety, which was fast becoming alarm. Florence was almost frantic with terror, less on her own account than for the safety of her father and sister. Young Cameron and myself did all we could to console her, but our words seemed to have little effect. We shouted with all our might again and again till we were hoarse. Our

shouts seemed swallowed up in the distance. How thankful we should have been to have heard some one answer. We strained our ears eagerly to catch some sound in reply, but none came save a feeble echo of our voices sent back to us from the rocks around, and the soft murmur of the sea. After peering through the darkness we fancied every now and then we could see a boat advancing or discern some object on the shore—it was but imagination. Cameron entreated me to swim to land, and save myself, but I firmly refused, and at last prevailed on him to do so; for he was a good swimmer and might be in time, I thought, to bring assistance. Not a moment was to be lost, so in an almost incoherent voice he told his sister to bear up like a brave girl and all might yet be well. Then giving her a hasty embrace and bidding me do all I could for her, he gave me a parting grip of the hand and, throwing off his boots and sundry other articles that would impede his progress, was in the water striking out for land—but I felt that before he could reach it the rock would be covered.

I stood up and watched him as far as I could and was about to sit down again when an object met my view that brought hope back to banish my despair. I gave a shout of joy, which brought the colour to my fair companion's cheek once more. Some distance from us, but seaward, I had distinguished a fisherman's boat at anchor. As we had all along been gazing towards the shore, it had escaped our notice.

I felt myself alive again, and in a moment I began to divest myself of some of my cumbersome clothing and, in my delight I bent down and kissed the pale face beside me and, whispering some words of encouragement, plunged off the rock and struck out manfully for the boat. I reached it sooner than I had anticipated, but on clambering into it found that fresh difficulties awaited me. There were no oars and no sails; the only appliances left me to work

the boat were a short pole and a few yards of rope. Quick as thought, I saw the only chance of reaching Florence was to swim back and tow the boat with me. At the best of times and under the most favourable circumstances this would have been no easy matter, but now that I was encumbered with clothes and already fagged, the labour was greatly increased. However there was no help for it, so I struggled on. At first I seemed to make no progress in the water whatever. The work was awful, but the thought that I was swimming to save her I loved gave me power, and I kept striking out. My arms grew tired and a giddiness seized me and I felt I was losing consciousness; but yet I was nearing my destination. The tide was strong and was with me, and I felt it helping me along. Suddenly I seemed to regain my strength, and with a few quick sharp strokes I was alongside the rock on which Florence was standing, now almost covered by the insidious tide. I endeavoured to cling to it, and bring the boat within her reach, but I found I was powerless to do so. I could barely raise my arms; the rock, Florence and the boat seemed suddenly to blend into a chaotic mass and float before my eyes; my brain reeled, and I remember nothing more.

I must have been insensible for hours for, on my recovery, I found that the moon had gone down, and that a faint streak of light was making its appearance on the horizon.

I was lying at the bottom of the boat where Florence had lifted me, with my head resting on her lap. The clothes that I had previously thrown off were covering me. On seeing my eyes open she bent down over me, and methought her face was more wondrous fair than ever, when her soft voice whispered—"You are better now! Oh, Charley, I have suffered such agony all night! I fancied you were dead. You can never know how you frightened me, or what I have felt this long and awful night! When will it end?"

I tried to answer, but found I was hardly able to do so; however, I made her understand that I wanted her to get my brandy flask from out the pocket of my coat. She soon found it and held it to my lips.

I tried to move, but I sank back with a groan of pain. In my fall I had hurt my arm and for some time I remained under the impression that I had broken it. My head was also cut, and the blood was pouring over my face. It was with joy I heard the boom of the gun that proclaimed the break of another day. Soon the sun rose in all his splendour, bathing the sky above and the sea below with a deep purple colour and then with a golden hue and flushing even the countenance, before so pale and haggard, of my companion. I had sense enough left to find that the boat had drifted with the ebbing tide and the wind off shore miles away from land, so that we were nearer Normandy than Jersey. Luckily the sea was calm, or the boat knocking about without any guidance whatever would of a certainty have been swamped. As it was, every now and again the spray came dashing over into our faces, making Florence's little heart beat quicker for the moment.

Lying at the bottom of a boat on my back, wet, covered with blood and scantily clothed, with my dank hair over my face, I presented a most unlover-like appearance: and yet, lying there in that plight I told my love. I told Florence how I adored her, and received the assurance that my love was returned. She bent down, and her fair hair fell upon my face as she kissed me on the forehead and told me that if we and all her family were saved, she would be my wife. I forgot the danger and the pain, in fact everything but that I was happy, situated as I was when I poured forth my passion in words that I remember not. That they were trite and commonplace ones I have no doubt, yet they sounded new and fresh to us. I forgot even to notice the passing of the hour; the time flew by un-

heeded, and I was startled when I saw the mail steamer some miles to the east of us, for it was due in Jersey near mid-day. Fortunately our condition was observed by some one on board, for the steamer was stopped and, it was with considerable satisfaction, that we saw a boat put off to our rescue, which in a very short time was alongside. The astonishment of the sailors at finding two people, one of them a lady, adrift in a boat, without sails, oars, or even a rudder, may be easily imagined. However we satisfied their curiosity in as few words as possible and they proceeded to tow us to the steamer, where we were treated with all kindness and attention till we landed.

Of course, there was a grand scene when we reached home. I can't describe it, and I shan't try; suffice it to say, that everybody shook hands with every body else, laughed, talked, kissed and cried together, till if there had been any zealous lunacy commissioner in the neighbourhood our liberty would have been in some danger. When the excitement consequent upon our adventure had in some degree abated, Jack informed me that, after the loss of the boat, he had searched for another, but without success as all the fishermen were out. He then

started for the harbour, about two miles off and succeeded in getting one there, but not being acquainted with the shore, and it being then dark, it was useless, so after pulling about frantically for two or three hours he had to put back in despair. On reaching home he found Cameron junior who had reached land in too exhausted a condition to be of any use in rendering us assistance.

Metaphorically speaking, the Colonel killed his fatted calf, and curried him with his hottest curry for dinner that day. Afterwards he produced some glorious high-day and holiday wine, and we all wore out a jovial evening together. At its termination and on our way to the hotel, Jack, in a melancholy voice, requested me to condole with him saying that he was also an engaged man.

"If you hadn't turned up it would never have happened, and I should be as free as air now. Much against my inclination, I had to accept her, or her happiness wouldn't have been complete."

"Good night, old boy!" I interrupted him laughingly, for we had reached our destination; "go to bed and dream of her and of all the happiness in store for us; and, I say, think of some plan to prevent the Colonel from currying our wedding cakes."

## SLEEP.

FROM thine ancient home  
 In the starry dome,  
 'Mid the boundless depths of the spangled blue,  
 Come down in the shroud  
 Of a moon-lit cloud,  
 And sprinkle mine eyelids with Heavenly dew.

Come down in the night  
 On thy pinions light,  
 And gather thy soft feathers over my head;

Thy touch is a charm  
That shall shield me from harm,  
And drive evil spirits away from my bed.

Oh, sever the chain  
That binds body and brain,  
That my spirit may soar far away in the night,  
And leave the dull strife,  
And the tumult of life,  
Till care comes again with the dawning of light.

It would dance with the waves  
In the cold coral caves,  
Where the quick ripples laugh at the chill staring moon ;  
It would rest in the shade  
Of some sweet Southern glade,  
Where the long Summer day is perpetual noon.

It would fain take its flight  
To some far mountain height,  
That throws a dark line on the breast of the morn ;  
Or in rapture would go  
Where, o'er long tracts of snow,  
Glance, in sheets of quick flame, the bright lights of the dawn.

It would fain fly to thee  
Who art dearest to me,  
Who art nearest and dearest, tho' still far away ;  
It would stay by thy side  
While the shadows abide,  
Till the last faint star-twinkle hath died in the day.

PORT HOPE.

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## RAILWAY REFORM—THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY DAVID MILLS, M.P.

THE construction of Railways marks the beginning of a new commercial epoch. Railways create new political and social forces, which may affect injuriously Parliamentary Government. They revive some of the phenomena of mediæval society. To-day, industry pays tribute to private railway corporations, as it once did to the sword. There is still the application of force, but it has assumed another form and is of a more subtle character.

It is still true that the price of liberty is vigilance. There are other means by which it may be lost than by brute force ; and it is not unfrequently the case, that when it seems most secure, it is in greatest peril.

When the dynasty of the Stuarts sought to establish an aristocracy in America, it was at a period when the House of Commons was rising to power in England. They hoped to check the growth of democracy. They made grants of land to favourites, larger than many European kingdoms. They hoped to fix deeply in the soil of this continent, the decaying institutions of the old world. But their tyranny at home stimulated the emigration of a population favourable to freedom. The force of circumstances made the colonists mutually dependent and politically equal. The result was as disappointing to the enemies of popular Government, as the vision of Banquo's descendants was to Macbeth. The forces, which were then called into activity, by the men of the English Commonwealth, continue to operate upon every country in America, from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. We, in Canada, although it has been in a mild way, have sought to extend the democratic element in our government. We have abolished laws

of primogeniture, and we have legislated, so as to defeat entails. Care has been taken that, through these means, society shall not be segregated into distinct orders. Now, the power and influence of the government in this country is derived from the people, and but few can be found who would favour the restriction of popular authority. Until recently, combinations among men, dangerous to popular liberty, were impossible, as they had no common object to secure other than the general welfare. Private railway corporations have changed all this. No single interest could, either here or in the United States, at this day, stand in opposition to the combinations which may, by railway men, be formed against it. The power possessed by a feudal aristocracy in the days of the King-maker, becomes as insignificant as the mock royalty of the Tycoon of Japan, when compared with the power wielded by some great railway corporations of America. The interests of private railway corporations are not identical with the interests of the public. It would be an act of the greatest folly, on the part of the people of this country to ignore the existence of danger from such a quarter. One of the most important duties now devolving upon Parliament is to determine within what range railway corporations shall be confined. It may be that it will yet be found necessary, for reasons political as well as commercial, to make all such works the property of the State. Great railway corporations are the most dangerous enemies popular government has ever had. Their aggressive tendencies originate in the cupidity of those who control them. Public opinion imposes no direct restraint upon them. They

are merciless in their operations. Railway men have turned exchanges into gaming houses. They have tampered with the administration of justice. They have interfered with the freedom of Parliamentary elections. They have marched their *employés* to the polls as an ancient baron did his vassals to the battle-field. It is true, they have conferred good. So far as the material prosperity of a people is concerned, they have levelled upwards: railways have equalized prices and enhanced the value of fixed property. But it is possible to purchase wealth at too great a price. A nation, to gain something less than "the whole world," may destroy the vital forces by which it has been enabled "to keep in step" with the progress of the age, and by which alone a condition of material prosperity can long be maintained.

Railway legislation is one of the great socio-political questions which are beginning to force themselves upon the attention of the Anglican nations. The policy of *laissez faire* has had full play. Everywhere the railways which have been built are pointed to as the successful results of private enterprise. Everywhere, within Anglican limits, we have had long and costly lines of railway constructed, which are pointed to as a proof of the wisdom of leaving the construction of railways to individual effort. Thinking men are beginning to ask themselves the question, whether this "no government" theory does not exceed tenable limits, when applied to the ownership of railways. We often hear railways spoken of as if the only persons interested in their management were the stockholders, the bondholders and the officials of the corporations. The people who travel and the general public who send the products of their industry over the roads are assumed to have no voice in the conduct of such enterprises. They have only to be mangled in body and depleted in pocket. In order to pay interest upon bonds or dividends upon stocks, a road is allowed to de-

teriorate. Then come accidents, in which scores of passengers are mangled or scalded; and if the legal authorities show, by ordering an inquisition, that the primary duty of a government is not altogether forgotten, forthwith all the newspaper organs of the company, and all those who are in opposition to the government, charge them with being actuated by personal pique or political hostility. It is gravely assumed to be a necessary franchise of a railway corporation, that its managers shall have the liberty to put in jeopardy the lives of passengers without being in any way responsible for casualties. It seems to be well nigh forgotten that railway corporations are not created for the benefit of the corporators. This is no doubt the purpose for which incorporation is sought; but the law calls them into existence for another purpose. Railways are held to be public necessities, whether they are owned by the public or by private persons. It is upon this ground that the right of way may, by law, be compulsorily acquired. There is no general law by which one may be compelled to part with his property, except for public purposes, either with or without compensation. Why then should a railway corporation differ from ordinary private corporations, and be endowed by the State with the right of *Eminent Domain*? Is it not obvious that this attribute of sovereignty was given upon the only grounds upon which it can be rationally defended—upon grounds, not of private, but of public utility? It is a special franchise to railway corporations, necessary to their existence, and demanded by the necessities of the public. The State, therefore, does not stand in the same relation to railways that it does to other species of private property; and the time is at hand, when the relations between railways and the State must be fully considered.

It has been argued by those who defend the present relations of private railways to the State, that the laws of competition suffi-

ciently protect the public interests ; that the tendency of charges is towards a minimum, the same as in other undertakings. This statement is not borne out by the facts. There are but few points touched by rival railways, and except at these points, railways are practically monopolies. If the different railway trains running upon each road were run by different corporations, then there might be general competition, but not otherwise. Experience proves that combination is not an improbable thing between managers of rival railways. The number of these corporations must ever be so limited, that combination will always be practicable. The charges on railways, both for freight and passengers, wherever they are private property, are ill-regulated and variable. It is to the interest of the public to have the greatest amount done at the least possible cost. The reverse of this is to the interest of the railway companies. If a company, by diminishing charges, could increase their business, it would not be voluntarily done unless the ratio of increase of business was greatly in excess of the ratio of the diminution of charges. Every one who has taken the trouble to look into railway statistics, knows well that it has been a common occurrence to increase the earnings by a reduction of the rates. This increase was not brought about by drawing away traffic from rival lines, but by the stimulus given to commerce, that rendered travel and traffic profitable, which were not so before the reduction was made. It is said that the receipts per train, at a penny fare, from Shrewsbury to Upton Magna, in England, were £11 15s. 8d., and at a fare of 3½d., the receipts fell to £4 4s. 11d. per train. The receipts per train from Shrewsbury to Walcot, at a penny fare, were £14 17s. 7d., and at 6d. fare they fell to £4 5s. 5d. We do not refer to these statistics to show that the railways of Canada would, in all cases, largely gain by a considerable reduction in their charges. If it were believed that this would be the immediate effect of reduced rates, the

reduction would be made. There can be scarcely a doubt, from the results of such trials elsewhere, that the ultimate gain here would be considerable. But men who wish to dispose of railway stocks and bonds, are not likely to consider what may be advantageous to a company after they have ceased to have any personal interest in its welfare.

It is not in the management of railways alone that the interests of railway companies are against the interests of the public. They endanger, if they do not destroy, the independence of Parliament. Corruption taints the majority of railway enterprises from their inception to their completion. Charters are sought, not infrequently, for purposes of speculation. Sometimes they are used to blackmail existing railway lines. However much a railway may be needed, a charter is seldom obtained without difficulty and stock is bestowed for Parliamentary support. The names of well-known railway men are sought to give credit to the projected enterprise, a number of shares are tendered them for their "eminent services" and they are seldom declined. At every step taken, some one is paid for his support, or some other for his opposition. When a railway scheme is fairly launched, it finds a large number of friends—engineers and professional contractors, the owners of rolling mills and the builders of cars and locomotives. The getters of land grants, and the traders in railway stocks, all come to its aid, and, it may be, experience its bounty. These constitute the grand army of a private railway enterprise. Besides these, there is a numerous band of camp-followers, who expect, in a variety of ways, "to reap where they have not sown," but about whose special services nothing need be said. It is this numerous host of allies and followers which "can kill or keep alive" a railway project and, because they have this power, must be paid, that add to the cost of every rival railway undertaking.

It is not our purpose in this article to discuss the general question of railway reform.



We have simply indicated our conviction that the question of ownership is yet an open question and that there are considerations, both commercial and political, unfavourable to the system of private ownership. There can hardly be a doubt that if the Canadian Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures were to take the whole subject of railway economy and railway management in hand, and secure a full report, not only of the traffic, but of everything relating to the railways of the country, they would confer a substantial benefit upon the public. But this is not all. The people of Canada will be forced to consider, if they wish to avoid being led on to disaster, the relation in which her public men stand to gigantic railway enterprises. Who has not become familiar with the history of Fisk's Erie Railway speculations; of

Tweed and Sweeny's peculations and City Hall contracts: of Judge Barnard's prostitution of a Court of Justice to railway rings. We cannot say these things are impossible here. It is true the like have not happened. But it must not be forgotten that the opportunity has been wanting. These things were so, not because men were wanting in intellectual capacity, but because great temptations were presented and they were too strong to be resisted. Human nature is, in all civilized communities, much the same. What has happened in New York is likely to happen in Montreal and Toronto under similar circumstances. The country ought to have—it is possible—a triple guarantee for the upright conduct of those to whom they entrust the management of the affairs of the state—the high character of public men, a healthy public opinion, and an efficient law. The law ought not to allow a representative of the people to be put in a position that he may be suspected of acting in a particular way, not from considerations of public utility, but for his own private advantage. A member of parliament is a trustee of the country, and the policy of the law which forbids a trustee dealing with

himself on behalf of his *cestui que trust*, is equally applicable to him. It is not enough that a public man shall act honestly; it is important that the public should think so; and in order that this may be the case, care must be taken that his public duties and his private interests are not made needlessly to conflict with each other. In the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway enterprise, it would seem that this and other important principles of parliamentary government scarcely received sufficient consideration at the hands of the first Parliament of Canada. It is the most gigantic railway ever undertaken, and its relations to the Government and Parliament ought have been well considered. From the eastern extremity, upon the Upper Ottawa, to Victoria, in British Columbia, the distance is not less than 2,700 miles. A road of this length requires a large population to furnish it with the ordinary amount of local traffic. At present there is a population of less than 30,000 in the country it will traverse. In its construction 6,600,000 cross-ties, and at least 270,000 tons of iron will be required. It will take 540 locomotives, of 65,000 horse-power, and 8,000 cars properly to equip it. It will consume yearly 270,000 cords of wood and, to keep the road in repair, 40,000 tons of new or re-rolled rails, and 800,000 cross-ties will be needed. This is no exaggerated statement. The Union and Central Pacific Railway, extending from Omaha to San Francisco, a distance of 1,904 miles, has 334 locomotives and 6,649 cars. The New York Central, measuring the second track, is a line of 1,522 miles in length, and is equipped with 400 locomotives and 9,603 cars, not counting dummy engines, city passenger cars, or gravel cars for the service of the road. The operating expenses of the Union and Central Pacific Railway in 1871 were about ten millions of dollars and the gross earnings upon through traffic, \$6,650,000. When we consider the length of the Canadian Pacific and the unsettled country

through which it will run, \$13,000,000 a year will not be thought an extravagant estimate for operating expenses; and yet it is nearly twice the amount of the gross earnings of the American road upon its through traffic. The roughly-estimated cost of the Canadian road is \$100,000,000—less than one-half of the actual cost of the only Trans-continental railway yet completed, which is at least 700 miles shorter. We are aware it is said that the gradients upon the Canadian line are much easier, and the mountain passes much lower, and that the cost of construction must be proportionably less. But these estimates afford but very imperfect data for estimating the cost of building a railway. From Trucker to Ogden City, a distance of 628 miles, the American road passes over a table-land about 5,000 feet above the sea level, and from Wassatch summit to Cheyenne, a distance of 462 miles, it is nearly one and a half miles above the sea level. From the Missouri River to Cheyenne, a distance of 517 miles, there is a uniform grade of about ten feet to the mile, Cheyenne being about 5095 feet above Omaha. From Cheyenne to the summit of the mountains the distance is 32 miles and the grade eighty feet to the mile. "The elevation," says Mr. Poor, "of this vast plain, from which the Rocky Mountains rise, is so great that these mountains, when reached, present no obstacles so formidable as those offered by the Alleghany ranges to several lines of railroad which cross them."

British Columbia has been described as a sea of mountains. The whole province consists of a succession of mountain ranges, rising, it may be, to no extraordinary height, but being not the less formidable obstacles, on that account, to the construction of a cheap railway. The country between the Upper Ottawa and Lake Winnipeg is well-nigh an unknown land. This much we do know that the snow falls deep and lies long in the basin of Hudson's Bay; that the cold of winter is intense, and it is extremely

doubtful whether a railway can be worked there in the winter season. In a country without inhabitants, in which the ground freezes to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, where there is that depth of earth to freeze; in which the thermometer sinks to 40 degrees below zero, it is not easy to understand how passengers are to be made comfortable, how water tanks are to be kept open, or how *employés* are to be saved from perishing on account of necessary exposure to the cold. No one can look at a map of the country without being impressed with the idea that the cost of construction must be enormously enhanced from the position of the road. The Union and Central Pacific Railway began and ended in a settled country. The road connected thirty millions of people upon one side of the mountains, with one million upon the other side. It connects the greatest commercial emporium of the Pacific with the cities of the East. It had a labour market at hand. The Canada Pacific will pass through a country from which supplies cannot be had and which, from its isolation, is difficult of access. There are at present several Pacific Railways under construction in the United States. One from New Orleans to El Paso in Texas; one from Little Rock to El Paso and thence to Colorado and San Diego. One through New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to Santa Barbara, upon the Pacific Coast, and the Northern Pacific from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. The road from New Orleans to Houston, in Texas, is to be completed within two years. Colonel Thomas A. Scott, late president of the Union Pacific Railway, has now under his management the building of the Southern Pacific Road. Already 500 miles have been put under construction, and it is proposed to complete the entire line within three years. This road will lie south of the snow limit and will, during the winter season, at least, possess a decided advantage over its more northern rivals.

What we have said is sufficient to show that the demand for labour in railway construction is likely to be very high for some years to come ; that, for physical reasons, it will be more difficult to procure it for the Canadian Pacific than for its rivals ; and that, other things being equal, the cost will be proportionately greater. With four trans-continental railways in operation, competing for through traffic, it can scarcely be hoped that the most favoured line will be able to secure a greater tonnage of freight than that now carried between Omaha and San Francisco, which yields a gross revenue to the company of about \$3,000,000 a year—one seventh less than the gross revenue from the carriage of through passengers. Assuming that the Canadian Pacific road will be equally fortunate, and that as large a percentage of Canadians will pass over it as there are of Americans travelling by the Union and Central Pacific, the gross earnings of the Canadian road, from through traffic, would be \$3,350,000 annually. The population which is to create a local traffic has yet to be found and taken into those northern regions. The coal, the metallic ores and the lumbering districts from which freights may be drawn, have yet to be discovered, and may be found at points not accessible from the railway. One may ask why was something not learned of the geology of the country before such a gigantic work was undertaken? We know of no other reason than this, that the majority of the late Parliament preferred taking a leap in the dark.

There are three political considerations connected with this railway well deserving the attention of the people of this country : —1st, the circumstances under which the country was irrevocably committed to the scheme ; 2nd, the mode in which the Government propose to aid the enterprise, and 3rd, the relations which are likely to subsist between the Parliament and the company, until the work is completed.

It seems like a work of supererogation at

this day, to be obliged to assert gravely that Parliamentary government exists only so long as the government of the country is carried on in consonance with the well understood wishes of the people. The people of this Province long contended for representation based upon population. This principle is without meaning, unless it serves to secure to the political opinions of a majority of the people a preponderating influence in Parliament. So long as elections took place for no other purpose than to put the affairs of the country into the hands of a body of men independent of the Crown, it mattered little whether the constituencies were equal or unequal. The vote was oftener a certificate of capacity or fitness, than an endorsement of political opinions. But this is no longer the case. Since the days of the younger Pitt there has grown up a great power in the State, known as public opinion. The newspaper and the magazine have been added to the rostrum. Men read and think and form opinions ; and Parliament is but *one* of the educating forces of to-day. The discretionary power of Parliament is every day diminishing, because the convictions of the people upon questions of public policy are day by day becoming clearer. When Mr. Gladstone formed the Government, of which he is now the head, no one could be at a loss to know what would be its policy, because the sense of the country had been taken upon every one of the important questions with which he subsequently dealt and which he was pledged to make the policy of his Government, if called upon to form one. It is now, in England, a maxim practically recognized by both political parties, that no important measure shall be carried through Parliament and receive the sanction of the Crown, the principle of which has not received the popular sanction at an election. Why should a different practice prevail in this country? Ought not those who favoured the Pacific Railway scheme to have set forth their views formally in the House, and have gone to the

country upon this scheme as a part of their policy? The view taken by the public of so important a matter is many sided. It is always broader, and generally safer, than that taken by politicians who assume that the people have not the necessary capacity to reach a safe conclusion upon important questions of State policy. This reference to the people finds its justification upon the same grounds as trial by jury. In trial by jury we have the people arrayed on the side of the law; and the law is made flexible by being applied according to popular apprehension. So where the policy of the Government has received popular sanction, it is sustained by the sympathies of the country. There is little danger of domestic disturbance, and those upon whom the burdens fall will submit to them all the more patiently, having voluntarily assumed them.

It is proposed in this railway scheme to give, as a bonus to the company which may be formed to construct the road, \$30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land. Any one who will take the trouble to read the provisions of the Railway Act, will see that Parliament has not only surrendered to the Ministry its right, or, we should rather say, its public duty of controlling the payment of the sums to which the company may have become entitled, but it has provided no certain basis of determining what this sum is. The road is not divided into sections of greater or less difficulty by the law. No degrees of difference are indicated by the amount of bonus per mile assigned to different parts of the road. It is not stated that the estimates of the engineers shall form the basis of the calculation in determining the amount of the bonus to which the company may have become entitled; so that the Ministry have a very wide margin of discretion in dealing out the bonus to the company. Land grants to railways have hitherto been a favourite way of aiding railway projects in the United States. Upwards of 10,000 miles of railways have been built that have

been so aided, and there are several thousand more in process of construction. At least 200,000,000 acres of public domain have there been applied in this way, and it is now extremely doubtful whether the public have been served by this policy. It is quite clear that this will be the policy of the Federal Government no longer, as we find both candidates for the Presidency pronouncing decidedly against it. The Illinois Central Road was one of the first aided in this way. By an Act of Congress, passed in 1850, 2,595,000 were granted to aid in the construction of the road from Cairo to Chicago and Duluth—707½ miles of road in all.

Up to this time 2,179,390 acres have been sold from which the company have realized the sum of \$25,000,000; and the 415,910 acres unsold, are held to be worth \$12.50 per acre. The company are likely to realize from the sale of these lands a sum greater than the cost of the railway. Congress granted to the Kansas Pacific Railway 6,000,000 acres in Kansas and Colorado; within three years 615,625 acres were sold for \$1,676,059, and three millions more were mortgaged for \$5,500,000. The lowest price was obtained during the first year, when they averaged \$2.51; in 1869, the year following, the average was \$2.62; in 1870, \$3.13; and in 1871, \$4.31 per acre. And this, too, in a tract of country known as the great American Desert. The average price realized by the Union Pacific Railway Company for lands sold prior to January, 1871, was \$4.46 per acre. Every year the price of land, in the districts ceded to railways, is enhanced in value, and, after the settlement of a sparse population has been secured, the railway companies do not make haste to sell unless their financial circumstances force them to put their lands into the market. There can be no doubt then, that a bonus of 50,000,000 of acres is an immense contribution towards the construction of a railway. Assuming that, of this vast area, but one fourth is fit for settlement, these

12,500,000 acres, at the price for which the School Lands of Minnesota sold seven years ago, would bring \$87,500,000. We believe it would have been preferable had the Government promised the company a fixed sum for every settler that might locate within twenty miles of the railway, upon such terms and conditions as would best secure an immigration into the country. The company then would have had a powerful motive to promote the settlement of the country—much greater than at present. The volume of immigration from Europe to Canada is not likely to be very largely increased. Since the abolition of slavery in the United States, the south and the south-west have been thrown open for settlement, and the tide of population is flowing more and more to the south. An effort which would have at one time secured for us a large population from Europe had it been put forth, will do so no longer. A gentleman who held a high position in the confederate army, says "we have a steady, though as yet a small, stream of good English immigration into Virginia. Those coming here are almost without exception men of intelligence and character, who are able to purchase and pay for comfortable homesteads. They are most cordially welcome, and are well satisfied with the country and people." Englishmen are in like manner finding their way into other states of the south; and the sooner we appreciate the difficult task we have before us in turning any considerable portion of the current towards Canada, the sooner we shall provide against the embarrassments our present policy is storing up for the future. Our policy should be at once both wise and vigorous.

We fear in dealing with the Pacific Railway, we have mistaken the way which leads to prosperity, and have laid the possible foundation for transactions like those which have made Hall and Tweed notorious. We

think it is deeply to be regretted that any member of Parliament should be a stockholder in this enterprise. He cannot, at the same time, serve the public and serve himself in a contract with the public agents. He must either support or oppose the Ministry with whom he contracts, and in either case, a consideration of his gain or loss by the course he may pursue must influence his conduct. Will any one say that Ministers might properly be stockholders; and why not ministers as well as other members? Ministers are but a committee of the Houses enjoying their confidence and carrying on the affairs of the country in a way sanctioned by a majority of their fellow members. Parliament is responsible for what is done by Ministers, and no member can enter into contract with a Ministry without knowing that upon him ultimately depends the right to approve or disapprove, in his public capacity of the act of the Ministry in dealing with him as a private citizen. What if the Government should think the bonus insufficient and should propose to increase the amount, will those members with whom the Government contracted be in the position of other members of Parliament? Can there be any difficulty in predicting how they are likely to vote? If the fate of a ministry depends upon these railway members, does any one doubt that they would undertake to improve a bad bargain? From whatever point their position is viewed, it will be seen to be an indefensible one; and every consideration of public policy which calls for the exclusion of a salaried officer of the Crown from the Parliament, requires equally the exclusion of these men. This is necessary lest it should become the policy of Parliament to grant aid to railway and other enterprises ostensibly to promote *quasi* public works, but really for the purpose of enriching a few members at the expense of the nation.

## THE KNIGHT'S GRAVE.

BY H. M. GILES.

WITHIN the chancel of a village church,  
Whose ivy-mantled turrets, grey with age,  
Baffle all archæologist research

And leave no trace by which the puzzled sage  
Can tell its date, or who foundation gave—  
Sculptured in stone, a knight sleeps on his grave.

In summer time, the sun's effulgent rays  
Are shed in rich magnificence, and fall  
Full on his face ; as oft in other days  
The same stained glass his form erect and tall  
Would tinge, when beams the rising sun at morn,  
And from his lips the matin-song was borne.

And as he lies, with hands clasped on his breast  
In endless prayer, a gentle child steals near,  
And, gazing with amazement on his crest  
Which decks the tomb, he views with child-like fear  
The gaunt device—a griffin *passant*, or,  
Surmounted by the helm and sword he bore.

And half-afraid, he lingers, loth to leave,  
While lengthened shadows fill the sacred aisle,  
Grim effigies fantastic fancies weave,  
But still he stays and ponders all the while :  
And evening's dusk is stealing on apace,  
And silver beams play on the dead knight's face.

Anon a maid with timid footsteps glides—  
Guilty of naught, save what good angels love—  
Into the choir she steals with noiseless strides,  
And sweeps the keys, and notes, as from above,  
Rich symphonies are wafted through the fane—  
Low, wailing sounds, as from a soul in pain.

Sonorous, full, the diapason swells,  
 Then dies away in murmurings low and sweet,  
 In cadences as soft as evening bells,  
 Or whispered vows when anxious lovers meet ;  
 And, as spell-bound the boy drinks in that air,  
 She leaves the church, unconscious he was there.

And night has come, but still the child remains  
 Entranced, serene, with every terror gone,  
 And, while he sits, he broods on those sweet strains  
 Which linger still, although the minstrel's flown.  
 He hears a voice, in accents sweet and mild,  
 Addressing him—that fair-haired English child.

It said : " Brave boy ! my blood runs in your veins,  
 This trenchant blade your heritage did win,  
 This 'scutcheon's gleam, devoid of blot or stain,  
 I left at death. Dishonour's blight of sin  
 Ne'er blanched my cheek : this marble breast would heave  
 And spurn the lies that fainéant lips would weave.

" '*Sans peur, sans tache,*' emblazoned on my shield,  
 My throbbing heart aye proved in life's stern fray,  
 For God, my king, my country, did I yield  
 That life's red-tide on Naseby's fatal day ;  
 In war—in peace—at home—abroad, keep bright  
 Thy sword from stain. May God assoil thee, knight !"

The voice had ceased. Secure as in his bed  
 The fair child slept until the smiling morn,  
 For angels guard the young Sir Guilbert's head ;  
 And when friends came at early blush of dawn,  
 The widowed mother found her offspring brave,  
 In calm repose before Sir Roger's grave.

And as she clasped him to her yearning breast,  
 And asked him if he did not dread the gloom,  
 He turned his eyes, and pointed to the crest,  
 And knelt and prayed beside the good knight's tomb :  
 And after years the happy dream he blessed,  
 And lived and died, with God and man at rest.

## PARTY POLITICS.\*

BY A RADICAL.

A FRIEND of ours was once a good deal puzzled in attempting to explain to a young lady of an enquiring turn of mind the nature of a Parliamentary Opposition. Government she understood and Parliament, as a deliberative and legislative assembly, she understood ; but the idea of a party of men, whose sole function was to *op*-pose what others *pro*-posed, seemed to be beyond her grasp. If it could have been explained to her that this so-called Opposition was a mere temporary organization for a temporary purpose—the government of the country having fallen into bad hands and it being very desirable to harass them into an abandonment of their position—the thing would have been more easily intelligible ; but no, the truth had to be told, that this “Opposition” was as permanent an institution as Government itself, and that the eagerness and bitterness with which it pursued its ends, bore no assignable relation to the merits or demerits of the holders of authority. However faultless an Administration might be, there must still be an Opposition, or the British Constitution would fall to pieces. “Why don’t they content themselves with opposing what is wrong?” was asked, with simplicity. “Well, of course, that is what they profess to do,” was the answer. “Then there is no particular reason for calling them Opposition, for everybody professes the same thing. I am Opposition, and you are Opposition—we are all Opposition together, if that is what it means.”

The difficulty in which our young friend was involved was one which, in some shape or other, presents itself to everybody. Even grown men, tolerably familiar both with the

theory and the working of the Constitution, find themselves wondering how the thoroughly artificial distinctions which prevail in the political arena, came to acquire such force and persistence ; wondering, too, whether no new page of political history will ever be turned, and the monotonous see-saw of party strife—Oppositions becoming Governments, and Governments becoming Oppositions, and each, with every change of fortune, displaying most, if not all of the faults of those whose places they take—be succeeded by something more in accordance with reason, and more favourable to true progress. The subject is one which a little honest thought will do a great deal to clear up ; for, to tell the truth, the difficulties that seem to surround it are mainly the creation of those who think they have an interest in the perpetuity of the present state of things. It is commonly assumed, for example, by the defenders of party, that those who are disposed to regard it as out of place in this advanced stage of human culture and reason, are bound to devise a complete new set of institutions for the government of nations ; and, having devised them, to demonstrate their practicability. This assumption we entirely repudiate, for reasons which will sufficiently appear in the course of our argument. What we have to do, is to try and render a true account of party to ourselves, to ascertain what it is and what the conditions are that call it into existence. As we pursue the investigation, we shall see that the conditions which give it its greatest vitality have passed away, and are little likely to return ; and that party, if limited to its natural and legitimate development

\* It seems proper to state that this paper was written before our contributor had perused the article on “Political Corruption,”—the views expressed in which are thus supplemented and confirmed from an independent point of view.—ED. CAN. MONTHLY.



in these days, would be a very different thing indeed from what we now witness.

We cannot do better than take our departure from Burke's well-known definition. "Party," says the great philosophic statesman, "is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest, upon some principle in which they are all agreed." Party, in this sense of the word, is something every one can understand: it calls for no justification, any more than any other form of association for a worthy object. It will be observed, however, that, according to Burke's definition, party is but a means towards an end, and a means which is only available in certain defined circumstances. The end is the national interest, and the condition necessary to give vitality to party, is the agreement of all its members in "some particular principle" which they wish to see applied in the government of the country, and to which, of course, another party in the State is opposed. Burke says not a word to justify the opinion that parties are essential to the well-being of the State, under all circumstances: for that would be simply tantamount to saying that no country could be prosperous in which there were not those radical differences of opinion upon political subjects, which alone afford a rational basis for party organization. Nearly all the talk we hear in the present day on the subject of parties, really involves the absurd proposition that, *unless* a country is divided against itself, it cannot stand. Because parties were once a necessity of the times—the natural expression in Parliament of real and lamentable antagonisms that existed throughout the country, therefore parties must exist for ever; and if we have not real antagonisms to support them, we must get up sham ones! The Chinaman, in Charles Lamb's charming apologue, set his house on fire, in order to have, indirectly, some roast pork. Our roast pork is the party system; and, in order that we may taste the savour again and again, we

set the State on fire with all kinds of false and factitious issues.

In Burke's time, and almost down to the present day, in England, there have never been wanting more or less serious causes of division among parties; moreover, in a country like England—the continuity of whose political history has never been broken by revolution, and where, consequently, many institutions exist, simply because they *have existed*, and not because they are peculiarly adapted to the present time—there will always be a certain opposition between those who wish to preserve what time has handed down, and those who, imbued with the spirit of the present, aim at bringing everything as much into harmony with that spirit as possible. Even in England, however, there are unmistakable signs that the palmy days of the party system have passed away for ever. It is in politics, in these days, very much as it is in war: men see the inevitable much sooner than they used to do; and, when they see the inevitable, they yield to it. This arises simply from the greater sway that reason has over the minds of men, and, particularly, over the minds of those fitted by nature to lead.

The truth of these remarks may be seen signally illustrated in the policy of the Conservative party, led by Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby, on the question of Parliamentary Reform. Everyone remembers what a nagging opposition they offered to Earl Russell's seven-pound-householder Reform Bill of 1867; and everyone remembers still better what kind of Reform Bill the same party, after their nagging had worked them into power, left on the statute book,—a bill which virtually amounts to what was once the cry of the extreme Radicals, household suffrage. Another illustration, almost as much to our purpose, may be seen in the very feeble opposition offered in the House of Commons to the Ballot Bill recently passed. In former times such a measure could only have become law after the most

convulsive and dangerous struggles ; but, men now-a-days see what is coming and, even if they don't like it, try at least to reconcile themselves to it. Very much of the violence of former times was due to the blind prejudice with which even able men, and of course still more ordinary men, approached the consideration (if consideration it could be called) of all political questions. In these days educated men do not like to think themselves the victims of prejudice, and are, therefore, led to seek some solid ground of reason on which to base their opinions. In former times the interest of their party or their class was all that most men felt under any obligation to consult. In these days even average men have a certain feeling that the interest of the state is something greater and more important than that of any party or class whatever ; and that it is both unreasonable and selfish to expect the higher interest to yield to the lower. All these causes tend to make the contrast of opinions far less sharp, and differences of political aim far less profound, than formerly. In other words, the ground is cut away, to a great extent at least, from under the feet of parties ; and if we see them still arrayed against one another, it is simply that the interest of certain professional politicians is concerned in their preservation.

The political circumstances of Canada are very different from those of the Mother Country. *There*, where so much exists which it interests one class to maintain, and which it seems to interest a much larger class to destroy, there will, for a long time to come, probably, be some real significance in the terms "Conservative" and "Liberal," or "Tory" and "Radical ;" though there is every reason to hope that the political struggles of the future will be mitigated by the influences to which we have just referred. In Canada, however, when the same terms are employed, nothing can exceed the sense of mockery they bring to the mind. In olden times, when a knot of infatuated

men, thought they could govern the country for their own private interest, the political designations that had been borrowed from the parent State, were not so entirely out of place. But in the present day, you who call yourselves Conservatives, do tell us, for heaven's sake, what it is you wish to conserve that anybody else wishes to destroy ? And you also, who call yourselves Liberals, where are we to find proofs of your liberalism or liberality, or whatever it is you pride yourselves upon ? Or, if you prefer to call yourselves Reformers, what is it that you wish to reform ? Your political creed, if we credit your own professions, is one of the intensest conservatism, regarding all the established principles of the constitution. You find fault with nothing, so you say, in the political frame-work of the State, and only complain of a few abuses of executive authority on the part of a set of men whom you hope soon to consign to perpetual oblivion ; and yet you dub yourselves Reformers, just as if there was work to be done for a generation or a century, in the redressing of abuses, the removal of anomalies, and the general reconstitution of a disordered commonwealth. When you have acceded to power and have wrought such improvements as you are able or disposed to do in the management of public affairs, what will there be to hinder you from adopting the title of "Conservatives," now appropriated by and to your opponents ? Nothing in this wide world. And what will there be to hinder them, after you have committed a few blunders, as you are sure to do within a short time, from seizing, if they choose to do it, for political effect, upon your special name of "Reformers," on the plea that they are going to put to rights all the things that you have put wrong ? Surely you are both to be congratulated on the peculiar felicity of party designations so chosen that you might make an impromptu "swap," and look neither wiser nor more foolish in your new colours than you do at present.

We shall be reminded here perhaps that, in talking of "Conservatives," we are altogether behind the age, inasmuch as the Administration and its friends are known, not as "Conservatives," but as "the great party of Union and Progress." Here then we have a party name chosen expressly to suit the times, and one therefore which ought, if party names are worth anything, to possess an altogether peculiar degree of appropriateness. What, however, does the recent election teach us? Why that in the Province in which the sentiment of Union and the spirit of Progress are the strongest, the Union and Progress Government has experienced a signal defeat. Take it all in all, there can be no doubt that in Ontario there is a stronger sense of the advantages of the present union, and a more enterprising and progressive spirit, than in any other Province of the Dominion; and yet precisely in Ontario has the Union and Progress cry proved a failure. Viewing things from the common stand-point of the Ministerial press, we should have to conclude that a majority of the electors, in a majority of the constituencies in Ontario, are hostile to Union and Progress; but where shall we find a Ministerial paper sufficiently severe or consistent in its logic to state such a conclusion? No, the Union and Progress cry meant nothing, or next to nothing, from the first; it was a mere piece of election clap-trap; and the proof that it was such lies in the fact that no one now has the hardihood to argue that since Ontario has shown itself opposed, on the whole, to the "Union and Progress" Government, it is therefore hostile to the great principles the Government professes to represent.

It is not the *bitterness* of political discussion that seems to us the worst result of the party system; it is its amazing *hollowness*. A reasonable man is simply lost in wonder as he reads day after day, in ably-edited journals, whole columns of writing in which there is hardly the faintest gleam of sincere

conviction to be discerned. Day after day the same miserable evasions, the same varnishing up of unsightly facts, the same reiteration of unproved charges against opponents, the same taking for granted of things requiring proof, and proving things that nobody questioned; the same hypocritical appeals to the good sense of the electors whom every effort is being used to misinform and confuse; the same dreary, unmeaning platitudes: in a word the same utter abuse of man's reasoning powers, and of the privileges and functions of a free press. Of course so long as both sides indulge in this kind of thing, each can make out at least a partial case against the other; and so a constant cross-fire is kept up in the exposure of misrepresentations, and the rectification of all that has been set down in malice on one side or the other. To-day a good point perhaps is made by the Opposition; to-morrow it will be returned to them, if possible, with interest. Such is the party system of political warfare—a system which ought to have won the admiration of Archdeacon Paley, since it possesses the attribute that was wanting to that celebrated watch of his—the power, namely, of perpetually reproducing itself. Looking simply at the wordy strife between two such organs say as the *Globe* and the *Mail*, what is ever to bring it to an end? There is no termination to their arguments, any more than to a repeating decimal, which, truth to tell, they very much resemble.

"Like everything good," says the former of the two journals we have just mentioned, "party may be abused." We should like very much to know where the proper use of party ends and its abuse begins. The abuse, we suppose, is when men do things in the interest of their party that are not for the interest of the state; when, for example, the supporters of a Government convicted of some reprehensible act rally around it to save it from just condemnation; or when an Opposition, knowing that the Govern-

ment is dealing with a very difficult and dangerous question, walking, to use Horace's metaphor, on hot cinders lightly covered over with ashes, seek to hamper and distress it by every means in their power, even at the risk of fanning the smouldering fires into open conflagration. But if this is abuse, it is of the very essence of party politics. Either the interests of the country or the fortunes of their party are to dominate in men's thoughts : if the former, then all party tactics are at an end ; if the latter, then it is simply absurd to talk of party being "abused." It is all abuse from first to last. You might as well talk of selfishness being abused, or dishonesty being abused, or of hypocrisy being abused.

Let us, however, hear a little more about party from that thorough believer in it whom we have just quoted :—"All the essential characteristics of party," he proceeds to say, "enter into the very idea of free popular government, and when they are eliminated, such a government is not only impossible but inconceivable. Who is to say what is really for the good of the nation ? All may be equally patriotic, all equally anxious to lay aside self-seeking and everything mean and unworthy, but they may have different ideas how this greatest national good is to be secured ; nay they will have if they think freely and intelligently. And with what result ? Why, with the formation of more or less distinctly opposing parties, with more or less keenness in their discussions, and more or less divergence in their eventual courses of action. The whole history of the past tells of this ; while the 'national principle' would at best but give us something like the slumberous stillness of a sultry summer noon—quiet and peaceful, but at the same time stagnant, and the fruitful parent of injurious miasmata."

Here let us draw breath. Who would have imagined, had we not let out the secret, whence this charming picture of party politics was taken ? There is a touch of

idyllic tenderness and sweetness about it which the great Sicilian poet himself could scarcely have surpassed. "More or less keenness in their discussions"—of course ; but then each side is so "anxious to lay aside everything mean and unworthy"—among other things, all mean and unworthy suspicions of their opponents—that really their divergences of opinion serve only to procure for those who take part in politics a reasonable and healthful amount of intellectual exercise. Under the "national" system we should all stagnate and be choked by noxious miasmata ; while under the party system we are braced and vivified by the pure powers of free discussion. What a happy, golden dream, one cannot but exclaim, for a writer to have who was penning an article for the same columns that contained "Wha wants me ?" Not more fancy-free was Colonel Lovelace in his prison than is this editor in his sanctum. He cannot for a moment assume the patriotism of his particular political opponents—they are tricksters, corruptionists, deceivers—everything in fact that is morally execrable ; but when he wants to draw a picture of the party system at work, why, all at once the political atmosphere becomes pure if not altogether calm ; there is equal patriotism on both sides, and men are only divided by theoretic differences which do not in the least impair the profound respect they entertain for one another.

Now the truth of the matter is that what this enthusiastic advocate of party has been here describing is not party at all ; but that very "national" system, the application of which to popular institutions he pronounces to be sheerly "inconceivable" (though not *too* inconceivable to allow its miasmatic results to be clearly foreseen). No one pretends that if men could be induced to give up the conscious imposture and rant and gibberish that are now dignified with the name of party controversy, they would forthwith all be of one mind. The great difference would be that men would endeavour to make their

opinions triumph by legitimate means ; and further, that the expression of all opinions would be very much freer than at present. As things are now a man is not at liberty at all times to utter the thought that is in him: he has to consider how his party will be affected by what he may say. In this way truths that would be eminently seasonable, so far as the country's interests are concerned, are suppressed as being unseasonable from a party point of view. The credit that a man would, personally, feel inclined to give his opponents for something he knows them to have done well, he withholds out of consideration for his party who would be seriously compromised by any admission in favour of those whom they are steadily trying to undermine in popular favour. It is the rarest thing in the world at present to see a man get up in Parliament and seem to utter his real and innermost conviction on any important question. You note his place in the chamber, and before he speaks you know almost all he has to say. Such is the party system. Instead of stimulating thought and teaching intellectual honesty, it does just the reverse—puts a ban on the free exercise of a man's mind, and leads people to conceal or misrepresent their real opinions.

We fancy that when people try to realize to themselves what the political situation would be like, in the absence of party organization and party strategy, a vague idea too often takes possession of their minds, that there would no longer be any available means of dislodging an unworthy Government from power. They forget that it is party that keeps such a Government in power at all. What is it that for years past has kept the special object of Opposition censure—Sir George Cartier, surrounded by that compact band of immortals, and made him, altogether, the most powerful man, personally, in the whole country? The answer is simply—party. It must not then be lost sight of that a relaxation of party ties, and a more honest and independent devotion on

the part of every member of Parliament to the public good, while it would shield the Administration from factious assaults, would also compel it to rely not on the support of an interested party, but on the honest approval of the people's representatives. There is not only a connection—there is a direct proportion between rigour of party discipline and political corruption. The one varies with the other and necessarily. When we speak of "a strict party vote," what do we mean, except a vote in which the merits of the question were put out of sight, and party interests were alone consulted? And what do we mean by "party discipline," except that species of control, partly internal and partly external, which compels a man to support his friends *per fas et nefas*, or as we say in English, "through thick and thin"? It may not always be a money consideration, immediate or prospective, which leads a man thus to surrender independence and conscience into the hands of others, but whatever the motive, it is a corrupting one. Unless we are mistaken, a leading Canadian "statesman" once said to a member of Parliament, who professed himself ready to support him whenever he was in the right, "That is not what I want; I want my friends to support me when I am wrong as well as when I am right." And are they not both, at this moment, members of the Dominion Ministry? The friend who once wanted to limit and condition his support found, no doubt, substantial reasons for making it unlimited and unconditional—the kind in fact that was wanted. This is an illustration of the party system, if you like: one that everybody will recognize who knows the real article. As to that beautifully-coloured picture of the *Globe's*, exhibited under some other name, it might do very well; but as "A Study of Party Politics," it can only be laughed at.

The great difficulty in arguing the thesis that the public interest is not promoted by an arbitrary division of the legislature, and

of all those who take an interest in politics, into two opposing camps, is to avoid saying things that are self-evident. It is perfectly clear that a party would not be a party, as the word is commonly understood, if it were actuated only by a desire for the public good, and if it followed out a strictly honourable line of action towards its adversaries. Such a body would not and could not display what is called party spirit; and as to party discipline, it would be lost in the higher and nobler discipline of duty. The agreement that existed amongst its members at any moment, however perfect it might be, could not be held to guarantee their agreement on any new issue; for *ex hypothesi* every man, as often as a new question came up, would shape his course upon it, not with a view to improving the position of his party, but to promoting the advantage of the State. It is understood now that those who act together to-day will act together to-morrow and next day. Why? Simply because *they mean to do so*; that is all about it: they have determined that their opinions shall not differ. For how could they ever hope to gain party triumphs without party organization and party orthodoxy? If the country does not thrive under such a system; if the vices of government are not cured; if the people are not educated to disinterestedness and high-mindedness: in other words, if patriotism and public spirit are not encouraged—so much the worse for all the interests, moral and material, involved. The British Constitution of which party-government (we are told) is the noblest tradition, cannot be allowed to fall through merely because a nation threatens to go to ruin.

When we are told that party is absolutely essential to free, popular government, we cannot help thinking what a vast amount of government is done, and what vast interests are successfully managed, without any help from the party principle. Look at our municipalities; look at our banks, our railways and other public enterprises; look at our

churches. Would it really be well to see our city corporations, and our county and township councils divided between two parties, each trying to hamper the other to the utmost of its ability? Who would care to hold stock in a bank or a railway, whose affairs were made the sport of party struggles? Whenever party spirit has shown itself in connection with the latter class of corporations, it has been the product of, as it has in turn ministered to, the very grossest and most shameless forms of corruption and robbery. We see party here assume its final and perfect development as the *ring*—an association of robbers who have agreed to aid in filling one another's pockets. When however, (as fortunately is most often the case) this horrible disease has not fastened upon a great public company, its administration is a fair type of what the administration of a country's affairs might be, if the organized selfishness of party were to pass away. Every shareholder knows that the value of his property depends on the successful administration of the company's affairs, and the maintenance of its credit before the world. His great anxiety, therefore, is to have the right kind of men as directors, and, when the right men have been found, it generally rests with them to say how long they will remain in the responsible positions assigned to them. Men get thanks for conducting the affairs of a company or association prudently and successfully; they get none for doing their duty by the State: they get interested and formal praise from their supporters, and unvarying depreciation and abuse from their opponents. The praise affords them no satisfaction, and the abuse, in the long run, hardens them and takes the edge off all finer feelings. The great difference between a member of a joint-stock company and a member of Parliament is, that while the former would lose more than he would gain by pursuing an obstructive course, or in any way trifling with the interests of the society, the latter may pursue a

similar line of conduct, and profit by it. His interest as a private citizen in sound legislation, and effective administration may easily be overcome by those special inducements which party leaders can offer. That is precisely the position, and hence it is that party is possible in the Legislature and *hardly any where else*. Party may therefore be defined with absolute correctness as a body of men whose interest in supporting one another is greater than the interest they have in giving a right direction at all times to public policy. *should scarcely call this, however, a good thing per se.*

What becomes then of Burke's definition of party as "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some principle in which they are all agreed?" Is it of no application at all in our day? Certainly; as often as a body of men honestly agree in a particular principle, let them unite their efforts to make that principle triumph, and if they choose to call themselves a party, why let them do so. No harm will result from that. Harm results when men take a license to themselves to do, as a party, things that are not for the national interest at all, and that, in their own consciences, they know are not for the national interest. It is certainly a strange thing that, because a number of men have got hold of one sound principle through which they hope to triumph, they should feel themselves excused in giving their sanction, if not their active support, to a number of evil ones. Yet this is precisely what our parties do; they have one end in view which perhaps they sincerely think a good one, and this end they allow to justify or sanctify the most scandalous means. Such is the party system; and if any one hints that a system, which not only permits but erects into a code the loosest moral practice, may not be worth perpetuating, he is pronounced at once an enthusiast, a dreamer, a doctrinaire, a person whom all sensible, practical men may complacently

laugh at, without troubling themselves in the least to enquire into the value of his ideas.

We are very far indeed from thinking that the age of political conflict has passed away in Canada. On the contrary, there is sharp work to be done at the present moment, and we only wish we could see a clearer prospect of its being done efficiently and speedily. What we really require is not closer party organization (the great specific of the "Grit" press) but a general awaking of the political conscience of the country. It is of little avail for a party to be in the right on some main issue if it is constantly putting itself in the wrong on a number of minor questions, and, in a general way, pursuing just as weak and temporizing a course as if its moral foundations were altogether unsound. Where we see a party acting in this way, and deriving no inward strength apparently, from its espousal of the better cause, we may safely conclude that it has espoused that cause simply as a matter of expediency, a matter of party tactics. No wonder if truth triumphs slowly through such advocacy.

The unexpressed idea in the mind of every man who tells us that party-government must be eternal is this: that men in general are too selfish and too corrupt to accept any other system; the main thing in politics must always, it is held by these high-minded individuals, be a strife for place and power, and the State must e'en take her chance between contending factions. If people who think this (and they are many) would only utter it openly, instead of darkening counsel by their sophistical platitudes about party and its abuses, we should be in a much fairer way of rising above our present low level of political morality. Party is such a venerable institution that, like the heathen temples of old and the Christian sanctuaries of the middle ages, it can give shelter and asylum to all kinds of crimes. But let men cease to talk about party in the

abstract, or as an institution, and say what they mean, namely, that there is no use in looking for honesty and disinterestedness in politics, and then perhaps this very enlightened age will begin to feel a little ashamed that such injurious allegations should be so openly made. We do not share the opinion of these cynics; we hold that a great portion of the evils from which we suffer are due to a defective political system, and to that confusion of mind on political subjects which the current language in regard to party is so well calculated to produce. The heart of the people is not so unsound as some would have us believe; and if the people make up their minds to it, they can have honest men to serve them—men who will prefer honour to office, and the sense of duty performed to personal triumphs however flattering. To preach the cessation of party strife is no doubt, at present, like crying in the wilderness, but our hope is that, like other preaching that has begun in the wilderness, it will end by converting the multitude. Stripped of all verbiage and of all subtleties, the question is simply one between good and evil; and the good must either gain on the evil, or the evil on the good. The precise equilibrium we see established at present has no warrant of per-

petuity; it is simply the creation of the public opinion of the moment. In which direction then will public opinion change? Shall we see parties taking to themselves a wider and wilder license than ever, and, in their senseless animosities, trampling on the best interests of the State? Or shall the change be towards purer and more rational methods of government? Shall we see the press of the country becoming what a *free* press ought to be—just, outspoken and independent, dealing with public questions in a broad, national spirit, and with public reputations with that respect which *self-respect* invariably inspires? Or, shall we see the reverse of all this in a further development of the wretched system of “organs?” These are questions which the future has to decide, and upon the decision of which a vast amount of national prosperity may—nay must—depend. The country in which a high tone of public feeling prevails, in which government is administered with purity, and public affairs are discussed with reason, enjoys already the best kind of prosperity; and only where these moral elements of well-being abound can the material possessions and advantages of a community be turned to their best account.

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## SELECTIONS.

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### AM I MYSELF?

(From “*Judicial Dramas, or the Romance of French Criminal Law*,” by HENRY SPICER.\*)

IT was pleasantly remarked by a French gentleman of long descent but short means, that the antiquity of his house had at length exhausted its possessions.

Such, perhaps, was the position of the young

Louis de la Pivardière, Sieur de Bouchet, destined to be the hero of a case, which, towards the end of the seventeenth century, created an

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\* London, Tinsley Brothers.



intense interest, and has seldom found its parallel in the records of criminal jurisprudence.

Louis de la Pivardière was the youngest of three sons of a gentleman of noble lineage, but whose possessions at his death were scarcely sufficient to provide his children with the means of an honourable subsistence.

In this position the young and handsome Louis had the good fortune, as he thought it, to captivate the affections of Madame de Chauvelin, widow of the *Sieur Menon de Billy*, at that time about thirty-five, and the mother of five children by her first marriage. She had a moderate estate at Narbonne, producing a fair but not abundant income. Her beauty, which was but little impaired by time, and her refined and pleasing manners, rendered her a great favourite in the society in which she moved. Her marriage with Pivardière was celebrated at the close of 1687, and for two years all went well, their domestic felicity being only interrupted by passing fits of jealousy on the part of the young husband, which, however, had no other ground than his lady's devotion to general society.

In 1689 the *Arrière-ban* compelled *Sieur de Pivardière*, as lord of Narbonne, to take his turn of service, and two years later he obtained a lieutenantancy in the regiment of dragoons of St. Hermine.

By this time a certain coolness had been engendered between the pair, and the inevitable absence of Louis was endured by both with an amount of resignation hardly consistent with a real affection.

One of the most frequent and (to Madame de la Pivardière) most welcome visitors at the *Château de Narbonne*, was the reverend prior of the neighbouring Abbey of Miseray—a sequestered edifice nestling in the adjacent wood and accommodating only some six or eight brethren at most. The prior, as domestic chaplain, attended to celebrate mass on Saturdays at the *château*.

It was not very long before sharp-eyed and many-tongued scandal began to comment upon the undeniable fact that the reverend gentleman's visits were becoming far more frequent than his spiritual duties seemed to demand. Louis was aware of the existence of such a rumour, but a certain dread of that mixture of censure and ridicule which attaches to a needlessly jealous husband, induced him to

close eye and ear to the growing intimacy, and to merely absent himself more than ever from the scene of his annoyance.

While travelling from place to place on pretence of military duty, but in reality for solace of his mental trouble, Louis found himself one sweet summer evening wandering in the outskirts of Auxerre. Suddenly his attention was attracted by bursts of merriment proceeding from a group of young girls engaged in some youthful game beneath the trees. On one of them especially the young soldier's eyes were fixed with a curiosity and interest he himself could hardly understand. With blue eyes sparkling with mirthful excitement, and bright brown hair waving and glistening in the chequered light, Louis felt his heart irresistibly attracted towards the fairy figure, and without further ceremony set himself to making her closer acquaintance.

He very soon discovered that she was the daughter of a lately deceased innkeeper, named Pillard, a circumstance which gave him secret pleasure as increasing the facilities for, as he hoped, making this fair prize his own.

Without a moment's delay, the infatuated young man engaged an apartment in the little inn presided over by the widow Pillard, and entered heart and soul into the enterprize he had resolved upon. We need not pursue him step by step. That he speedily established himself in the good graces of the pretty rustic need not be a matter of surprise. Handsome, graceful, accomplished, and in earnest, Louis made short work of her affections. But here his progress was stayed. As good and pure in heart as she was fair in person, his young mistress refused all overtures unsanctified with the marriage rite, and would have dismissed her lover on the spot had he not, following out the impulse he had at first conceived, and determined through all obstacles to obtain his object, acceded to her conditions.

He went through the ceremony accordingly under his family name of Bouchet, dropping that of la Pivardière, and taking every other precaution that suggested itself to him for the concealment of the mock marriage, as he had previously concealed from his victim the real one. This successfully effected, he took up his residence at the little inn, and sacrificing pride to love, fulfilled the duties of host with a frank amenity that brought augmented custom to the

house, and thus materially added to the comforts of the now happy family.

Within a twelvemonth the young wife, as she believed herself, being shortly to become a mother, it seemed needful to Louis that he should pay a brief visit to his abandoned home, and obtain, if possible, a supply of money.

Accordingly, making what excuse he might, he took horse for Narbonne, and arriving on the second day at the period of the evening meal, found a merry party assembled, and the reverend prior of Miseray dispensing the hospitalities of the château in its master's chair. At this sight and the cold greeting he received from his wife, Louis' blood began to boil, but conscience whispered in his ear a quieting word. There was no scene; and Louis, taking occasion to mention that he must rejoin his regiment, if possible, on the morrow, found his lady so obligingly anxious that no financial impediment should arise, that he was enabled to take horse next morning with a lighter heart and heavier purse than he had brought with him.

Four years now elapsed without especial incident, save that Louis' young partner brought him four children, and that he himself paid an annual visit to Narbonne, from whence he derived what supplies he could towards the support of his establishment at Auxerre. But a change was at hand.

Some of those who delight in communicating evil tidings found means to inform Madame de la Pivardière of her husband's pretended marriage, but without indicating name or place. She instantly adopted measures for verifying the statement, and had just obtained the required assurance when her husband set out on his accustomed annual visit to the château.

It would appear that all Louis' old jealousy of the prior of Miseray had revived; for halting at the village of Bourgdieu, seven leagues from Narbonne, he fell into conversation with a mason whom he knew, and remarked to him that it was his object to arrive late at the château, where he would probably meet with the prior, and would either take his life or lose his own.

No thought of his own infidelity seems to have softened the man's heart as he spurred homeward on his deadly errand. But perhaps he was of opinion with Lemaitre that men, claiming for themselves virtues of the mind, ex-

act from the other sex the less noble virtues of the body, maintaining, in fact, that man's honour is in no way allied with his chastity, while with woman honour and chastity are one and the same.

It was at sunset, on the fête of Notre Dame August 1697, that a splendid collation was taking place at Narbonne, at which many of the neighbouring gentry, who had attended the morning mass at the Château, were present with their families.

To the astonishment of all, the master of the house strode suddenly into the room, and took his seat at the table. All the guests rose and offered their salutations. His wife alone retained her seat, her countenance so expressive of scorn and pent-up anger, that a lady present could not forbear some words of condolence.

"Is it thus," she murmured "that a husband so long absent should be greeted in his own house?"

Louis overheard it.

"*Je ne suis que son mari—je ne suis pas son ami!*" ("I am only her husband—not her friend") he answered bitterly.

The mirth of the feast departed with Louis appearance. A consciousness of "something wrong" silenced everybody, and at the earliest moment good manners permitted, Louis and his resentful wife found themselves alone.

For a few minutes there reigned a gloomy silence—then the lady—rising—offered to retire to her apartment. Her husband made a movement to attend her, and, being repulsed, at once demanded to know the reason of her contempt and anger.

"Go back to your new wife," was the indignant reply, "and ask *her* the reason!"

In vain Louis attempted to deny the wrong. She refused to credit—even to listen to—any defence, and heaping on him the bitterest reproaches, ended by declaring that, in a very brief space, he should be made bitterly to repent the injury he had done her. With these ominous words she withdrew, her husband retiring to a separate chamber prepared for him by her orders.

Warned, as it subsequently appeared, by one of the maid servants that his life was not secure, so long as he remained under that roof, Louis resolved to depart, under cover of the night, and taking with him his dog and gun,

abandoned his horse (which had fallen lame the previous day), his cloak, and pistols—these being likely to encumber him too much in the fatiguing foot journey he proposed to make.

It was in evidence at the trial, that he passed through Bourgdieu, that he lodged on the 17th at Chateauroux, on the 18th at the hostelry de la Cloche at Issodun, and from thence set forward towards Auxerre, where he expected to arrive at dusk.

A few days later there started into life a sinister rumour. Louis de la Pivardière had, it was affirmed, been assassinated in his own house at Narbonne ! How, when, or where the report originated, was never known. One thing was certain, that it grew and spread until nothing else was spoken of in the vicinity of the supposed murder, while all went on as usual in the château, and its mistress appeared in public with her accustomed grace and smiles, and a demeanour perfectly unruffled.

But one fine day there appeared at the gate of Narbonne the police-lieutenant of Chatillon, in attendance on the Procureur du Roi, and an enquiry followed.

Fifteen witnesses were examined. Some of whom, resident in the neighbourhood of the château, deposed to having heard a shot fired during the night of the supposed murder.

Madame de la Pivardière was thereupon ordered into custody. But the lady had fled. It was ascertained that she had removed from the château all that was most valuable and easy of transport, and taken refuge herself in the house of her friend, Madame d'Anneuil, pending the issue of the inquiry.

It was no convincing proof of guilt that she should have avoided the storm about to burst on her head. The innocent are often timid : she had reason, moreover, to believe that the lieutenant was no friend to the prior of Miseray, and ignorant as she was of her husband's place of concealment, she was unable to refute at once the calumny.

But the astounding circumstance was, that her two maids, Marguerite Mercier and Catherine Le Moine, being arrested, gave a precise and detailed narrative of the murder of the missing gentleman !

The former, Mercier, her mistress's godchild, and a great favourite, stated that Madame de

la Pivardière, having got rid of all who might suspect her, introduced two male servants into her husband's chamber, by whose hands he was there and then put to death.

The second maid declared that she had been sent out of the way, and only returned when the murder was just accomplished.

The little Mdle. Pivardière, aged nine, declared that in the middle of the night she had heard her father's voice exclaiming, "Ah, my God ! have pity on me !"

A third servant, Jaquette Riffé, denied all knowledge of the assassination.

The first, Mercier, being ill and in danger of death, before receiving the last sacraments, confirmed her former deposition, and added that the prior of Miseray had assisted at the murder, and had dealt the last fatal blow !

There is perhaps nothing more inexplicable in criminal records, than the conduct of these two women, supposing that their testimony was false. They had no grudge against their mistress, who treated them with the kindest indulgence, and, in fact, had everything to lose—nothing to gain—by contributing to her ruin.

It was believed by some that a murder had really been committed, but upon the person of the servant of De la Pivardière, whom his master, under some feeling of distrust, had caused to occupy his bed, he himself escaping in the night, and that next day, on discovering her mistake, Madame de la Pivardière had, with the aid of the prior, buried the body of the murdered valet in the garden. This, it was suggested, accounted for the confidence of her denials, when charged with the murder of her husband. But there was no evidence of any kind to give reality to this hypothesis, and it was at least certain that M. de la Pivardière had brought no servant with him to the château.

The lieutenant now visited Narbonne, and instituted a close inquiry relative to some traces of blood found on the floor of M. de la Pivardière's apartment, but without result.

Meanwhile the lady had petitioned the "Chambre des Vacations" to cause a fresh process to be issued before another judge than he of Chatillon, and that search might be made for her missing but living husband. Her case was accordingly referred to the judge of Remorantin.

She herself pressed the search with the greatest perseverance, and no long time elapsed before he was actually discovered in his humble home at Auxerre. When informed that he was sought for by his wife, the idea that he was to be arrested and tried for bigamy, presented itself at once to his mind. He took to flight. Overtaken at Flavigny, he, for the first time, learned the real state of affairs, and now his apprehensions on his own account were lost in anxiety for his wife.

He returned to Auxerre, and we may imagine the painful scene that ensued when he found himself compelled to avow his true position to the gentle loving woman who had believed herself his wife.

As for the latter, with a nobility of soul hardly to be expected under circumstances so trying, far from giving way to hatred against the man who had wronged her, and jealousy against the woman who was to take him from her, she did her best to comfort her mock-husband, and incite him to proceed, without the delay of an instant, to the succour of his legitimate wife.

De la Pivardière followed her generous counsel, and without an hour's delay executed a formal declaration before two notaries, confirming his own existence. He wrote to his wife and to his brother, and this done, started for Narbonne, where he found the *château* a scene of indescribable confusion, the perquisitions of the police, and the unauthorized intrusion of curious strangers, having reduced it to the condition of a house sacked by a mob.

Shocked at the disturbance of which he had been the unconscious cause, he proceeded forthwith to the judge of Remorentin, and demanded a formal and legal recognition; after which, accompanied by that official, he repaired to Luce, not far from Narbonne, where he was immediately recognized by at least a dozen people, the fact being admitted by the police who had the case in hand.

From Luce they proceeded to Jeumaloches, and, entering the church during divine service on St. Anthony's day, the appearance of the missing man so excited the assembly, that vespers were for some minutes suspended, every one gazing at him with distended eyes and quickened pulse, as though looking upon one

really returned from the tomb.\* Later in the day more than two hundred witnesses, including many persons of high consideration, testified on oath to his identity, and subsequently his little daughter, her nurse, the clergy and gentry of Miseray, and numerous others, recognized the returned man.

One would have thought that such a mass of evidence would have set the question at rest. Far from it. The contest was only now beginning. The law appeared to consider that if the *Sieur de la Pivardière* was not murdered and buried, he certainly *ought* to have been, and declined to accept the contrary without much more satisfactory proof than that supplied by the reappearance of the murdered individual among his congratulating friends.

The Lieutenant of Chatillon at once bestirred himself, and, proceeding to Narbonne, ordered a strict search to be made in the grounds and lake for the body. While thus engaged, the *Sieur de la Pivardière* himself joined the busy party, and laughingly accosted the magistrate—

"Do not trouble yourselves, Messieurs," he said, "to hunt at the bottom of any lake for what you may find on the bank."

The lieutenant directed one scared look at the speaker, then, springing on his horse, departed at full gallop, amidst the cheers and laughter of De la Pivardière's friends.

To his friend, Monsieur Denyan, the advocate, the lieutenant apologized for his flight, on the ground that he really believed that he was looking on the spectre of the missing man.

"But why avoid it?" asked Denyan, coolly. "A magistrate should be proof against such impulses. This—hem—phantom came only to demand revenge, and to show you where to seek its mangled frame. Such a prodigy might perhaps surprise, but should not startle you. Instead of galloping away, my good sir, you should have drawn up a *procès-verbal* on the spot. The discovery of the shade of De la Pivardière beside the lake was surely the most convincing proof of his decease!"

The *Sieur*, accompanied by the judge of Remorentin, now visited the prison, and presented himself to the two maid-servants who had re-

\* Those who have read Charles Reade's powerful novel, "*Griffith Grant*," will be struck with the similarity of the leading incidents.

lated his murder. To the surprise of every one, they positively denied his identity, pointing out the difference they professed to discover between their visitor and their master.

It was imagined that the Lieutenant of Châtillon had prompted this denial. He had kept the women up to this time in close confinement, without external communication, and he now protested strongly against the visit of the judge of Remorentin.

The *Sieur* now visited an Ursuline convent, and was recognized by his two sisters and the lady Abbess. All his family unhesitatingly acknowledged him, and detained him among them for three weeks, during which period the Remorentin judge prepared a *procès-verbal* embodying these facts, and this being signed by De la Pivardière, it might be supposed that his difficulties were over. Not so. The tyranny of form prevailed still against reason and reality.

The irrepressible lieutenant resolved to continue his investigation of this murder of a living man. He managed to obtain from the Attorney-General an order of Court, staying the proceedings of the judge of Remorentin, and ordering a new and superior inquiry. The prior of Miseray was arrested, and placed—contrary to custom—in irons, pending the process. The *Sieur* de la Pivardière took part in the latter, as representing his wife, and in the first place demanded a safe-conduct for four months (protecting himself thus against process for the bigamy), and that the letters &c., he had written since the date of his alleged assassination, might be compared with those preceding that date.

The pleadings were sufficiently curious, but would weary the patience of any reader, unless one were found who could take a professional interest in the intricacies of old French law.

De la Pivardière's counsel of course dwelt strongly upon the overwhelming evidence that established their client's identity; while, as regards the depositions of the two maids, their contradictions and retractations were pointed out with great perspicuity, and at inordinate length, seeing that the closing argument simply asserted that their testimony to the murder *must* be worthless, the victim having returned.

This rather reminds one of the French *prêt*, who, being censured for not receiving a

royal visitor with the customary salute, adduced a whole catalogue of reasons, ending with that not immaterial one, that there were neither cannon nor powder in the town.

The counsel concluded by attributing the trouble and calumny heaped upon Madame de la Pivardière to two great causes, an injurious cabal, and the mystery which her husband had, to hide his own misdoing, flung around his recent life.

After a plea of equal length from the opposite side, still adhering to the non-identity of De la Pivardière, the Court (July 23, 1698) issued a most verbose and elaborate decree, the substance whereof was to the effect that, further proceedings being judged necessary, the prisoners should be conveyed to Chartres, and M. de la Pivardière be placed in immediate arrest, with the view of setting the question of identity at rest for ever.

This decree, which puts the innocent, as it were, in the place of guilt, was not in effect prejudicial to his interests, since a judgment in his favour, without such previous inquiry, would have been void.

The presence of De la Pivardière was imperative, and since (having failed of his safe conduct) he refused to appear, compulsion was necessary. Besides, his very absence favoured the imputation of imposture.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that at this time bigamy was a capital offence, and though the records of love can boast of many an example of men sacrificing their lives for their mistresses, those of marriage are almost barren of such instances.

In this difficulty help came from an unexpected quarter. De la Pivardière's noble second wife hastened to Versailles, and, aided by some persons about the king, petitioned the latter for the required protection for the husband who was about to abandon her.

Louis Quatorze was not the monarch to be wholly insensible to beauty in grief! He raised the fair suppliant from her knees, with the gallant remark:

"Une fille, faite comme vous, méritait un meilleur sort."

And, having inquired into the particulars, granted an immediate safe-conduct for three months—in terms so ample that—as some one observed at the time—the *Sieur* de la Pivar-

dière might, if so disposed, have gone through the whole gamut of crime, short of treason, without any one daring to interpose, until the period for which it was granted had expired. As things were, the protection was several times renewed.

Thus provided, the Sieur gave himself up a voluntary prisoner, at Fort l'Evêque, Paris, September 1st. 1698.

The matter became at this time more than ever complicated by the death of the Lieutenant of Chatillon, whose heirs, from motives of respect to his memory, felt it their duty to continue the process he had originated.

Upon the second trial a large and distinguished bar appeared on either side, and gigantic efforts were made to increase the mystery—efforts so successful that it was not until the 14th June, 1701, that this extraordinary case came to an end.

The final judgment, after duly reciting the foregoing proceedings, decreed in favour of De la Pivardière, acquitting all those placed in arrest during the process, and condemning Marguerite Mercier (her fellow servant, Le Moine, had died during the process) to make the public “*amende honorable*” in the usual form as a false witness denying “in a loud and intelligible voice” her slanderous assertions, after which she was to be publicly whipped and branded with a fleur-de-llys on the right shoulder, thereafter to be banished, her goods being forfeited to the crown.

Whatever may have been the private wrong and suffering inflicted in this strange case, it

was not without benefit to the Commonwealth, many questions theretofore of legal uncertainty having been definitively set at rest. A list of fifteen of such decisions were issued to the judges of the various courts, and became thenceforth indisputable law.

The Sieur de la Pivardière did not long survive this event in their lives.

The Sieur, still cherishing his old jealousy, having only consulted his own honour and the safety of his wife in the recent proceeding, refused to return to his home. He, however, revisited the noble-hearted woman who had come to his rescue, only to bid her farewell. It would be difficult to realize the mingled love and grief of such a parting.

De la Pivardière subsequently obtained through his relation, the Duc de la Feuillade, a semi-military employ, in which he was killed while leading his brigade against a large band of “*contrebandiers*.”

Nearly at the same time his lady was found dead in her bed from natural causes, at the château.

The prior Miseray, who had long since ceased to visit at the latter place, died in high esteem, at a very advanced age.

It is pleasant to be able to state that the generous second wife was destined to see many days of peace and prosperity. She was twice married, lived for many years after the events above recorded, and enjoyed the well-deserved esteem of all who knew her, and were acquainted with the strange history in which she alone appears to advantage.

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## EUTHANASIA.

(From SCOFFERN'S *Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-Lore*.)

THE change from this scene of existence to the next is usually heralded by suffering and pain, inasmuch that dying has come to be regarded as the extreme of calamities.

Usually the animated machine clogs, and in mid-career is disarranged, then struggles before coming to the pause which is death, long be-

fore the component parts of it are so far worn or altered as to be unfitted to the functions of vitality.

Few of mankind can be said to die of old age pure and simple; fewer still of non-human animals. Disease or violence or accident precipitate commonly the issue. For man, disease

is the normal rule of death, violence and accident the exception. For non-human animals, conditions are reversed; comparatively few die naturally. In fish the chances in favour of natural death sink to the lowest level. Fish eat each other without compunction, heedless of consanguinity or species similarity.

Violent death may well be called the *natural* death of fishes; and perhaps this way of going out of the world in their case has important consequences in nature's economy. If terrestrial animals were to die naturally and to remain unburied, the atmosphere would soon become so contaminated, that no living creature could long breathe it and live. It is known that putrefactive decomposition takes place in fresh water at least as readily as it does in air; and although the saline materials of sea-water *do* check putrefaction to some extent, yet they are not in quantity sufficient to prevent it wholly; wherefore the cannibal propensities of fish may be a wise provision of nature for keeping the waters pure.

Though life-duration, regarded as to the individual, is most uncertain, nobody being able to form the vaguest notion of the hour of his decease, yet considered as to the species, the period of life-duration can be estimated with much certainty. Were it otherwise, the practice of remunerative life-assurance could not obtain. In a general way the rule has been established, that the normal life-duration of an animal is directly proportionate to the time occupied by it in coming to the extreme of growth. To this, however, there are so many exceptions, that they almost invalidate the rule. Thus ravens die extremely old; so do parrots; both having been known to attain ages beyond a hundred years; yet neither parrots nor ravens are slow of growth.

From very ancient times there has been a traditionary belief in the long life of deer—even hundreds of years. The Egyptians in their hieroglyphic code chose the deer for their symbol of longevity. From the Egyptians the belief passed down to the Romans, and thence to our own times.

In no part of the world is belief in the longevity of deer more firmly fixed than in the Highlands. It is not asserted by Scottish Highlanders that the lives of deer *in general* are immoderately long, something like twenty-five

years being assigned for the usual term of existence of a red deer. The Highland belief is, that certain old stags are endowed with a magic vitality; that they are a sort of wizard stags. Of these weird creatures numerous tales are told. Take, for example, the following:—

In the year 1826, the late Glengarry, when hunting in the garth of Glengarry, shot a fine stag, which was seen to have a certain mark on the left ear. A gillie coming up said it was the mark of Ewen-Mac-Ian Og. Five other gillies coincided, and they all agreed that Ewen-Mac-Ian Og had been dead one hundred and fifty years. The tradition had been handed down that this old chieftain for thirty years before his death had marked with this particular brand all the calf-deer he could lay hands upon. Assuming the mark on this particular deer to have been authentic, then the animal's age could not have been less than a hundred and fifty, and it *might* have been a hundred and eighty years.

The anecdote is narrated by Mr. Scrope, who, however, suggests that the old forester's mark was known to the hillmen, and had been by them imitated. Hundreds of Highland traditions might be cited in regard to the alleged longevity of deer. The belief has always prevailed in the Highlands, and hence a certain Gaelic proverb, which stands thus translated into English:—

'Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,  
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,  
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,  
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,  
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.'

What may be considered the normal age of man, the age to which the human mechanism might be expected to endure but for disease, accident, or other collateral interference? Threescore years and ten is the scriptural answer; but without irreverence we may easily assume that the scriptural statement contemplated the probability of disease, of accident, of one or another amongst the extraneous causes which in by far the majority of cases terminates human life; not allowing *euthanasia*, or death from actual wearing out of the animal mechanism, to supervene.

The physiologist Blumenbach came to the conclusion that there is no period which can be said to be entitled by its frequency and marked

regularity to be considered the natural term of advanced old age. Trying to determine this point, he consulted all the bills of mortality he could gain access to, and the conclusion he was able to arrive at was, that in Europe no considerable number of individuals reach their 85th year, but few get beyond it; that farther, from one or other cause, only one in every seventy-eight human beings in a thousand can be said to die in the condition of euthanasia. Blumenbach, it is worthy of remark, died in the beginning of 1840, aged eighty-eight, having retained his faculties to the last. He continued to lecture up to a few days before his death, and with the spirit and humour that had always been his wont. Hufeland was of opinion that, were it not for disease or accident, or other extraneous cause, the natural term of man's existence, ending in euthanasia, might be fixed at about two hundred years. He considered the assertion strengthened by its agreement with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life. An animal, according to Hufeland, lives eight times as long as it grows; and the growth of man can be hardly looked upon as complete until twenty-five. According to this calculation, the term of human euthanasia would of course be two hundred years.

Hufeland occupied by no means a solitary position among physiologists in respect to this conclusion. Blumenbach was of the same opinion; so was Buffon. Those who uphold this belief have much to advance in support of it. Take almost any extreme case of old age of which records are extant, and it will be found that death came through the operation of some extraneous cause. Take the case of Old Parr, for instance, who died at one hundred and fifty-two. We shall find he did not actually *wear out*; he was killed by kindness.

Who of us, having arrived at the age of one hundred and fifty-two, would mind dying under the perpetration of such kindness as I find recorded in a certain ancient book entitled *The Old, Old, very Old Man*, being a chronicle of Mr. Parr's last days? From the account in this book, it seems that the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, being in Shropshire, heard of the venerable Mr. Parr; 'when,' states my record, 'his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection,

commanding that a litter and two horses be provided for him; also that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucy) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her own riding with him. And to cheer up the old man and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow called Jack, or John the Fool, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London by easy journeys; the charges being allowed by his lordship, and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all of which was done as followeth.'

Then comes the itinerary. How Master Parr was received in this town and that is minutely recorded; how Master Kelly 'had much to do to keep the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he came; yet at Coventry he was most oppress; for they came in such multitudes to see the old man, that those that defended him were almost quite tired and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled.'

Arrived at London, Master Parr was sumptuously lodged, profusely and delicately fed. He became a court lion, dividing the regards of sight-seers of Charles I.'s court with a giant and a dwarf, also under royal patronage; all three, as I gather from the curious old book from which these particulars are taken, court pensioners. There seems to have been a court poet in those days, whose name has passed into oblivion. He printed an effusion to celebrate the three court prodigies; the opening lines of this effort of genius are as follow:

'Of subjects, my dread liege, 'tis manifest  
You have the old'st, the greatest, and the least;  
That for an old, a great, and a little man,  
No kingdom, sure, compare with Britain can.'

They lodged Master Parr sumptuously. they fed him delicately. It killed him. Abundant meat and generous wines failed to agree with one who throughout life had eaten very little animal food, and who, though indulging in ale occasionally, had seldom tasted wine. He died at the mature age of one hundred and fifty-two, but not of pure old age, the condition of euthanasia. Harvey, the celebrated anatomist, who dissected Master Parr's body, found in it no



signs of natural decay. And here it may not be inopportunistically stated, that when Master Parr had outlived a century by some years, a certain youthful indiscretion brought on him the penalty of doing church-penance in a white sheet!

Speculating on the average age of mankind, and animals in general, some have expressed surprise that the organism should wear out at all, seeing that the materials of it are so constantly replenished; others, on the contrary, have wondered that the mechanism should last so long as it ordinarily does.

In reference to the former, it has been said that every part of a living animal's body undergoes renewal once in about three months; but this is not strictly correct. Every *soft* part of the body may, indeed probably *does*, come under that process of regeneration in the time specified, gelatine or the soft portion of the bones inclusive. The composition of our bodies alters with age, notwithstanding. During life something goes on comparable to the furring of a tea-kettle or the fouling of a steam-boiler. Hard earthy concretions deposit in the heart, impeding its movements; in the arteries, impairing the elasticity needful to their vital functions. Vainly are the soft portions of our bodies renovated, whilst those earthy depositions continue to be formed. The longer we live the more brittle do we grow. Young children can fall about, rarely breaking their bones; whereas old people often fracture their limbs by the mere exertion of turning in bed.

Bearing in mind the fact, that as we grow older we become more brittle, this is explained; and being explained, shall we not marvel that life's fire burns so long? Consider what the animal machine has to do to keep itself alive and going, the heart above all. Taking an average of different ages, the human heart may be considered to beat one hundred thousand times in the twenty-four hours. A human adult may be considered to hold from fifty to sixty pounds of blood; and this has to be kept in continuous motion by the pulsating heart to the very end of life. The mechanical labour is enormous. Were a mechanic to devise a machine of ordinary materials for overcoming the weight of fifty or sixty pounds, as happens to the blood, repairs would be incessant, the machine would soon wear out.

I do not know how it happens that, when an

illustration of extreme old age is in question, we all recur to Master Parr. He was a man certainly, a *very* old man; but that means the oldest of whom authentic records exist. Old Jenkins beats him. Of Jenkins more anon. The very oldest man I can find account of is Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish-register of St. Leonard, Shoreham, died 28th January, 1588, æt. two hundred and seven. He was born in the reign of Richard II. in 1381. He lived in the reigns of ten reigns, viz., Richard II., Henries IV., V., VI., Richard III., Henries VII. and VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth.

Some years ago, when Parliament had closed and London was deserted—when the silly season, as newspaper-people call it, had fairly set in—the leading journal admitted to its columns a series of letters, the general purport of which was to cast a doubt on records of extreme longevity. Could it be demonstrated that, since the existence of scriptural patriarchs, any man or any woman had completed a hundred years?

Such was the general question; and much argument was expended to prove the negative. Amongst others reasons for disbelieving the statements of persons of extreme age, the failure of memory was insisted on; also a certain pride of age, that dawns and dominates just like the pride of youth at earlier epochs of life. Deferring to these arguments in their general application, it is still impossible to set aside the precise testimony of certain cases. However easy it would be for a supra-centricarian to tell an untruth, or to make a mistake as to the bare statement of age, it would not be easy—rather would it be impossible—for him to make the bare statement consistent with cross-questioning founded upon consideration of events and historical periods. The extreme age of Jenkins—he died at one hundred and sixty-nine—is attested by the following lines, as it would seem, unimpeachable evidence.

Henry Jenkins is said to have been born at Bolton-upon-Swale, Yorkshire, in 1500, and to have followed the active employment of fisherman for about a hundred and forty years. Being produced as a witness on a trial at the Yorkshire assizes, to prove a contested right of way, he swore to near one hundred and fifty years' memory, during all which time he said he remembered the right of way. 'Beware what

you are swearing,' said the judge ; ' there are two men in the court each above eighty—they have both sworn they have known *no such* right of way.'

' Those men,' replied Jenkins, ' are boys to me.' Upon which the judge inquired of those men how old they took Jenkins to be. Their answer was, they knew Jenkins very well, but not his age ; for that he was a *very* old man when they were boys.

Here, then, we have evidence of the great age of this patriarch,—evidence, so far as it goes, of the most satisfactory kind ; educed, as it was, from the testimony of those who, being in a certain sense antagonists, can hardly be assumed to have gone out of their way to enhance his antiquity. Evidence equally satisfactory and more precise, as it goes to fix his age *exactly*, was elicited by judicial cross-questioning founded on comparison of historical dates. Being brought before a court of law to give evidence, he testified to one hundred and twenty years : having been born before parish-registers were kept, these only having been established by the 30th of Henry VIII.

This seemed so extraordinary that Jenkins was cross-questioned with reference to historical occurrences. What remarkable battle or event had happened in his memory ? ' Flodden Field,' said Jenkins : ' I being then turned twelve years of age.' How did he live ? ' By thatching and salmon-fishing. I was thatching when served with your subpoena, and can dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire.'

Reference to Flodden Field brought more cross-questioning. His reply was consistent, and still more confirmatory. When eleven or twelve years old, he said, he was sent to Northallerton in the North Riding, with a horse-load of arrows to be used in the battle of Flodden Field. From Northallerton the arrows were sent on to the field of battle by a bigger boy, all the men being employed getting-in the harvest. The battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9th, 1513.

Being farther questioned, Jenkins said that he had been butler to Lord Conyers of Hornby Castle, when Marmaduke Brodelay, lord abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him ; that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodg-

ings, and, after ceremonies, besides wassal (a liquor made from apples, sugar, and ale), ordered him a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner (for that monasteries did deliver their guests' meat by measure) and a great black-jack of strong drink.

Being next questioned whether he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said, ' Very well ;' that he was between thirty and forty years old when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire ; that great lamentation was made, and the county all in a tumult when the monks were turned out. After this sort of evidence it will be impossible, I think, to refuse credence to this *very* old man's tale.

Is growing old an art to be acquired ? is it a matter of eating, drinking, and avoiding ? These are amongst the questions that people, desirous of growing *very* old, will not fail to propose to themselves. And thus may we reply : Viability, or the capacity of living long, wrote somebody, is an inheritance. Like talent, it may be cultivated ; like talent, it may be perverted ; but it exists independent of all cultivation. Some men have a talent for long life. Longevity tends to be hereditary. M. Charles Lejoncourt, in his *Galerie des Centenaires*, publishes some curious examples. He cites a day-labourer, who died at one hundred and eight ; his father having lived to one hundred and four, and his grandfather to one hundred and eight. His daughter, then living, had arrived at eighty. In another page of M. Lejoncourt's treatise, we find a saddler whose grandfather died at one hundred and twelve, his father at one hundred and thirteen, and he himself at one hundred and fifteen. This man, two years before his death, being asked by Louis XIV. how he had managed to live so long ?—' Sire,' said he, ' by acting on two principles since I was fifty ; the principles of keeping my wine-cellar open and my heart shut.'

A more surprising illustration of hereditary longevity is furnished by John Golembiewski, a Pole. In 1846 this man was living, aged one hundred and two. His father died at one hundred and twenty-one, his grandfather at one hundred and thirty. This Pole had been eighty years a common soldier. He had served in thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon ; had even survived the terrible Russian campaign in spite of five wounds.

We perceive, then, that capacity for living to very old age tends to be hereditary. It is a talent, so to speak, and, like other talents, it may be developed or abused. If the question be proposed, By what regimen longevity may be most subserved,—the answer would be, A temperate regimen. The reply is indefinite; not one whit more precise than are the circumstances that make a *bona fide* traveller.

I cannot discover in the annals of extreme old age any sort of testimony favourable to the views of total abstainers. As little does the faculty of long life comport with excess, either in food or drink. Gluttony and drunkenness are both unfavourable to longevity; but gluttony, as it would seem, in a higher degree than alcoholic drinking. Buffon places the mountainous districts of Scotland in the very first rank for longevity, and we all know that John Highlandman is *not* a teetotaler. Whether total-abstinence people would like to argue, that though John Highlandman lives long, yet but for 'whisky' he would live longer still, I know not. To support that argument they might adduce St. Mungo, otherwise called Kentigern, founder of the bishopric of Glasgow. This worthy is said to have lived to one hundred and eighty-five, eleven years older than Jenkins, thirty-three years the senior of Old Parr.

In respect to sex, I do not find that women figure as supra-centenarians in any way comparable to men. Old women of eighty-five or ninety are plentiful enough, but not antique women—female old Parrs and Jenkinsees. This rather unsettles the somewhat common belief—or is it a petulant outburst only?—that old women never die.

Married life or celibacy—what shall we say? Unfortunately I can come to no conclusion at

all; worse, a conclusion I come *near* to is opposed to the belief of wiser men than I. Nowadays insurance actuaries tell us that the married state is favourable in the highest degree to longevity; but how is this to be reconciled with the case of St. Mungo, who died at the astounding age of one hundred and eighty-five? Being a saint, *of course* he was a celibate; a standing proof of old bachelordom vitality.

One swallow makes not a summer: I fancy most of the antique people whose records I have scanned were, in some sense, married. Mr. Parr was so little of a celibate, that, arrived at the age of one hundred and five, they made him undergo penance at church, as we already know, to atone for a youthful indiscretion: setting him up as an example to be avoided by other young men.

Thus it seems that, fearfully and wonderfully made, the chances of dying from the effects of mere old age—the condition of euthanasia—are so much against us as well nigh to bar the hope. On the most favourable computation, it only happens to one in a thousand; and out of that thousand, the one can only belong to some seventy-seven or seventy-eight.

Is euthanasia—death without disease—coming when life has been prolonged to the uttermost, a result to be desired? Perhaps not. The optimist, believing all things to be for the best, must fain believe not.

When hearing fails, and taste flags, and sight grows dim; when memory of things past mingles, wavering, with visioned thoughts of the change to come; when the lifelong-palpating heart pauses in its beat as if worn and weary,—is it not better then that the silver string should be cut in twain, and the pitcher broken at the well?

## ART AND MORALITY.

*From Macmillan's Magazine for October.*

**S**PINOSA says somewhere that our passions all imply confusion of thought; and of course he proves this with all the parade of geometrical method which is so satisfying to some and so tedious to others. But everybody can verify the aphorism for himself by observing that he becomes calm as soon as he can attend to what it is that has disturbed him. And this suggests

that passion and art must be enemies, so far as passion is a temptation, and so far as art is perfect; for certainly everyone would agree that it is a perfection of art to present, and therefore to conceive, its subject as clearly and as adequately as may be. The subject of the Epithalamium of Mallius, or of the *Vigil of Venus*, is full in one sense of danger to mor-

lity, but the danger is that our feeling for the subject should be too strong for the poetry which inspired it, that we should abandon ourselves to a blind glow of pleasurable emotion and lose sight of the vivid train of clear, articulate images which set our hearts on fire at first. And there is another safeguard to morality; perfect art must be more than adequate, it must be satisfactory; it is condemned by its own standard till it can produce a type which can be contemplated upon all sides and throughout all time. The situation of Maggie Tulliver, in the boat with her cousin's betrothed, has many elements of artistic beauty; it is romantic, intense, and elevated; but it is not satisfactory ideally because it is not satisfactory morally: like Maggie, we cannot forget the beginning, we cannot but look forward to the end. It is well that the dream should be broken; though the voyage on the flood to Tom and to death has less charm, it has more peace; the imagination can dwell upon it. The new pagan treatment of the Tannhäuser legend seems capable of a more musical intensity than the traditional Christian treatment, yet it can hardly be doubted that Heine was right on purely artistic grounds in giving up this intensity, and following his own temper, and turning all to irony. Mr. Swinburne has to undertake the impossible task of reconciling us to the thought of a Hell, too intensely realized to be poetical; the knight has to promise that he will remember and rejoice in Venus there—we could not have believed it of a saint. Perfect art does not deal in paradoxes. This carries us a step further. In order that art may be adequate and satisfactory it must be sane and rational, it must be the expression not of revolt but of harmony, it must assume and reflect an ideal order in the world. The impulse of revolt is strong both in Byron and Shelley, and they are among the greatest of poets, but the law holds good in them. The grandest canto of Childe Harold is the last, where despair and disdain are passing into a calm that at least is half-resigned. Shelley's anguish for himself and for mankind goes off incessantly into mere shrieking whenever it takes the form of a revolt against the tyranny of kings and priests, it becomes musical again when it blends with the mute sorrow of "the World's Wanderers," and becomes a voice in the universal chorus of the whole creation that

groaneth and travaileth in pain together. It is not required of art to be cheerful, neither is it required of morality as such. Marcus Aurelius and George Eliot present "altruism" under a form that makes the Epicurean burden—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—glad tidings of great joy to flesh and blood. But though George Eliot's fascination is painful, it is complete, there is nothing to disgust and emancipate us: for her art rests upon the acknowledgment of an order to which all must be subject whether they will or no, though the order exists for other ends than the happiness, or even the perfection, of the creatures under it. We need not inquire whether such a morality is enough for life, but, in its obedience, art finds perfect freedom. Or rather, absolute art is not subject to absolute morality, but both are expressions of one ideal order which must always be conceived as holy, just, and good, though it is not always conceived as giving life and peace.

The art which is always claiming to be emancipated from morality is not the absolute art; perhaps the morality which it rebels against is hardly the absolute morality. The practical question has to be discussed on a lower level, but it is not to be dismissed as though the art which comes into conflict with morality were spurious because it is not the highest. True, the perfections of art are its safeguards, but art may be so much without being perfect. Its perfection exists rather for itself than for us, though we rejoice in it afar off; what we need is that it should be stimulating, and this too is what the artist needs, for he too is of the same clay as we. Like us, he desires fresher emotions than the ordinary round of life supplies, though this too has a satisfaction of its own for those who cherish its affections. And the craving which is occasional with us is habitual with him. He refuses the false gratification that might be found for it if he would make virtue always culminate in some kind of Lord Mayor's Show; life loses such flavour as it has in the attempt to make it just a little better, a little easier and a little prettier. If the artist will not idealize ordinary life by falsifying it, and cannot idealize it in the light of the higher law, or sustain himself upon the level of ideal action, it remains for him to go beyond the world since he cannot rise above it. He tries to escape from the hackneyed routine of domestic duties and fel-

cities into an unsatisfactory fairy-land of extreme passions, of untried desires, of unfettered impulses, working themselves out within the exciting complexities of abnormal situations. Since he cannot have the true ideal, and will not put up with the false, he demands the whole range of the real, and chooses to be always gleaned on the outskirts of possibility. The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life are not really ideal, but they have their ideal moments (or they could not tempt us), and there comes a time when art finds it hard to part with one of these. The only justification that has yet been put forward for the persistent attempt to pluck the "flowers of evil" is that the artist shares the general dislike to their fruit, and that, whether he plucks or no, the world is sure to wear them. There are very few like John Foster, to whom almost all art, especially all classical art, was essentially immoral because it nourished the pride of life: art that appeals merely to curiosity or to the extreme sense of beauty is always thought safe and respectable; when we speak of immoral art we mean art that deals with sensual impulses, or rouses rebellion against the order of society; perhaps too there are many who object to the first because it results in the second. And even on this point public opinion is rather emphatic than clear. It would be hard to find a popular definition of literary immorality which would not condemn the episode of Paolo and Francesca; it is almost as if Dante had come to curse them, and lo! he blessed them altogether: they are always together, and they always love; there are more who could learn to look to such a hell with yearning than choose to enter the purgatory of Gerontius. The Laureate may seem as unimpeachable on this score as Dante, yet it is hard not to think Aylmer's Field an immoral poem. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, and the only outcome of Aylmer's Field is the wrath of man. We have an evil action represented in an evil spirit; if we are not to condemn this, how are we to condemn such a poem as "The Leper," *à priori*, merely because Mr. Swinburne follows Luther's maxim, *pecca fortiter*? In truth, the question within what limits it is safe to pursue "art for art," is hardly one that could be asked in an ideal state of things. Then art would be continually enriched by life,

and life illuminated by art. It never occurred to Shakespeare, or Titian, or Leonardo, that the choice of Hercules lay between life and art: art in its supreme epochs has always been nourished and exalted by the chastened or unchastened pride of life. When we speak of choosing art for art, we acknowledge that the pride of life does not need any longer to be mortified, because it is dead. When life and art are parted,

"Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat almos."

But the gleaned of the vintage still is sweet; only when a man has renounced the rewards of life for art, he has not escaped its obligations; if any were mad enough to lose his soul for art, he would find he had lost art too. We cannot expect an ideal answer to a question which it is a misfortune to have to ask. Artists who have not attained the vision of eternal and ideal beauty have no right to an ideal liberty, and we have no right to try their work by an ideal standard till we have tried ourselves. Every one must apply as he can the principle that all art is lawful for a man which can be produced or enjoyed within the limits of a safe and wholesome life. When we know that Etty lived quietly and soberly with his sister, and was grateful to her for finding him respectable models, we know that he had succeeded for himself in finding a true relation between morality and art. Yet we should think hardly of a man who collected exclusively what Etty produced exclusively. An idle man might get all the pleasure from Etty's pictures that they can give, and that is not a safe pleasure for an idle man, but the pictures themselves were the work of honest labour—and *qui laborat'orat*. The safeguard that the artist has in the very necessity of working we may bring from our own work, and then we shall be most likely to find it anew in strenuous sympathy with his. To the pure all things are pure; it is recorded of one of the best public men of America that even the *ballet* always filled him with religious rapture.

It is fortunate to possess such a temper, it would be silly and dangerous to aim at it; individuals must be guided by their own desire for virtue, and by the consent of virtuous and cultivated men. It is suggestive to observe that the limits of their toleration vary according to the medium in which the artist works.

In music there are hardly any limits at all ; we can hardly imagine such a thing as a melody immoral in itself, though there are melodies which do not seem profaned when fitted to immoral words. Plastic art has less liberty, yet even here almost everything is permitted short of the direct instigation of the senses to rebellion ; it is impossible to draw the line earlier when we have once sanctioned the representation of the nude. After all, Eye Gate does not lead far into the town of Mansoul. It is only when we come to the literature that the conflict becomes serious, and that honest artists wish to handle matters which honest men of the world wish to suppress. This points to a distinction which is not without practical value. Literature is the most complex form of art, the form which touches reality at most points, and therefore the mind passes most easily from literature back to life. And, therefore, what is dangerous in life is dangerous in literature, though it may be innocent in other forms of art which in themselves are more intense. The first impression of a great picture, or a great symphony, is more vivid than the first impression of a great poem ; it is, at the same time, more definite and more completely determined by the intention of the artist. A great picture, a great symphony are in one way infinitely complex, but both take their key-note from a single movement of the subject. Few subjects are too unsatisfactory to present at least one noble aspect, to strike at least one noble chord. In literature it is difficult to isolate the æsthetic side of a subject so completely, because literature tells by the result of a great many incomplete suggestions which the reader has to work out for himself, so that there is no security that he will be able to keep entirely within the intention of the writer. And the writer, too, finds it harder to subordinate the intellectual and the emotional sides of his subject to the æsthetic ; and morality is certainly justified in proscribing anything that can make familiarity with those sides of an immoral subject less unwelcome and disgusting. Still it is possible to maintain a certain ideal abstractedness of treatment even in literature which has its use. Every one feels the difference between the diseased insolent pruriency with which Byron keeps flaunting the sin in our faces in all the loves of Don Juan, and the sad gracious

*naïveté* of Mallory, as he sets forth the passion of Lancelot and Guinevere. Some, indeed, might think that it was better to let us rest upon the nobleness of Lancelot than to try to save morality by demonstrating the superiority of Arthur. Demonstration involves discussion, and discussion might leave us sceptical as to whether Guinevere's second thoughts were really best. There certainly are instances which show beyond question that abstractedness and simplicity of treatment are a better safeguard than the best didactic intention. Madame Bovary, not seductive in intention, is undeniably more deterrent in result than the episode of Paolo and Francesca ; but no one would dream of calling it more moral.

Of course it is possible to maintain that all these distinctions are superfluous, that Plato and Savonarola were right ; that, no matter who treats them, no matter how they may be purified by severe accuracy and æsthetic isolation of treatment, still, dangerous subjects will be always dangerous, that art, if permitted to exist at all, should be rigidly and consistently subordinate to edification, and that if a few supreme works should be allowed to subsist unmutated, all production that fell short of supreme perfection should be carefully limited to drawing-room charades and nursery novelettes, and Sunday picture-books, just to keep children of all ages out of mischief. At any rate, this view has the merit of being thorough and intelligible ; it is infinitely more respectable than the common view, if it is to be called a view, which emancipates art from rational and ideal restrictions to subject it to restrictions which are shifting and arbitrary, which allows it to call evil good and good evil, so long as it does not violate the conventionalities of the day, and thinks it is quite sufficiently stimulating if it can be got to show the world, or at any rate the little piece of it the public likes to look at, all *couleur de rose*.

Only it is to be remembered that if we sacrifice art to morality we must sacrifice other things too. Comfort and liberty and intelligence, to say nothing of such trifles as wealth and luxury, have their temptations as well as art, and Plato and Savonarola would gladly have sacrificed them all. The sacrifice might be rewarded if it could be made ; Rousseau thought it would be well to return to bar-

barism to escape from the inevitable injustices of civilization; perhaps it might be well to return to the Thebaid to escape from its temptations. But as we are too weak for the Thebaid we do well to endure the temptations of the world lest we should regret them, and among these the temptation of art is not the deadliest because it is the sweetest. Even Plato thought that virtue should be tested by pleasure as well as by pain, and therefore he directed that the citizens of his ideal city should be proved by seeing how they bore themselves when drunk with wine—surely it would have been better to make them drunk with beauty.

Of course Plato wished to make them drunk with beauty too. He thought concrete beauty was the fountain which could quench the ascetic's thirst.

"Laetificemur sobria  
Ebrietate spiritus."

But all this while he was thinking of the beauty not of art but of life. He did not underrate, perhaps he overrated, the moral value of æsthetic culture; but this high estimate of æsthetic was quite compatible with a very low estimate of art, which he regarded simply as providing instruments for a series of æsthetic exercises to be regulated in accordance with superior regulations, so that a poet had no more right to set up on his own account, and develop his products for their own sake, than if he were a maker of flesh-gloves or dumb-bells. Consequently he had no occasion to discuss the artistic value of morality, though if he had done so he would hardly have been tempted to indulge in an estimate of its æsthetic value so one-sided as to be extravagant. One reason of this one-sidedness was that Greek morality, before the rise of Stoicism, treated the mass of human actions as indifferent; to be left to nature or at best regulated by external conventionalities: consequently the notion of virtue was not lowered by the dulness of duty, it was always identified with the rapturous ecstasy which accompanies great deeds, which are always exceptions even in the life that is fullest of them, or with the calm diffused satisfaction which radiates over the whole of a fortunate and praiseworthy life. Aristotle could still hold that virtue was virtuous in that its works were wrought τοῦ καλοῦ ἕνεκα, "for the sake of the Beautiful." Epictetus was not far from the

view of Christian asceticism, that good works done from a motive savouring so much of self-satisfaction were hardly virtuous at all.

But even the most picturesque heroism involves sacrifice and suffering, and no sacrifice is without an element that is hardly attractive æsthetically. The comely corpse of the young warrior slain in the front of the battle, in *Tyrtæus*, is more satisfactory to the æsthetic sense than the soul of Hector flitting to Hades, waiting for the supple strength of the limbs it left in their young prime; but morally the advantage is really on the side of Homer,—it is better to look facts in the face. The saints of life wear no halo, the heroes of life wear no enchanted armour to keep them scathless to the fatal hour that translates them to Valhalla, or Elysium, or Avalon. If it were so, life would hardly be better, but it is a paradox to deny that it would be more beautiful; and it would be a paradox to deny that most of the virtue which enables the world to go on is without any æsthetic value at all. Nor can we take refuge in the convenient observation that human virtue is never quite perfect, that for the most part it is grossly and glaringly imperfect; for virtue may be all but perfect, and yet be dull, because it is painful, obscure, and, humanly speaking, fruitless. Professor Jowett is quite right in pointing out that a servant girl who spends her wages on a peevish, slatternly mother, and a lazy, dissipated brother, is the heir of many beatitudes, but it does not follow that she is a "Beautiful Soul:" fine feelings go the way of fine phrases with those who have to do and suffer overmuch.

And the aspects of morality which have the highest æsthetic value are very far from having the highest artistic value, for literary art at any rate. The best that can be obtained from them is a lyrical or semi-lyrical allusion, that may light up a lower theme. To try to idealize a great deed is only painting the lily; to try to idealize a great purpose is to drift into a labyrinth of mere intellectualism. From this point of view it is instructive to compare the "*Idyls of the King*" with the "*Antigone*" of Sophocles, and to notice what proportion of the emotional and artistic interest bears in each to the moral and intellectual interest. But if it can be answered without a theory, an ideal problem is better for literature than an ideal character.

Wallenstein is lower æsthetically than Tell; artistically King Alfred is less valuable than Richard III. The closing scene of the life of the Emperor Maurice when his children were butchered before his face, and he gave up the last rather than allow the nurse to sacrifice her own, combines almost every element of ethical and æsthetical nobility. At first it seems dramatic, but what could dramatic art add to it? Stage effect perhaps, so far as it is due to the actor; all that a poet could hope to do on his own account would be to prepare a character to culminate in such a sacrifice. The value of this last is very doubtful. The æsthetical value of Joan of Arc's life lies in the historic moments which it would be impossible to adorn and a profanation to falsify. It is hardly worth while for literature to do what remains, and supplement pictures of concrete heroism with the most delicate analysis of her feelings when the French army was beginning to find her a troublesome visionary, or when she was being brow-beaten into recantation in an English dungeon. It might be done fifty ways; but Etty's picture of her at the stake would always be worth them all. In the same way Delaroche's "Christian Martyr" is a greater addition to the "Golden Legend" than Massinger's "Tragedy on Dorothea," and we need never expect to meet with a poem on Elijah which shall light up the history in the way Mendelssohn's music does. Or to come down to a level where the æsthetic value of morality is not on the heroic scale, who would not give all the graceful books that can be written on Eugénie de Guérin for a portrait of one whose life within its narrow limits was so beautiful? Or to come lower yet, such æsthetical value as the pathos of common life possesses is better represented by Frère than by Dickens, because Frère avowedly represents its momentary aspects, whereas Dickens would have been compelled, if he had not been inclined, to represent the picturesque and pathetic side of poverty as something normal and habitual. The fact is, literature comes too near to life to rise above life at its highest, or to keep above life at its lowest; it is confined to a middle region where it can embellish without falsifying.

And if literature has to turn away from what

is best in life, other forms of art by their greater detachment carry us away from life into fairy-land, so that here too it is impossible to formulate an ideal relation between average art and average morality, so that practical enthusiasts can always maintain that what is given to art is taken from morality. Yet there is an ideal reason for their co-existence. Life has been compared to a tapestry which is worked on the wrong side; and after all it is this side which we see in morality; in art we see not the right side, for this is covered up as fast as it is finished, but perhaps some reflection of the pattern too much distorted to be valuable when the tapestry is finished and fixed; till then it has its use: those must work very earnestly who work the faster for looking upon the wrong side alone. Of course it is unsatisfactory to have to think of art and life co-existing in this state of jealous co-operation that can hardly be distinguished from subdued antagonism; but after all this is one of the minor discomforts of an unsettled period in which nothing is satisfactory, though to healthy tempers much is hopeful. To such a temper it would be one hopeful sign that we are beginning to recognize that, as it is ruin and madness to sacrifice morality to artistic eccentricities, so it is folly and loss to sacrifice the normal development of art to moral conventionalities. Though art must always contain something which is a snare to morality and morality must always cultivate much which is simply an encumbrance to art, we may rest upon the thought that absolute art and absolute morality, though perfectly distinct, are always harmonious. All are bound to practise morality, though the majority can never carry it to its ideal stage; it is the same with the majority of those who are called to cultivate art; but by keeping their eyes on the unattainable, morality will catch some grace, art will be preserved from revolt and excess. By patience and work we may hope to lift a happier generation to a level when the question between morality and art disappears: at all events we shall be lifted ourselves to a world where that question and many others are easily answered and need not be asked.

G. A. SIMCOX.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

WORK AND WAGES: Practically Illustrated. By Thomas Brassey, M.P. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

This work is the result of a suggestion made by Sir Arthur Helps to Mr. Thomas Brassey, that he should write a paper on the subject of wages, taking his illustrations from the facts brought out in writing the Life of the late Mr. Brassey, the great railway contractor, which was reviewed in these pages last month. But, as usually happens when industrious men, full of their subject, are beguiled to take pen in hand, the paper expanded into a volume, and the facts introduced into it took a so much wider scope than at first was contemplated, that a second book has had to be published, instead of a mere appendix to the Life.

A thoughtful work on labour, as connected with the price of it, is ever valuable. For, like another old, old story, this, too, interests at some time or other every one of us. We are all work-people, toiling for hire, and yet, in a sense, all masters, paying for service. Now, especially, that the world is being revolutionized, that the aspect of every department of labour is changing or changed, should we be glad to receive a contribution which, by carefully collating figures bearing on the subject, points out the direction in which the changes are being, or have been, made.

This, Mr. Thomas Brassey's work certainly does, and does well. It is statistical, and, therefore, to many people, dry. It deals with an important branch of Political Economy, and so is in danger of being neglected, as abstruse. Some books of this kind, if left upon the shelves by the general public, can, at least, be introduced to them by condensations and reviews. But this work is itself a condensation, cleverly written; it is itself a summary, well summarized, and, therefore, a *crux* to a *précis* writer or reviewer. It must be read and re-read, entire, to be appreciated; and we trust that our recommendation of it will not be neglected in this Dominion of Canada.

The volume opens with a chapter on Strikes and Trades-unions, to which Mr. Thomas Brassey, in the interest of the working-men, is alike opposed; and his opposition, while strongly declared and well supported by facts and arguments, taken, in most part,

from those who have originated and organized such movements, is most effective, because it deals with the subject broadly. Thus, he does not confine his facts and reasons within the limits of his own country, but takes us to Mr. Krupp's famous engineering establishment at Essen, with its army of between 8,000 and 10,000 men, and shews that wages there to day-workmen are only from 30 to 40 cents a day, and to smiths, puddlers, carpenters, and masons, \$11 to \$32 per month. He admits that provisions in some districts of the Continent are somewhat cheaper than in England, but he brings prominently forward the greater frugality of the German artisan. At Essen, he says, 1,500 of the workmen live together in a barrack, with one eating room in common, at which food and lodging can be had for 20 cents a day. He shews that whereas no great manufacture of heavy goods could, in olden times, be established except on the seaboard, so that England's position was, as to these, the most central in Europe. Railways have now changed this, and Russia can be supplied from the interior of France, Germany, or her own great Empire, with what she could formerly, with most convenience, bring from England. He dwells upon the greater knowledge of neighbouring markets, funds, tariffs, and customs regulations possessed by French and German manufacturers, when compared with the English, who are, moreover, less familiar with Continental languages. He quotes authorities and proves that, after all compensating conditions have been allowed for, wages are at least 15 per cent. cheaper on the Continent than in England, while, without making such deductions, the difference is fully 30 per cent. He, therefore, cautions the English workmen to be careful, lest they, by unreasonable demands, throw in the way of English capital still greater difficulties than exist; and by stating that even now Profits are less in England than on the Continent, seeks to convince that wages, as compared with other elements of cost, have reached their limit, and urges that, as trades-unions cannot have other than a temporary influence on the rate of wages, it would be better that their organisations should be utilized for keeping a watchful eye on all that is taking place abroad, for educating in foreign languages delegates, who should prepare for publication frequent reports on the activity of labour and the fluctuations in the rewards for labour in all countries.

with which England has relations. Mr. Brassey hints—his political position, perhaps, hardly allows him to do more—that the suppression of intemperance would be equivalent to a considerable advance in wages. He states that there was, on the Great Northern Railway, a celebrated gang of navvies, who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour earlier. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a teetotaler. He contrasts with the draughts of the British workman the favourite cup of coffee of the German. And we are surprised that, among the Canadian notes in which his father's manuscripts are rich, he did not find reference made to the habits of the Canadian lumbermen, the hardiest, hardest working, and, perhaps, most powerful set of white men on this Continent, who seldom drink anything but tea as an accompaniment to their salt pork and beans.

In his second chapter, Mr. Brassey swings off, with an easy transition, to the question of supply and demand. He shews us the "fitter," with a weekly wage of 30s. a week in England, receiving £200 a year in the Argentine Republic; where, also, the farm labourer receives from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 3d. a day. He glances at the Moldavian labourer of 1865, receiving 6½d. a day in money, and an equivalent of 3¼d. a day in food. He shews us English navvies sent out to work at the Callao docks at 8s. 3d. a day, seduced to go into the service of an American railway contractor in Peru at 22s. 6d. per day. He gives tables which shew the Bombay carpenter to have been receiving 30s 4d. a month in 1830, and 58s. in 1863. He glances at the crowds of labourers swarming up from the Abruzzi to work on the Marmma Railway in winter, and from the interior of India, to be employed on the great railways there. He draws attention for a moment to the poor peasantry of the north of Sweden, who receive no wages in money, but merely a limited supply of cast-off clothing, and a scanty quantity of meal, from the agents who visit them in summer, to purchase with such wares the tar they have managed to make during the short days of their long winter—a condition not much better than that of the Newfoundland fishermen, who are always in debt to the storekeeper, who supplies their outfit, at his own price, and who must be repaid in fish at his own price, too—and concludes an interesting chapter, replete with information, by a reflection, not unfavourable to the British workman, who does not live where "employers are too poor to be generous, so that the desire to make the most of their small capital has altogether extinguished the virtue of charity and the spirit of justice."

But the cost of labour, Mr. Brassey goes on to prove in chapter iii., cannot be determined by the

rate of wages. This will be to many the most interesting part of the whole work. The idea is not new, but Mr. Brassey brings more varied illustrations to bear upon his thesis, and gives, better than any other author we have yet read, the various compensations which counterbalance the cost of labour.

He states that the wages of labourers on the North Devon Railway were at first 2s. a day, but were gradually increased to 3s., while the work was executed more cheaply at the latter rate. The brickwork of the Metropolitan Drainage Commission was done more cheaply per yard, when wages were 10s., than when they were 6s. per day. Wages in Russia are nominally cheaper than in any other European country, but it costs as much to manufacture iron there as in England, where they are the highest. Neither in France nor Belgium is the cost of extracting coal reduced by the low price of labour. The cost of producing pig iron, per ton, is greater in France than in Cleveland, Ohio, although the actual labour is 20 per cent. cheaper. French shipwrights seem to receive only half as much as English, but the ships built for the Mediterranean trade are built on the Thames rather than in France. Wages in German cotton spinning factories are 50 per cent. lower than in England, but the number of hands in proportion to machinery is larger, and the work turned off between 5-30 a.m. and 8 p.m. (the working day there), no more than in England from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Two Middlesex mowers will mow in a day as much as six Russian serfs; and, in spite of the dearth of provisions in England, the mowing of a quantity of hay, which would cost the English farmer a shilling, would cost the Russian six or eight. The English manufacturers, who pay a higher rate of wages than these foreign competitors, still compete with the rest of the world successfully in point of cheapness. The causes which redress the balance are cleverly enquired into by Mr. Brassey, and, in many cases, clearly traced. For these we refer the reader to his pages.

The only other chapter we have room to refer to at any length, though they are all interesting, is the tenth, on the influence of American wages on the English labour market. He handles this with much ability. He wishes to impress upon all, that men who have failed to earn a livelihood in the United Kingdom, would be equally certain to fail in a wider country, in which industry and energy are still more essential. The same class who would fail in London, would, from the same cause, fail in the United States, he truly says, for, "if the reward of labour is more liberal, more energy of character is required than in the more settled communities of the old world." He cautions the over sanguine, and frankly states that the difference in wages on the Atlantic seaboard of America,

is not now so different as it was from that current in England. But he sees there is yet a margin and, indeed, until all our vast domain is fairly settled, there must always be; and he gives statements of the relative advantages as to wages and cost of living of many of the American fields for labour, the Plate, the Argentine Republic, as well as the United States and Canada. Nor does he omit mention of the influence of emigration on the home countries. He shews that, so great has been the exodus of railway labourers from Ireland, that it is, at the present time, difficult to procure the necessary supply to complete the Fermoy and Lismore Railway; but he does not regret Irish emigration, on the contrary, he admits that the labourer in Ireland is still comparatively poor, and, surely, he adds, a destitute, and "because destitute, a disaffected population is a discredit and a weakness, and not an honour or a strength to a nation." "Is it not immeasurably better," he adds, "that a man should prosper in a foreign country, than struggle miserably for existence in his native land?" Here speaks the man of large heart and broad principles, and we cannot but contrast his language with that of Lord Lisgar, but yesterday our Governor-General, now living on his Irish farms, where long may he remain, who, at a recent meeting of Irish landlords, tried, by false representations, and for selfish purposes, to prevent emigration to this country, to which, for his peerage and his savings, he should be for ever grateful. Mr. Brassey beautifully proves, in several chapters, that where the labourer is poorly paid, he is hardly worked, and destitute of the comforts of life. He gives a sorrowful picture of the condition of the peasantry of Russia, where the women give birth to children in barns and stables, and, in three days at the utmost, are again employed in hard field labour—where, in some Provinces, the average limit of life is but 15 years, and rarely exceeds 27, so that there are, in the whole Empire, but 265 persons alive between 15 and 60 years of age, out of 1,000 born, while in Great Britain there are 548. He traces up the relations between low wages and physical degradation and misery in many countries, under many suns, and the conclusion is irresistible, that it is well for the labouring man to live where wages are high. There were people like Lord Lisgar in the Hebrides, in the time of Johnson's tour, who wished to dissuade the inhabitants from taking ship for America; but, if we compare the present position of the Hebridians with what Johnson describes, we find that even they are better off, while the sons of those who left are now among the rulers of the States and Provinces on this side of the Atlantic. Has the wealth of the landlords of the Hebrides decreased? Far from it. Emigration has raised to the average of

prosperity all classes of an overcrowded population and so it has done and is still doing in Ireland; but Irish landlords of Lisgar's stamp, accustomed to look closely to present needs, cannot see beyond them Mr. Brassey does. Throughout his book, indeed, there runs a delightful vein of real human sympathy with his fellow-men of every nation, creed and class. He recommends courts of conciliation, to remove the temporarily widened gap between employer and employed; piece work, as a means of raising the earnings of the men without detriment to the master; the eventual shortening of hours to prevent the overtasking of the energies, in these days when the close attendance upon machinery taxes brain and muscle alike, and makes labour more severe than formerly; co-operative societies, in shapes shewn to work advantageously, as means for the settlement of disputes as to wages. He is a man of progress, not in the sense of feverish, restless excitement; but in the broad philanthropic sense, which looks to the elevation of the conditions of all classes, physically and morally; not a man whose piety begins and ends in his own money bags. And to Lord Lisgar and to the public generally, we commend the extract with which we close:—

"The importance of social reforms, and of securing the material well-being of the masses of our population, is now universally recognised. I confess my doubts as to the efficacy of legislation in such matters. It must be remembered that all national expenditure for the benefit of the working classes which is not reproductive must be defrayed by additional taxes. Let the transfer of land be by all means facilitated, let railway communication between the centre of a great city and its suburbs be made as cheap as possible, let emigration be assisted by loans, if security can be taken for the repayment of such advances; but, granted that something may be done by these various means, I hesitate to admit that the State can be the chief instrument for elevating still higher the moral condition of the people. The work is too vast for any Government to undertake. It can only be accomplished by the self-help and self-sacrifice of the whole nation. And when all shall have done their duty in their several stations, the pressure of unforeseen calamity upon some unhappy individuals and the incapacity of others will leave a mass of suffering to our compassionate care, which it will task our best energies to relieve. The poor we shall always have with us; and the great peers, the landowners, and the men who have become rich in commerce, must show themselves active in their sympathies for all just demands, benevolent and kindly in the presence of distress. The exercise of these excellent virtues, while it is in the first place a paramount duty, will undoubtedly bring with it to

the State and the society in which we live, the immediate and priceless blessing of social union and contentment."

**FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY:** being an Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy and Physiology of Plants, by John Hutton Balfour, F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. London: William Collins & Sons.

Now that the Natural Sciences are rapidly taking their true place in the education of the young, it has become a well recognised necessity that schools should be able to obtain accurate elementary text-books. Publishers are beginning to manifest a keen appreciation of the revolution in educational matters which is quietly but surely taking place; and from all sides we have announcements of forthcoming manuals and text-books of Science. Professor Balfour's little book is one of a series of elementary Science-text-books in course of issue by Messrs. Collins, and its appearance is creditable to its publishers. No department of Natural Science is better fitted to be taught in schools than Botany, and there is no lack of excellent hand-books on the subject. In point of size, Dr. Balfour's work is everything that could be desired, not extending to one hundred and twenty pages, duodecimo. It is, also, in our opinion, a very wise, if somewhat novel, arrangement, that the work is made to treat exclusively of Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology—the department of classification being reserved for a second companion volume. The style is plain and clear, and the illustrations are all good. The chief defect in the book, intended as it is, exclusively, for beginners, is that the subject is treated with an excess of dry detail. Too much space in proportion is devoted to a description of the *structure* of the organs of plants; whilst far too little is said about the *functions* discharged by these organs. In other words, there are too many dry anatomical details and not enough of the equally important and much more interesting information as to the life of plants. In spite of this defect, however, the work will answer its purpose admirably in the hands of a good and thoroughly qualified teacher. It cannot be too strongly insisted, however, that the teacher constitutes as important an element in the teaching as the text-book. In the hands of one not sufficiently acquainted with the subject, and relying for his knowledge entirely upon books, Dr. Balfour's work would be likely to fall short of its object. In the hands of a really good practical botanist, on the other hand, the dry bones of this little book would be clothed with flesh, and might be presented to the learner as a living body and not as a dead skeleton. It cannot, also, be too strongly insisted upon that

Botany, to at least as great an extent as any other of the Natural Sciences, requires to be taught *practically*, if it is to be taught with any real profit to the learner. If the pupil is to be taught Botany in the dead of winter, solely by means of text-books and diagrams, he may acquire a parrot-like knowledge of a number of technical terms, but he will assuredly acquire nothing else—except, perhaps, a disgust at science in general. If, on the other hand, the leading facts of Botany are demonstrated to the beginner in the open fields, or by an appeal to actual specimens, he will be likely to gain some genuine acquaintance with the subject, along with some still more valuable knowledge of the scientific method of research, and some permanent and abiding love of nature-studies. So long as the teacher does not make his text-book the sole agent in his teaching, we can cordially recommend Dr. Balfour's little book. Its information is not imparted in the most attractive manner, but it is, at any rate, perfectly clear and entirely accurate—qualities which cannot be too highly estimated in judging of a work of this nature. As before remarked, also, it has the recommendation of great brevity, and it thus obtains a most decided advantage over the excellent text-books of Professor Asa Gray.

**THE LAND OF DESOLATION:** being a personal narrative of observation and adventure in Greenland. By Isaac J. Hayes, M. D., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, London, and of the Société de Géographie, Paris; honorary member of the Geographical Societies of Berlin and of Italy; author of "The Open Polar Sea," "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast away in the Cold," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

If Dr. Hayes, arriving by night at a Greenland inn, and asking for a bed, had given all his titles, the answer to him would probably have been as it was to the Spanish Hidalgo, who gave all his names: "We haven't room for half of you." Nevertheless, his book is a pleasant, unaffected, lively little book, and gives us, very vividly, the sensations and impressions of the Land of Desolation. It is the record of a summer voyage with a party of friends in the steam yacht of Mr. William Bradford, an eminent painter of Arctic scenery. The party sought out all that was most picturesque and striking in every way—photographed the northernmost human dwelling on the globe by the light of the midnight sun, explored glaciers, saw the birth of icebergs, chased bears on the ice—*did* Greenland, in short, to their own and our satisfaction. The plum of the book—at once the most impressive scene and the most exciting adventure, is the birth of an iceberg in the fiord of Scrimtsialik. An iceberg is the extremity of a glacier,

which protrudes into the sea, and in course of time becomes detached. The *Panther* was lying by the glacier, the artists were on shore, photographing; the sun was hot and, under its influence, cracklings and splittings had been going on in the glacier for some time. "Then without a moment's warning, there was a report louder than any we had yet heard. It was evident that some unusual event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm was generally experienced." On the glacier was a forest of ice spires, and one which stood out quite detached, nearly two hundred feet high. "The last and loudest report came from this wonderful spire which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundation of the earth was giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so, crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for a space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached, and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier, almost to its summit, became enveloped in spray—a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amid the great white mass of foam and mist into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded. By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation—influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, disappeared in the same manner, and great scales, peeling off from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a general hissing and crackling sound. Then in the general confusion all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the *Panther's* deck. This consternation increased with every moment, for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which, the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth which had given way to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling till this moment the increase of sound was steady and unin-

terrupted. It was like the wind which moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest. The whole glacier about the place, where these disturbances were occurring, was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex. While the fearful sound was pealing forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by the earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the *Panther*, lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more, and I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken on the abrupt shore, and, after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the decks. A second wave followed before the shock of the first had fairly ceased, and broke over us in like manner. Another and another came after in quick succession, but each was smaller than the one preceding it. The *Panther* was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank heaven our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us." The agitation of the sea continued for half an hour. "The iceberg had been born amidst the great confusion; and as it was the rolling up of the vast mass that sent that first wave away in a widening semicircle, so it was the rocking to and fro of the monster that continued the agitation of the sea; for this new-born child of the Arctic frosts seemed loath to come to rest in its watery cradle. And what an azure gem it was! glittering while it moved there in the bright sunshine like a mammoth lapis lazuli set in a sea of chased silver, for the waters round were but one mass of foam." The iceberg when measured was found to be a hundred and forty feet high above the water, giving a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below is to that above as seven to one. Its circumference was almost a mile.

The visit to the ruins of old Norse settlements, long since abandoned either because the climate has changed, or because the circulation of the blood is

man has become less heroic, are an interesting part of the book. The part which we could best have spared, is that which relates to the pranks of an American youth, nicknamed "The Prince," with a Greenland beauty, called Concordia. The book is Yankee, not in a disagreeable sense, but as having a strong tinge of Yankee adventurousness and audacity, which come out conspicuously—breaking through ice with the *Panther*. We are not told where the *Panther* was built, but she seems to have done credit to her builders.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MANUAL: being a book of Directions and Devotions to be used daily, and especially in preparing for the Holy Communion. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1872.

This little work, written, we believe, by an Anglican clergyman of the diocese of Toronto, and dedicated to the Bishop of the diocese, is extremely creditable to the earnest piety of the author. He evidently belongs to what is commonly called the "High Church," and his views on the Eucharist will, perhaps, prove unacceptable to some sections of his own communion; yet, controversy apart—and we do not think it is obnoxiously prominent—the "Manual" ought to be of essential service to all English Churchmen. It provides, within a brief space, a complete scheme of personal and family devotion, self-examination and preparation for the reception of the Communion. The prayers are, for the most part, taken from the Liturgy of the Church of England; the hymns, selected with admirable taste; and the admonitions to the reader, are well calculated to stimulate worshippers "to be spiritually-minded which," as St. Paul informs us, "is life and peace."

We may add that the manual is, in point of price, within the reach of all, and that, typographically, it is all that can be desired.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. The Veda, the Avesta; the Science of Language. By Wm. Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This work is made up of a number of papers which originally appeared in American periodicals or were embalmed in the transactions of learned societies. The endowment of a Professorship of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology is, of itself, a creditable proof of intellectual life; and the republication of these essays seems to indicate that Prof. Whitney hopes to interest and instruct a wide circle of readers. As collected in the volume before us, they treat of

two subjects more or less connected by the author: the sacred literature of the Hindu and Iranian nations, and the origin and development of articulate speech—the former pertaining to Comparative Mythology, the latter to Philology.

So far as the primitive religions of the Aryan race are concerned, the mass of educated men are still in gross darkness; but this is not to be wondered at, when dignitaries of the church are hopelessly at sea regarding the existing beliefs of the people they propose to convert. It was only the other day that the Archbishop of Canterbury pulled a hornet's nest about his ears by stigmatizing a number of Hindu youths, now studying English law at one or other of the Inns of Court, as "heathens" and "idolaters." Dr. Tait went so far as to express the whimsical apprehension that London was in imminent danger of being converted to Brahminism. The imputation was resented with what appears to us unnecessary warmth; but the Hindu is extremely sensitive, disputatious, and fond of self-assertion. The truth is, the gulf between the creed of the intelligent Hindu and that of the lower castes and the pariahs is practically immeasurable. It is wider than that which divides the ethereal mysticism of Fenelon and Pascal from the simple devotion of the Italian *contadino*, or that which served to distinguish the mad capers of an Athenian slave at the Dionysia from the philosophic contemplations of the Porch or of the Grove.

As far back as we can trace them in the Veda and the Avesta—for both are of kindred origin—the Oriental beliefs were pure forms of nature-religion. Before the Hindu had set foot within the fertile peninsula—in a remote past when he still gazed wistfully across the Indus upon the promised land—his faith had found a permanent record in writings which are with us to this day. The gods of Greece are conjecturally resolved into human embodiments of the powers of nature; in India we find the spiritual religion itself, out of which sprang the Titans and their somewhat degenerate successors, the deities of Olympus. Anthropomorphism had not yet been developed when the hymns of the Rig-Veda were chanted by dusky worshippers. There was a god in the fire and a god in the breeze—in the rosy dawn and in the sober depths of the clear, blue sky. We are thus brought closer to the momentous question:—What is the origin of the world's religions? Did they uniformly begin with the impersonation, in a spiritual form, of the beauty and the power displayed in earthly phenomena? Or was there an anterior faith,—purer than these—which taught that there were not "gods many and lords many"—numerous as the manifestations of nature—but one God alone, whom men saw in clouds and heard upon the wind? A collection of writings which confronts the student

with one of the great problems of this perplexing time, deserves the serious consideration of Christian and philosophic minds. It may be admitted that, at their best estate, the Aryan faiths, as we now know them, were but as broken rays, soon to grow hazy in the darkness. Still, to the eye of faith, they yet glow with some sparks of the Divine effulgence they possessed when first, like every perfect gift, they descended "from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

To appreciate the sacred writings of the East, we must first divest our minds of the prejudices which European contact with modern Hindu-ism has naturally excited. We must forget the modern institution of Suttee, the worship of Juggernaut and other kindred abominations and go back to "the infancy of the Hindu nationality, at the dawning time of Hindu culture, before the origin of caste, before the birth of Civa, Vishnu or Brahma, before the rise of the ceremonialism, the pantheism, the superstition and idolatry of later times." Bearing this in mind, we have "enough to attach a high and universal interest to these books—that as, in point of time, they are probably the most ancient existing literary records of our race, so, at any rate, in the progression of literary development, they are beyond dispute the earliest we possess, the most perfect representation of the primitive lyrical period"—for the form of the Vedas is that of lyrical poetry. Prof. Whitney gives an interesting view of each of the four Vedas which constitute the *mantra* of the Hindu theology. His second paper, devoted to the "Vedic doctrine of a future life" is exceedingly interesting. For over two thousand years past, the doctrine of metempsychosis has prevailed in India; but this was not countenanced in the Vedas. Here we have a simple faith and ceremonial, based upon a firm trust in the immortality of the soul:—"Yama hath found for us a passage; that's no possession to be taken from us, whither our Fathers of old time departed, thither their offspring, each his proper pathway." "Death was the kindly messenger of Yama, and hath thus sent his soul to dwell among the Fathers"—"they who within the sphere of earth are stationed, or who are settled in the realms of pleasure." The parallel passages in Scripture will readily occur to the reader, and even "the fore-heaven as the *third* heaven is styled, there where the Fathers have their seat,"—revealed in trance to St. Paul, finds mention in Hindu verse.

We ought now to proceed to a consideration of the *Avēta*,—or *Zend-avesta*, as they are sometimes incorrectly termed—the Persian sacred writings, with which the name of Zoroaster, the Moses of the Iranian race, is intimately associated. Those who

call to mind the connection which subsisted between the conquerors of Babylon and the Jewish race, restored by them from captivity, will readily recognize the interest of the subject; our limits, however, forbid even a slight sketch of this important portion of the work under review.

In the remaining papers, Prof. Whitney discusses the origin and development of language—a subject too vast to be hastily noticed here. We should like to have been able to give them unqualified commendation; but they are largely controversial, and the discussion is not conducted, unfortunately, in a temperate and becoming spirit. It is deeply to be regretted that, in treating of a purely scientific question, national jealousy and self-sufficiency should be permitted to insinuate themselves. Our American friends ought not to mistake the pursuit of knowledge for its attainment as Prof. Whitney is prone to do. Especially do we protest against the rude and unscholarlike attack upon so respected a name as that of Max Müller. In some parts of this volume the author is prodigal in the Oxford professor's praise; in others, he is as coarsely vituperative. Indeed we have a shrewd suspicion that the New Englander owes the European scholar more than he is willing to acknowledge, and that, as sometimes happens, the abuse is but a measure of the felt, but unacknowledged, obligation. One of Max Müller's pardonable sins is that he is the supreme authority in England on philological subjects—a sufficient reason, it would appear, for an attack hardly less bitter than St. Bernard's onslaught upon Abélard and the Nominalists. Continental scholars are treated with a little more courtesy, but they are also the victims of what Max Müller terms Prof. Whitney's "over confident and *unsuspecting* criticism." Bleek and the Simious (!) Theory, Schleicher and the Physical Theory, and Steinthal and the Psychological Theory are all astray, and are likely to continue so until they espouse the "scientific theory" which, of course, is that of the professor himself. An English sergeant-at-law once remarked, "that the oftener he went to the West, the better he understood how the wise men came from the East:" it is to be feared the saying will receive a wider application, unless our American friends cultivate in season the humility which characterizes sound learning all the work over.

These pugnacious manifestations somewhat mar Prof. Whitney's work; but they are not fatal blemishes. As an introduction to the subject of which it treats we commend it with pleasure to our readers. It will serve a good purpose if it only directs the student to the rich treasures of Oriental literature.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Two missionaries have recently crossed the Atlantic from England, bent on different errands, and having few opinions in common. It may be worth while to consider, for a moment, their chances of success. The reception which Prof. Tyndall has met in the metropolis of New England must be very gratifying to the lecturer, as it is certainly creditable to Boston. To have come in contact with so thoughtful a man—the incarnation, as it were, of the scientific spirit of the age—cannot be without its effect upon the intellect of the nation. Whether this influence will be abiding or not, remains to be seen. Boston arrogates to herself the title of the Western Athens. Like her prototype, she is vain, opinionative, egotistical. Even Prof. Tyndall's success may not be so complete as we hope it will be found to be—for here the parallel holds good—seeing that the Athenians of the west, like their predecessors, are accustomed to spend their time “in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.” We can even imagine the Mutual Admiration Society—“certain philosophers of the Epicureans and the Stoics”—encountering the Professor, in an air of astonishment, with the query—“what will this babbler say?” The novel aspect in which scientific truths were presented appears at once to have arrested the minds of the hearers. “In the wind of winter,” said Prof. Tyndall, “the aspect of the soap-bubble exhibits all sorts of reflections. Why is it coloured? Why are these colours of different kinds? Why is it necessary to blow the bubble out so large before the colour appears?” These and many other questions filled his brain. All at once it flashed upon him that this colour depended upon the thickness of the film. He immediately sought to determine numerically the relations between the thickness of the film and the production of the colour. The phenomena instanced seem trivial but they are important enough for the object in view—to infuse not so much the knowledge of science as the scientific spirit into the minds of the auditory. “Now,” said he, “I wish to test the powers of concentration of this audience. I wish you to get into the brain of Newton and to acquaint yourselves with the means by which he determined this relation.” The peculiarity of this kind of instruction is that it concerns itself with method rather than matter. Instead of cramming the mind with facts, it seeks to train it to investigate and digest them for itself. It has been objected to the modern scientific method, that it is antagonistic to religious truth,

and that Prof. Tyndall has laid himself open to animadversion, by widening the breach. It is to be regretted, undoubtedly, that in a period of transition, like the present, there should be even the appearance of collision between science and faith. The efforts at reconciliation hitherto made have not been so successful as they have been earnest and laudable. That the solution of these difficulties will ultimately be reached there can be no doubt; meanwhile we have no right to cast upon men of science the entire responsibility. Whilst we are yet in the mist, we must be content to let every earnest man struggle by his own path-way to the light. Let it only be conceded that the road each selects for himself is a provisional one, and that truth is the goal each is endeavouring to reach, and we have every motive for charity in reviewing the opinions of others. To Prof. Tyndall, the experimental method of science seems alone secure and reliable; he may appear to place too much confidence in it, but he is far too earnest, having advanced so far upon his journey, to doubt or look back. We sincerely deprecate, therefore, the efforts made by some well-meaning people to prejudice the popular mind against science and its apostles. We understand that a very excellent association in Ontario have invited Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Froude to lecture in Canada; we trust that some of our literary institutions will consider it their duty to bring Prof. Tyndall amongst us. The impetus such a visit would certainly give to the growing intellect of the Dominion ought to be a sufficient motive for the invitation.

Mr. James Anthony Froude comes to America, avowedly with a mission. Having proposed it to himself, he consulted his friends and was further encouraged by their efforts to dissuade him. The English historian appears to have got the notion into his head, that America is the only proper ground for a rational consideration of Ireland's grievances. From a Canadian experience of the subject, we are inclined to think that Mr. Froude is mistaken. At any rate there appears no reason why the editor of *Fraser* should undertake a special journey to New York, during this inclement season of the year, in the character of an arbitrator. We can only call to mind one other volunteer of the sort, with whom civility forbids us to compare Mr. Froude. When Anacharsis Clootz was welcomed at the bar of the French National Convention, as “the ambassador of the human race,” he presumably understood the object of his mission; we are not quite sure that Mr. Froude has the advantage of his great predecessor in this respect. He appears to entertain the idea, that Americans are specially interested in the emancipation of Irishmen. He even proposes that the United States' Government should be constituted a



court of arbitration between the sister isles. A more impracticable proposal, it would be difficult to conceive. The American people, since they first espoused the cause of injured Ireland, have had a taste of rebellion for themselves, and although they have given culpable encouragement to the Fenian organization, they are not blind to the insanity of the movement. There is all the difference in the world between the utterance of the French king:—"After me, the deluge" and the Hibernian maxim. "Let us have the flood as soon as possible, and then you will see how I can swim." At any rate a recollection of the Geneva Arbitration might have stayed Mr. Froude's hand, when he was penning the proposal to submit England and Ireland's troubles to those who ventured to put in writing the indirect damages. Mr. Froude appears to have made an impression in New York on the Irish question—not that he has succeeded in his mission, for that was antecedently impossible—but by enlightening the American people on a subject about which they were grossly ignorant.

The busy season in the publishing trade has set in, but rather too late for us to deal with the new works otherwise than by way of announcement. The religious literature is as abundant as usual, and, taken as a whole, is likely to be of a ponderous and scholarly character. The second volume of the "Speaker's Commentary" includes a portion of the historical books of Scripture, from Joshua to the first book of Kings inclusive. A "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography from the times of the Apostles to Charlemagne"—the work of various authors, and edited by Dr. Smith, will appear early in November. "The Psalms," another instalment of Lange's Commentary, in the American edition of that valuable work, has just made its appearance. A new collection of "Sermons on Living Subjects," by Dr. Horace Bushnell, the author of "The Vicarious Sacrifice," has just reached us. It appears to possess all the freshness and originality which distinguish all the author's writings. Canon Liddon's "Lent Lectures" deserve more particular mention than we can devote to them this month. They consist of a series of rhetorical pleas in defence of orthodox religion. The author is, perhaps, the most popular and effective preacher in the English Church. He belongs, as our readers are, doubtless, aware, to the High Church, and to that section of it, as the *Spectator* calls it, "that somewhat more literary, more Puseyite, and more artistic stratum of the party—the high and sweet Church, rather than the high and dry." Dr. Liddon claims that these lectures have been of service "to some minds, anxious, if it might be, to escape from perplexities which beset an age of feverish scepticism."

"Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, comes from the Broad Church, and, whilst mainly expository of Christian doctrine, is also designed to defend the "literal clergy" from the charge of vagueness in their doctrinal teaching, with what success the reader may judge for himself.

In the department of Science, the most interesting announcement is that of Mr. Darwin's new work—"The Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals." The work has not yet reached us, but we propose to offer our comments upon it in December. Two additional volumes of Figuer's popular works on Natural History have been re-produced by Messrs. Appleton, of New York:—"The Vege-

table Kingdom;" and "The Human Race." Wagner's "Chemical Technology" is a work which has long been required by the student. Knapp is a cumbersome book and, in many respects, unsuitable as a college text-book. Dr. Wagner's work, besides being compendious in form, brings the application of science to act down to the latest date.

The second volume of Lanfrey's *Life of Napoleon* will appear in the early part of the current month. Mr. Forbes, the correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Franco-Germanic war, has collected his experiences in book-form; as we shall probably have occasion to notice them again, we merely commend them here to our readers. Mr. E. A. Freeman is to be the editor of an historical series from the Clarendon press. The first volume of the course from Mr. Freeman's own pen, is entitled, "General Sketch of European History." England, Scotland, and Italy are to follow immediately. The second volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens*, to pass to Biography, is to appear in a week or so. Percy Fitzgerald, who appears to have a taste for *bizarre* subjects, announces,—"The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas." The Rev. Mr. Elwin's eighth volume of Pope's Works—the third volume of the Correspondence is also in the press. Mr. J. C. Jeffreson, who has contributed a number of gossip books, gives us an interesting one on marriage, entitled, "Brides and Bridals," detailing all the folklore on that absorbing subject.

In Geography and Travels, the chief work of interest is Captain Burton's "Unexplored Syria," which we unhesitatingly recommend to the reader. "Rome," by Francis Wey, is enriched by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Story, the author of "Roha di Roma," and is, besides being a valuable guide to the eternal city, richly illustrated. Scribner's Illustrated Library of Travels, &c., continues to be extremely attractive. The latest volumes on South African travel, and the exploration of the Yellow-stone, are fully equal to their predecessors.

In Economical Science, we have only two works to note:—"The Social Growth of the Nineteenth Century"—an essay on Sociology, by Mr. Statham, and a translation, from Edmond Abbot, of the "Hand-Book of Social Economy—the Worker's A. B. C."

In Poetry, we have nothing new, if we except Dr. Holland's "Marble Prophecy," but there are several announcements. Mr. Tennyson is soon to appear with a final Idyll—"Gareth and Lynette." Mr. Morris, of "The Earthly Paradise," offers "Love is Enough," a morality in unrhymed alliterative metre. The works of fiction are plentiful enough. Perhaps we ought not to name among these Mr. Cox's "Tales of the Teutonic Lands," a sequel to that attractive book, "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages." Of the novels, pure and simple, we may mention, "To the Bitter End," by Miss Bradon; "Within the Maze," by Mrs. Wood; "The Strange Adventures of a Phæton," by Mr. Blackmore; Anthony Trollope's "Eustace Diamonds," originally published in the *Fortnightly Review*, &c. &c. Of the announcements, we have Lord Lytton's new novel *La Societ  Mod rne*. Mr. Reade's "Simpleton," Mr. Wilkie Collins' attractive story, "The New Magdalen," Mr. Mortimer Collins' "Squire Silchester's Whim," and last, but by no means least, Miss Broughton's strange title—"The Man with the Nose."

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CARMINA.

(*Concluded.*)

III.

JUST outside the city of Naples, on the road to Posilippo, there is a magnificent Villa, known some years ago as the Villa Francese. It had been built by an old French nobleman, as a wedding present for his beautiful Italian bride, and she had chosen to have it furnished and decorated in the French style. The principal saloons opened on a terrace with a marble balustrade, supported at intervals by nymphs and fauns holding costly vases, in which grew roses, myrtles and jessamines, the yellow flowers of the cassia, and the sweet tuberose. On one side was an orangery, where golden fruit, or fragrant blossoms, were to be found nearly all the year; and at the other a conservatory, in which rare and lovely plants from every land, lived and bloomed. Two flights of marble steps led from the terrace to a parterre of flowers symmetrically arranged in a brilliant mosaic work of blossoms, every tint and shade of colour harmoniously blended, and kept fresh and bright in the

hottest summer's noon by soft showers of delicate spray, forever rising and falling from marble urns, upheld by a group of water-nymphs. Below this was the Italian garden, where the dark cool cyprus and pine, the laurel and ilex, with marble dryads and oreads half emerging from their shadowy recesses, formed a welcome relief to the full blaze of light and colour above. Then came the shore of the lovely bay, its many coloured rocks, their bright hues and smooth surfaces unstained by moss or lichen, rising from the rich vegetation that surrounded them, as if they had just escaped from the sculptor's chisel, and had grouped themselves to satisfy an artist's eye, giving that peculiar and picturesque character to the landscape only to be found in Italy. Openings here and there showed the blue waters, with white-sailed boats gliding up and down; the beautiful islands of Ischia and Procida lying in the purple distance beyond.

It was long past the hour of the siesta, and a light breeze had cooled the fierce heat of a burning August day, but the blinds of

the saloons were closely shut, and their silken and gilded splendour seemed consigned to silence and repose. If it had been an enchanted scene in fairy-land, there could not have been a greater absence of any sight or sound of human life or occupation.

But, after a while, a swift little sail-boat ran up to a landing-place on the beach, and a young man, jumping out, made the boat fast, and entered the garden. He was a fine looking, handsome young fellow, plainly dressed, but with an air and carriage at once manly and refined; and at a first glance he might have been taken for the fortunate prince of the story, coming to break the spell under which the sleeping beauty lay. But a second look would not have confirmed the illusion, for his brow was heavily clouded, there was neither warmth nor softness in the fire of his dark eyes, and he looked a disappointed, embittered, unhappy man. But two years before he had been very different. Then he was full of hope, and spirit; an ardent, enthusiastic patriot, freely risking his life in his country's cause; an impassioned eager lover, pledging his heart and faith to a simple peasant girl on the wild Calabrian shore. For this grave, dark-browed, moody man was Paolo Marocchi.

Passing through the gardens, he climbed the marble steps to the terrace, and uttered an angry exclamation on seeing the blinds all closed. Opening a glass door he entered one of the saloons, which, contrasted with the fresh air and sunshine without, seemed so dark and close that he hastily threw open the windows. The light suddenly pouring in showed a room magnificently furnished, with amber satin hangings and coverings, the most luxurious couches and ottomans, and a profusion of expensive toys and glittering ornaments—all reflected in the superb mirrors hanging on the walls.

"*Cielo!*" he muttered, "how I hate all this gaudy, unwholesome splendour. The meanest hut, with a deal-table and chair, would be better; for there one might feel

one's self a man, but this gilded luxury is only fit for an Oriental slave."

From the saloon he passed into a magnificent hall, lined with pictures and statues, and mounting a grand marble staircase, passed through an anteroom, and knocked at a richly pannelled door. He did not wait for admission, but turning the handle, which moved without a sound, the door opened noiselessly, and he entered.

He was now in a lady's boudoir, hung with pale pink silk, with coverings of pink silk on the sofas and fauteuils. An Eastern carpet with a white ground, on which a pattern of pink roses, looking like natural flowers, was woven, covered the floor; mirrors and paintings of flowers and birds hung on the walls; cabinets of buhl and of inlaid and painted wood, and tables of enamel and marqueterie, were placed here and there; and little services of china, of rare beauty and value, the most exquisite fans, richly painted screens, tiny clocks of ormolu and alabaster, not one of which told the hour, and numberless articles of ornament and luxury, were crowded wherever space could be found for them.

An open door led to a dressing-room beyond, with hangings and furniture to match those of the boudoir, and Paolo saw that the curtains were drawn and the room lighted by a dozen wax candles in the silver-gilt candelabra on the dressing-table. In the midst of this blaze of light, a lady was standing, contemplating the reflection of her face and figure in a magnificent Psyche glass.

She was a beautiful woman of two or three and twenty; her figure exquisitely formed, and her small head and throat set with matchless grace on her lovely shoulders. Her complexion was of the clearest and purest fairness, her features delicately and beautifully formed, and full of mobile expression. An acute observer might, perhaps, have detected, underlying all that radiant, sparkling loveliness, a nature cold and hard, false and shallow; but this was only when her face was caught in perfect

repose; when she flashed the light of her golden brown eyes on the beholder, or summoned up the smiles which played with such seductive sweetness round her lovely dimpled mouth, the sternest stoic could scarcely have resisted her soft, enchanting, syren-like loveliness.

She was dressed in a ball-dress of a pale changing shade of green, which in some lights gleamed a sapphire blue, in others a bright sea-green. Pearls were on her beautiful bare arms, pearls on her lovely bosom, whose dazzling whiteness her dress scarcely attempted to veil; pearls and blush roses looped up her skirt, and were wreathed in her hair—the richest, the most lustrous, the most abundant hair in all Italy, falling to her feet as she stood when it was unbound, and of the same rare and lovely golden-brown colour as her eyes. Behind her stood her French waiting-maid, giving a finishing touch, now here and now there, to the costume on which she had evidently put forth her utmost skill, and which she appeared to regard with as much pride and affection as a painter might feel for the picture in which he had realized his highest aspirations; while the lovely wearer, satisfied, after a close and critical examination that it suited her figure and complexion exactly, and was the most becoming thing she had ever worn, smiled an assent to the Frenchwoman's exclamation, "*C'est parfait!*"

"I think you must darken these under-lids a little, Fanchette," said her mistress, "and I am not sure but I need a slight touch of rouge. I want to look particularly well to-night, and the glass of a ball-room is so trying."

"Oh, no, Miladi!" said Mademoiselle Fanchette. "The exquisite fairness and clearness of Miladi's complexion can bear any glare, and is never without a lovely bloom, like the pink of an exquisite shell. That is what the Marchese Raffaello said to me yesterday, when he asked me if you would not be at Miladi his mother's ball."

At that moment Mademoiselle Fanchette, who, like her mistress, had been too deeply engaged in the business of the hour to hear Paolo enter, became aware of an impatient movement and a muttered exclamation, and turning hastily round, met his dark and frowning glance.

"Ah, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek, and then, recovering herself, added condescendingly, "A thousand pardons, Monsieur, but Miladi is at her toilet."

"*Che diavolo!*" said Paolo, savagely.

"Ah! *Caro* Paolo, is it you?" said the lady, turning round languidly. "I suppose you were not aware that I was dressing."

She was excessively annoyed at Paolo's having discovered her with closed windows and lighted candles, doing homage at the shrine of her vanity; but it did not suit her to let her vexation be seen just then.

"Certainly I ought to apologize for intruding on the mysteries of Venus," said Paolo, sarcastically. "Mysteries they must be, when they require to be practised with drawn curtains and lighted tapers in broad day. Seriously, Giulia, what does this masquerading mean?"

"Masquerading, *amico*? There is no masquerading. I am merely trying on a dress."

"A ball-dress, I perceive."

"Yes. The fact is, *mio* Paolo, I must go to the Marchesa di Manzi's ball to-night, and I wanted to choose a becoming dress. I hope you think I have succeeded."

"Giulia," said Paolo, impatiently, "if you have done with Mademoiselle Fanchette, perhaps you will oblige me by dismissing her. There are several things I wish to say which it is not necessary for her to hear."

"She does not understand Italian," said the lady, carelessly. "However, it is generally easy enough to understand the drift of the private conversations you favour me with, by your frowning brows and imperious gestures, so it is, perhaps, as well that she

should not have the opportunity of reading your very intelligible language. Fanchette, you may go."

Fanchette slightly shrugged her shoulder, implying, by the gesture, her indignation with the tyrant-husband, and her sympathy with the injured wife, and retreated.

"Well, Paolo *mio*, what is it?" asked the lady, still looking at herself in the glass.

"First let us have some air," said Paolo, "this room is faint with your vile essences and perfumes." And extinguishing the lights, he flung open the windows. Then throwing himself into the nearest chair, he said, "Giulia, I understood from you that you had given up all intention of going to this ball."

"Yes, so I had, at your desire, but I have since been told by my friends that I would make both you and myself ridiculous by doing so. It is reported all through Naples that you have adopted the rôle of the jealous husband, that you have forbidden poor Raffaello the house, and, to crown your absurdity, wish to prevent me from going into society lest I should meet him."

"Into society? Certainly not; but to the house of his mother, which is in effect his house, I do forbid you to go."

"But how absurd that is. You are making yourself and me the talk of the town, and creating a perfect scandal. What have I done more than every woman of rank does? You are far too much taken up with your patriotic dreams to attend to your wife, and I think it both unjust and tyrannical in you to prevent me from having a friend, who is willing to pay me those harmless devoirs which every lady requires. It is merely a matter of form, as you very well know. One would not like to be considered inferior to one's acquaintances in the *convenances* of society, and to go about unattended, by even one cavalier, makes a woman appear sadly neglected. You cannot suppose that I am in love with Raffaello, poor fellow, though I am afraid I must confess that he is in love

with me. You are perfectly aware that I could have married him if I had chosen."

"Understand me, Giulia," said Paolo, "I have never for a moment suspected you of anything worse than some contemptible vanity and folly. If I did, no consideration on earth should make me live with you an hour longer. But I have told you from the first that I do not approve of cavalieri serventes, and I am fully determined to keep my wife from such dangerous and degrading connections."

"These are very plebeian ideas, *mio Paolo*," said Giulia. "I only ask for the privileges every well-bred and well-born Italian allows his wife."

She did not look directly at Paolo as she spoke, but glanced at him from under her long lashes without turning her head.

"Privileges—if so you call them—which I have told you before, and now tell you for the last time, I will not permit. It is useless to continue this discussion, Giulia. I have never interfered with your tastes or wishes in any other way, but in this matter I insist on obedience."

"Obedience!" she repeated; and, for a moment, she looked as if she were about to throw off all restraint, and let the fierce side of her feline nature have its way. "I deserve this insult for having thrown myself away on a man who ought to have for his wife some pretty peasant girl or fisherman's daughter, willing to be alternately his toy and his slave."

"And I deserve any indignity for marrying a woman who had once grossly deceived me, and whom I neither loved nor respected." These words rose to Paolo's lips, but disdaining the meanness of recrimination, he repressed them and was silent.

The next moment Giulia had controlled herself. "Let us not quarrel, Paolo *mio*," she said, softly. "You know I often say things I don't mean when you vex me. You are so wise, and stern and severe, and you forget how sensitive your little wife is, and

how much she loves you. She likes other people to admire her and think her beautiful, it is true, but she loves only you." And leaning over him, as he sat gazing moodily out of the window, she kissed his forehead, and put aside his hair with her cool white fingers.

Her look, her manner, her touch, had an almost irresistible charm, and Paolo was not unmoved by her caresses. Half unconsciously he turned towards her, and the frown left his brow. He had once loved her with an imaginative boy's first love, and now, as he looked at her exquisite beauty, he wished that he could love her again. At this moment he was willing to believe that she was only weak not wicked, and putting his arm round her waist, he tried to draw her towards him.

At another time she would have yielded to his embrace, and won him to concession and indulgence by sweet words and caresses, but just now her toilette was to be considered. The dress she had on was the one she had decided on wearing to the ball, and it must not be crumpled or disarranged. She, therefore, avoided his clasp, coquettishly.

"Wait a moment, Paolo *mio*," she said. "You must promise to let me go to the ball before I will kiss you. If I stay away we shall be laughed at by every one, and my position in society will be irretrievably compromised. Come now, consent, *caro mio*, and I will be like an icicle to that poor Raffaello, and to every other man in the room."

"Pray, have the goodness not to call that man by his Christian name," said Paolo.

"Oh, pardon me, I forgot you objected to it, and I have known him so long. But I am quite willing to give him up, only believe me, that it is necessary that I should go to this ball. People will talk so if I don't. Come with me, and watch me, since you are so jealous," she added with a pretty air of mockery.

Paolo hesitated. Perhaps there was some truth in her assertion that her absence from

this ball would give room for malicious comments, but, if he suffered her to go, could he trust her? He knew that she was light, vain, selfish and false, but he believed that she loved him; forgetting that to such natures no love is possible, except that counterfeit love which is fed on vanity, the desire of power, self-worship, and other kindred feelings.

"I believe you are a little goose, Giulia," he said, "but for this once you shall have your way. Go to this ball, but remember I will not be trifled with. You must drop all intimacy with this man, and submit to be so unfashionable as to have no other lover than your husband. You see I trust you, but if I once find that you deceive me, we part forever. Now, come and kiss me and tell me you are content."

She came near enough to stoop down and kiss his lips, but she again drew back from his proffered embrace.

"What is the matter, *bellissima*?" he said, "are you afraid to come any closer? Oh, I see. Your toilette must not be discomposed. It is very pretty, certainly, and you look very lovely. And what glorious hair you have, Giulia; like

'Lilith, who excels

All women in the magic of her locks!'"

"Who is Lilith?" asked Giulia. "Some one you were in love with in Messina?"

"Lilith was Adam's first wife, the legend says: and I never was in love with any one in Messina."

"Ah! well! Where was it you saw Carmina?"

"Nonsense, Giulia, how can you be so absurd?" said Paolo.

"Absurd, is it? Why should not I be jealous as well as you?" and she laid her hand on his arm caressingly. "There, there," she added, coaxingly, as she saw his face growing dark, "forgive my folly, and kiss your poor little bird, whose wings you want to clip so cruelly."

But Carmina's name had banished his softer mood. Carmina had worn no dress which his loving embrace could spoil, or even if she had, how little she would have cared about it! He endured Giulia's kiss coldly, and almost shook off the light touch of her delicate fingers.

"Giulia," he said, standing up and taking a paper out of his pocket, "I want you to sign an order for some money. It is for a very important purpose."

Giulia glanced at it keenly, all her pretty affectation of childishness gone. "Five thousand scudi!" she said. "*Ah, caro mio*, what do you want so much money for?"

"I cannot tell you just now," said Paolo; but some day you shall know. Till then I ask you to trust me."

"It is for that Moloch, Young Italy," said Giulia. "You think me a fool, *mio Paolo*, but I am wise enough to know that the schemes you are engaged in are mad and impracticable, and if you do not give them up, they will end in your own ruin, and perhaps mine. I at least will not have any part in them. I will not sign that paper."

"How differently you spoke once," said Paolo. "Before we were married, you seemed to sympathize with my hopes and aims, and to think no sacrifice too great for the beloved land. Why are you so changed?"

"Because I am wiser now than I was then, and know that what you call the cause of Italy is a false and dangerous chimera."

"But when I tell you that my honour is pledged to provide this money, you will scarcely refuse to help me."

"No man can be expected to give what he has not got," said Giulia calmly. "Certainly I will refuse, *mio Paolo*, for your own sake as well as for mine."

"Then you will not sign this paper?"

"No, *mio Paolo*, I will not sign it. If you have no common sense, your wife must have some for you."

It would not be easy to say how much Paolo despised himself at that moment. He

had married this woman chiefly, if not altogether, that he might have money to aid in the liberation of Italy; he had sold himself to a loveless and degraded lot with only this hope to redeem it; and now he could no longer doubt that it had utterly failed. He could be sufficiently firm and stern when he knew that he had right on his side. Giulia was his wife, and it was his duty to prevent her from staining his honour and her own by using the most determined and severest measure if necessary; but as to this money there was no right, only, on both sides, miserable wrong. Disgusted with himself even more than with her, he turned from her, and abruptly left the room.

For a minute or two after his departure Giulia stood with knitted brows and compressed lips, apparently thinking some very dark thoughts. Then she rang the bell, and when Fanchette appeared, said, "Find out, if Monsieur has left the house, and in what direction he has gone."

"Yes, *Miladi*!" and Fanchette vanished, returning quickly to say that Monsieur had told his servant he was going into the city.

"Take off this dress, and these ornaments," said her mistress, "and bring my dressing-gown."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Fanchette, "is not *Miladi* going to the ball? What will *Marchese Raffaello* say? Oh, how can *Monsieur* be such a barbarian?"

"Be calm, Fanchette, I am going to the ball, but I have been annoyed and fatigued, and if I do not take some repose I shall not be fit to be seen, and I suppose you would not wish me to lie down in this dress?"

"*Ah, ciel! quelle horreur!*" and Fanchette shuddered at the harrowing idea.

"Now, that will do," Giulia said, when the dressing-gown had been put on, "you may go and have a chat with *Maestro Pietro*, if you choose."

"*Ma foi*, *Miladi*, I shall not waste my time with *Maestro Pietro*. I shall go and

see if Teresina has Miladi's best lace handkerchief ready.

But as she was certain to encounter Maestro Pietro on her way to Teresina, and their meetings generally resulted in a prolonged flirtation, Giulia felt tolerably sure that she had got Mademoiselle Fanchette out of the way, for at least, the time she had named.

As soon as the waiting-maid was gone, Giulia went to a drawer and took out a key. Then she passed through the boudoir and the anterooms, into a long corridor, at the farthest end of which was a plain solid oak door. Applying the key she had brought to this door, she unlocked it, and entered a room strangely unlike any of the others in the villa.

The walls of this room were of a plain grey distemper colour, and were lined with book-cases closely filled. The ceiling was without the slightest decoration, the floor covered with coarse oil-cloth, the chairs covered with leather, the tables of the plainest wood, the one large window uncurtained. Before the window was a writing-table and arm chair, and close beside a bureau with many drawers. Above this bureau hung a water-colour drawing, the only ornament in the room, except a bust of Dante. At this drawing Giulia gazed frowningly for a minute, as she stood with her hand on the bureau.

It showed a rude stone cottage lying at the foot of some mountains, surrounded by scattered rocks, interspersed with hedges of myrtle, aloe and cactus, and with one giant fig-tree stretching its great arms above the cottage roof. Beside the door stood a beautiful girl, holding a pitcher in her hand, and looking out over a little bay of the sea with an anxious, expectant gaze. Another girl whose face was concealed, was sitting on a bench close by and spinning with a spindle. Some goats were grouped near, as if waiting to be milked. On sea and sky, and over all the landscape, glowed the rich hues of a summer sunset in the lovely Italian clime.

Beneath was written in Paolo's hand, the single word

CARMINA.

It was a finished drawing of the sketch which the commissary had taken from Paolo, but which he had been able to reproduce from memory. The likeness to Carmina was perfect, though Paolo had given to the beautiful eyes a sad wistful expression which he had never seen them wear, and which contrasted, touchingly with the bright and peaceful character of the scene.

From the first moment she had beheld this picture, Giulia had strongly suspected that it had much more than an artistic interest for Paolo, and her first serious quarrel with him after their marriage had been caused by his peremptory refusal to allow her to have it richly framed and hung in her dressing-room.

"Carmina!" she said, as she gazed at the pure, noble, candid face, so different from her own soulless and shallow loveliness. "Who is Carmina? But it does not matter now. Faithless he might have been, and I could have borne it; he might even have squandered my money on his insane schemes, as I know he has done again and again, and I would have submitted, but to presume to interfere with my movements, to dictate where I shall go, and where I shall not go—to forbid me having even one cavalier, when there is scarcely a woman of rank in Naples, who has not three—to treat me as if I were a slave in a harem, and to speak to me of obedience—it is too much! He little knows the woman he would trample on!"

Thus thinking, she compressed her lips, her brow darkened, a lurid light shone in her eyes, the soft lines of her beautiful face settled into hard and fixed resolve, and she looked as the wicked Queen Giovanna—to whose portrait in the Doria Palace at Rome she had sometimes been compared—may have looked when twisting the silk and golden cord with which her husband Andrea was to be strangled, or like Mary, Queen



of Scots, when planning the murder of Darnley.

Pressing a little spring in the bureau with her finger, a lid flew up disclosing a secret receptacle, in which lay a bunch of keys. With these she unlocked all the drawers and, opening every compartment, she examined the contents carefully. Finally she selected some letters and papers, written in various ciphers and in several languages, and a number of badges of the secret society of *La Giovine Italia*, bearing the symbolic cypress, and the motto *Ora è sempre*; and wrapping them all together, she put them in her pocket. Then she replaced the other papers, locked the bureau, dropped the keys into their secret repository and shot back the spring. At that moment a bright gleam of sunshine shot through the open window and, falling directly on Carmina's portrait, seemed to give it sudden life and consciousness. Involuntarily Giulia's eyes were drawn towards it, and a strange thrill of fear seized her as she thought the sad beautiful face seemed to reproach her with her wicked treachery. But the next instant the bright ray vanished; nothing remained but a cunning combination of form and colour, and with a scornful smile, Giulia turned away and left the room, locking the door and carrying away the key.

In the meantime, Paolo had gone into Naples, angry with his wife, still more angry with himself, tortured with unavailing remorse and regret. Taking a circuitous route, and avoiding the more frequented streets, he entered one of the narrow lanes or alleys running back from Santa Lucia, and went into the shop of a Jew broker. In this place he had occasionally obtained money at an exorbitant interest, and here he now hoped to procure the sum he had pledged himself to furnish to Young Italy, the order for which his wife had refused to sign. How she came to be his wife, against the true voice of his heart, and the promptings of his higher and better nature, must be explained.

When he parted with Carmina, he had been fully determined to keep his promise, and return to her as quickly as he could, but on his arrival in Naples, he was advised by some friends who had interest with the Government, to remain quietly there, until they could manage to obtain his acquittal of the deadly sin of patriotism.

At that time the most fashionable beauty in Naples was the young and wealthy Contessa Giulia Deslandes, the widow of an old French Comte, who having come to Naples to recruit his health, had met at a ball the lovely Giulia Venozzi,—an orphan of good birth, but no fortune, only saved from a convent by her betrothal to Paolo Marocchi—fallen violently in love with her, and offered her his hand. Rank and riches were irresistible attractions to the vain and ambitious Giulia. Intoxicated with triumph, she did not hesitate a moment in breaking her faith, and accepting the Comte, and they were married before Paolo had brought himself to believe that she really intended to jilt him.

Deeply incensed with the false Giulia, and disgusted with all woman-kind, Paolo withdrew from all society and amusements; devoting himself ostensibly to his profession, in which he was considered to be rapidly rising, but in reality to the cause of Young Italy; and becoming a trusted and active member of the secret society so called.

To the beautiful Giulia, her marriage seemed to give all she had expected from it. Her new rank gave her admission to the highest circles in Naples, and the magnificent villa the Comte had built for her, and the splendid entertainments she gave, raised her to the highest place in the scale of fashion. Her husband loved and indulged her to the top of her bent while he lived, and when he died left her the sole possessor of his wealth, which to Italian ideas appeared inexhaustible.

It need scarcely be said that, when she returned to society after the Comte's death, her

beauty and wealth brought her, many suitors from among the Jeunesse Dorée of Naples, and it was soon affirmed that the young Marchese Raffaello de-Manzi was the most favoured of all. But just at this time, Paolo returned from Messina, and his adventures there and the critical situation in which he stood as a suspected patriot, became the prevailing topic of the day. The beautiful Giulia's interest in her former lover seemed suddenly revived; and on learning the efforts his friends were making in his behalf, she offered to assist them with any amount of money they required. Neapolitan officials, then were by no means inaccessible to bribes, whatever they may be now; the Comte Deslandes' rich stores were skilfully used, and Paolo was released from surveillance, and declared a good and loyal subject of King Ferdinand.

It was a bitter mortification to Paolo when he found how much he was indebted to Giulia, and the wealth her faithlessness had given her, for his acquittal. But it was absolutely necessary that he should see her, if it were only, he told himself, to let her know that he intended making some arrangement of his property to repay her the sums she had advanced; and once in her presence the spell of her brilliant beauty and enchanting manners regained something of their old power over him. Never had she seemed so gentle, so sweet, or so much in love with him, and he very nearly succeeded in persuading him that it was for his sake more than her own she had wished for riches, and married the Comte Deslandes. Now that she possessed them, they would be worthless in her eyes if he would not accept them!

As she spoke, all that her wealth could do for Italy rushed on his mind. He never doubted that if he married her, he could have unlimited control over it; never dreamed that she would object to his using it as he chose. He forgot all her treachery and falsehood; he forgot his own truth and honour;—for the moment he forgot Carmina; and

before he left the villa, he was again her affianced husband.

They were scarcely married before Paolo bitterly repented it. Every day he saw more clearly how utterly false, selfish and worthless she was, and to add to his punishment—which he keenly felt was not greater than he deserved—he very soon found that she was wholly incapable of understanding or sympathizing with his hopes and projects for the redemption of Italy; and decidedly averse to her money being used in aiding them. Nor was Giulia much better satisfied. Her capricious fancy for Paolo—born of vanity, and the desire to win back a heart once hers, but which seemed to have escaped from her trammels, fled as soon as it was gratified; and when she found that she need not expect from him the easy indulgence of an Italian husband of the old régime, but instead those ideas of domestic purity, truth and honour, befitting a member of Mazzini's Young Italy, with the firmness and spirit to make his wife, at least, outwardly respect them, she both hated and feared him as a tyrant.

Having settled his business with the Jew broker, Paolo left the shop, and a little way down the lane came on a noisy crowd gathered round a man roasting chesnuts in a brazier of burning charcoal. Just as Paolo came up, a little old woman emerged from the crowd, munching the chesnuts she had bought, and he started as he saw before him the tiny weird figure, the ashen-coloured face, the silvery locks, and piercing black eyes of the wise Olympia.

She recognised him as quickly as he had her. "*Ah! Eccellenza!* is it you?" she said. "You seem surprised to see the old Olympia."

"So I am, mother," said Paolo; "it is long since we met."

"Time never seems long to the old Olympia," said the sibyl; "it is far too short, for all she has to do. Up and down the land, north, south, east and west, she must wander.

To-day here, to-morrow in Rome, the next day in Venice—every where there are people in need of the wise Olympia."

"When have you been in Calabria, and when did you see Carmina, mother?" Paolo asked.

"Ah! *Excellenza!* Then you remember the poor Carmina?"

"Remember her? Yes," said Paolo. "Can you tell me how she is?"

"There are few things the wise Olympia cannot tell," said the sibyl. "She knows the past and the future, and she can read the pages of the Book of Fate."

"But Carmina, mother," said Paolo impatiently, "tell me about Carmina."

"Ah, *poverina!* she has suffered! Why should the Signor seek to revive the memory of the past?"

"*Che diavolo!* What do you mean, mother?" said Paolo; and taking out his purse he tried to slip some money into her tiny hand.

But she drew it quickly away. "Keep your money, Signor *Excellenza*," she said, "the old Olympia will not speak for scudi; but she will speak because she knows she must. The Fates have twined the thread of the proud Signor's life with that of the poor Calabrian girl, and the wise Olympia does not dare to resist their will. Look yonder, *Excellenza*; look at that narrow brown house with one arched window, and a little bit of balcony covered with plants and flowers, and an open stall below. That is Carmina's house."

"Carmina's house! Does she live in Naples? Is she married?"

"Not she, *poverina!* It was to look for the Signor she came here. She thought he must be either dead or in prison because he did not come back to her, but she found him married to a grand lady and living in a palace of splendour."

"*Maladizione* on the palace of splendour!" said Paolo. "But what did she do then?"

"She did not die, Signor, though she

came very near it; but she is a brave girl as the Signor ought to know, and she bore up against her trouble and set to work, and now she supports herself and Ninetta by spinning and weaving. She has only Ninetta now, for the poor Madre was dead before she left Calabria."

"And Jacopo?" asked Paolo.

"Jacopo is here too, Signor, and earns a good living with his felucca. He says he must stay near enough to Carmina to know that she does not come to want or harm, and though he seldom sees her except at church, he has still a hope that some day she will reward his faithful love. But alas! it is all in vain. He wears away his heart longing for a day that will never come, and she has mourning for one that has fled for ever. Hard is the lot of the children of men, and not even the wise Olympia can alter by one hair's breadth the will of the awful Fates."

Thrusting the scudi, which she still appeared unwilling to take, into the old sibyl's skinny palm, Paolo crossed the street to the house she had pointed out as Carmina's dwelling.

Round the open stall, which served at once for shop and workroom, hung the pretty bright scarfs which Paolo remembered so well; with skeins of wool and goats' hair, dyed all the colours of the rainbow. In the midst, Carmina was standing at her loom, and beside her sat Ninetta, spinning with her spindle.

Since Paolo had been false to Carmina, he had tried to persuade himself that it was the romantic circumstances under which he had first seen her, and the picturesque idyllic surroundings harmonizing so well with her fresh youth, and flower-like loveliness which had cast an unreal charm over her beauty, and given a false brightness to the image so indelibly stamped on his heart. He had told himself this again and again, when his whole soul turned towards her with passionate longing, and his arms ached to clasp her

in his embrace once more. But now that she stood before him after years of absence, and instead of the lovely Calabrian shore, and its smiling, murmuring sea, there was the sordid street and all the harsh sights and sounds of the lowest city life for her environment, she seemed to him more beautiful than ever the vision of his imagination had been.

She was dressed in a dark green petticoat and a black bodice with white sleeves coming half way to her elbow, showing beneath her round beautifully-moulded arms. Her dress was neater and of better material than it had been in the Calabrian cottage, but there was no attempt at ornament about it, not a bit of lace or knot of riband; nor did she wear any of those pretty toys or trinkets with which women all the world over love to adorn their beauty, if they have any, or try to atone for its deficiency if they have not. There was no necklace or chain round her beautiful throat, no gold or silver pin fastening the heavy masses of her rich hair, not even a rose to contrast with its raven blackness. Yet no glitter of gold and diamonds, no contrasts or compliments of colour could have heightened her perfect beauty. But of this Carmina was utterly unconscious. She had never heard that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" nor would she have believed it, if she had. She took no trouble to adorn herself because there was no one in whose eyes she cared to look fair.

"For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?  
He's gone whom only she desired to please!"

As Paolo came in front of the stall, Carmina looked up from her loom and her eyes met his. Their sudden radiance seemed to penetrate his whole being, like a flash of electric light, and pale, and trembling, he leaned against a pillar, unable to utter a word. But Carmina showed less agitation. Since she had been in Naples, she had seen him often, though he had never seen her.

She had seen him in the theatre of San Carlo sitting beside his beautiful wife; she had seen him driving with her through the Toledo; she had seen him on the Molo, or in the street of Santa Lucia, at early morning, or late in the evening, talking to groups of lazzaroni, sailors, or fishermen, urging them, as she believed, to join the ranks of Italian Patriots. But always, whenever or wherever she had seen him, there was the same cloud on his brow, the same stern look in his eyes. "Alas!" she often said to herself, "why does he look so unhappy? I wonder if he loves his beautiful wife, or if now he only loves Italy!"

From seeing him thus frequently, she had learned to command her emotion in his presence, and now, though the shuttle fell from her hand, and her heart beat so fast and loud that she could hear its throbs, she stood perfectly still and quiet beside her loom.

Ninetta was the first to speak. "Oh, Carmina, it is the Signor. Don't you know the Signor Paolo whom you brought in your skiff to our cottage in Calabria?"

"No, Carmina," said Paolo, speaking in an agitated voice, "this is not the Paolo whom you knew in Calabria—that Paolo is still by the shore of the lovely little bay. He was honest, and loving, and true, but this Paolo is a cold, hard, loveless man; a faithless and ungrateful fool, who threw away a priceless pearl, and has ever since been cursed with undying remorse and regret."

The deep pain in his voice pierced Carmina's heart, but she could not speak. He saw, however, the tender pity, and unchanged love in her face.

"Oh, Carmina," he exclaimed, "do not look at me with those kind eyes. Look angry, look resentful—tell me that you hate and despise me—I deserve your hatred and scorn."

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina gently, "I have grown wiser since I came to Naples. I have seen the signora, your wife, so beau-

tiful, so elegant, so graceful, and I know now that you could never have married poor Carmina."

"You are the wife I ought to have married, Carmina," said Paolo passionately, "only you! Believe me, I never meant to be false to you, false to my own heart. I was weak and wicked, but I have bitterly repented ever since, and if you could know how great my punishment has been, I think you would forgive me."

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, "I have nothing to forgive. I had the misfortune of placing my love too high. How could you stoop to me? I was only a simple girl when I saw you first, and did not know that it would degrade you in the eyes of the world to make me your wife. I did not know then that in the world where men strive for rank and riches, they cannot always marry the one that is the best loved."

"Carmina, do not speak so. It maddens me!"

"It is true, Signor. I knew that you were great, noble, a hero, immeasurably above me, but it seemed to me, you must be as much above every other woman, and that no one could love you as I would, or make you so happy. I was a foolish girl, Signor, and knew no better."

"You were right, my Carmina; no one ever loved me, or will love me as you did, and no one but you could ever have made me happy. My heart told me from the moment I saw you, that in you I had found the one out of all the world best suited to be my wife. And I meant to be true to you. I meant to return."

"Yes, Signor, but when you got back to Naples, you knew that it could not be. Now I understand this, but then I did not, and day after day I watched for your coming. But months passed and you did not come. Then the poor madre got worse and worse, and died and my heart grew sick with sorrow and longing, and it seemed to me if I did not soon see you, I should die."

She paused, overcome by the memory of that time of anguish, and Paolo could see that it had not passed over her without leaving some trace behind. There was a tender sadness, a pathetic sweetness in her whole aspect, appealing to the heart like a strain of mournful music; as if into that form once an image of perfect joy, the shadow of sorrow had in some mysterious manner been infused.

"Oh, my Carmina," Paolo exclaimed, "what a wretched guilty fool I have been. I loved you all the time and my heart ached for you day and night, and your sweet face was forever before my eyes. But I was mad and blind as the gods of old made those whom they wished to destroy. Mad and blind for one day, and then my senses and my sight came back, and I saw and knew that I had made myself miserable for ever. But go on. Tell me everything. Tell me how you came to Naples."

"Signor, I thought you must be either dead or in prison, when you did not come. and at last I told Jacopo I must go and find out; and he tried to persuade me not to go. and said perhaps you had forgotten me, and married some one else. But I did not believe it. If the wise Olympia had been near, perhaps she could have told me where you were, but she had gone far away. So at last Jacopo brought me and Ninetta here in his boat, and took us to the house of some friends of his, who were kind to us for his sake. Then he heard that you were married, and at first he was afraid to tell me. but he could not hide it from me long. It was hard to bear, Signor, and the kind people of the house thought I should have died, but something seemed to tell me that I must live to see you again."

"Oh, my poor Carmina! But did you not hate me for my falseness?—hate me? despise me?"

"Ah! no, Signor; where love is true, hate can never come. When I got better, I made Jacopo take me to San Carlo, that

I might see the Signora, your wife, and when I saw how beautiful she was, and how graceful and elegant, and how richly dressed, and looked at my own coarse dress, and remembered that I was a poor working girl, I knew how foolish I had been, and I wondered no longer that you had forgotten me, but prayed to the Madonna that you might be happy."

"A vain and fruitless prayer, my Carmina!" said Paolo. "But have you stayed in Naples ever since?"

"Yes, Signor. I wanted to stay where I might see you sometimes, and know that you were well; and the kind people that were so good to us found this house for me and Ninetta, and we live here and earn money by weaving and spinning. And Jacopo lives in Naples, too, Signor, and sails his felucca between this and the islands."

"And does he still want you to marry him, Carmina?"

"Signor," said Carmina, "he knows that is impossible."

Paolo did not ask why it was impossible; he knew that quite as well as Carmina herself.

"It seems wonderful to me," he said, "that you should have been living here all these months, and that I should never have met you in the street—never have felt that you were near me."

"You have met me many times, Signor," said Carmina, "though you have not seen me. Sometimes I used to think it strange that nothing in your heart ever told you it was me when you passed me by. But then I supposed it was because you had forgotten me."

"I never forgot you, Carmina, I never ceased to love you, and from the hour I was false to you, I have been the most unhappy man on earth!"

"Alas! Signor," said Carmina, "I have grieved to see you look so hard and stern, and cold, not bright and gay and gentle as

you did once; but I said to myself—'It is because Italy is not yet free. It is for Italy's wrongs that the cloud is on his brow.'"

"No, Carmina, it is for myself; for my own unhappy fate. And now that I have seen you again so good and patient and true, the chains I have forged for myself will be more galling than ever, more debasing, more degrading; chains that are destroying all that was noble and manly in my nature, and eating away my very heart and soul!"

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, "you break my heart!"

"Does it break your heart to know that I love you, Carmina?" Paolo asked, in a low passionate voice.

A faint flitting blush came and went on Carmina's cheek, leaving it deadly pale, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No, Signor," she said softly; "but because we are both so unhappy."

"And only for my madness we might have been so happy. But give me your hand, Carmina, as a pledge that you forgive me."

She gave it, and he clasped it closely in his.

"Carmina," he said, "are you not glad that we have spoken to each other?"

"Yes, Signor. Often I prayed the Madonna that you might know I had never ceased to love you."

"And I always intended, my Carmina, that some day you should learn that my heart was still yours, and only yours, though I had treated you so cruelly. How often have I thought of that happy time on the lovely Calabrian shore; of the stormy night when you saved me from the *shirri*; of the wise Olympia, as she sat at the door of her hut among the rocks, with the red glare of the lamp lighting up her withered face, and told us the threads of our destinies were as closely twined together as those she was twisting on her spindle; of the hours that seemed minutes by the cove where we waited for Jacopo. How well I remember the bench where we sat when I told you my

life was pledged to the freedom and independence of Italy, while the stars shone over head, and the firefly lamps glittered in the myrtle hedges ; the draught of sweet hot milk you gave me when I came down the stone stairs in the morning, and met you just coming from milking the goats ; the pitcher of water I snatched from you at the fountain ; the ripe figs I helped you to gather :—all and every thing, from the moment I first saw your skiff coming over the little bay, to that in which our arms unlocked from our last embrace, and I jumped on board Jacopo's boat, and left you standing on the lonely shore. What day has there been since, that I have not thought of these things ? What night that they have not been with me in my dreams ? Don't you, too, think of them sometimes, my Carmina ?”

“Yes, Signor, I think of them always,” said Carmina.

“Carmina,” said Paolo, “I may soon have to leave Naples, and go where I can serve Italy better than here ; but before I go, I must see you again, and get one more kind glance from your eyes. It may be for the last time. Will you think of me till I come ?”

“Signor, I will think of nothing else,” said Carmina.

Paolo turned hastily away, and going up to Ninetta, stroked her hair, and said a kind word or two to her ; then throwing some coins into her lap to buy *confetti*, he left the stall.

It must be remembered that poor Carmina was only an Italian peasant girl, with hardly any other code of morals than the instincts of her own heart. She could not unlove Paolo because she might no longer hope to be his wife ; her love was too unworldly and unselfish for that. Neither could she help the deep joy it gave her to know that he, too, loved her still ; but she never thought or dreamed of their being any thing more to each other than they were now—separated and unhappy lovers. And

she grieved for his unhappiness far more than for her own. She was a woman, and had learned to be patient and to bear what was laid upon her : but to the proud, strong spirit of a man she knew that endurance must be hard. Oh, if there was anything in the world she could do to help or comfort him, how blessed she would think herself, and what joy it would give her. Such joy as she had not known since that night which had been so sweet, yet so bitter,—that night which he, too, remembered so well—when she had watched the phosphor fire flashing round the keel of the boat that bore him away from her, and kneeling on the rocks, she had prayed the Madonna to protect him, and bring him back soon.

She was still standing, looking out into the gathering darkness with bright dreamy eyes, and recalling all Paolo's words and looks over and over again, when Ninetta came running up to her, and opening her apron which she held by the corners, showed her that it was full of cakes and sugar-plums.

“See, Carmina,” she exclaimed joyfully, “see all the nice things I have got, and I have money enough to buy as many more. Won't we have a brave feast to-night, and wasn't the Signor good ?”

Putting her arm round her sister's neck, Carmina stooped and kissed her, and as she did so, Ninetta felt a tear fall on her cheek.

“Carmina, *mia* Carmina, you are crying,” exclaimed Ninetta. “Why are you crying ? I thought you would not cry any more now the Signor has come.”

“Little sister,” said Carmina, “I don't know why I am crying. Perhaps it is for joy ; perhaps it is for sorrow.”

#### IV.

ON the road to Posilippo there is a church called the Church of Santa Maria di Piedigrotto, which possesses a picture of the Madonna, much revered by the devout in Naples, as the numerous *rosari*

suspended about it attest—prayers said before it being supposed to have peculiar efficacy.

At daybreak on the morning after her meeting with Paolo, Carmina entered this church. Like all other churches in Catholic countries, it was open day and night, the entrance only closed by its great leathern curtain. Lights were burning here and there before the shrines; but, except that at an altar in the dim distance two or three drowsy priests were chanting portions of the service, Carmina seemed the only worshipper present. Going up to the Holy Madonna, she lighted her wax taper, placed among the other offerings the *voto* she had brought—two little silver hearts fastened together with a true-lover's knot and pierced through with an arrow, on which she had spent nearly all her small savings—and kneeling, commenced her petitions. Fond, foolish, child-like prayers they were, such as might have been offered to

“The fair humanities of old religion,”

on the shores of that lovely sea two thousand years ago. Prayers that Paolo might love her for ever, and always know how truly she loved him—prayers that as they could not be happy together on earth, they might be happy together in heaven—prayers that all the sorrow, all the pain allotted to both, should be given to her to bear, and joy and happiness be the portion of Paolo.

Having thus, in some degree, relieved her heart, Carmina rose, but she had yet another taper to burn, and other prayers to offer at the shrine of the Signor's patron saint, San Paolo. This shrine was near the entrance, and surrounded by an ornamental screen of wrought-iron work, which altogether concealed the worshipper within. Just as Carmina entered and knelt down, the great leathern curtain was raised, and a young man wearing a slouched hat, and with the lower part of his face much muffled by a cloak, came into the church. Looking round, and seeing no one but the droning priests in

the distance, he threw himself on a bench beside the screen within which Carmina was kneeling. Almost immediately after, the curtain was again drawn back, and a lady wrapped in a dark mantle, and her face covered with a thick veil, came in. On seeing her the young man jumped up, and springing to meet her, took her hand and raised it to his lips. Then he led her to the bench, where both sat down.

“Beautiful and gracious Giulia,” he said, “I have not even attempted to close my eyes since I saw you last night. I have been too much excited at the thoughts of the meeting you condescended to promise me; too much incensed at the treatment you have received from that insolent brigand, who ought never to have been permitted to touch your lovely hand, much less to call it his own. But you told me I might do you some service, and that has raised me to the seventh heaven! Tell me now what it is. You know well, most beautiful, most beloved, that I am your devoted slave.”

“Raffaello,” said the lady in a low slow voice, which yet had a harsh tuneless ring, perceptible through its refined and cultivated softness, “you can do me a great—the very greatest service. You can set me free from my bondage to this Paolo Marocchi, whom I will no longer call my husband. Ingrate! he deserves no mercy from me, and he shall find none!”

The Marchese Raffaello di Manzi, though well used to perilous adventures of gallantry, and as cool and self-possessed under all circumstances as an Italian noble ought to be, almost started at the fair Giulia's words. But he quickly recovered himself. Assassinations in Naples are not now such common events as they used to be, and bravos ready to poniard any one for a few scudi are scarcely to be found without some trouble, but there are still enough of the old traditions, and of the hot Italian blood remaining to make the idea not very alarming. If the Contessa desired to be released from the



man who held the place which Raffaello would fain have held, and if he could find the means of obliging her without danger of any unpleasant consequences, he had no scruples about using them.

"Beautiful and adored Giulia," he said, "it shall be done! My life and soul are at your service."

"*Dio mio!* Raffaello," said the Contessa, looking at him somewhat contemptuously, for she had partly removed her veil, "do I ask you for your life and soul?"

"Yet, now-a-days it is not so easy to put an obnoxious individual out of the way without danger to one's own life, leaving the soul out of the question; as I am quite willing to do!" said Raffaello, in rather a piqued tone.

"Yes, I dare say," said Giulia, "but Raffaello, I do not want to endanger either your life or soul. Do you think I care so little about you?" and she laid her ungloved hand lightly on his arm.

"Ah! *mia adorata!*" said Raffaello, bending down to kiss it, "how could I flatter myself that you cared, when you rejected me for that perfidious and insolent upstart?"

"Raffaello, have I not told you that I never should have done so, if you had not enraged me by your devotion to that Milanese Prima-Donna. Every one was talking of it; how could I help believing that you were false to me; and you know where love is great, jealousy must be great too!"

"Ah! *bellissima! carissima!*" said Raffaello, again kissing her hand.

"No," resumed Giulia, "I never loved him, and now I hate him; I hate him! And you ought to hate him too."

"*Per Dio!*" said Raffaello, "I hate him with a perfect hatred."

"Be satisfied then, *caro amico*, for we shall have our revenge. But not, as you seem to suppose, by knife or stiletto or any violence. You know how narrowly he escaped the vengeance of the Government a little while ago; and but for me, fool that I was, he never

would have escaped. But now his time has come. I have long known that he is a member of a secret society; and lately I have discovered that he is deeply engaged in an insurrectionary plot. There are the proofs." And she handed a packet of papers to the Marchese, who took it eagerly. "You need not look at them till you get home," Giulia said. "You will find them more than sufficient."

"I will take care that they are so," said the Marchese, significantly—"especially as the greatest beauty in all Naples will not now interest herself in his favour."

"Spare me your reproaches," said Giulia, "I have been punished as I deserved. Only the meanest creature on earth could submit to his insolence and tyranny. And now, *caro amico*, there must be no delay. The insurrection is apparently on the point of breaking out. He may leave Naples any hour to join the Garibaldini, and so escape us."

"Trust me, there shall be no delay," said Raffaello. "Is he at the villa now?"

"No; he went away in his boat alone late last night, or early this morning, as he is in the habit of doing, but he told his servant that he would be back this evening before sunset."

"He shall be arrested as soon as he returns," said Raffaello.

"You must warn the *shirri* to be cautious," said Giulia. "He is so bold and resolute that if he gets the slightest chance, he will baffle them, and disappoint us yet."

"Every precaution shall be taken. The men shall have orders to conceal themselves till they see him entering the villa, and then rush on him and take him by surprise."

"Very well; but remember, *amico*, I trust to you to conduct everything in such a way that there shall be no needless scandal. My name must not appear."

"Everything shall be done quietly, and secretly," said the Marchese. "You may depend on me. And then *anima mia*, when

you are once more free, may I not hope that the fairest reward earth can bestow will be mine ?”

“You may hope and expect everything,” said Giulia, extending her hand.

“*Mia adorata !*” said Raffaello, pressing it to his lips.

“Now, then, *addio, caro amico,*” said Giulia, rising. “My maid Fanchette waits outside ; give us time to get out of sight before you leave the church.”

Lingeringly drawing away the hand which Raffaello had retained, she moved with soft gliding grace to the door. Raffaello raised the great curtain, and with a parting “*addio !*” she passed through the opening, and disappeared.

As she vanished the young man’s face changed, and its expression of impassioned devotion was succeeded by one strangely bitter and sarcastic.

“The hard-hearted little traitress !” he muttered, pulling at his moustache vehemently. “She is as false and cruel as Circe herself, or any other woman-monster. Of course, I was not ignorant that she had a tolerable spice of the devil in her composition, but this seems rather too much of a good thing. Say what she will, I know she had a *grande caprice* for him when she married him, and if she likes me better to-day, she might like some one else better the day after we were married : then I should become an incumbrance, to be got rid of in my turn. But she is gloriously, angelically beautiful, and I must have her at any price. Though, after all, it might be better, to have a wife without the demoniac element. She might not be so *piquante*, but she would certainly be safer.”

Then with a shrug of his shoulders, he, too, left the church.

All this time Carmina had remained hidden by the screen, silent and motionless, hearing through the openings in the iron-work all that passed, between Giulia and the young Marchese. No words could express all she had felt as she listened. Her horror

at their wickedness, her dread lest their schemes should succeed, and her passionate hope that she might be able to warn and save Paolo. Surely Madonna had purposely revealed their vile plot to her, and would in some way or other enable her to defeat it. She had often seen the villa where Paolo lived, and once on a holiday she had wandered with Ninetta to the beach below it, and seen Paolo’s boat with the one white sail lying at the landing—fancying, as she read with wistful eyes the name painted on the prow—*La Bella Donna*—that it was so called in honour of the beautiful lady his wife. Her first thought now was, that she would wait among the rocks near the landing till she saw his boat come in, and warn him of his danger ; but the next moment it occurred to her that he would probably have no plan of escape ready, and the least delay or indecision might be fatal. Then, like a flash of inspiration, came the thought of Jacopo’s felucca. If Jacopo would have his felucca near, Paolo could get on board, and Jacopo could take him to some place of safety. She would go to Jacopo and tell him all, and surely he would save the Signor, as he had saved him once before.

She came to this decision while she was yet on her knees ; before the Marchese had left the church. As soon as she knew that he was gone, she followed, her feet winged with the swiftest of all sandals, Love and Hope, and hastened back to Naples. On the road she passed the Marchese, wrapped in his dark mantle, and as he turned at the sound of her rapid feet and caught sight of her face, always so beautiful, and expressive of every emotion, and now pale, excited, rapt, like one inspired, he said to himself : “*Cielo !* what a beauty ! But how strangely she looked at me. *Santissima !* I hope she has not the evil eye !” and he made the sign which the Italians consider powerful to ward off the malicious influence they so much dread. He little knew the shudder of horror and fear with which Carmina had passed

him, as if he had been some loathsome and poisonous reptile, little imagined that the girl whose pure impassioned face, seen for an instant, had thrilled him so strangely, had devoted her whole heart and soul to the task of frustrating the schemes on which he was now brooding as he walked along, but with which he never dreamed she could have anything to do more than one of the white pigeons that were fluttering around a balcony above his head.

Leaving him far behind, Carmina soon reached the city and hastened to the Molo, where many crafts were lying, among which, to her great joy, she recognized the well-known felucca. The next moment some one gently touched her shoulder, and looking round, she saw Jacopo.

"Oh, Jacopo," she exclaimed, "I wanted you so much, and I was so afraid you would be away with the felucca!"

It was a rare delight to Jacopo to be "wanted" by Carmina. His eyes brightened as he said, "What do you want me for, Carmina?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you all at once, Jacopo, I have so much to say."

"Come here, then," he said, "and let us sit down where we shall be a little way out of the crowd."

"He led her to a quiet spot on the rocky side of the great pier. "Well, what is it, Carmina?" he asked.

"Jacopo," said Carmina, and now he saw how pale she was, and how strangely her eyes shone, "I think you will like to do what I am going to ask you, but even if you don't, you must do it for my sake."

"*Cara* Carmina," said Jacopo with a grave smile, "don't I always do what you ask me?"

"Yes—oh, yes. But you know, Jacopo, you were angry with the Signor ——"

"The Signor? What of the Signor, Carmina?" and Jacopo moved uneasily.

"Jacopo, I have seen him—I have spoken to him. He is very unhappy and well he

may be, for his wife who is so beautiful and looks so like an angel, is the wickedest woman in the world, and plotting against his life."

As she spoke all the brightness faded out of Jacopo's face as if a grey shade had suddenly crept over it. Lately he had begun to hope that since Paolo's marriage had forever divided him from Carmina, she would in time conquer her hopeless love and reward his constant affection. But now, as he saw the changed and agitated expression of her face, that hope died out, and he felt how futile it had been. Pressing his hand hard against the sharp rocks, as if to steady himself, he said, "Where did you see the Signor, Carmina?"

"He came to the house last evening. He asked me to forgive him, and said he had never been happy since he broke his vow to me. I was very sorry for him, Jacopo, and forgave him with all my heart—but that I did long ago. But I did not know then what I am going to tell you. Listen to me, Jacopo, and when you hear it, I am sure you will help me to save him."

Then she told Jacopo how she had been in the church that morning, and the conversation she had heard between Paolo's faithless wife and the young Marchese.

"And what is it you would wish me to do, Carmina?" asked Jacopo.

"Jacopo, I will go down to the rocks below the villa where his boat lands, and watch till he comes in. I must see him myself, and tell him what I heard this morning, for I am sure he would not believe it from any one else: not even from you, Jacopo. But you must have the felucca near, and when he knows everything, he can go on board, and you can take him to some safe place. Oh, Jacopo, will you do this? Promise me that you will."

"Wait a while, Carmina; let me think it over," said Jacopo.

His face worked, his whole frame was agitated, and Carmina, little accustomed to

see him show any symptoms of emotion, watched him with wondering alarm.

At last he spoke. "Carmina, did the Signor tell you that he loved you still—now, when no good can come of his loving you?"

"Oh, Jacopo, what is it you mean? Why do you look so?"

"Carmina, if you wish me to do as you have asked me, you must answer me. Did the Signor say he loved you?"

"Yes, Jacopo."

"And then you told him that you also loved him. Is it not so, Carmina?"

"Ah! Madonna! Why do you ask me, Jacopo? You know I have always loved him. Why do you speak in this way? You never were cruel to me before."

"Oh, Carmina, how could I be cruel to you whom I love better than my life? But I speak for your good, my Carmina. You have no one to take care of you but me. I will save the Signor if it be possible for me to do it, if you will vow to me on this image of the Madonna and the Holy Child—" and he produced one suspended on a cord round his neck, "that you will not have him for your lover."

"Jacopo! how could I take such a vow? I must love him as long as I live!"

"Carmina, my child, don't you know what I mean? You must swear to me that you will never be his mistress."

"Oh, Jacopo, I never thought of such a thing—he never thought of it. He only said he loved me."

"Yes, my Carmina, but it might not be so always. You must swear to me that if he does, you will never consent; and I will swear to you that I will save him, if mortal man can do it. I will take him to Ischia, where I know many good patriots, among whom he will be safe. Oh, my Carmina, I could bear to see you his wife since you love him so much, but never his mistress."

And Carmina kissed the image of the Madonna and took the vow.

All the rest of the day Carmina wandered

about the Villa Francese, watching, lest by any chance Paolo should return home earlier than he had intended, and she should miss him. She was restless, and heart-sick, and vehemently excited; a wild fever seemed burning in her veins. Yes, she would save him, and never see him more. Then what was left for her but to die?

Evening came on and sunset drew near. She sat on the beach, under the cliffs, where she knew his boat must land, looking out over the blue shining waves whose laughing glitter seemed to mock her anguish—looking with yearning eyes, sending her whole soul to meet her beloved, as if she would draw him towards her with the wild longings of her throbbing heart. But the sun set and still he came not. Sky and sea seemed mingled together in the blending and interchanging tints and shades of a thousand lovely colours; then slowly they began to fade, and the soft twilight came stealing on. At that instant a little boat came in sight. At last—at last—he was coming! Rapidly the boat drew near, and she could see its solitary inmate holding the sail to catch the light breeze, as he steered the boat towards the wharf. Now she could recognize his attitude, the turn of his head, even his features and, springing up, she ran to the landing.

"Carmina!" Paolo exclaimed, in startled surprise, as he dropped the sails, and gazed at her pale excited face and flashing eyes.

"Signor Paolo, stay where you are," cried Carmina; "do not get out. The *sbirri* are coming to arrest you. Even now they may be waiting at the villa."

"The *sbirri*? How do you know they are coming to arrest me, Carmina?"

"Oh, I know it. This morning, in the Church of Santa Maria, I saw the Contessa, your wife, give a Signor, who was with her, some papers, which, she said, proved you were conspiring to raise an insurrection, and he said he would have the *sbirri* sent to the villa to-night to arrest you."

"Carmina, Carmina, have you dreamed this, or can it be true?"

"I have not dreamed it. It is true. She said you were a tyrant, and she hated you, and was determined to be free. She wants to have you killed that she may marry that Signor. She called him Raffaello."

"Then it *is* true," said Paolo; "it is no dream. She has stolen my papers, and betrayed me to that man. Why should I have doubted it for an instant? And you heard it, my Carmina. How was that?"

"Yes, Signor, I was in the church this morning, where they could not see me, and I heard all their wickedness, and I have been watching for you all day that I might tell you. Jacopo is waiting a little way out with his felucca; he thought it might excite suspicion if he came too near the landing, but you can see his boat when you clear those rocks yonder. He will take you to a safe place where he has friends. Now, go, Signor, and Madonna preserve you."

"Yes, I will go, but this time, Carmina, you shall come with me. Do not hesitate. I swear by all that is sacred, that if you refuse I will go straight to the villa, and remain there till the *shirri* come. But you cannot—you will not refuse. Come, my beloved, come!" and he held out his arms.

It was impossible for her to resist at such a moment, and she suffered him to lift her into the boat. Then he set the sail, and they were moving out, when a hoarse shout in the direction of the villa made them look round. Half a dozen *shirri*, armed with carbines, were running down through the Italian Garden. They had been concealed in the grounds, and one of the party having been sent to look out, saw the boat putting back from the shore. They had been commanded to make Paolo prisoner, dead or alive, and enraged at the prospect of his escape, they shouted to him with threatening gestures to return. Paolo, on the contrary, seized his oars to help the light impetus of the sail which had scarcely yet

caught the breeze, and urged the boat forward with all his might. Furious at seeing their prey thus slipping from their grasp, the *shirri* fired a volley, which, however, fell harmless round the boat.

"Courage, my Carmina," cried Paolo. "Before they can fire again we shall be round those rocks, and out of their reach."

But just as they turned the point of safety another volley came, and with a pang of agony, such as he had never known before. Paolo saw Carmina fall back in the boat. With a bitter cry, he threw down the oars, but the next moment she was up again, and supporting herself against the side of the boat.

"Row on! row on!" she cried. "Paolo, if you love me, row on! I am not hurt—it was nothing."

But already the rocks sheltered them, and the sail, now fully catching the wind, which was directly in their favour, bore them rapidly towards the felucca, which had come round as if to meet their approach.

"Are you sure you are not hurt, my Carmina," said Paolo, leaning over her. "You look pale. Were you frightened, *carissima*? We are quite safe now. There is Jacopo coming to meet us. In a few minutes we shall be on board."

"Yes, yes," Carmina said, in a wild excited voice, "Madonna be praised! You will be safe, then, *mio* Paolo, and I shall be—happy!"

"We shall both be happy, my beloved!" said Paolo, in his tenderest tones, "for we shall know that we can never be parted again. That woman who betrayed me to certain death, as she believed, is no longer wife of mine. You are my wife, Carmina, the true wife of my soul!"

She smiled with a strange ineffable sweetness, and pressed her lips on the hand with which he had drawn her head on his breast.

"Oh, we shall be so happy, my own love." Paolo said, softly, "and all those long days that we have been parted will seem like a

dream. Now I shall have an angel of God, not a fiend of Satan for my companion, and love, and faithfulness and truth always by my side, instead of falsehood, deceit and treachery! Oh, *carissima*! how dearly I love you! And you love me, my Carmina? Speak to me, my own beloved, and tell me that you are as happy as I am."

"Yes, my Paolo," said Carmina, and now her voice was faint and low. "I am happy—happy because I am dying."

"My God! what is it you say, Carmina?"

"Paolo, my beloved one, I am dying. I am wounded here."

She placed her hand on her side, and when she drew it away, Paolo felt rather than saw that it was stained with blood.

"Wounded! Yes, oh, my God! but not much—it is not much. You must not, shall not die. Oh, God in Heaven! have pity and save her!" he cried.

"*Mio* Paolo, it is best as it is," she said, speaking with more and more difficulty. "I could not be your wife, and Madonna would not let me be your beloved without. In the world beyond things may be different. We may be happy there."

"Hush, hush, Carmina! here, in this world, we shall be happy. You *are* my beloved, and I am yours, and nothing can ever divide us. See, my Carmina, the blood is staunched now. You will soon be better. Oh, my darling, my darling, how you frightened me!" and he pressed her head against his breast.

"Kiss me, Paolo, kiss me," murmured Carmina; "kiss me again, and again! Oh, Paolo, I loved you so much; do not forget me!"

"Carmina, my only treasure, I could not live without you. If you die, I shall die too."

"Not so, my Paolo," and with an effort, she spoke firmly: "You must live to make Italy free and united. It is my last wish—my last prayer."

"You will live to help me, Carmina.

Soul of my soul, life of my life, you will stay with me and help me?"

"I will pray Madonna to let me help you from Heaven," she whispered, her voice growing fainter and fainter. "Tell Jacopo to take care of Ninetta—poor Ninetta; she always loved Jacopo. Hold my hand tightly, Paolo—tighter still—while you hold it I am strong, and happy! Oh, so happy!" And with a long, gasping sigh, her soul breathed itself away.

But Paolo thought she had fainted.

At that moment Jacopo's voice sounded in his ear. "Why, what are you about, Signor; take care or we shall run you down."

"Carmina is hurt," said Paolo, "one of their cursed shots hit her; it is not much, but she has fainted."

Without a word, Jacopo sprang into the little boat, and helped Paolo to lift Carmina into the felucca, and placed her on the best couch it was possible to make for her there. The wound did not seem to be a bad one, and the blood, which had never been much, had ceased to flow, but all their efforts to revive her failed.

"*Santissima Madonna!*" said Jacopo at last, as he seemed to feel her cold hand stiffening in his clasp; "surely this is death!"

"Death!" cried Paolo fiercely; "are you mad? I tell you it is only a swoon. If we were once on land, and could get some women to attend to her, she would soon revive."

Jacopo flew to the helm, seized it from the boy who had been steering, and kept the boat straight on her course; while Paolo supported Carmina's inanimate form, uttering half frantic exclamations of love and anguish, of mingled hope and despair.

The felucca flew over the waves, but to Paolo and Jacopo, it seemed like an eternity till they reached Ischia. A full moon shone brightly down on them as they reached a solitary little landing-place, from whence Jacopo had often brought off in his felucca casks and great bottles filled with the sweet

wine made from the grapes which grow so luxuriantly in that rich volcanic soil. A winding path led to the top of the cliffs, and up this Paolo and Jacopo carried their unconscious burden with tender, solicitous care. A little way beyond, two or three cottages were clustered, surrounded by a vineyard. The vintage had just begun, and on the green sward in front some young men and women were dancing by the bright light of the moon to the music of a guitar, which a merry looking fellow was playing. The older people sat by the doors laughing and chatting; the little children were dancing a mimic dance among themselves, or, tired out, were sleeping on the grass. It was a joyous scene; a vivid contrast to the mournful little group that softly and silently appeared among them. At their approach, the dancers paused, the music ceased, and there was an awe-stricken silence. All felt, though they had not yet seen, the awful presence of Death.

"My friends," said Paolo, "we have a wounded girl here; will some kind women attend to her till we can get a surgeon?"

"Wounded!" cried the cottagers, with many wondering and compassionate ejaculations.

"Yes," said Paolo, to whom these people were well known; "wounded by the cursed *sbirri*."

A groan of rage and indignation ran through the little company. Ah! *canes mal-adetti*! accursed dogs!" they cried. A kind-looking woman, with ready sympathy, led the way into one of the cottages, and helped them to lay their sad burden on her own bed. Some others of the women gathered round, praising the poor girl's beauty, and sorrowing over her with many pitying exclamations.

"Cannot you do something to get her out of this swoon?" said Paolo.

The women looked at each other, and shook their heads. They knew she was dead.

"Alas! Signor," said one, "this is no swoon."

"Not a swoon!" cried Paolo, fiercely: "then what is it?—send for a surgeon—here is money—send for a surgeon at once."

"Yes, Signor," said the mistress of the house, "we will send for one —," and she spoke to a girl who left the room. "But here is a wise old mother, signor," she said. "one who knows more than many a doctor. Look at this *poverina*, mother, and see if anything can be done for her."

A little old woman, who seemed to have been asleep in some corner, now came forward, and bent over the silent form on the bed, and as she did so, Paolo recognized the wise Olympia. When she saw that it was Carmina's lifeless form on which she was looking, the sibyl raised herself with a wild piercing cry, and wrung her small, fleshless hands. "Is it you, my beauty, my bird, my flower of maidens?" she cried. "Dark is the hour that I see you lying here, and for ever accursed be the hand that laid you low!" Then she stooped over the dead girl again, examined her wound, and touched her hands, mouth and eyes.

"Is there any life left, mother?" asked one of the women.

"None! none!" said the sibyl. "She is dead, my peerless beauty, my lovely one. She will never speak again. Close her eyes softly, my daughters, and lay her hands reverently on her breast. She is dead! She is dead! And who has killed her?"

"It was I who killed her!" said Paolo, rising from where he had been kneeling by the bed.

"You, Signor, you! Was it you who murdered the sweet child who loved you better than her own soul?"

"Yes, it was I. She gave her life for mine!" said Paolo—and utterly unmannered. he threw himself beside his dead love, and poured forth his anguish and despair with all the wild fierce passion of the lava-like southern blood which his cultivated self-control had not cooled. He upbraided himself as the vilest and most odious of men, and with

cries and groans, and floods of bitter tears, he cursed the day he was born, and called on Heaven to take his hateful life that hour, that he might be buried in the grave with Carmina.

The kind women were terrified at his wild agony, but full of compassion. Jacopo, according to his nature, seemed stunned and stupified; he neither wept nor groaned, but leant against the wall, quiet and motionless.

"Was she the Signor's beloved?" asked one of the women, approaching him.

Jacopo started. "She was a pure lily," he said, "and Madonna took her away that this evil world might not stain her whiteness."

His look, his voice, showed something of what he felt, and the woman asked no more questions.

"It was long before any one dared to intrude on Paolo's passionate grief, but at last the old Olympia approached him, and laid her skinny hand on his. Something in its touch seemed to electrify him, for he started, raised his head, and looked at her.

"Signor," she said, "your tears and lamentations are profaning the dead! She must be dressed in white raiment as spotless as herself, and laid in mother earth, who will deck her grave, when the time comes, with flowers. Come away now, Signor *mio*; you shall see her again when she has been made ready for Paradise."

The weird power of the sibyl's glance seemed to have the effect she desired, for Paolo rose, and tried to command himself.

"I was false to her," he said, after a while, "and now she is dead, and can never know how much I loved her."

"Yes, Signor, she knows it now," said the sibyl.

"If I could think so," said Paolo, "it might be some poor comfort."

"Do not doubt it, Signor *mio*! For such love and loveliness as hers there can be no death. And do not blame yourself too much, Signor. It was the will of the Invisible, before which we creatures of clay must put our

fingers on our lips and be dumb. Come, Signor, come and take some food and wine. Then you will be a man again."

"Food! wine!" said Paolo, shuddering.

"Signor, listen to the wise Olympia. Did she not tell you that the thread of your life, and of hers who lies there, were knotted together? Did I not say that I saw you both standing side by side in a crimson cloud, and you thought it was the morning sun rising over free Italy; but, Signor, I knew it was *her* blood. Also, I told you that your fortune should be great, and that you and Italy should triumph together. And now I tell you so again. Your life is not your own to throw away, as if it were a broken toy. You must keep it to aid in making *La Patria* free from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic; you must keep it to be revenged on the tyrants who sent their evil hounds to murder her who died for you! The old Olympia has lived to be very old, and she has learned the lesson the young find it so hard to learn: she has learned not to kick against the pricks. Come, Signor *mio*, drink some wine, and eat, and sleep. Our young men shall guard the house, and your enemies shall not find you. You must not die like a coward, and let your foes and the foes of Italy triumph over you.

The wise Olympia had struck the right chord at last. Paolo thought of the faithless Giulia, of the profligate Raffaello, of the tyrants against whom he had so long waged war in Italy's cause—they should not have the satisfaction of knowing that they had driven him to a suicide's dishonoured grave. Then better and nobler thoughts came. He remembered the heroic Mazzini, who from his earliest youth had lived a life of martyrdom for the sake of the beloved land; he thought of the band of gallant patriots with whom he had laboured—could he be so weak and selfish as to desert them? Above all, he thought of Carmina's last words—"Live to make Italy free and united!" Surely somewhere in God's wide universe,



he should yet meet her, and tell her he had obeyed her last desire !

"You are right, mother," he said to the old sibyl, who had waited, keenly watching him with her glittering eyes. "Give me wine—give me food ! I will try and steel myself to bear this blow like a man ! There is plenty of work for me to do, and I will not shirk it !

Carmina was laid in a grave not far from the cliffs, under the shadow of a lonely and picturesque little church where the murmurs of the sea forever blend with the prayers continually chanted for the dead. Paolo placed a white marble slab over her grave on which a broken lily,—the white lily of the Annunciation, sacred to the Madonna—was sculptured ; and beneath was graven

#### CARMINA.

As the wise Olympia had prophesied, Paolo lived to enter Naples in triumph with Garibaldi, and to see Rome once more the capital of Italy. He is a prosperous and successful man, and a rising statesman ; but his private life is lonely and desolate. He has never married, and his heart lies buried in the grave near the cliffs on the island of Ischia.

Paolo's conspiracy against the Neapolitan Government had been so clearly proved, that he was condemned to death unheard : a sentence which, as far as he was concerned, his escape rendered a dead letter. But on the petition of the Contessa Giulia, His Holiness the Pope was pleased to declare that she was as legally entitled to marry as if the sentence had been actually executed on her husband, and accordingly sent her a formal declaration of divorce. In spite of the Holy Father's gracious permission, however, it was not without much hesitation and many doubts that the Marchese Raffaello brought himself to the point of marriage ; and as might have been expected, it was a miserable union, made intolerable to both by mutual jealousy, suspicion, and every evil passion.

In less than a year the wretched Giulia was found one morning dead in her dressing-room—poisoned. Some people hinted that she had been murdered by the Marchese, but no public accusation was ever brought against him, and it was generally supposed that she had died by her own hand. As she left no child, her wealth went to endow churches and convents, according to the provisions of the Comte Deslandes' will. The villa was sold to an Italian prince, and received another name.

And Jacopo,—the faithful Jacopo—never forgot, or ceased to mourn for Carmina. His grief had at first seemed less than Paolo's, partly because his nature was not so passionate and enthusiastic, partly because his sorrow was unmingled with remorse ; but though it was silent and undemonstrative it was deep and lasting. Paolo had given him Carmina's dying request that he should take care of Ninetta, and he had received it with grateful joy, as a proof that she had remembered and trusted him to the last. Paolo would gladly have given him a yearly sum for Ninetta's support, but nothing could induce him to accept it. Carmina had left her to his care, he said, and he could not divide the trust with any one. He took a little cottage not far from Carmina's grave, and placed Ninetta in it, with a kind elderly woman to take care of her. He spends all his holidays there, and his greatest pleasures seem to be—giving some amusement or gratification to Ninetta, or sitting by Carmina's quiet resting place, and spelling out the letters carved on the stone. He makes so much money with his felucca that he is able to lay by no small sum every year, and he says that when he gets a little older he will give up the sea, buy some land near the cottage, and cultivate a vineyard.

Sometimes Paolo comes to the island in Jacopo's felucca, and visits Carmina's grave. They are fast friends, these men so different in rank, in cultivation, in habits, in everything except one—their love for Carmina

and their faithfulness to her memory. This it is which forms the strong bond there is between them. It was impossible for Paolo to help honouring and loving the man who had loved and served Carmina with such unselfish devotion, and the pity which the generous Jacopo felt for Paolo when he witnessed his deep sorrow and remorse, and knew how they had darkened all his life, gradually became a strong though silent and almost unconscious affection. They seldom

meet, and never speak of the deeper feelings lying in their hearts, but each would willingly incur any risk, or suffer any loss for the sake of serving the other. They have tasks to perform and objects to achieve, in their separate ways, which make life worth living for; but all the joy and sunshine of existence for both were forever buried in Carmina's grave.

THE END.

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## THE JEWELS.

### A JEWISH LEGEND.

THE Rabbi homeward slowly took his way,  
 Fatigued and weary at the close of day ;  
 The sun was calmly sinking into rest,  
 The moon was slowly rising from the breast  
 Of slumbering Neptune, and the stars—those blue  
 “Forget-me-nots of heaven”—as slowly grew  
 The twilight into night, came one by one  
 To tell the earth another day was done.

The Rabbi saw his wife stand at the door,  
 And wait and watch for him, as oft before ;  
 But in her eyes, and on her queenly brow,  
 There seemed a shadow, never there till now ;  
 And in her voice there seemed a sound as though  
 Of heart-felt sorrow, deep despair, or woe.

A moment's pause, and then she raised her head,  
 And welcomed him with steady voice, and said,  
 “Good Rabbi, I would say a word to thee :—  
 Four years ago, a good friend gave to me,  
 In charge for him, two jewels rich and fair,  
 To keep, till he should claim them from my care.  
 And I have looked upon them, till I deemed  
 They were, in truth, mine own, nor scarcely dreamed  
 They would be claimed. To-day the message came ;  
 And I—shall I—must I—admit the claim,

Or may I not, O husband, still retain  
The jewels fair, nor part with them again?"

"Not so, my wife," the aged Rabbi said,  
"By such false reasoning be thou not led.  
Because the jewels in thy care were left,  
Wouldst thou of them the owner were bereft?  
Restore the jewels with a willing heart,  
And thus the strong temptation shall depart."

"Enough," she said, "thou speakest as I thought,  
And surely I have done as thou hast taught.  
Already have the jewels been returned,  
And thus I have the strong temptation spurned:  
Behold the casket where the gems I kept."  
Unto a bed, unflinching she stepped,  
The curtains drew,—and lo! two children slept  
In death! The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.

EDWARD J. WHITE

BOWMANVILLE.

## THE DUMB SPEAK.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE twenty-third of February of last year, and the month of March of this year, are dates to be remembered in the social history of our Continent. On both occasions, at exhibitions of deaf and dumb children, which took place in the City of Montreal, the audience was startled to hear some twenty of these unfortunate creatures speak out loudly, distinctly, without apparent effort, and quite intelligibly in both English and French. The other exercises, as announced on the programme, consisted of reading, writing on the black-board, elocutionary and dramatic pantomime.

These results were of a nature to provoke inquiry. Unable to learn anything from the city press, we referred directly to the Superintendent of the exhibition. This gentleman is Rev. J. A. Bélanger, President of the

Mile-End Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Montreal.

It seems that last spring, on his return from Rome, Canon Fabre, of the Montreal Roman Catholic Cathedral, passed through Belgium, and in the cities of Brussels and Ghent, witnessed the system of articulation for deaf mutes, in full and successful operation. He was so much struck by the excellence of the method, that immediately on his return home, he prevailed upon Mr. Bélanger to cross forthwith to Europe, for the purpose of mastering its practical details. The latter gentleman repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle, where for several months he devoted himself to the study, in both French and German. The outbreak of the war interrupted his labours, but he was sufficiently initiated to make his voyage profitable, and

he sailed for home with the glory of being the first to introduce the new system into America. He set to work at once to form his pupils, and with such marvellous success, that at the end of only four months, he was able to give the public exhibition just referred to.

In order to appreciate the full nature of the change here wrought in the education of deaf mutes, it is necessary to call to mind the two great systems which have hitherto prevailed, and of which the present is both a combination and a perfection. These have hitherto gone by the generic names of the French and the German systems.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, none but isolated efforts had been made to better the fate of the deaf and the dumb, though it is singularly worthy of remark that in these partial attempts, all the methods of instruction which modern science has developed were more or less in vogue.

In 1760, the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was founded in Paris, the first of its class. It was endowed by the munificence of the Abbé Charles Michael de L'Epée, and the course of instruction followed in it was due to his inventive genius.

This celebrated system consists mainly of two elements—writing exercises and methodic signs. The former are principal; the latter, auxiliary.

The METHODIC SIGNS are grounded on reason, and derived, directly or indirectly, from nature. This is so much the case, that if one of these signs does not appear, at first sight, to have a natural origin; that is, if it does not convey a miniature or condensed image of the object intended with sufficient clearness, the natural relation will nevertheless soon be discovered by analysis and reflection. The sign, once understood, fixes itself in the memory, along with the thing which it represents.

Two brief examples, one drawn from the material, the other from the metaphysical order, will elucidate these signs. To convey

the idea of the verb *to carry*, L'Epée carried a book in different ways and manners, at the same time that he wrote out: *I carry* on the black board. Here the written word was illustrated by a methodic sign. The verb *believe*, in its theological sense, is said to be one of the most difficult to explain. As, indeed, it cannot be expressed by a single sign, L'Epée wrote out its different significations in metaphysical sequence, and then, by means of radiating lines, made them all centre on the personal verb *I believe*, thus:

I BELIEVE	{	I say YES by my mind.
		I say YES by my heart.
		I say YES by my mouth.
		I do not see with my eyes.

His way of explaining the diagram was this: he began by making the sign proper to the pronoun I. Then, placing his right fore-finger on his forehead, the concave portion of which is thought to contain the mind, he made the sign corresponding to YES. Next, placing his finger on his heart, he made the sign of YES. Next, he made the sign YES on the mouth, moving the lips. Finally, he placed his hand on his eyes, making the sign NO, to express that he did not see. There remained only the sign proper to the present tense, and then he wrote out on the board: *I believe*.

This mode of explanation is still in use, less the grammatical signs.

Besides writing and methodic signs, L'Epée had recourse to reading. "Our deaf and dumb," says he, "write under dictation of methodic signs, and they themselves dictate in this manner, *ad aperturam libri*, when any one desires to make the experiment."

He also made use of dactylology or finger-speech, as a secondary means of instruction for beginners, for the enunciation of proper names, which cannot be expressed by any natural sign. He employed the common one-hand alphabet.

Articulation was not unknown to the Abbé

L'Epée. He practised it at intervals, or in exceptional cases, and turned out some very distinguished subjects, but he did not make it the essential element of his system for reasons which will better appear further on.

This great man, who must ever rank among the most illustrious reformers of our era, died in 1789, after seeing his system adopted in the greater part of Europe, and leaving such disciples as Sicard, Storch, Keller, Dilo, Silvestri, Pfinsten, Guyot, D'Arca and Ulrich, to propagate and perfect his teachings.

Equally eminent is Samuel Heinicke, the contemporary and rival of L'Epée. He founded the celebrated Institution of Leipsic, in 1778. His system is based on artificial articulation. The German reformer held that speech is the natural instrument of human thought, and writing only the representation of articulation. According to him, man thinks not in written, but in sounding words. He cannot think in written words without, at the same time, pronouncing them, when he has not these words before his eyes. Hence, writing cannot develop the ideas of the born deaf-mute, and articulation is indispensable.

Heinicke was conscious of the practical difficulties besetting his theory, and he consecrated the best years of his life towards overcoming them. To soften, for instance, the articulation of deaf-mutes, and render the impression of the vowels lasting in their memory, he imagined a scale of gustatory senses — *Scala des Geschmacksinnes* — by which he intended to endow the sense of taste—which in man is very keen—with the acoustic qualities of the voice. He argued that by placing on the tongue of deaf-mutes a bitter, a sweet, or a sour substance, before and after the articulation of one or the other vowel, they would attach the particular movement of the vocal organ to the simultaneous sensation which they experience. The coincidence and the fusion of the two impressions must necessarily give fixity to arti-

culation, when the exercise is repeated a certain number of times. Thus for the vowel *a*, Heinicke employed pure water; for the vowel *e*, wormwood; for the vowel *i*, vinegar; for the vowel *o*, sweetened water; for the vowel *u*, olive oil.

He also made use of an artificial tongue and throat, by which he attempted to give mechanical illustrations of the formation of different sounds. It need scarcely be said that these contrivances have long since been discarded.

Lip-reading is the correlative of articulation, and constitutes with it what is called *Phonomimia*. The teacher forms sounds and letters by the movement of his lips, which the deaf and dumb pupil observes and repeats aloud. To facilitate this reading, Schibel, of Zurich, uses a mirror, in which both teacher and pupil look during recitation, the latter comparing the motions of his mouth with that of the former. This intelligent preceptor had remarked that generally when deaf-mutes begin lip-reading, they fix their attention rather on the eyes than on the mouth of the teacher, an inconvenience obviated by the mirror.

From the above, it appears that the French and German systems have much in common, inasmuch as all the devices invented for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, are practised in both, yet the specific difference between them is broadly marked by the language of signs which is characteristic of the former, and articulate speech which is the groundwork of the latter. Unfortunately, too, national rivalry, which should never be allowed in science, had, until lately, still further separated the two systems. The Germans rejected the French system almost with contempt; while in France, the German method, though never really excluded, had been thought less generally useful than that of the Abbé L'Epée.

One of the reasons why artificial articulation was partially neglected in the French institutions of the deaf and dumb is to be

found in the difficulties presented by the grammar of the French language. Comparative philologists are aware that modern or derivative languages are arbitrary in their pronunciation, and that the French, more especially, is not spoken, as it is written. Treating of this topic, L'Epée used to say: "we write for the eye; we speak for the ear." He used to instance the unaccented syllables, the suppressed letters, and especially the *é fermé*, as presenting great difficulty to the articulation of deaf-mutes. Then there is the contraction of letters which gives the same sound to a series of syllables quite different in their spelling, and coming under an infinite number of rules. Thus the sound of the word *eau* (water) is represented by *o*, in the following diverse forms: *eaux, aulx, défaut, défauts, étai, maux, écho, gros, chaud, échafauds, sot, pots, escroc, escrocs*. The Abbé L'Epée preferred Latin for the purposes of articulation, because in that language, as indeed, in all the ancient tongues, every syllable is pronounced separately, and the vowel sounds are uniform. Among his papers, after his death, was found a Latin discourse, delivered in public by one of his pupils, Clémens de la Pujade.

What is true of the French, applies with no less force to the English. Not only is our written alphabet far from sufficient to represent the sounds of our spoken language, but we have special difficulties of articulation, which are nearly insuperable to all but the supplest organs. Our sibilants are particularly annoying. We have also hundreds of elementary sounds which are denominated labial, that is, which require only a little movement of the lips. They are all so many sources of hardship to deaf-mutes, whose imperfect organ can much more readily articulate the guttural sounds of the German.

These facts are sufficient to explain why the French system is preferred in the Deaf and Dumb Institutions of Great Britain to the German system, and why, with an excep-

tion or two, to be mentioned later, this preference is maintained to the present time. Indeed, the renowned institution of Edinburgh, founded by Thomas Braidwood, in 1764, and that of London, established by Dr. Watson, in 1792, have done quite as much as that of Paris itself, to popularize the method of the Abbé de L'Epée.

The same causes, together with the direct co-operation of French teachers, contributed to introduce the French system into the United States. The most ancient of American institutions is that of Hartford, founded in 1817. Its first professors were Gallaudet and the celebrated deaf-mute Laurent Clerc, both pupils of the Paris institute. From Connecticut, the system passed to New York, which, in 1820, opened an asylum of the highest class, now grown to be the largest of the two continents. In the course of time, nearly every State claimed the honour of having an institution of its own, and the United States can now boast of 25 establishments of unrivalled excellence. In 1864, they even took a great step in advance. A kind of central or national institution was created at Washington, by endowing the ancient asylum of the district of Columbia, with a scientific department to which academic degrees are attached. It was in that same year that the Institution conferred the diploma of Master of Arts, on John Carlin, who thus enjoys the distinction of being the first deaf and dumb graduate in the world.

Other objections have been raised against the system of artificial articulation on physiological and pedagogic grounds, but we need not enter further into them, as they have been precisely met by the new method just inaugurated in Montreal.

As we said before, this is essentially a method of conciliation. It combines what should never have been dissevered—the German and the French systems—but in such a judicious way that each is applied, and solely applied, to the class of pupils for which it is naturally intended. Reliable

statistics show that of the total of deaf and dumb in public institutions, the great majority are incapable of any but elementary and even fragmentary instruction. A fair portion of the remainder can get their education only by signs, writing and dactyl language, the *χεῖρες ταμφοῦροι*, or *manus loquacissimae* and the *digiti clamosi* of Cassiodorus. It is only the privileged few who have the gift of articulation.

Henne, of Gmund, one of the most experienced instructors in Germany, reduces to four the causes which render most deaf-mutes incapable of articulate speech. Some are so weak of intellect that the organs of the voice, which have remained inert, are unequal to the exercise necessary to enunciation.

Others have the vocal organs so defective that, although they may have intelligence, they can never be made to reach that clearness of pronunciation which is indispensable to intelligible speech.

Others, again, owing to great physical debility, which results from the weakness of the lungs or other interior organs, are unable to produce articulate sounds, spite of an ordinary intelligence and a normal conformation of the vocal organs.

Finally, and in frequent cases, some have such feeble sight that they are unable to assist at the general instruction given to their fellow pupils, inasmuch as they cannot read a single word on the lips of the professor.

These important facts being kept in view, the first thing inquired after in the case of every pupil of the Montreal Institution, is his power of articulation. If the result is satisfactory, in any way, he is forthwith put under that method of instruction. If the result is not satisfactory, the pupil is set to the mode of communication for which he has the readiest aptitude, and thus learns what he can, without being retarded by useless exercises.

Pupils are, of course, received at every age, the zealous professors being willing to

make themselves useful to the greatest possible number, but the question of age is a very important one, and our attention was particularly invited to it.

Experience has demonstrated that the more a deaf-mute advances in age, the more difficult becomes the exercise of the principal organs of the voice, tongue and lips, and hence, to form a pupil to articulation when he is already advanced in age, requires not only more time, but more persistent effort. Then, besides, it is well known that the deaf and dumb have great repugnance to pronouncing several words without interruption, and in one breath. The majority of the deaf and dumb have to take breath very often, not only in a sentence, but also in a word of several syllables. This must necessarily depend on the weakness of their lungs which, owing to the inaction consequent on dumbness, do not attain their normal development. Indeed, the official autopsy practised on several deaf-mutes demonstrates this fact.

The New York institution does not admit pupils before the age of twelve or fourteen. If it ever adopts the new method of articulation, it will necessarily have to alter that regulation. For when the exercise of articulation commences only at twelve years, or, especially after that age, the efforts which it requires from the beginning, and which must be continued for a length of time, often lead to the ruin of health and to untimely death. It may, however, be stated as an offset to this, that the want of lung exercise, resulting from dumbness, is hurtful to the constitution, and that many deaf-mutes die of phthisis of the larynx or the lungs.

But if the deaf and dumb are initiated to articulate speech at the early age of six or seven, and if to this exercise is added frequent reading aloud, their lungs will expand and their health will be everyway improved.

The earlier this mode is adopted, and the more it is persevered in, the better will the memory of the pupil be improved, the sooner

will he get rid of the language of signs, and the clearer and more agreeable will his pronunciation become.

At Montreal, it is recommended to begin with a lesson of a quarter of an hour ; then to attempt half an hour ; and finally a whole hour. In this way the child's strength will increase with his instruction.

Another paramount advantage of the new method is that it has at length nearly solved the problem of a clear and distinct articulation. Hitherto, this was a very telling objection against the German system. It was urged, and with justice, against Heinicke, that the speech of his pupils was harsh, hardly intelligible, and always painful to hear. As late as 1861, M. Frank, in a report to the French Academy of Sciences—a document of immense research and great impartiality—asserts that the deaf and dumb may indeed be taught to utter articulate sounds, but on hearing them, no one would figure to himself that they issued from a human breast. He goes further, and declares that all the deaf-mutes he ever met capable of articulating, however faintly, had lost the sense of hearing through accident or disease. He denies that a born deaf-mute can ever be made to articulate at all.

From the Philadelphia institutions we have the same opinion. In one of its reports we find the statement, based on personal statistics, that congenital dumbness renders articulation impossible, and furthermore, that the born deaf-mute, is incapable of the perception of ideas necessary to lip-reading.

Both the Abbé de L'Epée and Heinicke rejected this doctrine, and the new method will doubtless contribute still further to disprove it, with regard to harshness and indistinctness of articulation, and it pledges itself to go much farther in the way of progress than any have ever attempted before. Former masters answered the objections against them, by saying that their method does not consist essentially in purity of pro-

nunciation, but in the use of articulate speech as a form and instrument of thought, and a means of education. The new teachers wish to have articulation introduce the deaf-mute into society, make him as little different as possible from other men in the intercourse of life. While they do not insure a perfect accent, even in their most brilliant pupils, they profess to train them above the average of speakers who have defective organs, but are still quite endurable. When a pupil has gone through their course, he can throw aside pencil and slate and converse as other men, reading what his interlocutors say by the movements of their lips. The Montreal institution has already obtained most satisfactory results. The zealous and intelligent principal has had syllabic tablets, and reading schedules printed in both English and French, and in one of the several letters with which he has honoured us, he states that he has made unexpected progress. In seven months—from October of last year, to May of this—his pupils are as advanced as those who have spent two years at corresponding exercises, in Germany and Belgium. This is a magnificent exhibit, well worthy the attention and inquiry of specialists.

It is to be remarked that while the Mile-End institution of Montreal, is the first of its class in America, it is likewise one of the few outside of Germany, where the new method has been afforded a fair trial. There is one asylum of the kind in France, at St. Hippolyte du Fort, Department of the Gard. There are several in the chief cities of Belgium, and two others in Holland. The most successful of which is that of Gröningen. We learn from a letter of Canon Fabre, that the method, though unknown in the State institutions of Great Britain, is partially practised in private establishments of London and Manchester. We have the same authority for stating that Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, whom our correspondent met in Rome, expressed his intention of sending some nuns to Brussels, for



the purpose of studying the system. We have not been able to ascertain whether this mission has taken place or not, but we are positive that the method has not yet been tried in New York, nor any where on this Continent, except partially at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Fortunately, on this continent there is no prejudice against any scheme that may ameliorate the condition of the deaf and dumb. In matters of science and philanthropy, Canadians and Americans have none of that partisanship, which often mars the best endeavors of reformers in the old countries of Europe. We are willing to give every new proposition a fair hearing, and every new method a full trial. No more is asked for the system of deaf-mute instruction just introduced among our neighbours. Convinced ourselves after conscientious research, that it merits the attention of those among us who, by profession or inclination, devote their time to the care of a numerous class of unfortunates, we have contented ourselves with unfolding a few of the principal facts before them. Though the French system has been in

vogue here from the beginning, and no other has ever been fully attempted, we believe that the new modification of the German system will eventually find a place here. We believe further, that it is destined to open an era in the education of Canadian and American deaf-mutes. Requiring, as it does, a greater number of special teachers than are employed in the present curriculum, it will necessarily stimulate the zeal of young aspirants, and extend the particular studies essential to their success. It is a satisfaction to know that the Principal of the Mile-End Institution, so far from wishing to make any mystery about his method, is anxious to communicate all he has learned and discovered to any who may apply for information. This he has repeatedly stated in his correspondence with us. The worthy official has chosen for his motto the picturesque words of Heinicke: *die stummen entstummen*, and his highest ambition is to spread as much as possible this marvel of modern science—almost the rival of the Gospel miracle, by which THE DUMB SPEAK.

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### THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM SCHILLER.

THE clouds gather darkly,  
 The oak-forests roar,  
 Lone and sad sits the maiden  
 Upon the green shore;  
 Where fierce lash the waters with might, with might,  
 As she sighs forth her grief to the stormy night,  
 Her eye with long weeping is weary.

“The world is a desert,  
 The heart's throbs are o'er,  
 And left to its longing  
 Is nothing more.  
 Thou Holy One, let me return to thy Heaven,  
 All the bliss of the earth has already been given:  
 With my love all my life is now over.”

The flow of her weeping  
 Runs ever in vain ;  
 The dead from their sleeping  
 Awake not again.  
 Whatever can solace and comfort the heart,  
 When the sweet joys of love that has vanished depart,  
 I, the Holy One will not deny thee.

“ Tho’ the flow of my weeping  
 Run ever in vain,  
 Tho’ the dead from his sleeping  
 Awake not again,  
 What only can solace and comfort the heart,  
 When the sweet joys of love that has vanish’d depart,  
 Is the memory of love that is over.”

S. T.

## THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.\*

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

(*A Lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of Montreal, and the Literary Society of Sherbrooke.*)

WE are in the midst of an industrial war which is extending over Europe and the United States, and has not left Canada untouched. It is not wonderful that great alarm should prevail, or that, in panic-stricken minds, it should assume extravagant forms. London deprived of bread by a bakers' strike, or of fuel by a colliers' strike, is a serious prospect ; so is the sudden stoppage of any one of the wheels in the vast and complicated machine of modern industry. People may be pardoned for thinking that they have fallen on evil times, and that they have a dark future before them. Yet, those who have studied industrial history, know that the present disturbance is mild compared with the annals of even a not very remote past. The study of history shows us where we are, and whither things are tending. Though it does not diminish the difficulties of the present hour, it teaches us to estimate them justly, to deal with them calmly, and not to call for cavalry and grapeshot because one morning we are left without hot bread.

One of the literary janissaries of the French Empire thought to prove that the working class had no rights against the Bonapartes, by showing that the first free labourers were only emancipated slaves. One would like to know what he supposed the first Bonapartes were. However, though his inference was not worth much, except against those who are pedantic enough to vouch parchment archives for the rights and interests of humanity, he was in the right as to the fact. Labour first appears in history as a slave, treated like a beast of burden, chained to the door-post of a Roman master, or lodged in the underground man-

\* The lecture has been revised since its delivery, and some slight additions have been made.

stables (ergastula) on his estate, treated like a beast, or worse than a beast, recklessly worked out and then cast forth to die, scourged, tortured, flung in a moment of passion to feed the lampreys, crucified for the slightest offence or none. "Set up a cross for the slave," cries the Roman matron in Juvenal. "Why, what has the slave done?" asks her husband. One day labour strikes; finds a leader in Spartacus, a slave devoted as a gladiator to the vilest of Roman pleasures; wages a long and terrible servile war. The revolt is put down at last, after shaking the foundations of the State. Six thousand slaves are crucified along the road from Rome to Capua. Labour had its revenge, for slavery brought the doom of Rome.

In the twilight of history, between the fall of Rome and the rise of the new nationalities, we dimly see the struggle going on. There is a great insurrection of the oppressed peasantry, under the name of Bagaudæ, in Gaul. When the light dawns, a step has been gained. Slavery has been generally succeeded by serfdom. But serfdom is hard. The peasantry of feudal Normandy conspire against their cruel lords, hold secret meetings; the ominous name *commune* is heard. But the conspiracy is discovered and suppressed with the fiendish ferocity with which panic inspires a dominant class, whether in Normandy or in Jamaica. Amidst the religious fervour of the Crusades again breaks out a wild labour movement, that of the Pastoureaux, striking for equality in the name of the Holy Spirit, which, perhaps, they had as good a right to use as some who deemed their use of it profane. This is in the country, among the shepherds and ploughmen. In the cities labour has congregated numbers, mutual intelligence, union on its side; it is constantly reinforced by fugitives from rural serfdom; it builds city walls, purchases or extorts charters of liberty. The commercial and manufacturing cities of Italy, Germany, Flanders, become the cradles of free industry, and, at

the same time, of intellect, art, civilization. But these are points of light amidst the feudal darkness of the rural districts. In France, for example, the peasantry are cattle; in time of peace crushed with forced labour, feudal burdens and imposts of all kinds; in time of war driven, in unwilling masses, half-armed and helpless, to the shambles. Aristocratic luxury, gambling, profligate wars, Jacques Bonhomme pays for all. At Crécy and Poitiers the lords are taken prisoners, have to pay heavy ransoms, which, being debts of honour, like gambling debts, are more binding than debts of honesty. But Jacques Bonhomme's back is broad, it will bear everything. Broad as it is, it will not bear this last straw. The tidings of Flemish freedom have, perhaps, in some way reached his dull ear, taught him that bondage is not, as his priest, no doubt, assures him it is, a changeless ordinance of God, that the yoke, though strong, may be broken. He strikes, arms himself with clubs, knives, ploughshares, rude pikes, breaks out into a Jacquerie, storms the castles of the oppressor, sacks, burns, slays with the fury of a wild beast unchained. The lords are stupified. At last they rally and bring their armour, their discipline, their experience in war, the moral ascendancy of a master class to bear. The English gentlemen, in spite of the hostilities, only half suspended, between the nations, join the French gentlemen against the common enemy. Twenty thousand peasants are soon cut down, but long afterwards the butchery continues. Guillaume Callet, the leader of the Jacquerie, a very crafty peasant, as he is called by the organs of the lords, is crowned with a circlet of red-hot iron.

In England, during the same period, serfdom, we know not exactly how, is breaking up. There is a large body of labourers working for hire. But in the midst of the wars of the great conqueror, Edward III. comes a greater conqueror, the plague called the Black Death, which sweeps away, some

think, a third of the population of Europe. The number of labourers is greatly diminished. Wages rise. The feudal parliament passes an Act to compel labourers, under penalties to work at the old rates. This Act is followed by a train of similar Acts, limiting wages and fixing in the employers' interest the hours of work, which, in the pages of imaginative writers, figure as noble attempts made by the legislators of a golden age to regulate the relations between employer and employed on some higher principle than that of contract. The same generous spirit, no doubt, dictated the enactment prohibiting farm labourers from bringing up their children to trades, lest hands should be withdrawn from the landowner's service. Connected with the Statutes of Labourers, are those bloody vagrant laws, in which whipping, branding, hanging are ordained as the punishment of vagrancy by lawgivers, many of whom were themselves among the idlest and most noxious vagabonds in the country, and the authors of senseless wars which generated a mass of vagrancy, by filling the country with disbanded soldiers. In the reign of Richard II., the poll tax being added to other elements of class discord, labour strikes, takes arms under Wat Tyler, demands fixed rents, tenant right in an extreme form, and the total abolition of serfage. A wild religious communism bred of the preachings of the more visionary among the Wycliffites mingles in the movement with the sense of fiscal and industrial wrong. "When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" is the motto of the villeins, and it is one of more formidable import than any utterance of peasant orators at Agricultural Labourers' meetings in the present day. Then come fearful scenes of confusion, violence, and crime. London is in the power of hordes brutalized by oppression. High officers of state, high ecclesiastics are murdered. Special vengeance falls on the lawyers, as the artificers who forged the cunning

chains of feudal iniquity. The rulers, the troops are paralyzed by the aspect of the sea of furious savagery raging round them. The boy king, by a miraculous exhibition of courageous self-possession, saves the State; but he is compelled to grant general charters of manumission, which when the danger is over, the feudal parliament forces him by a unanimous vote to repudiate. Wholesale hanging of serfs, of course, follows the landlords' victory.

The rising under Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., was rather political than industrial. The demands of the insurgents, political reform and freedom of suffrage, show that progress had been made in the condition and aspirations of the labouring class. But with the age of the Tudors came the final break-up in England of feudalism, as well as of Catholicism, attended by disturbances in the world of labour, similar to those which have attended the abolition of slavery in the Southern States. This is the special epoch of the sanguinary vagrancy laws, the most sanguinary of which was framed by the hand of Henry VIII. The new nobility of courtiers and upstarts, who had shared with the king the plunder of the monasteries, were hard landlords of course; they robbed the people of their rights of common, and swept away homesteads and cottages, to make room for sheep farms, the wool trade being the great source of wealth in those days. By the spoliation of the monasteries, the great alms-houses of the middle ages, the poor had also been left for the time without the relief, which was given them again in a more regular form by the Poor Law of Elizabeth. Hence in the reign of Edward VI., armed strikes again, in different parts of the kingdom. In the West, the movement was mainly religious; but in the Eastern counties, under Kett of Norfolk, it was agrarian. Kett's movement, after a brief period of success, during which the behaviour of the insurgents and their leader was very creditable, was put down by the

disciplined mercenaries under the command of the new aristocracy, and its suppression was of course followed by a vigorous use of the gallows. No doubt the industrial conservatives of those days were as frightened, as angry and as eager for strong measures as their successors are now: but the awkwardness of the newly liberated captive, in the use of his limbs and eyes, is due not to his recovered liberty, but to the narrowness and darkness of the dungeon in which he has been immured.

In Germany, at the same epoch, there was not merely a local rising, but a wide-spread and most terrible peasants' war. The German peasantry had been ground down beyond even an hereditary bondsman's power of endurance by their lords generally, and by the Prince Bishops and other spiritual lords in particular. The Reformation having come with a gospel of truth, love, spiritual brotherhood, the peasants thought it might also have brought some hope of social justice. The doctors of divinity had to inform them that this was a mistake. But they took the matter into their own hands and rose far and wide, the fury of social and industrial war blending with the wildest fanaticism, the most delirious ecstasy, the darkest imposture. Once more there are stormings and burnings of feudal castles, massacring of their lords. Lords are roasted alive, hunted like wild beasts in savage revenge for the cruelty of the game laws. Münzer, a sort of peasant Mahomet, is at the head of the movement. Under him it becomes Anabaptist, Antinomian, Communist. At first he and his followers sweep the country with a whirlwind of terror and destruction: but again the lords rally, bring up regular troops. The peasants are brought to bay on their last hill side, behind a rampart formed of their waggons. Their prophet assures them that the cannon-balls will fall harmless into his cloak. The cannon-balls take their usual course: a butchery, then a train of torturings and executions follows, the Prince Bishops, among others, adding

considerably to the whiteness of the Church's robe. Luther is accused of having incited the ferocity of the lords against those, who, it is alleged, had only carried his own principles to an extreme. But in the first place Luther never taught Anabaptism or anything that could logically lead to it; and in the second place, before he denounced the peasants he tried to mediate and rebuked the tyranny of the lords. No man deserves more sympathy than a great reformer, who is obliged to turn against the excesses of his own party. He becomes the object of fierce hatred on one side, of exulting derision on the other: yet he is no traitor, but alone loyal to his conscience and his cause.

The French Revolution was a political movement among the middle class in the cities, but among the peasantry in the country it was an agrarian and labour movement, and the dismantling of châteaux, and chasing away of their lords which then took place were a renewal of the struggle which had given birth to the Jacquerie, the insurrection of Wat Tyler and the Peasants' War. This time the victory remained with the peasant, and the lord returned no more.

In England, long after the Tudor period, industrial disturbances took place, and wild communistic fancies welled up from the depths of a suffering world of labour, when society was stirred by political and religious revolution. Under the Commonwealth, communists went out upon the hill-side, and began to break ground for a poor man's Utopia; and the great movement of the Levellers, which had in it an economical as well as a political element, might have overturned society, if it had not been quelled by the strong hand of Cromwell. But in more recent times, within living memory, within the memory of many here there were labour disturbances in England, compared with which the present industrial war is mild.\* In 1816, there were outbreaks among the

\* For the following details, see Martineau's History of the Peace.

suffering peasantry, which filled the governing classes with fear. In Suffolk nightly fires of incendiaries blazed in every district, thrashing machines were broken or burnt in open day, mills were attacked. At Brandon large bodies of workmen assembled to prescribe a maximum price of grain and meat, and to pull down the houses of butchers and bakers. They bore flags with the motto, "Bread or Blood." Insurgents from the Fen Country, a special scene of distress, assembled at Littleport, attacked the house of a magistrate in the night, broke open shops, emptied the cellars of public houses, marched on Ely, and filled the district for two days and nights with drunken rioting and plunder. The soldiery was called in; there was an affray in which blood flowed on both sides, then a special commission and hangings to close the scene. Distressed colliers in Staffordshire and Wales assembled by thousands, stopped works, were with difficulty diverted from marching to London. In 1812, another stain of blood was added to the sanguinary criminal code of those days by the Act making death the penalty for the destruction of machinery. This was caused by the Luddite outrages, which were carried on in the most systematic manner, and on the largest scale in Nottingham and the adjoining counties. Bodies of desperadoes, armed and disguised, went forth under a leader, styled General Ludd, who divided them into bands, and assigned to each band its work of destruction. Terror reigned around; the inhabitants were commanded to keep in their houses and put out their lights, on pain of death. In the silence of night houses and factories were broken open, machines demolished, unfinished work scattered on the highways. The extent and secrecy of the conspiracy baffled the efforts of justice, and the death penalty failed to put the system down. Even the attempts made to relieve distress became new sources of discontent, and a soup kitchen riot at Glasgow led to a two days'

conflict between the soldiery and the mob. In 1818, a threatening mass of Manchester spinners, on strike, came into bloody collision with the military. Then there were rick burnings, farmers patrolling all night long, gibbets erected on Pennenden heath, and bodies swinging on them, bodies of boys, eighteen or nineteen years old. Six labourers of Dorsetshire, the most wretched county in England, were sentenced to seven years' transportation nominally for administering an illegal oath, really for Unionism. Thereupon all the trades made a menacing demonstration, marched to Westminster, thirty thousand strong, with a petition for the release of the labourers. London was in an agony of fear, the Duke of Wellington prepared for a great conflict, pouring in troops and bringing up artillery from Woolwich. In 1840, again there were formidable movements, and society felt itself on the crust of a volcano. Threatening letters were sent to masters, rewards offered for firing mills; workmen were beaten, driven out of the country, burned with vitriol, and there was reason to fear, murdered. Great masses of operatives collected for purposes of intimidation, shopkeepers were pillaged, collisions again took place between the people and the soldiery. Irish agrarianism meanwhile prevailed, in a far more deadly form than at present. And these industrial disturbances were connected with political disturbances equally formidable, with Chartism, Socialism, Cato Street conspiracies, Peterloo massacres, Bristol riots.

Now the present movement, even in England, where there is so much suffering and so much ignorance, has been marked by a comparative absence of violence, and comparative respect for law. Considering what large bodies of men have been out on strike, how much they have endured in the conflict, and what appeals have been made to their passions, it is wonderful how little of actual crime or disturbance there has been. There were the Sheffield murders, the disclosure of

which filled all the friends of labour with shame and sorrow, all the enemies of labour with malignant exultation. But we should not have heard so much of the Sheffield murders if such things had been common. Sheffield is an exceptional place : some of the work there is deadly, life is short and character is reckless. Even at Sheffield, a very few, out of the whole number of trades, were found to have been in any way implicated. The denunciation of the outrages by the trades through England generally, was loud and sincere : an attempt was made, of course, to fix the guilt on all the unions, but this was a hypocritical libel. It was stated, in one of our Canadian journals the other day, that Mr. Roebuck had lost his seat for Sheffield, by protesting against Unionist outrage. Mr. Roebuck lost his seat for Sheffield by turning Tory. The Trades' candidate, by whom Mr. Roebuck was defeated, was Mr. Mundella, a representative of whom any constituency may be proud, a great employer of labour, and one who has done more than any other man of his class in England to substitute arbitration for industrial war, and to restore kindly relations between the employers and the employed. To Mr. Mundella the support of Broadhead and the criminal Unionists was offered, and by him it was decisively rejected.

The public mind has been filled with horrid fantasies, on the subject of unionism, by sensation novelists like Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Disraeli, the latter of whom has depicted the initiation of a working man into a Union with horrid rites, in a lofty and spacious room, hung with black cloth and lighted with tapers, amidst skeletons, men with battle axes, rows of masked figures in white robes, and holding torches ; the novice swearing an awful oath on the Gospel, to do every act which the heads of the society enjoin, such as the chastisement of nobles, the assassination of tyrannical masters, and the demolition of all mills deemed incorrigible by the society. People may read such stuff

for the sake of amusement and excitement, if they please ; but they will fall into a grave error if they take it for a true picture of the Amalgamated Carpenters or the Amalgamated Engineers.

Besides, the Sheffield outrages were several years old at the time of their discovery. They belong, morally, to the time when the unions of working men being forbidden by unfair laws framed in the masters' interest, were compelled to assume the character of conspiracies ; when, to rob a union being no theft, unionists could hardly be expected to have the same respect as the better protected interests for public justice ; when, moreover, the mechanics, excluded from political rights, could scarcely regard Government as the impartial guardian of their interests, or the governing classes as their friends. Since the legalization of the unions, the extension of legal security to their funds, and the admission of the mechanics to the suffrage, there has been comparatively little of unionist crime.

I do not say that there has been none. I do not say that there is none now. Corporate selfishness, of which Trade Unions after all are embodiments, seldom keeps quite clear of criminality. But the moral dangers of corporate selfishness are the same in all associations, and in all classes. The Pennsylvanian iron master, who comes before our Commissions of Inquiry, to testify against Unionist outrage in Pennsylvania, where a very wild and roving class of workmen are managed by agents who probably take little thought for the moral condition of the miner—this iron master, I say, is himself labouring through his paid organs in the press, through his representatives in Congress, and by every means in his power to keep up hatred of England, and bad relations between the two countries, at the constant risk of war, because it suits the interest of his Protectionist Ring. The upper classes of Europe, in the same spirit, applauded what they called the salvation of

society by the *coup d'état*, the massacre on the Boulevards, and the lawless deportation of the leaders of the working men in France. In the main, however, I repeat, the present movement has been legal and pacific; and so long as there is no violence, so long as no weapons but those of argument are employed, so long as law and reason reign, matters are sure to come right in the end. The result may not be exactly what we wish, because we may wish to take too much for ourselves, and to give our fellow-men too little; but it will be just, and we cannot deliberately desire more. If the law is broken by the Unionists, if violence or intimidation is employed by them instead of reason, let the Government protect the rights of the community, and let the community strengthen the hands of the Government for that purpose.

Perhaps you will say that I have forgotten the International and the Commune. There is undoubtedly a close connection between the labour movement and democracy, between the struggle for industrial, and the struggle for political emancipation; as there is a connection between both and Secularism, the frank form assumed among the working men, by that which is concealed and conformist Scepticism among the upper class. In this respect the present industrial crisis resembles those of the past, which, as we have seen, were closely connected with religious and political revolutions. In truth, the whole frame of humanity generally moves at once. With the International, however, as an organ of political incendiarism, labour had very little to do. The International was, in its origin, a purely industrial association, born of Prince Albert's International Exhibition, which held a convention at Geneva, where everybody goes pic-nicing, for objects, which, though chimerical, were distinctly economical, and free from any taint of petroleum. But a band of political conspirators got hold of the organization and used it, or, at least, so much of it as they could carry

with them, for a purpose entirely foreign to the original intent. Mark, too, that it was not so much labour or even democracy that charged the mine which blew up Paris, as the reactionary Empire, which, like reaction in some countries nearer and dearer to us than France, played the demagogue for its own ends, set the labourers against the liberal middle class, and crowded Paris with operatives, bribed by employment on public works. I detest all conspiracy, whether it be that of Ignatius Loyola, or that of Karl Marx—not by conspiracy, not by dark and malignant intrigue, is society to be reformed, but by open, honest and kindly appeals to the reason and conscience of mankind. Yet, let us be just, even to the Commune. The destruction of the column at the Place Vendôme was not a good act; but if it was in any measure the protest of labour against war, it was a better act than ever was done by the occupant of that column. On that column it was that when Napoleon's long orgy of criminal glory was drawing to a close, the hand of misery and bereavement wrote "Monster, if all the blood you have shed could be collected in this square, you might drink without stooping." Thiers is shooting the Communists; perhaps justly, though humanity will be relieved when the gore ceases to trickle, and vengeance ends its long repast. But Thiers has himself been the literary archpriest of Napoleon and of war: of all the incendiaries in France he has been the worst.

The Trade Unions are new things in industrial history. The guilds of the middle ages, with which the unions are often identified, were confederations of all engaged in the trade, masters as well as men, against outsiders. The unions are confederations of the men against the masters. They are the offspring of an age of great capitalists, employing large bodies of hired workmen. The workmen, needy, and obliged to sell their labour without reserve, that they might eat bread, found themselves, in their isola-



tion, very much at the mercy of their masters, and resorted to union as a source of strength. Capital, by collecting in the centres of manufacture masses of operatives who thus became conscious of their number and their force, gave birth to a power which now countervails its own. To talk of a war of labour against capital generally would, of course, be absurd. Capital is nothing but the means of undertaking any industrial or commercial enterprise; of setting up an Allan line of steamships, of setting up a costermonger's cart. We might as well talk of a war of labour against water power. Capital is the fruit of labour past, the condition of labour present; without it no man could do a stroke of work, at least of work requiring tools or food for him who uses them. Let us dismiss from our language and our minds these impersonations which, though mere creatures of fancy playing with abstract nouns, end by depraving our sentiments and misdirecting our actions; let us think and speak of capital impersonally and sensibly as an economical force, and as we would think and speak of the force of gravitation. Relieve the poor word of the big *c*, which is a greatness thrust upon it; its tyranny, and the burning hatred of its tyranny will at once cease. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a working man, standing alone, and without a breakfast for himself or his family, is not in a position to obtain the best terms from a rich employer, who can hold out as long as he likes, or hire other labour on the spot. Whether unionism has had much effect in producing a general rise of wages is very doubtful. Mr. Brassey's book, "Work and Wages," goes far to prove that it has not, and that while, on the one hand, the unionists have been in a fool's paradise, the masters, on the other, have been crying out before they were hurt. No doubt the general rise of wages is mainly and fundamentally due to natural causes, the accumulation of capital, the extension of commercial enterprise, and the opening up of new countries,

which have greatly increased the competition for labour, and, consequently, raised the price; while the nominal price of labour, as well as of all other commodities, has been raised by the influx of gold. What unionism, as I think, has evidently effected, is the economical emancipation of the working man. It has rendered him independent instead of dependent, and, in some cases, almost a serf, as he was before. It has placed him on an equal footing with his employer, and enabled him to make the best terms for himself in every respect. There is no employer who does not feel that this is so, or whom Mr. Brassey's statistics, or any statistics, would convince that it is not.

Fundamentally, value determines price: the community will give for any article, or any kind of work, just so much as it is worth. But there is no economical deity who, in each individual case, exactly adjusts the price to the value; we may make a good or a bad bargain, as many of us know to our cost. One source of bad bargains is ignorance. Before unions, which have diffused the intelligence of the labour market, and by so doing have equalized prices, the workman hardly knew the rate of wages in the next town. If this was true of the mechanic, it was still more true of the farm labourer. Practically speaking, the farm labourers in each parish of England, ignorant of everything beyond the parish, isolated and, therefore dependent, had to take what the employers chose to give them. And what the employers chose to give them over large districts was ten shillings a week for themselves and their families, out of which they paid, perhaps, eighteen-pence for rent. A squire the other day, at a meeting of labourers, pointed with pride, and, no doubt, with honest pride, to a labourer who had brought up a family of twelve children on twelve shillings a week. I will venture to say the squire spent as much on any horse in his stables. Meat never touched the peasant's lips, though game, preserved for his land-

lord's pleasure, was running round his cottage. His children could not be educated, because they were wanted, almost from their infancy, to help in keeping the family from starving, as stonepickers, or perambulating scarecrows. His abode was a hovel, in which comfort, decency, morality could not dwell; and it was mainly owing to this cause that, as I have heard an experienced clergyman say, even the people in the low quarters of cities were less immoral than the rural poor. How the English peasants lived on such wages as they had was a question which puzzled the best informed. How they died was clear enough; as penal paupers in a union workhouse. Yet Hodge's back, like that of Jacques Bonhomme, in France, bore everything, bore the great war against Republican France; for the squires and rectors, who made that war for class purposes, got their taxes back in increased rents and tithes. How did the peasantry exist, what was their condition in those days, when wheat was at a hundred, or even a hundred and thirty shillings? They were reduced to a second serfage. They became in the mass parish paupers, and were divided, like slaves, among the employers of each parish. Men may be made serfs, and even slaves by other means than open force, in a country where, legally, all are free, where the impossibility of slavery is the boast of the law. Of late benevolence has been abroad in the English parish, almsgiving and visiting have increased, good landlords have taken up cottage improvements. There have been condescension harvest-homes, at which squires have danced with cottagers, though I knew a good man, and a Conservative, who declined an invitation, saying that it was ghastly to dance on one day with those whom you were starving all the rest of the year. But now Hodge has taken the matter into his own hands, and it seems not without effect. In a letter which I have seen, a squire says, "Here the people are all contented; we (the employers) have seen

the necessity of raising their wages." Conservative journals begin to talk of measures for the compulsory improvement of cottages, for limiting ground game, giving tenant right to farmers, granting the franchise to rural householders. Yes, in consequence, partly, at least, of this movement, the dwellings and the general condition of the English peasantry will be improved, the game laws will be abolished; the farmers pressed upon from below, and in their turn pressing upon those above, will demand and obtain tenant right; and the country, as well as the city householder, will be admitted to the franchise, which, under the elective system, is at once the only guarantee for justice to him and for his loyalty to the State. And when the country householder has the suffrage there will soon be an end of those laws of primogeniture and entail which, are deemed so Conservative, but are in fact most revolutionary, since they divorce the nation from its own soil. And then there will be a happier and a more united England in country as well as in town: the poor law, the hateful, degrading, demoralizing poor law will cease to exist; the huge poor-house will no longer darken the rural landscape with its shadow, in hideous contrast with the palace. Suspicion and hatred will no more cower and mutter over the cottage hearth, or round the beer-house fire: the lord of the mansion will no longer be like the man in Tennyson slumbering while a lion is always creeping nearer. Lord Malmesbury is astonished at this disturbance. He always thought the relation between the lord and the pauper peasant was the happiest possible; he cannot conceive what people mean by proposing a change. But then Lord Malmesbury was placed at rather a delusive point of view. If he knew the real state of Hodge's heart he would rejoice in the prospect of a change, not only for Hodge's sake, but, as he is no doubt a good man, for his own. England will be more religious, too, as well as happier and more harmonious, let the clergy be

well assured of it. Social injustice, especially when backed by the Church, is unfavourable to popular religion.

The general rise of wages may at first bring economical disturbance and pressure on certain classes ; but, in the end, it brings general prosperity, diffused civilization, public happiness, security to society, which can never be secure while the few are feasting and the many are starving. In the end, also, it brings an increase of production, and greater plenty. Not that we can assent, without reserve, to the pleasant aphorism, that increase of wages, in itself, makes a better workman, which is probably true only where the workman has been underfed, as in the case of the farm labourers of England. But the dearness of labour leads to the adoption of improved methods of production, and especially to the invention of machinery, which gives back to the community what it has paid in increased wages a hundred or a thousand fold. In Illinois, toward the close of the war, a large proportion of the male population had been drafted or volunteered ; labour had become scarce and wages had risen ; but the invention of machinery had been so much stimulated that the harvest that year was greater than it had ever been before. Machinery will now be used to a greater extent on the English farms ; more will be produced by fewer hands ; labourers will be set free for production of other kinds, perhaps for the cultivation of our North-West ; and the British peasant will rise from the industrial and intellectual level of a mere labourer to that of the guider of a machine. Machinery worked by relays of men is, no doubt, one of the principal solutions of our industrial problems, and of the social problems connected with them. Some seem to fancy that it is the universal solution ; but we cannot run reaping machines in the winter or in the dark.

High wages, and the independence of the labourer, compel economy of labour. Econ-

omize labour, cries Lord Derby, the cool-headed mentor of the rich ; we must give up our second under-butler. When the labourer is dependent, and his wages are low, the most precious of all commodities, that, the husbanding of which is the chief condition of an increase of production, and of the growth of national wealth, is squandered with reckless prodigality. Thirty years the labourers of Egypt wrought by gangs of a hundred thousand at a time to build the great Pyramid which was to hold a despot's dust. Even now, when everybody is complaining of the dearness of labour, and the insufferable independence of the working class, a piece of fine lace, we are told, consumes the labour of seven persons, each employed on a distinct portion of the work ; and the thread, of exquisite fineness, is spun in dark rooms underground, not without injury, we may suppose, to the eyesight or health of those employed. So that the labour movement does not seem to have yet trenched materially even on the elegancies of life. Would it be very detrimental to real civilization if we were forced, by the dearness of labour, to give up all the trades in which human life or health is sacrificed to mere fancy? In London, the bakers have struck. They are kept up from midnight to noon, sometimes even far into the afternoon, sleepless, or only snatching broken slumbers, that London may indulge its fancy for hot bread, which it would be much better without. The result of the strike probably will be, besides relief to the bakers themselves, which has already been in part conceded, a more wholesome kind of bread, such as will keep fresh and palatable through the day, and cleaner baking ; for the wretchedness of the trade has made it vile and filthy, as is the case in other trades besides that of the bakers. Many an article of mere luxury, many a senseless toy, if our eyes could be opened, would be seen to bear the traces of human blood and tears. We are like the Merchant Brothers in Keats :—

"With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt  
 Enriched with ancestral merchandise,  
 And for them many a weary hand did smelt  
 In torch-lit mines and noisy factories,  
 And many once proud-quivered loins did melt  
 In blood from stinging whip ; with hollow eyes  
 Many all day in dazzling rivers stood  
 To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

"For them the Ceylon diver held his breath  
 And went all naked to the hungry shark,  
 For them his ears gushed blood ; for them in death  
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark  
 Lay pierced with darts ; for them alone did seethe  
 A thousand men in troubles wide and dark  
 Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel  
 That set sharp sacks at work to pinch and peel."

Among other economies of labour, if this movement among the English peasantry succeeds and spreads to other countries, then will come an economy of soldiers' blood. Pauperism has been the grand recruiting serjeant. Hodge listed and went to be shot or scourged within an inch of his life for sixpence a day, because he was starving ; but he will not leave five shillings for sixpence. Even in former days, the sailor, being somewhat better off than the peasant, could only be forced into the service by the press gang, a name the recollection of which ought to mitigate our strictures on the encroaching tendencies of the working class. There will be a strike, or a refusal of service equivalent to a strike in this direction also. It will be requisite to raise the soldier's pay ; the maintenance of standing armies will become a costly indulgence. I have little faith in international champagne, or even in Geneva litigation as a permanent antidote to war : war will cease or be limited to necessary occasions, when the burden of large standing armies becomes too great to be borne.

The strike of the English colliers again, though it causes great inconvenience, may have its good effect. It may be a strong indication that mining in England is getting very deep, and that the nation must exercise a strict economy in the use of coal, the staple of its wealth and greatness. The lot of the

colliers, grubbing all day underground and begrimed with dirt, is one of the hardest ; the sacrifice of their lives by accidents is terribly large ; and we may well believe that the community needs a lesson in favour of these underground toilers, which could be effectually taught only by some practical manifestation of their discontent.

To the labour movement mainly, we owe those efforts to establish better relations between the employer and they employed, which are known by the general name of co-operation. The Comtists, in the name of their autocrat, denounce the whole co-operative system as rotten. Their plan, if you get to the bottom of it, is in fact a permanent division of the industrial world into capitalists and workmen ; the capitalists exercising a rule controlled only by the influence of philosophers ; the workmen remaining in a perpetual state of tutelage, not to say of babyhood. A little experience of the new world would probably dissipate notions of a permanent division of classes, or a permanent tutelage of any class. It is true that great commercial enterprises require the guidance of superior intelligence with undivided counsels as well as a large capital, and that co-operative mills have failed or succeeded only in cases where very little policy and very little capital were required. As to co-operative stores, they are co-operative only in a very different sense : combinative would be a more accurate term ; and the department in which they seem likely to produce an alteration, is that of retail trade, an improvement in the conditions of which, economical and moral, is assuredly much needed. But if we are told that it is impossible to give the workmen an interest in the enterprise, so as to make him work more willingly, avoid waste and generally identify himself with his employer, the answer is, that the thing has been done both in England and here. An artisan working for himself, and selling the produce of his individual skill, has an interest and a pride in his work, for which it would

seem desirable to find, if possible, some substitute in the case of factory hands, whose toil otherwise is mere weariness. The increased scale of commercial enterprise, however, is in itself advantageous in this respect. In great works, where an army of workmen is employed, at at Saltaire, or in the Platt works at Oldham, there must be many grades of promotion, and many subordinate places of trust and emolument to which the workman may rise by industry and probity without capital of his own.

The general effect of the labour movement has been, as I have said, the industrial emancipation of the workmen. It has perhaps had an effect more general still. Aided by the general awakening of social sentiment and of the feeling of social responsibility, it has practically opened our eyes to the fact that a nation, and humanity at large, is a community, the good things of which all are entitled to share, while all must share the evil things. It has forcibly dispelled the notion, in which the rich indolently acquiesced, that enjoyment, leisure, culture, refined affection, high civilization are the destined lot of the few, while the destined lot of the many is to support the privileged existence of the few, by unremitting, coarse and joyless toil. Society has been taught that it must at least endeavour to be just. The old ecclesiastical props of privilege are gone. There is no use any longer in quoting or misquoting Scripture to prove that that God wills the mass of mankind to be always poor and always dependent on the rich. The very peasant has now broken that spell, and will no longer believe the rector if he tells him that this world belongs to the squire, and that justice is put off to the next. The process of mental emancipation has been assisted by the bishop, who was so rash as to suggest that rural agitators should be ducked in a horse pond. Hodge has determined to find out for himself by a practical experiment, what the will of God really is. No doubt this is an imper-

fect world, and is likely to remain so for our time at least. We must all work on in the hope that if we do our duty it will be well for us in the sum of things, and that when the far off goal of human effort is at last reached, every faithful servant of humanity will have his part in the result. If it were not so, it would be better to be a brute, with no unfulfilled aspirations, than a man. But I repeat, the religion of privilege has lost its power to awe or to control; and if society wishes to rest on a safe foundation, it must show that it is at least trying to be just.

Wealth, real wealth, has hardly as yet much reason to complain of any encroachment of the labour movement on its rights. When did it command such means and appliances of pleasure, such satisfaction for every appetite and every fancy, as it commands now? When did it rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. Its lord was, I daresay, consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families round him. The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred labouring families seems to me about as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear. Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honours, political power, is ready at his command. Does he fancy a seat in the British House of Commons, the best club in London, as it has been truly called? All other claims, those of the public service included, at once give way. I remember a question arising about a nomination for a certain constituency (a working man's constituency by the way), which was cut short by the announcement that the seat was wanted by a local millionaire. When the name of the millionaire was mentioned, surprise was expressed. Has he, it was asked, any political know-

ledge or capacity, any interest in public affairs, any ambition? The answer was "None." "Then why does he want the seat?" "He does not want it." "Then why does he take it?" "Because his wife does." Cleopatra, as the story goes, displayed her mad prodigality by melting a pearl in a cup, out of which she drank to Antony. But this modern money-queen could throw into her cup of pleasure, to give it a keener zest, a share in the government of the greatest empire in the world.

If the movement, by transferring something from the side of profits to that of wages, checks in any measure the growth of these colossal fortunes, it will benefit society and diminish no man's happiness. I say it without the slightest feeling of asceticism, and in the conviction that wealth well made and well spent is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side. Real chiefs of industry have generally a touch of greatness in them, and no nobleman of the peerage clings more to his tinsel than do nature's noblemen to simplicity of life. Mr. Brassey, with his millions, never could be induced to increase his establishment: his pride and pleasure were in the guidance of industry and the accomplishment of great works. But in the hands of the heirs of these men colossal fortunes become social nuisances: waste labour, breed luxury, create unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engender vice, are injurious, for the most part, to real civilization. The most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle have been generated, especially in England, by the ostentation of idle wealth, in contrast with surrounding poverty. No really high nature covets such a position as that of a luxurious and useless millionaire. Communism, as a movement, is a mistake: but there is a communism which is deeply seated in the heart of every good man, and which makes him feel that the hardest of all labour is idleness in a world of toil, and that the

bitterest of all bread is that which is eaten by the sweat of another man's brow.

The pressure is hardest, not on those who are really rich, but on those who have hitherto, on account of their education, and the intellectual character of their callings, been numbered with the rich, and who are still clinging to the skirts of wealthy society. The best thing which those who are clinging to the skirts of wealthy society can do is to let go. They will find that they have not far to fall, and they will rest on the firm ground of genuine respectability and solid comfort. By keeping up their culture they will preserve their social grade far better than by struggling for a precarious footing among those whose habits they cannot emulate, and whose hospitalities they cannot return. Their income will be increased by the whole cost of the efforts which they now make, at the sacrifice of comforts, and often of necessities, to maintain the appearances of wealth. British grandees may be good models for our millionaires; but what most of us want are models of the art of enjoying life thoroughly and nobly without ostentation, and at a moderate cost. It is by people of the class of which I am speaking that the servant difficulty, that doleful but ever recurring theme, is most severely felt. Nor would I venture to hold out much hope that the difficulty will become less. It is not merely industrial, but social. There is a growing repugnance to anything like servitude, which makes the female democracy prefer the independence of the factory to the subordination of the kitchen, however good the wages and however kind the mistress may be. We must look to inventions for saving labour, which might be adopted in houses to a greater extent than they are now. Perhaps when the work has been thus lightened and made less coarse, families may find "help," in the true sense, among their relatives, or others in need of a home, who would be members of the family circle. Homes and suitable employment might thus

be afforded to women who are now pining in enforced idleness, and sighing for Protestant nunneries, while the daily war with Bridget would be at an end.

I would not make light of these inconveniences or of the present disturbance of trade. The tendency of a moment may be good, and yet it may give society a very bad quarter of an hour. Nor would I attempt to conceal the errors and excesses of which the unions have been guilty, and into which, as organs of corporate selfishness, they are always in danger of running. Industrial history has a record against the working man as well as against the master. The guilds of the middle ages became tyrannical monopolies and leagues against society, turned callings open to all into mysteries confined to a privileged few, drove trade and manufactures from the cities where they reigned to places free from their domination. This probably was the cause of the decay of cities which forms the burden of complaint in the preambles to Acts of Parliament, of the Tudor period. Great guilds oppressed little guilds: strong commercial cities ruled by artisans oppressed their weaker neighbours of the same class. No one agency has done so much to raise the condition of the working man as machinery; yet the working man resisted the introduction of machinery, rose against, destroyed it, maltreated its inventors. There is a perpetual warning in the name of Hargreaves, the working man who, by his inventive genius, provided employment for millions of his fellows, and was by them rewarded with outrage and persecution.

Flushed with confidence at the sight of their serried phalanxes and extending lines, the unionists do like most people invested with unwonted power; they aim at more than is possible or just. They fancy that they can put the screw on the community, almost without limit. But they will soon find out their mistake. They will learn it from those very things which are filling the

world with alarm—the extension of unionism, and the multiplication of strikes. The builder strikes against the rest of the community, including the baker; then the baker strikes against the builder, and the collier strikes against them both. At first the associated trades seem to have it all their own way. But the other trades learn the virtues of association. Everybody strikes against everybody else: the price of all articles rises as much as anybody's wages; and thus, when the wheel has come full circle, nobody is much the gainer. In fact, long before the wheel has come full circle, the futility of a universal strike will be manifest to all. The world sees before it a terrible future of unionism, ever increasing in power and tyranny; but it is more likely that in a few years unionism, as an instrument for forcing up wages, will have ceased to exist. In the meantime the working classes will have impressed upon themselves by a practical experiment upon the grandest scale, and of the most decisive kind, the fact that they are consumers as well as producers, payers of wages as well as receivers of wages, members of a community as well as working men.

The unionists will learn also, after a few trials, that the community cannot easily be cornered; at least, that it cannot easily be cornered more than once by unions, any more than by gold rings at New York, or pork rings at Chicago. It may apparently succumb once, being unable to do without its bread or its newspapers, or to stop buildings already contracted for and commenced; but it instinctively prepares to defend itself against a repetition of the operation. It limits consumption or invents new modes of production; improves machinery, encourages non-union men, calls in foreigners, women, Chinese. In the end the corner results in loss. Cornering on the part of working men is not a bit worse than cornering on the part of great financiers; in both cases alike it is as odious as anything can be.

which is not actually criminal : but, depend upon it, a bad time is coming for corners of all kinds.

I speak of the community as the power with which the strikers really have to deal. The master hires or organizes the workmen, but the community purchases their work ; and though the master, when hard pressed, may, in his desperation, give more for the work than it is worth rather than at once take his capital out of the trade, the community will let the trade go to ruin without compunction, rather than give more for the article than it can afford. Some of the colliers in England, we are informed, have called upon the masters to reduce the price of coal, offering at the same time to consent to a reduction of their own wages. A great fact has dawned upon their minds. Note too that democratic communities have more power of resistance to unionist extortion than others, because they are more united, have a keener sense of mutual interest, and are free from political fear. The way in which Boston, some years ago, turned to and beat a printers' strike, was a remarkable proof of this fact.

Combination may enable, and, as I believe, has enabled the men in particular cases to make a fairer bargain with the masters, and to get the full market value of their labour ; but neither combination nor any other mode of negotiating can raise the value of labour or of any other article to the consumer ; and that which cannot raise the value, cannot permanently raise the price.

All now admit that strikes peaceably conducted are lawful. Nevertheless, they may sometimes be anti-social and immoral. Does any one doubt it ? Suppose by an accident to machinery, or the falling in of a mine, a number of workmen have their limbs broken. One of their mates runs for the surgeon, and the surgeon puts his head out of the window and says—"the surgeons are on strike." Does this case much differ from that of the man, who in his greed, stops

the wheel of industry which he is turning, thereby paralysing the whole machine, and spreading not only confusion, but suffering, and perhaps starvation among multitudes of his fellows ? Language was held by some unionist witnesses, before the Trades Union Commission, about their exclusive regard for their own interests, and their indifference to the interests of society, which was more frank than philanthropic, and more gratifying to their enemies than to their friends. A man who does not care for the interests of society, will find to his cost, that they are his own, and that he is a member of a body which cannot be dismembered. I spoke of the industrial objects of the International or chimerical. They were worse than chimerical. In its industrial aspect, the International was an attempt to separate the interests of a particular class of workers throughout the world from those of their fellow workers, and to divide humanity against itself. Such attempts can end only in one way.

There are some who say, in connection with this question, that you are at liberty to extort anything you can from your fellow men, provided you do not use a pistol ; that you are at liberty to fleece the sailor who implores you to save him from a wreck, or the emigrant who is in danger of missing his ship. I say that this is a moral robbery, and that the man would say so himself if it were done to him.

A strike is a war ; so is a lockout, which is a strike on the other side. They are warrantable, like other wars, when justice cannot be obtained, or injustice prevented by peaceful means, and in such cases only. Mediation ought always to be tried first, and it will often be effectual ; for the wars of carpenters and builders, as well as the wars of emperors, often arise from passion more than from interest, and passion may be calmed by mediation. Hence the magnitude of the unions, formidable as it seems, has really a pacific effect : passion is com-



monly personal or local, and does not affect the central government of a union extending over a whole nation. The governments of great unions have seldom recommended strikes. A strike or lockout, I repeat, is an industrial war; and when the war is over there ought to be peace. Constant bad relations between the masters and the men, a constant attitude of mutual hostility and mistrust, constant threats of striking upon one side, and of locking out upon the other, are ruinous to the trade, especially if it depends at all upon foreign orders, as well as destructive of social comfort. If the state of feeling, and the bearing of the men towards the masters, remain what they now are in some English trades, kind hearted employers, who would do their best to improve the condition of the workman, and to make him a partaker in their prosperity, will be driven from the trade, and their places will be taken by men with hearts of flint, who will fight the workman by force and fraud, and very likely win. We have seen the full power of associated labour; the full power of associated capital has yet to be seen. We shall see it when, instead of combinations of the employers in a single trade, which seldom hold together, employers in all trades learn to combine.

We must not forget that industrial wars, like other wars, however just and necessary, give birth to men whose trade is war, and who, for the purpose of their trade, are always inflaming the passions which lead to war. Such men I have seen on both sides of the Atlantic, and most hateful pests of industry and society they are. Nor must we forget that Trade Unions, like other communities, whatever their legal constitutions may be, are apt practically to fall into the hands of a small minority of active spirits, or even into those of a single astute and ambitious man.

Murder, maiming and vitriol throwing are offences punishable by law. So are, or ought to be, rattening and intimidation.

But there are ways less openly criminal of interfering with the liberty of non-union men. The liberty of non-union men, however, must be protected. Freedom of contract is the only security which the community has against systematic extortion; and extortion, practised on the community by a Trade Union, is just as bad as extortion practised by a feudal baron in his robber hold. If the unions are not voluntary they are tyrannies, and all tyrannies in the end will be overthrown.

And so will all monopolies and all attempts to interfere with the free exercise of any lawful trade or calling, for the advantage of a ring of any kind, whether it be a great East India Company, shutting the gates of Eastern commerce on mankind, or a little Bricklayers' Union, limiting the number of bricks to be carried in a hod. All attempts to restrain or cripple production in the interest of a privileged set of producers; all trade rules preventing work from being done in the best, cheapest and most expeditious way; all interference with a man's free use of his strength and skill on pretence that he is beating his mates, or on any other pretence; all exclusions of people from lawful callings for which they are qualified; all apprenticeships not honestly intended for the instruction of the apprentice, are unjust and contrary to the manifest interests of the community, including the misguided monopolists themselves. All alike will in the end be resisted and put down. In feudal times the lord of the manor used to compel all the people to use his ferry, sell on his fair ground and grind their corn at his mill. By long and costly effort humanity has broken the yoke of old Privilege and it is not going to bow its neck to the yoke of the new.

Those who in England demanded the suffrage for the working man, who urged, in the name of public safety, as well as in that of justice, that he should be brought within the pale of the constitution, have no reason

to be ashamed of the result. Instead of voting for anarchy and public pillage, the working man has voted for economy, administrative reform, army reform, justice to Ireland, public education. But no body of men ever found political power in their hands without being tempted to make a selfish use of it. Feudal legislature, as we have seen, passed laws compelling workmen to give more work, or work that was worth more, for the same wages. Working men's legislatures are now disposed to pass laws compelling employers, that is, the community, to give the same wages for less work. Some day, perhaps, the bakers will get power into their hands and make laws compelling us to give the same price for a smaller loaf. What would the Rochdale pioneers, or the owners of any other co-operative store, with a staff of servants, say if a law were passed compelling them to give the same wages for less service? This is not right, and it cannot stand. Demagogues who want your votes will tell you that it can stand; but those who are not in that line must pay you the best homage in their power by speaking the truth. And if I may venture to offer advice, never let the cause of labour be mixed up with the game of politicians. Before you allow a man to lead you in trade questions, be sure that he has no eye to your votes. We have a pleasing variety of political rogues, but, perhaps, there is hardly a greater rogue among them than the working man's friend.

Perhaps you will say as much or more work is done with the short hours. There is reason to hope that in some cases it may be so. But then the employer will see his own interest; free contract will produce the desired result; there will be no need of compulsory law.

I sympathize heartily with the general object of the nine hours' movement, of the early closing movement, and all movements of that kind. Leisure, well spent, is a condition of civilization; and now we want all to be civilized, not only a few. But I do

not believe it possible to regulate the hours of work by law with any approach to reason or justice. One kind of work is more exhausting than another; one is carried on in a hot room, another in a cool room; one amidst noise wearing to the nerves, another in stillness. Time is not a common measure of them all. The difficulty is increased if you attempt to make one rule for all nations, disregarding differences of race and climate. Besides, how, in the name of justice, can we say that the man with a wife and children to support shall not work more if he pleases than the unmarried man, who chooses to be content with less pay, and to have more time for enjoyment? Medical science pronounces, we are told, that it is not good for a man to work more than eight hours. But supposing this to be true, and true of all kinds of work, this, as has been said before, is an imperfect world, and it is to be feared that we cannot guarantee any man against having more to do than his doctor would recommend. The small tradesman, whose case receives no consideration because he forms no union, often, perhaps generally, has more than is good for him of anxiety, struggling and care, as well as longer business hours, than medical science would prescribe. Pressure on the weary brain is, at least, as painful as pressure on the weary muscle; many a suicide proves it; yet brains must be pressed or the wheels of industry and society would stand still. Let us all, I repeat, get as much leisure as we fairly and honestly can; but with all due respect for those who hold the opposite opinion, I believe that the leisure must be obtained by free arrangement in each case, as it has already in the case of early closing, not by general law.

I cannot help regarding industrial war in this new world, rather as an importation than as a native growth. The spirit of it is brought over by British workmen, who have been fighting the master class in their former home. In old England, the land of class distinctions, the masters are a class, econo-

mically as well as socially, and they are closely allied with a political class, which till lately engrossed power and made laws in the interest of the employer. Seldom does a man in England rise from the ranks, and when he does, his position in an aristocratic society is equivocal, and he never feels perfectly at home. Caste runs from the peerage all down the social scale. The bulk of the land has been engrossed by a few wealthy families, and the comfort and dignity of freehold proprietorship are scarcely attainable by any but the rich. Everything down to the railway carriages, is regulated by aristocracy: street cars cannot run because they would interfere with carriages, a city cannot be drained because a park is in the way. The labourer has to bear a heavy load of taxation, laid on by the class wars of former days. In this new world of ours, the heel taps of old-world flunkeyism are sometimes poured upon us, no doubt; as on the other hand, we feel the reaction from old-world servility, in a rudeness of self assertion on the part of the democracy which is sometimes rather discomposing, and which we should be glad to see exchanged for the courtesy of settled self respect. But on the whole, class distinctions are very faint. Half, perhaps two-thirds of the rich men you meet here have risen from the ranks, and they are socially quite on a level with the rest. Everything is really open to industry. Every man can at once invest his savings in freehold. Everything is arranged for the convenience of the masses. Political power is completely in the hands of the people. There are no fiscal legacies of an oligarchic past. If I were one of our emigration agents, I should not dwell so much on wages, which in fact are being rapidly equalized, as on what wages will buy in Canada—the general improvement of condition, the brighter hopes, the better social position, the enlarged share of all the benefits which the community affords. I should show that we have made a step here at all events towards being a commu-

nity indeed. In such a land I can see that there may still be need of occasional combinations among the working men, to make better bargains with their employers, but I can see no need for the perpetual arraying of class against class, or for a standing apparatus of industrial war.

Let me add, with regard to Canada specially, that we have industrial interests of our own to guard. An American agitator comes over the lines, makes an eloquent and highly moral appeal to all the worst and meanest passions of human nature, gets up a quarrel and a strike, denounces all attempts at mediation, takes scores of Canadian workmen from good employment and high pay, packs them off with railway passes into the States, smashes a Canadian industry, and goes back highly satisfied, no doubt, with his work, both as a philanthropist and as an American. But Canada is not the richer or the happier for what has been done. Let us settle our family concerns among ourselves: nobody else understands them half so well, or has half so much interest in settling them right.

There is one more point which must be touched with tenderness, but which cannot be honestly passed over in silence. It could nowhere be mentioned less invidiously, than under the roof of an institution, which is at once an effort to create high tastes in working men, and a proof that such tastes can be created. The period of transition from high to low wages, and from incessant toil to comparative leisure, must be one of peril to masses whom no Mechanics' Institute or Literary Society, as yet, counts among its members. It is the more so, because there is abroad in all classes a passion for sensual enjoyment and excitement, produced by the vast development of wealth, and at the same time, as I suspect, by the temporary failure of those beliefs, which combat the sensual appetites, and sustain our spiritual life. Colliers drinking champagne! The world stands aghast. Well, I see no reason why a collier should not drink champagne if he can afford

it, as well as a Duke. The collier wants, and perhaps deserves it more, if he has been working all the week underground, and at risk of his life. Hard labour naturally produces a craving for animal enjoyment, and so does the monotony of the factory, unrelieved by interest in the work. But what if the collier cannot afford the champagne, or if the whole of his increase of wages is wasted on it, while his habitation remains a hovel, everything about him is still as filthy, comfortless and barbarous as ever, and (saddest of all) his wife and children are no better off, perhaps are worse off, than before? What if his powers of work are being impaired by debauchery, and he is thus surely losing the footing which he has won on the higher round of the industrial ladder, and lapsing back into penury and despair? What if instead of gaining, he is really losing in manhood and real independence? I see nothing shocking, in the fact that a mechanic's wages are now equal to those of a clergyman, or an officer in the army, who has spent, perhaps, thousands of dollars on his education. Every man has a right to whatever his labour will fetch. But I do see something shocking in the appearance of the highly paid mechanic, whenever hard times come, as a mendicant at the door of a man really poorer than himself. Not only that English poor-law, of which we spoke, but all poor-laws, formal or informal, must cease when the labourer has the means, with proper self-control and prudence, of providing for winter as well as summer, for hard times as well as good times, for his family as well as for himself. The tradition of a by-gone state of society must be broken. The nominally rich must no longer be expected to take care of the nominally poor. The labourer has ceased to be in any sense a slave. He must learn to be, in every sense, a man.

It is much easier to recommend our neighbours to change their habits than to change our own: yet we must never forget, in discussing the question between the working

man and his employer, or the community, that a slight change in the habits of our working men, in England at least, would add more to their wealth, their happiness and their hopes, than has been added by all the strikes, or by conflicts of any kind. In the life of Mr. Brassey, we are told that the British workman in Australia has great advantages, but wastes them all in drink. He does this not in Australia alone. I hate legislative interference with private habits, and I have no fancies about diet. A citizen of Maine, who has eaten too much pork, is just as full of indirect claims and everything else that is unpleasant, as if he had drunk too much whisky. But when I have seen the havoc—the ever increasing havoc, which drink is making with the industry, the vigour, the character of the British race, I have sometimes asked myself whether, if it is incumbent on legislators to stop a cattle plague by closing the ports against contagion, the most deadly of all man-plagues ought to be allowed to spread without control.

The subject is boundless. I might touch upon dangers distinct from unionism, which threaten industry, especially that growing dislike of manual labour which prevails to an alarming extent in the United States, and which some eminent economists are inclined to attribute to errors in the system of education in the common schools. I might speak of the duties of government in relation to these disturbances, and of the necessity, for this as well as other purposes, of giving ourselves a government of all and for all, capable of arbitrating impartially between conflicting interests as the recognized organ of the common good. I might speak, too, of the expediency of introducing into popular education a more social element, of teaching less rivalry and discontent, more knowledge of the mutual duties of different members of the community and of the connection of those duties with our happiness. But I must conclude. If I have thrown no new light upon the subject, I trust that I have at least

tried to speak the truth impartially, and that I have said nothing which can add to the bitterness of the industrial conflict, or lead any of my hearers to forget that above all

Trade Unions, and above all combinations of every kind, there is the great union of Humanity.

### THE SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

All the poetry of Michael Angelo now extant was written after he had attained the age of sixty years. It owed its inspiration to manifold influences—the love of art, the hatred of oppression, the purely Platonic passion for all that was beautiful; above all, the intensely devotional feeling of a deeply-wrought soul. Hitherto the accepted version of the Sonnets has been based upon an edition issued by a grand-nephew of the great artist. With great reverence for the genius of his relation, this editor unfortunately endeavoured to improve and popularize the poems. Wordsworth, in his spirited translations of three of the Sonnets, had nothing before him but the revised version of the younger Buonarrotti. A critical edition, however, has recently been published, by Cesare Guasti, of the poems as they passed from the master hand. From an admirable translation of twenty-three of the Sonnets, according to Guasti's version, given by Mr. J. A. Symonds, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, we extract the following —

#### THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

AS one who will re-seek her home of light,  
Thy form immortal to this prison-house  
Descended like an angel piteous,  
To heal all hearts and make the whole world bright :  
'Tis this that thralls my heart in love's delight,  
Not thy clear face of beauty glorious ;  
For he who harbours virtue, still will choose  
To love what neither years nor death can blight :

So fares it ever with things high and rare,  
Wrought in the sweat of Nature ; heaven above  
Showers on their birth the blessings of her prime :  
Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere  
More clearly than in human form sublime ;  
Which, since they image Him, compel my love.

#### LOVE—HUMAN AND DIVINE.

Bring back the time when blind desire ran free  
With bit and rein too loose to curb his flight ;  
Give back the buried face, once angel-bright,  
That hides in earth all comely things from me ;

Bring back those journeys ta'en so toilsomely,  
     So toilsome-slow to him whose hairs are white ;  
     Those tears and flames that in one breast unite ;  
 If thou wilt once more take thy fill of me !

Yet Love ! suppose it true that thou dost thrive  
     Only on bitter honey-dews of tears,  
     Small profit hast thou of a weak old man.  
 My soul that toward the other shore doth strive,  
     Wards off thy darts with shafts of holier fears ;  
     And fire feeds ill on brands no breath can fan.

## THE VANITY OF ART AND LOVE.

Now hath my life across a stormy sea,  
     Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where all  
     Are bidden ere the final judgment fall,  
 Of good and evil deeds to pay the fee.  
 Now know I well how that fond phantasy  
     Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall  
     Of earthly art, is vain ; how criminal  
 Is that which all men seek unwillingly.

Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,  
     What are they when the double death is nigh ?  
     The one I know for sure, the other dread.  
 Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest  
     My soul, that turns to His great love on high,  
     Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

## PENITENCE.

Burdened with years and full of sinfulness,  
     With evil custom grown inveterate,  
     Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,  
 Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no less.  
 No strength I find in mine own feebleness  
     To change or life or love or use or fate,  
     Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, though late,  
 Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn  
     For that celestial home, where yet my soul  
     May be new-made, and not, as erst, of naught :  
 Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn  
     My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole  
     And pure before Thy face she may be brought.

## HOPE.

'Mid weariness and woe I find some cheer  
 In thinking of the past, when I recall  
 My weakness and my sins, and reckon all  
 The vain expense of days that disappear :  
 This cheers by making, ere I die, more clear  
 The frailty of what men delight miscall ;  
 But saddens me to think how rarely fall  
 God's grace and mercies in life's latest year.

For, though Thy promises our faith compel,  
 Yet, Lord, what man shall venture to maintain  
 That pity will condone our long neglect ?  
 Still from Thy blood poured forth we know full well  
 How without measure was Thy martyr's pain,  
 How measureless the gifts we dare expect.

## THE GAME OF CHECKERS.

(From the French.)

## PERSONS.

MME. D'ERMEL. (*Aged sixty-two*).MONSIEUR JACOBUS. *Physician (seventy)*.VICTOIRE. *Chambermaid*.

SCENE—*A country place in Normandy, in Mme d'Ermel's house. A small sitting-room adjoining a bed-chamber. Before the open fire on the hearth, a table with a checker-board. Near this table, a centre table, on which stands a waiter with two cups and a sugar bowl. A coffee-pot simmering before the fire.*

MME D'ERMEL (*Alone, looking at the clock.*) A quarter past seven, or thereabouts. . . . It is henceforth an indisputable fact that Jacobus loses coming here, on an average, five minutes since last year. Up to last Saint Michael, ten minutes sufficed him to reach my door. His step slackens. I don't like that. But he must not know it. (*She puts the hands of the clock five minutes back.*)

VICTOIRE.—(*Opening the door.*) Monsieur Jacobus ! (*She withdraws as Jacobus enters.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—How do you do ?

JACOBUS.—(*Kissing her hand.*) A cool hand—a warm heart—at least I hope so ! A good evening to you, fair lady.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why you are frozen, my good friend. Pray what sort of weather is it out ?

JACOBUS.—Real spring weather—wind, rain, hail. Allow me to put my cane in my corner.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do and pray make yourself at home.

JACOBUS.—And my hat down here. (*Pulling off his gloves.*) What a strange empire these habits of ours gain over us, my dear friend ! I do verily believe that if in the course of the evening my cane stood in another corner than this one, or my hat hung elsewhere than on this bracket, I should be at a loss.

MME. D'ERMEL.—All stars, doctor, have their fixed revolution.

JACOBUS.—Yes, yes, and you know it, my

own bright star ! But ! (*he looks at the clock.*) Now, that is very strange !

MME. D'ERMEL.—What is strange ?

JACOBUS.—Why—is your clock right ?

MME. D'ERMEL.—To be sure.

JACOBUS.—Well, then I must say, that I was solidly built ! Would you believe it, I left home at three minutes past seven, so that at seventy, I am able to walk nearly half a mile in seven minutes ?

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are a mysterious being indeed. Time plays with you. . . Come, give me your cup, my young friend.

JACOBUS.—(*Holding out his cup.*) Real nectar,—nectar as much for its aroma, as for the divine hand that pours it out.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Any sugar, Jupiter ?

JACOBUS.—(*Settling himself comfortably in his arm chair, and stirring his coffee.*) Let the pilot with his triple-brassed heart tempt in his light skiff, the Adriatic wave ! . . . I feel quite comfortable here and shall remain. By the way, my dear lady, I have got some surprising news for you. Do you remember the two sickly orphans, the two little shrubs, whose life you despaired of, and whom you entrusted two months ago to my science and friendship ?

MME. D'ERMEL.—My camelia and cactus ? They are dead, I suppose.

JACOBUS.—Dead ? no, they are in full bloom like yourself.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Indeed ! Grand news truly. And when shall I see these two prodigies ?

JACOBUS.—No later than to-morrow ; I'll call for you, and on our way, we'll drop in at Jane Nicot's, who is sick in bed of a very dangerous fever. You know that when I cannot cure my patients, I comfort them with the promise of your presence. It is said of Hippocrates, that when he reached the end of his long career, he had but one remedy left in which he trusted ; the secret of it was lost ; but I think I found it again : it is the kindness of woman.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, you flatterer ! Well,

I shall go and see Jane Nicot. But do drink your coffee, and tell me if it is good to-night. (*As the doctor is about to drink, the door opens.*)

VICTOIRE.—Monsieur le curé wishes to see Madame. (*The doctor rises, and with a frown puts his cup on the mantel.*)

(*To Victoire.*)—Ask him up stairs.

(*Victoire goes out.*)

JACOBUS.—The curé again !

MME. D'ERMEL.—The curé again ! Now that is amiable, indeed ! Since the good man took charge of the parish, eight months ago, he has only spent one evening here. He saw very well that he was in your way ; for heaven knows, there is no mistaking your feelings by your looks. Since that time, he has been discreet enough never to call after seven in the evening. When he dines here, he leaves immediately after dinner ; and in return for all this thoughtfulness, you say : “ The curé again ! ”

JACOBUS.—Pshaw ! You see he is making up for it. I just tell you that he is going to settle down here now for the rest of the evening, with his back to the fire and his cassock spread out like a fan.

VICTOIRE, (*coming back*)—The curé has but two words to say to Madame : he does not care to come up.

MME. D'ERMEL.—I'll come down. Listen to that, doctor, just listen to that, and die for shame if you can. (*She goes out.*)

JACOBUS, (*alone. He walks about a few moments in silence, then begins to grumble, and the grumbling increases in proportion as his patience decreases :—*)

Humph ! Humph ! two words only ! two words, indeed ! He is going to keep her now a whole hour in the entry—and in a draught too ! What selfish creatures these ecclesiastics are ! Two words ! The conversation has lasted long enough for a hundred. Priest's tongue, woman's tongue ! Fine work for the devil ! Now, I should like to know whether it is decent, proper, for a priest to be running the streets of a night to gossip in a hall with a lady. Suppose some poor wretch



on his death bed should want the comfort of his holy ministration! They will have to run first to the parsonage, then here, then back again to the parsonage, whilst the dying man in the anguish of a tormenting conscience—but what does he care—he has had his coffee.

MME. D'ERMEL (*coming back*).—Bah! this hall is like an ice house. It was about my pew in the church; I had expressed a wish to get it stuffed, and as they are about repairing the nave, our good rector was kind enough (*noticing the doctor's cup on the mantel*.) How! you have not drunk your coffee yet?

JACOBUS.—No, I have not. You know very well that we are in the habit of drinking it together. It is not at my age a man can change his habits.

MME. D'ERMEL.—But it will be cold.

JACOBUS.—Very likely. It has had plenty of time to cool.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, well, never mind! you will drink it hot, to-morrow. What does it matter after all? (*Jacobus reaches for the cup, and drinks his coffee in silence. Mme. d'Ermel continues, after a pause.*) Ah! we are thinking better of it, and are becoming reconciled to the situation, aren't we, doctor? The coffee is still drinkable, eh?

JACOBUS (*smiling*).—Quite so; I should not have thought it. The reason of it is, that in going away you carry with you the wings of old Father Time, who is then left to drag himself along as well as he can. People get ill-natured when left with such a gouty fellow.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Bless me, how gallant! Now, then, doctor, let us play. (*She seats herself at the table, opposite Jacobus, and arranges the men on the board.*) You owe me more than one revenge, I believe. I was dreadfully beaten the last time.

JACOBUS.—Oh, dear! you more than make up for it, at much more inhuman games than this.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Good gracious! you

are excessively sentimental, to-night. But you had better mind the game, I tell you. for I feel particularly valiant just now. Ah, you begin with the corners for a change. Very well. Just listen what an awful racket the wind is making outside! And my poor old rector, who is in the streets!

JACOBUS.—Ah well, let him wade through it for once. I don't see why he should be particularly exempt from the common annoyances of humanity.

MME. D'ERMEL.—For shame! how unkind! You get into this corner, now, if you dare.

JACOBUS, (*after a moment's reflection*).—This corner? Is it a snare? I can't see.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Play on. Ah, Jacobus, old friend, I have got you.

JACOBUS.—Snare or no; I have played.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Played for good?

JACOBUS.—Yes.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Sure you stand to it?

JACOBUS.—Wait a minute . . . (*he thinks a moment.*) Yes, I have played.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, you imprudent man! Look at that, now, and at that! One, two, three! was there ever a sweep got so cheap!

JACOBUS.—Oh, dear! what could I have been thinking about!

MME. D'ERMEL.—I am sure I don't know. Go on.—Do you hear the noise of the hail on the glass of my conservatory? There is one thing, doctor, one is never thankful enough to God for; and that is, to be nicely shut up in a comfortable place, in warm clothes, and in good company, while there is such dreadful weather raging outside. As a general thing, we are all very ungrateful.

JACOBUS.—Humph! humph!

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do you deny that, sir?

JACOBUS.—Oh, no, I don't deny it. . . I don't even think of it. . . I am thinking of what I am about—of my game.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Ah, well, and since you are only thinking of your game, mind this.

try to get me out of this if you can. Doctor, do you know what you look like, with your head resting thus on both your hands, and the pressure of your fingers raising the extremities of your eyebrows?

JACOBUS.—No; what do I look like?

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, you look like old Nick himself.

JACOBUS, (*looking up suddenly*)—Have you seen him, that you speak of him with such certainty.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dear me, no!

JACOBUS.—Why then stop talking of what you do not know.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, never mind! Compose yourself.

JACOBUS, (*pettishly*) I have no need of composing myself. I am quite composed; only, I cannot understand how any one can be so rattling on like a clapper, when intent upon a serious game. It is your turn, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Now, you are doing it on purpose, I verily believe, one, two, three and a king, by the next move!

JACOBUS.—The deuce! but how is this? In fact it is no wonder, when one makes it a point to distract and confuse an opponent's mind. There is no sensible playing, possible, amidst such constant babble: well, go on.

MME. D'ERMEL.—A king! Now, what am I going to do with this king? It is not every thing to have a king, is it, doctor? the difficulty is to keep him. Well, I put him here. By the way, how is it your name is Jacobus? I have been meaning to ask you that for ever so long. Jacobus! 'tis not a French name, is it?

JACOBUS.—I have told you more than fifty times, that my family was of Dutch origin.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dutch, ah, Jacobus is Dutch!

JACOBUS.—No. It is Latin.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Latin? why, but then your explanation is anything but satisfactory

—it is even puzzling. Aren't you going to play on?

JACOBUS.—What is the use, I have lost the game.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Who knows! Fortune is a woman, doctor, and just now treats me too well, not to be on the point of betraying me. Try what you can do yet.

JACOBUS.—No, no, it is of no use. I have lost (*he plays*).

MME. D'ERMEL.—Ah, this time, yes! this last move kills you outright. Here, I leave you these two for seed, against the next game.

JACOBUS, (*studying the board*) Let's see, mightn't I, going there. No, no, I see, you have got it; I have lost.

MME. D'ERMEL.—To be sure, you have. Will you take another turn?

JACOBUS.—No, no, thank you. I feel too stupid to-night. I am in an unlucky mood. (*He coughs.*) I must have taken cold coming over.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Here, take my footstool, and come nearer the fire.

JACOBUS.—No, thank you. (*A pause.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—Is Jane Nicot seriously ill?

JACOBUS.—She is likely to die one of these days. Ah, well, that is the best thing poor people can do. (*Mme. d'Erme! pokes the fire, and Jacobus goes on, after a moment's silence.*) What have you decided about your pew?

MME. D'ERMEL.—I shall not get it stuffed—it might give offence—Monsieur le Curé thinks so.

JACOBUS.—Your curé, so easily scared about what might conduce to other people's comfort, has far easier maxims at call, when the matter concerns his own. A terrible stumbling block indeed, a stuffed seat in a church. But to see Monsieur l'Abbé, a whole blessed day under the trees of a private park, tête-à-tête with one of his parishioners, like a shepherd of olden times, that's nothing; people may talk, what of it, and who cares.

The Church has its privileges, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

MME. D'ERMEL, (*laughing*) Well, now, that is something new indeed! and suppose I do indulge in conversation; suppose even I should spend the night instead of the day with him in my park; what harm would there be, I should like to know?

JACOBUS.—Harm! a curé, Madam is a man to be sure—a man like any other, and this one is a young man into the bargain.

MME. D'ERMEL.—A young man forsooth; he is bordering on sixty, and I am a couple of years older still! Let me assure you, friend Jacobus, that between two persons of such experience in life, however incomplete this experience may be, a tête-à-tête is of too venerable a character to offend morality or excite envy. But, perhaps, I am mistaken. I must look into this thing.

JACOBUS.—To stop all jest, I must confess that I am totally unable to understand what kind of entertainment the continued conversations of this ecclesiastic can possibly afford you, and I should be truly obliged to you if you would explain to me the mystery.

MME. D'ERMEL.—This ecclesiastic, as you call him, it not a fount of science like you, doctor; but a woman—I do not speak of men, who probably have higher destinies—a woman, at any age, and particularly at mine, needs faith more than science. Now, in the simple and sincere soul of this old man, I can see God as clearly as I can see the sky in a mountain spring; and that is the pleasure I find in his conversation. He is as simple as a child, and as enlightened as a prophet; he is a good man and a saint; he comforts and strengthens me. He talks to one about the other world as if he had just come from it, and about this world with so good natured a shrug, that one feels more inclined to laugh than grieve. In fine, he is a dear, good old man, and I love him. . . . But you don't, and you had better kill him.

JACOBUS.—No, I don't like him—I don't like him because I don't like bigots.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Say at once that you are a socialist, and have done with it.

JACOBUS.—Well, Madam, if such an extreme is the only refuge left open to minds of a certain order, against the imbecile empire of the Church; yes, a thousand times yes, I am a socialist.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are then, in your own estimation, a mind of a certain order, doctor? And of what order, pray? As for me, who do not consider myself altogether an idiot, either, I have yet to find out, which are the superior and really strong minds—those who doubt or those who believe. The faith of this bigot, his clear and firm insight into the mysterious end towards which every moment in our lives leads us, what is it? Simplicity or genius? I am sure, I don't know, but I know this much, that I seek and love the company of this man, just as in the darkness of some catacombs, one would keep close to him that bears the torch.

JACOBUS.—Well, well, there is a man now canonized at little expense, and if we take such ground as this, we shall not lack saints in the community! But, as I can no longer bear to see obscurity of intelligence—

MME. D'ERMEL.—Obscurantism, doctor, if you please.

JACOBUS.—Obscurity of intelligence and stupid ignorance strut around under respectable titles, I shall, without delay, and for the edification of our parish, feel the pulse of this so-called solid faith and fine genius. To-morrow, I shall ask this new father of the Church to dinner, and, between the wine and cheese, shall examine him upon his dogmas! . . . You see if I don't send him back to his parsonage, singing drinking songs and kissing the girls on the way.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do you know what you are just now most in need of? . . . Why, your night cap.

JACOBUS.—Bless my soul! If I had thought you would take the matter of this priest so to heart—

MME. D'ERMEL, (*excited*).—This priest, sir, would have lost twenty games of checkers, and more too, rather than speak ill of one absent, grieve an old friend, and sin against the goodness of God.

JACOBUS, (*sneeringly*).—Humph! humph! the goodness of God!

MME. D'ERMEL, (*earnestly*).—Yes, the goodness of God! Are not you going to find fault with God too, now?

JACOBUS, (*rising, and walking up and down the room with his arms crossed*).—The goodness of God! it is very droll, people will persist in thus calling God, good!

MME. D'ERMEL. — Jacobus, take care now!

JACOBUS.—Well, Madam, since it seems determined that a twenty years' long friendship is to make room for a fanatic lately escaped from the Seminary. . . .

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dear me!

JACOBUS.—The last word the old friend shall utter in your house shall at least be a protest against the stupid idols that drive him from it. A good God! and why not? did not the ancients call their infernal Furies good also? . . . A good God! I can understand how in the first bloom of youth, when pleasant dreams still hover over the threshold of life, when the future looks bright with hopes of love and success in life, when all that makes existence desirable, seems attainable, I can understand how the heart may indulge in dreams of a kind and protecting divinity, and pour out the incense of its youth on his altars! but—

MME. D'ERMEL, (*to herself*).—How well he can talk!

JACOBUS.—But at our age, Madam, and with such looks as ours—

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are very polite, indeed!

JACOBUS.—I speak for myself, Madam. Come, of what special providential kindness is the old man you have now before your eyes, a living proof? Look in my face, and answer.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Look at it yourself. . . There is a mirror.

JACOBUS, (*very much excited*).—Well, I look at myself; what do I see? I see an image whose every feature proclaims a victim and a tormentor! . . I see old age, old age hideous to itself and to others, a painful caricature, a ridiculous and sinister intruder amid the festivities of life, a trembling spectre, tired of living and afraid to die! But that which your mirror fails to show is the sombre cortège of griefs and miseries hid within the wrinkles, like a troop of ill-omened birds within a ruin; the helpless, hopeless infirmities, the only companions of the old man in his gloomy solitude. Speak, Madam, for which of these accompaniments of old age can this poor pariah find a cause to bless Providence? He is alone; the earth he walks is filled with the spoils of all that was once dear to him; he drags his burden along graves, seeking his own, and shuddering before it! Nature presents to him nothing but faded beauties; a sun no longer warm, springs that bring death. What is there in all this, I ask again, to thank God for? Is it for his having, at least, spared us the trouble of children? Be it so; our dying looks will thus, thanks to that great kindness, not fall upon the greedy eyes of heirs watching eagerly for the last breath—beloved sons impatient to be masters—that last crown usually reserved to the prolonged martyrdom—the usual death-blow that terminates the terrible chastisement for the unknown crime—human life!

MME. D'ERMEL.—This is not all, is it? You are not going to leave so generous a speech incomplete? Why don't you go on, and demonstrate to your old friend, who has painfully trodden these same paths, supporting herself on these utopias, faith and love, that her laborious journey is all vain and fruitless, that fifty years of struggles, griefs and hopes go all for nothing; a fitting end and worthy of the beginning. No, no, Jacobus, you shall not go on, you shall do

better ; you shall tell me that you are sorry for what you have said, and the pain you have given me. Come, take my hand, and ask my pardon.

JACOBUS, (*crustily*).—Not before you shall have explained to me wherein my crime or error lies.

MME. D'ERMEL, (*rising*). Ah ! this ugly pride of yours just recalls to me in time that a woman's indulgence is never repaid by anything else but ingratitude. Now, sir, I give you my word that you shall never, while I live, cross the threshold of this house, if before leaving, you do not ask my pardon, and on your knees.

JACOBUS.—That is, indeed, pushing me out by the shoulders. (*He takes his hat and cane. Mme. d'Ermel pulls the bell—Victoire enters.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—Has the doctor's servant come for him?

VICTOIRE.—No, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Well, then, tell John to light his lantern and take Monsieur home.

VICTOIRE.—Oh ! gracious, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, what is the matter with you?

VICTOIRE.—But, Madam, don't you hear how it storms?

MME. D'ERMEL.—And what do you suppose umbrellas were made for?

VICTOIRE.—Oh, it is not an umbrella Monsieur will want, Madam, but a boat. You do not know what ravages this tempest is making. The mill-stream has overflowed, and carries everything with it. John, who just comes from it, saw the miller's dog floating down in his kennel, with a pile of logs behind, all travelling to the sea, no doubt. There never was such weather!

JACOBUS.—No matter, no matter ; I shall get across some how or other.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are crazy. There is no use drowning yourself, especially in your present frame of mind. (*To Victoire.*) You may go. (*To Jacobus.*) When the rain stops, you have but to ring for Victoire,

and John will go with you. I leave you now. I am tired, and am going to bed. (*She passes through the little door that leads into her chamber. Her bed-chamber, small, neat and fresh. A night-lamp sheds a quiet light around. The foot of the bed is close to the door. Mme. d'Ermel, leaning her head against one of the little posts of the bed.*) How wicked men are ! how very wicked ! May be I have asked too much of him ? but it is not only my pardon I wished him to ask ! If he had offended me alone, I should not have cared ! (*She walks about in her room.*) Dear me ; how ill I feel ! Such emotions at my age ! The fact is, that as long as the heart beats, it can suffer, and how easily it can be made to suffer ! When I was young, I used to think that the time of life when all passions are dead must be a happy one, and longed for it, fancying the heart would then be at rest. How little we know ourselves ! Human nature is surely less earthly than we think ! Souls must have, like flowers, their different and sympathetic sexes—their own inclinations and attractions. Now, am I really in love with this old physician ? I am sure I don't know—it seems so ridiculous ! (*She wipes her eyes.*) And yet I was right—he hurt my feelings—I owed this sacrifice to my piety ! . . . Well, it will probably be the last I shall have to make in this life ! (*She kneels down and remains a moment engaged in prayer—Rising:*) He must be gone—I hear no one in the room. Well, so be it. (*She begins to undress, and stops.*) Really, I can't—I shall just throw myself on my bed. (*She lies down.*) How glad I shall be when morning comes ; night but adds to one's grief—makes darkness darker. (*The door of the room opens gently.*)

JACOBUS, *outside*.—I am going, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL, *to herself*. He is still here ! (*Aloud.*) What did you say ?

JACOBUS.—I won't come in, Madam. You are in bed, I suppose.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Almost ; don't come

in, but you can open the door. What were you saying ?

JACOBUS, (*leaning against the door*)—I was saying that it has stopped raining, and that I am going.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Well, and shall we not meet again ?

JACOBUS.—That will depend on you, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Then do as I said—just a little, Jacobus ; one knee—I can see you from here.

JACOBUS.—Madam, that's impossible.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why ?

JACOBUS.—I cannot ; I will not do it.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, then, farewell, for I mean to stand by what I have said.

JACOBUS.—Farewell. (*He makes a few steps towards the door and returns.*) You would be the first one to laugh at me.

MME. D'ERMEL.—May be ; just try.

JACOBUS, *stamping on the floor*.—Never, Madam, never.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Close my door then, I wonder why you should ever have opened it, unless it be to offend me again.

JACOBUS.—As for offending you, purposely, you know very well that I am incapable of such a thing even in my dreams.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Pshaw! When you gave me to understand just now that God was the devil, and that I was hideous, did you fancy you were making yourself agreeable to me ?

JACOBUS.—I simply meant to say that old age was a cursed age, and that I was ugly, that's all, and I still maintain it.

MME. D'ERMEL.—And I tell you, that old age is as good an age as another, and that you are handsome.

JACOBUS.—If you keep me here only to exercise your wit on me—

MME. D'ERMEL.—In the first place I do not keep you here, and I am in anything but a humorous mood. I say again you are handsome. I know very well that it is not quite the proper thing for a person of my

sex to speak so freely to one of yours, but supposing that this conversation is the last between us, I repeat that I consider you handsome, despite my mirror, which, in showing you a moment ago, your features, disturbed by feelings unworthy of your age, slandered them. I am ready to believe you, if you assure me that you have been a charming man in your day—but I doubt, whether any of the graces of your youth were worth the dignity of character your brow exhibits now, under the scars which the combat of life and the approach of immortality leave on it. If you were not conscious of this beauty, you would not carry your grey head so high. You cannot deny feeling both pleasure and glory in exercising that patronage over others which an honoured old age, and that natural dignity that crowns the life of an honest man always give. You will never make me believe that you are indifferent to the feelings of esteem and respect and veneration your presence call forth, and that you would be willing to exchange them for the meaningless compliments of the drawing room, or the buzz of the stupid admiration that accompanies a flirtation hero.

JACOBUS.—I really don't know, Madam, what to make of so peculiarly flattering a speech.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You may take it in which way you please. It is a declaration of admiration I have the honour of making you here. As we are going to part, I see no impropriety in speaking out my mind. Your principal charge against Providence seems to have been the miseries old age brings upon us, and it suited me to set off your own face as a proof against it ; I could, with the same facility, upset your other arguments, and knock out of your hand all the arms you have picked up in the same arsenal : indeed, although never game at checkers, lost or won, gave occasion for so much theology, I should take a special pleasure in carrying out my attempt at con-

version, if you did not lack the most indispensable qualification of a neophyte,—sincerity.

JACOBUS.—Oh, Madam, as for sincerity, I assure you. . . .

MME. D'ERMEL.—Pray be still; is it being sincere to judge of things and life only by their dark and painful side? I know, as well as you, sir, what is meant by the burden of life, and better than you, perhaps, what trials are; and yet I can only praise and adore the paternal hand that lays them on us so lightly! Indeed, instead of raising a single murmur against Providence in this respect, I should almost remonstrate against the many favours showered upon us—making this prison house too charming: for what else is it but a prison we ought to wish to leave!

JACOBUS.—Very true, Madam, and I should say so too if in the flower of youth.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, flower of youth! nonsense! You would make me laugh at your flowers of youth, if the moment of losing one's last illusion and one's last friend were one to laugh in. I, too, Monsieur Jacobus, have had a more or less flowery youth, but there are flowers of all kinds. Those that grow around and upon tombs have their charm also, a charm I have myself not been sufficiently on my guard against.

JACOBUS.—Madam—

MME. D'ERMEL.—I am so tired, that I am talking in my sleep, I do believe. Yes, I wish this evening had found me stronger hearted, better prepared for change: but God has willed it otherwise. The heart, it seems, never wears out, and is doomed to make the whole round of experiences. After the troubled joys of early life, the disappointments of youth, it must yet feel how bitter and painful it is to see the serenity of its later days, the sweet and profound emotions of old friendships, the magic of old habits broken into, and you, yourself, who are not tender-hearted, think you you will

leave nothing here that you will regret to say nothing of me, this arm-chair here at the corner of the hearth, where you have sat so many winters, listening comfortably to the outside storms; this clock, this table, these plain hangings, this unlucky checker board, even all the trifles around here that you knew and liked and depended upon, and which, for the very reason that their service is required every day, gain so great an empire over the affections. Go, to-morrow evening will avenge God and me but too well; you will find out that you were not quite so wretched, but that you had still much happiness to lose. (*She stops as if exhausted.*) Dear me! how tired I am!

JACOBUS.—You are not ill, Madam?

MME. D'ERMEL, (*sleepily*).—What? No; I am tired. I am going to sleep. You know what you have got to do. Don't let me find you—since—I shall be glad . . . to be . . . (*Jacobus endeavours in vain to hear the last words; he remains a moment motionless, then advances within the door, where he listens to Mme. d'Ermel's quiet and equal breathing.*)

JACOBUS.—She is asleep—a child's sleep; the bed of her old age has retained the calm of the cradle! Good and gentle creature! how very ready for Heaven! The God of justice and love has already healed the wound I have inflicted, but that which by the same blow I have given myself will bleed till death shall stop it. The sad victory of my pride will thus cost me dear enough! Farewell, farewell, Madam, may your good angel repeat to you every night the wishes of the friend you will hear no more! (*He bends a knee, and presses his lips on the fringe of the curtain.*)

MME. D'ERMEL, (*rising a little, and putting her hand on his head.*)—Bend thy head, old Sicambrian, and worship what thou hast destroyed.

JACOBUS, *startled*.—Ah, Madam! You were not asleep!

MME. D'ERMEL.—No, indeed—and it is

well for you! (*After a little hesitation, Jacobus kisses her hand.*) Well done, and now, that we are all right again, you had indeed better go home. It is quite late. I am almost in bed, and as, like my curé, you are a man . . . you old simpleton you! Good night! to-morrow at nine o'clock I

shall be at your house, and you can take me to see your patient.

JACOBUS.—And if you like, Madam, you can take me afterwards to the parsonage.

MME D'ERMEL thanks him with a smile,  
and he goes out humming a song.

THE EMIGRANT MOUNTAINEER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

**H**OW doth fond memory oft return,  
To that fair spot where I was born !  
**M**y sister ! those were happy days  
Of France !  
**O**h, country mine ! my latest gaze  
Shall turn to France.

**Rememberest thou with what fond pride  
Our lowly cottage hearth beside—  
She clasped us to her gladsome breast,  
                    Our mother?  
While on her hair so white we pressed  
                    Kisses together.**

My sister, canst thou yet recall  
Doré, that bathed the castle wall ?  
And that old Moorish tower war-worn  
                                And grey,  
From whence the gong struck out each morn,  
                                The break of day ?

The tranquil lake doth memory bring?  
Where swallows poised on lightest wing.  
The breeze by which the supple reed  
Was bent ?  
The setting sun whose glory fills  
The firmament ?





more and more detaching themselves from all national connection and allegiance, rallying round their ecclesiastical centre, exalting the doctrinal supremacy of the Pope, and extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Rome. War has been waged by the Ultramontane party against every remnant of ecclesiastical independence or national character in the Churches. The old Gallican Missal has been expelled and the Roman Missal, the symbol and vehicle of Ultramontane influence has been introduced in its stead. You vainly ask at a religious bookstore in France for the ancient symbol of the National Church. A similar process has been going on in all other Roman Catholic Churches. Among the Roman Catholics of England, the party which reconciled loyalty to the British Crown with attachment to the ancient faith, and which, in former days, took up arms against the Armada has given way to the ascendancy of the party which, conspired with Spain, the party of Campion and Guy Fawkes, the party which openly avows that its allegiance is paid in the second place to England, but in the first place to Rome. This Ultramontane and centralizing movement seemed to culminate, and the highest point, either of auspicious development, or of blasphemous usurpation, appeared to have been reached, in the declaration of Papal Infallibility. But there is reason to think that beyond that apparent summit there is in prospect one at least still higher—a declaration of the “hypostatic union” of the Holy Ghost with the Pope. This more than despotic centralization and the outrages to reason which the doctrinal part of it involves of necessity cause recalcitration and secession, especially in Germany, where the spirit of Teutonic independence prevails, where the Reformation was at first accepted by the whole country, though afterwards driven from portions of it by political and military force, and where even among the Roman Catholics a tendency to ultramontanism, or the concession of the cup to the

laity and to clerical marriage has never ceased to exist. The exhibition of that most portentous relic, the Holy Coat of Trèves, some thirty years ago, offended, in like manner, the Teutonic love of truth, and produced the great secession of which Ronge was the chief. But, in spite of recalcitration and secession, the centralizing movement is desperately pushed forward, and reason and conscience are crushed beneath the wheels of the Papal car. Mr. Capes, a convert from the Church of England to Rome, but since re-converted to Protestantism, says, with special reference to the educational aspect of the movement in Ireland:—“No man who has possessed the means which I have possessed for learning the spirit in which the culture of the mind is promoted, where Roman influence is predominant, can doubt for a moment as to the untrustworthiness of all higher education, which is controlled by the priesthood of to-day. Even before the issuing of the Vatican decree, the administration of English and Continental Catholicism was an iron despotism. What is it now? Ever since I knew anything about the inner life of the Roman Church, it was rare, indeed, to find a priest or prelate who did not tremble at the very name of Rome. Now they have scarcely sufficient individual life left in them to sustain them in an active tremor. They go quietly in harness, and whatever be their secret thoughts, the most guarded silence is upon their lips. The period for national arrangements with the Roman hierarchy has therefore passed away. There are no longer any English or Irish Catholic Bishops. They are Italians, all of them; born of English or Irish parents, and calling themselves by English or Irish surnames; but they are naturalized Italians, belonging to that section of the Italian people which is settled on the Vatican side of the Tiber, and receives its orders from within the Vatican itself. The pupils, who would be taught in any colleges or schools which England might be deceived into supporting,

would be educated, not as Irishmen, but on the model of that debased Italian type which has shut itself up in the Vatican, and there exhibits itself as the perfection of Christian sanctity and truth."

The French Canadian Church has hitherto been Gallican, at least not Ultramontane, being confirmed in a moderate course perhaps by the comparative security of its political position as well as by its remoteness from the principal scene of conflict. But now its turn has come. The Jesuits, the great propagators of Papal dominion, which is, in fact, their own, have appeared in force upon the scene, and are labouring with their usual activity and cunning to suppress the ecclesiastical liberties of French Canada, and at the same time to recover the power and wealth possessed in the Province by their Order before its temporary suppression. The character of Bishop Bourget has made him a facile tool in their hands; and another tool has been found in the Bishop of Three Rivers. The Archbishop of Quebec and the other French Bishops are understood still to resist Jesuit domination and to cleave to the liberties of their national church. But the main citadel of resistance to the Jesuits, and the mark of their most strenuous and rancorous attacks is the great Sulpician Seminary, which rises over Montreal, at once the most powerful support and the most sumptuous monument of the Gallican Church. To the Seminary has hitherto been attached the sole pastoral care of the vast parish of Montreal, with the ecclesiastical revenues belonging to it. And to wrest first the pastoral jurisdiction, and then the revenues from the Seminary, is the immediate object of Jesuit intrigue. The Bishop has been instigated to divide the parish; the Seminary stands on its legal rights. In the midst of this conflict occurred the Bishop's golden wedding, which was made the occasion of a Jesuit and Ultramontane demonstration against the Sulpicians and the Gallicans generally. A deputation of Gallican gentlemen, who were

most faithful and zealous sons of the Church of Rome, approaching the Bishop with their congratulations were dismissed with contumely by the prelate, inflated apparently by the flattery of his Jesuit wire-pullers, who do not scruple to apply to his Ultramontane encroachments the terms consecrated by the Gospel to the ministry of the Saviour. Addresses were presented from religious bodies under Jesuit influence tuned to the division of the parish. After an imposing service in the Church of Notre Dame, the great Jesuit preacher, Father Braun, mounted the pulpit and, under the name of a sermon, delivered the harangue against the Gallicans and Liberal Catholics to which we have specially called attention, and which was understood to have been concerted with the Bishop and the other heads of the Jesuit party. Our readers will excuse the length of the following extracts in consideration of their great importance, as revelations of the principles of the Jesuits and of the objects of their machinations, not only in French Canada but in all countries.\*

"Every one knows the fatal doctrines which infect European communities, and which have penetrated into this vast continent, which they are already laying waste. These errors, whose object is to consummate the work begun by Luther and Henry VIII., bear, for the most part, upon the Church, its nature, and its rights. The Church, in the eyes of modern Governments, is no more considered as a Society complete, independent of the State, having of itself the rights confided to it by its Divine Founder: right of self-government; right of possessing and administering property; right of making laws binding upon the conscience, and to which the State should submit; right of being the only power that can define the *invalidating impediments* to marriage, that can determine the *form* of marriage, that can judge matrimonial cases to pronounce upon the validity of the conjugal tie; right of erecting parishes independently of the State; right of superintending

\* We quote from the version published at the time, it was understood by authority, in the *Montreal Herald*.

and directing education in public schools. People do not consider any more that the heads of nations and their legislators owe submission respect and obedience to the Church, just as much as the humblest citizens, and that the more elevated they are in the eyes of men, the more formidable account will they have to render to God for their want of respect and submission to the laws of Holy Church. People do not consider any more that the State is united to the Church, only when it obeys the Church in all that is amenable to ecclesiastical authority, and that the State is in duty bound to protect the Church. Notions about the State and Government have been reduced to mere abstractions, and by this convenient process, people think they have succeeded in freeing those who govern from all responsibility before the Church and before God. But God and the Church make no account of these empty systems. In the eyes of God, the Government is *they* who govern. Each of *them* is responsible before Him, for the acts of his administration. They shall be judged, condemned and punished for everything they will have done against the sacred laws and the independence of the Church. In fine, now-a-days, God is no more looked upon as the source of right and the fountain-head of justice ; but the State, the many, the majority, claims to be the source and principle of right and of justice, and it is taken for granted that, under pretext of public utilities, the majority that governs may impose its wishes. It is the old Pagan despotism. Do not might and the majority constitute the *right* in the eyes of modern wisdom? And it must needs be said, we see Governments led astray by these false principles, commit flagrant injustices towards individuals. Every one knows what is going on in Germany. And the besotted peoples adore *Might* and the majority; behold in the modern *Right* the modern God. All that is materially useful to a society is not therefore permissible, not more to Governments than to individuals. Finally to sum up : God, as a modern politician lately said, has nothing to do with affairs of State. Gallicanism and Liberal Catholicism have powerfully contributed to propagate all these errors. Gallicanism is, in ecclesiastical affairs, insubordination towards the Holy Father, servility toward civil power, despotism towards inferiors.

The Gallican refuses to obey the Pope, he arms himself against him with the protection of the powers of this earth, he grants to the civil power, that protects him in his rebellion, all the authority which he refuses to the Sovereign Pontiff. Hence it comes that everywhere Gallicans are the flatterers of civil power, and have recourse to it even in ecclesiastical cases, when the Bishop or the Sovereign Pontiff alone, should examine, judge and pronounce. It is this insubordination towards the Holy Father, and this servility towards civil power, which Pope Innocent XI. so justly stigmatized in a Brief of the 11th April, 1682, to the Bishops that composed the Assembly of the French Clergy."

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"With respect to despotism towards their inferiors, Gallicans, when there is a question of doing justice, pay no attention to the canons. Their own will, and what they call their common sense, hold the place of law for them. Arbitrary measures, such is their rule. It is well known that, in some dioceses, many Catholic writers, through obedience to the wishes of the Holy See, having handled with great talent, questions contrary to the Gallican notions of some Superiors, were exposed to severe penalties, and that the Holy Father himself was obliged to take their defence and protect them against an unjust punishment. Liberal Catholics acknowledge that the individual, in his private life, ought to profess the Catholic religion; and at the same time, they think it advisable that he should, in his public life, admit an equality of rights for truth and for error. Liberalism is a so-called generosity towards error ; it is a readiness to yield on the score of principles. Liberal Catholics grant to the State the right of requiring that parishes, bishoprics and religious orders be civilly incorporated, that they may have a right to hold property. They grant that the State has a right to limit the possessions of the Church, to make laws for regulating the administration of Church property. They grant to the State the right of taking possession of Church property and of keeping it, thus laying down the principle of Communism. Speak of restitution to these sacrilegious usurpers, their only answer will be a sneer. Liberal Catholics pretend that the State can prescribe the *form* of marriage, define *invalidating impediments*, and pronounce upon the conjugal tie

in matrimonial cases. Liberal Catholics confine to the State the superintendence and direction of primary schools, to the detriment of the Church and fathers of families. Liberal Catholics grant to the State the right of intervening in the erecting of parishes, independently of any authorization from the Holy See. These errors were gaining ground in the country, were causing the Church to lose its independence, and threatening soon to place her on the same footing as the so-called Church created by Henry VIII. And the Christian people, accustomed to the encroachments of the State, were beginning to think that all these sacrilegious encroachments were real rights of the State, and that it was a duty for the Church to recognize them. One must fight with all the arms of doctrine against these fatal errors which threaten to pervert all minds. Among the most valiant defenders of the rights of the Holy Church, we shall always see our venerable Pontiff. Whilst these false doctrines are spreading and gaining strength everywhere, the venerable Bishops of Canada assemble in Council at Quebec. What will be their first thought? their first effort? The shackles of the Church must be riven asunder, its independence must be proclaimed in the face of the country and of the Catholic world, and the Bishops, assisted by the Holy Ghost, animated with a holy zeal, burning with love for the Church, issue this decree: *De obedientiâ Summo Pontifici*, of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff: a decree which will be to the end of time, one of the finest monuments of the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, and will be for ever the glory of the venerable Fathers of the Council who were its authors. They profess the most entire obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, by proclaiming that the laws which they make concerning the general discipline of the Church are binding in this country, independently of the sanction of civil authority. Therefore, we adhere with our whole heart to all the Constitutions which concern—the dogma, and to each one in particular, and also to those which concern—the general discipline of the Church; and we declare and teach that, not depending on any sanction of the secular power, they must be recognized by all the faithful as the rules both of faith and conscience. His Lordship hastened to make known to his clergy and people this decree of

the Council, which is to put an end to those divergences of opinion which were dividing Catholics. This decree, says he, settles this great question, to wit: whether the Apostolical Constitutions, when once published in Rome, in due form, are binding in this country. The clergy and the faithful share the Bishop's sentiments, all are unanimous in repeating the words of the Council: *Toto animo adharemus omnibus et singulis apostolicis Constitutionibus*. In future every upright and logical man, enlightened by the zeal of the Bishop and his clergy, will say: Yes, we most heartily adhere to the Constitutions of the Church. Yes, they bind in conscience independently of the sanction of the State. Therefore the Church is an independent society. Every one admits this principle. The State is subordinate to the Church. This truth is admitted. No one now dares to deny these two Catholic dogmas. But many, for want of a logical turn of mind, do not see the consequences which flow from these principles, and dare to doubt them. But the day we trust is near at hand, when Government repudiating their errors, will at length recognise the truths proclaimed by the first Council of Quebec. The laws of the Church itself enact the ecclesiastical laws, without any recourse to the State, and it is the duty of the State to recognise those laws and submit to them. The Church can, inasmuch as it thinks proper require from the State a civil sanction for the laws. This sanction adds no new obligation to the law, but helps the execution thereof. In this case it is not a bill, a draft of a law, which the Church proposes to the examination and discussion of a Parliament, it is a law already made, and which the Church alone has a right to make, a law which is already binding on the conscience, independently of the sanction of the State, and for which the Church claims a purely civil protection and sanction. The State does not enact the law, nor does it discuss the same; this is beyond its jurisdiction. It simply sanctions it civilly, just as the Church proposes it, without having the right to change, omit or add anything. Would you pretend to submit to your judgment and discussion the legislative authority of the Holy Church. If the State is Christian it will grant to these laws this civil sanction which the Church requires. This is the only manner in which the State can interfere in

ecclesiastical laws. If the State refuses this sanction, the law will not be less binding on the State itself; but, by so doing, the State simply declines the honour of protecting the Church, and experience teaches that this will be its misfortune. As the Church which enacts its own laws, so does it also judge ecclesiastical matters independently of the State's glory, to cause the Church's decisions to be respected. The Church decides in matrimonial cases, prescribes the form of marriages, and the State is honoured by causing the decisions of the Church to be observed. The Church has the possession and administration of temporalities, independently of the State; and the State protects the Church in its possessions and administrations. The Church enjoys its immunities, and the State protects it against the sacrilegious man who would wish to violate them. The Church erects dioceses and parishes, and the State helps the Church in all its works. The Church watches over and directs the schools, and it approves the teachers that parents choose, and the State hastens freely to grant its protection and assistance. A Christian Government is far from imitating those liberal governments who arrogate to themselves all right and power in schools, which everywhere become schoolmasters, and which have perverted the education of youth. Such is the union of Church and State, and our venerable Pontiff has devoted his life to the strengthening of this union. \* \* \*

"In old Europe these truths are beginning to be understood by true politicians. They understand the cause of the evils which overwhelm society. Nations have revolted against God, they have wished to submit God to man, the Church to the Government. Profit by their unhappy experience. If the rumblings of thunder in Europe are not sufficient to warn you, must it burst upon your heads before you will take heed? You will listen to the warnings of your Bishop, and your civil and political life will be Christian, as is your private life. Your Bishop's doctrine will have produced this happy result: "He went about doing good." A truly memorable day in the annals of the nineteenth century was that on which the Pope condemned the errors that are sweeping away all modern society. This great event rejoiced true Catholics, and renewed their strength. The Gallicans blinded themselves and sought to give explana-

tions, and the enemies of the Church gave themselves up to a dark and threatening anger. Our venerated Pastor understood the full bearing of the Pontifical document; he rejoiced at it; and, since that day, he has not relaxed in his efforts to make it produce its legitimate fruit. Every one knows with what learning, what magnificent ideas, what conviction, his Lordship, by a pastoral dated January 1st, 1865, promulgated in his diocese the Syllabus, in which are framed and condemned all the pretensions, encroachments and usurpations of the State. The Church is independent; it has its own tribunals; it possesses and administers its property; it has schools independent of the State. Its communities have no civil origin. In Christian marriage, the contract and sacrament are inseparable, and henceforward Catholic statesmen shall not think of discussing in legislative chambers, about laws concerning divorce or the rights of the Church. One thing alone they can do, repel with indignation every attempt against the rights or independence of the Church. The State is subordinate to the Church, and in case of a conflict between them, the Church has to decide, the State to submit."

Our readers will appreciate, from what we have said, the special allusion to the division of parishes, as well as the invectives against Gallicans and Liberal Catholics in general. It is needless to comment on the good taste and the truly Christian feeling which inspired such an attack on members of the same Church, who had come to take part with the preacher and his section in a personal and religious celebration. "The devil is exercising his oppression chiefly by Gallican and Liberal errors," were gracious words to fling in the faces of those who had brought their gifts and congratulations to the common head of the Roman Catholic community of Montreal. But the zeal of the sons of Loyola outruns such trivial considerations as these. As to the principles, they are such as in Europe might be propounded in the *Univers*, or some other irresponsible counterpart of the *Nouveau Monde*, which is the Jesuit organ at Montreal. But we very much doubt whether it would have

been deemed politic to allow any responsible ecclesiastic to compromise the Church by proclaiming them from the pulpit. Of course we see the loopholes which are left for casuistical interpretation. We know that the "supremacy of the Church over the State" is to be confined to ecclesiastical questions. But what questions are ecclesiastical is to be decided by the Church ; and history tells us plainly enough what the scope of her decision will be.

In the political eddies caused by the meeting of these two hostile tides of ecclesiastical opinion sank Sir George Cartier, and probably he sank to rise no more. Neither he, at least, nor any other man in his place, will ever again occupy the position of the political leader of the National Church of French Canada. The result of the conflict between the Gallicans and the Jesuits cannot be doubtful. The Jesuits have all the influences of the hour in their favour, and they will triumph in this case, as they have triumphed in all the Roman Catholic communities of Europe. Their triumph is in fact the inevitable consequence of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, proclaimed in their interest, and through their machinations. There will come, and probably at no distant time, a struggle between the Ultramontane Church of French Canada and the State.

That struggle offers a great part to any public man who is young, who is hopeful, who is strong in conviction, who is not afraid, politically speaking, to take his life in his hand, who aims at something above the prizes for which hack politicians scuffle with each other on the hustings, who desires to win the position which can be won only by becoming the champion of a great cause. The old parties have no such man. We shall see what young Canada can produce.

Turning to Ontario, we find, as a matter of course, the appointment of Mr. Mowat to the Premiership unreservedly lauded by one party organ, and condemned with equal

energy by the other. If the two journalists, instead of serving their parties, were speaking the truth frankly over a dinner table, both would probably agree that the appointment in itself is a very good one—Mr. Mowat being a man of undoubted character and ability—but that the transfer of a judge from the bench to a political office, if it was necessary, was a necessity much to be deplored. In a country like ours, the integrity of the judiciary is at least as important as that of the executive or the legislature ; and the integrity of the judiciary can be preserved only by keeping the bench of justice entirely distinct from the political arena. The precedents cited from the English practice by the defenders of Mr. Mowat's appointment, even if they were relevant, would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But they are not relevant. The combination of the office of Minister of Justice with that of Chief Judge in Equity in the person of the English Chancellor is, like the judicial function of the House of Lords, a relic of a very ancient state of things anterior to the separation of the judiciary from the executive, or of either from the legislature, and it is rather retained by the national conservatism, than approved by the national judgment. Probably a separate Ministry of Justice will be among the coming legal reforms. Meantime, the Lord Chancellor does not try controverted elections, and it is scarcely possible that any political question should ever come before him in court. That Lord Ellenborough was taken from the Chief Justiceship of a Court of Common Law into the Cabinet is true ; but the measure was generally repudiated at the time, and it is certain that it will never be repeated.

The recall of Vice-Chancellor Mowat to political life is a proof, on the one hand, of the dearth of leading ability in the Ontario Legislature, caused by the narrowness of the parties, and on the other, of the inadequacy of judicial salaries, which are insufficient to retain the services of a first-rate man.

The fact is, that our official salaries generally have been depreciated to a most serious extent, from the rise of prices since the time when their scale was fixed ; and their general restoration to their original amount is a pressing need of public policy, as well as of personal justice. If this is not done, we shall soon have a low class of officials, who will think themselves licensed to eke out their salaries by irregular gains in this country, as they notoriously do in the United States. Let the Government appoint a commission of inquiry into the depreciation of salaries, and act on the report.

It is gratifying to note that the proposal of the party organs to introduce faction into our municipal elections is generally repudiated by the good sense of the people, aided, perhaps, by the strategical discretion of the weaker party. The leaders of the Opposition have, however, been making strong speeches in favour of faction as the principle of government. We disclaim any approach to a sneer in saying that those who believe themselves, after a desperate party struggle, to be on the eve of a party triumph, are scarcely unbiassed in their judgment of this question. We have repeatedly recognized the fact that there are at the present time important issues between the Opposition and the Government. We also sincerely credit the leaders of the Opposition with a desire to put an end to the existing system, and introduce one purer and less injurious to national character in its place. But we, nevertheless, feel perfectly convinced that before they had themselves held power for six months on the party principle, they would be compelled ruefully to acknowledge that faction is not the antidote, but the incentive to corruption. Does any misgiving of this kind mingle with the motives which lead Mr. Blake, so strangely, and so fatally to the interests of his party, to nullify his influence as a leader by declaring that he will not accept office?

An argument used by one of the Opposi-

tion leaders, in support of the factionist doctrine, is a singular and instructive instance of the extent to which the vision, even of very able men, may be distorted by the optical peculiarities of the atmosphere in which they live. We should have thought that if there was anything as to which all men and angels were agreed, it was that the divisions of Christendom are injurious to Christianity. But this eminent factionist has persuaded himself that they are not only not injurious, but essential to the unity of the Christian Church. Without the various contending sects, he says the Church would be an anarchy. Of course he thinks that it was an anarchy in its undivided state under its Founder and the Apostles. Had he been in the place of St. Paul, instead of lamenting the growth of divisions, he would have rejoiced over them as the rudiments of incipient order, emerging out of the religious chaos. Had he sat in the Council of the Apostles at Jerusalem, he would have enjoined the Jewish Christians to adhere to their Judaism, and the Gentile Christians to persevere in eating things sacrificed to idols, because they would thereby keep up a Conservative and a Liberal party, a perpetual conflict between which, with abundance of rancour and abuse, was so necessary, in order to prevent an anarchy in the Church.

Another orator says that though he rejoices that Ontario gave the Opposition a majority, it would have been a great misfortune if the vote had been "solid." In other words, it would be a great misfortune if the people of Ontario were of one mind as to their own interests. Such are the axioms upon which, literally, Government is at present founded.

The result of the Welland election looks like a heavy blow to the Administration, though its significance is somewhat reduced by the local and personal circumstances of the contest. We cannot lament that the appearance of several Cabinet Ministers brawling and bandying foul language on the



hustings, in company with more than one confederate of questionable character, failed to secure the victory for their party. It is time that Ministers in general, and the Prime Minister in particular, should be reminded that they are entrusted with the honour as well as with the interests of the country. A moderate amount of mis-government and jobbery, if carried on with decency, would be preferable to the injury inflicted on national character by some scenes at the late elections. We doubt whether anything so bad ever occurs in the United States. If Conservatism in this country means anything, it means the maintenance of the respect due to Government; but the respect due to Government cannot be maintained, unless the members of the Government will do their part. That self-degradation, either on the part of public men, or of the press, is necessitated by the character and tastes of our people is, we are persuaded, an unfounded notion, if it is not a mere pretence. The necessity may be created, but at present it does not exist. In the late elections corruption was only too efficacious; but ruffianism, we are convinced, only recoiled upon those who were guilty of it.

In the loss of San Juan, we have drunk the last drop of bitterness which can flow, for the present at least, from the Treaty of Washington. It is idle to deny the gravity of this decision, or to attempt to conceal from ourselves the fact that it may impair the value of British Columbia as a Province of the Dominion. But like the decision on the Alabama Claims, it was, in effect rendered inevitable by the Treaty, and there is no ground for impeaching the impartiality of the award. On the other hand, the evident eagerness to condemn Great Britain exhibited by certain of the Judges, in the Geneva arbitration, warns us that Great Britain, in going before European arbitrators, is going before enemies or rivals, while the American Republic, remote from European

complications, is sure of meeting with neutrals at least, and will often meet with partisans.

The Treaty of Washington, construed with reference to its real intent, can hardly be regarded as an instance of international arbitration, or as proving anything for or against that mode of settling the differences of nations. It was, in fact, a purchase by England of peace at the close of a moral war, caused by the depredations of the Alabama and her consorts, the fisheries dispute, and still more, by the sympathy exhibited for the South by certain classes in Great Britain and the colonies. The price paid was the pre-arranged condemnation of Great Britain to the payment of damages for the Alabama, the equally pre-arranged adjudication of San Juan to the United States, and certain concessions with respect to the Fishery and other rights of Canada, the exact import of which is the subject of violent controversy among the organs of our party press, but, in fact, yet remains to be seen. As to the arbitrators, they were something like the sugar-tongs which the old Scotchwoman held in her hand for politeness' sake, while she took up the sugar through them, in primitive fashion, with her fingers. A smouldering quarrel which, though the Americans never intended to go to war, might have been fanned by any chance gust of wind into actual hostilities, has thus, we trust, been finally extinguished; and we are ready to recognize the value of this result, and to give the British Ministers full credit for having done what they sincerely believed to be best for the Empire as a whole, and for Canada as a part of it. However high may be the spirit of our people, and however willing they may be to share the fortunes of the mother country in war (though they can contribute nothing to her regular forces), it is obvious that our exposed situation must always be an element in her councils on our behalf; and that we must be prepared to make sacrifices for her as she.

undoubtedly, has made sacrifices for us. The appointment of our Prime Minister, the elect of our people, at least of a majority of them, as one of the Commissioners, was the strongest proof of regard for our interests that we could require; and if, as his opponents allege, he was capable of selling the interest and honour of his country for pecuniary assistance to a party job, the fault is ours alone. On the other hand, if England expected from the Treaty any greater advantage than the termination of the existing quarrel—if she imagined that it would annul the moral peculiarities which make every New Englander crave for the humiliation of the land of his fathers, that it would charm the Pennsylvanian protectionist into foregoing his commercial hostility to the great exporting nation, that it would eradicate from the breasts of Americans generally the hatred implanted there by all the lessons of their childhood—the menacing abuse levelled at her the other day by the American press, under the ridiculous impression that she was intriguing against the San Juan decision, as well as the slanderous malignity of that imputation itself, must have awakened her from her dream. Could any counsel from this side of the Atlantic reach the ears of British statesmen, they would learn henceforth to treat the Americans in the only way in which people so disposed can be safely treated, either in public or private life, amicably and with courtesy, but at the same time with reserve, studiously avoiding offence, but at the same time abstaining from unreciprocated cordiality, and from ignominious attempts to fling England into the arms of her one implacable and unappeasable foe. The Atlantic will be the best mediator if statesmen will not interfere.

We are bound to add in qualification of what we have said in defence of the conduct of the British Government, that notwithstanding the arguments of Professor Bernard and everything else that has been said upon the subject, we remain unshaken in our con-

viction that the failure to seek reparation for the blood of our citizens shed by Fenian hordes organized for the invasion of this country on American soil, with the full knowledge and connivance, not to say approbation, of the American Government, was a desertion of the national honour, which will prove to have been bad policy in the end. We say deliberately that there is no citizen of the United States, who is not conscious that his Government did us a wrong, and intended to do us a wrong; or who believes that the withdrawal of our claim proceeded from any doubt of its validity or from any motive but fear.

The St. Juan decision called forth a curious little spurt of Anti-Colonial cynicism from the London *Times*. Immediately Canadian journalism is in a fluster, and gives us columns of extracts from the fugitive pieces of all the Bohemians in London, on the value of Colonies and the virtues of their inhabitants. '*Nescis mē fili*'—how editorials are composed. 'What *does* the article in the *Times* mean? What *can* it mean?'—is the universal cry. In one of the trials of clergymen for heterodoxy, before the Privy Council in England, the counsel for the prosecution was vehemently insisting on his interpretation of a particular passage in the impugned work. "If this is not its meaning, it has no meaning?" "I am no theologian, Mr. Blank," interrupted one of the judges—"I am no theologian, but may not the passage have *no* meaning." It is truly lamentable to see the anxiety with which our people study, as oracles of our destiny, the random and capricious utterances of the London Press. The *Times* is the organ of the best informed if not the wisest or most virtuous section of English society, and might be supposed to represent settled convictions on the Colonial question: yet in the course of a few years it has swung round half a dozen times from the Colonial to the Anti-Colonial side and back again; always in its Colonial moods denouncing Anti-Colonial-

ists as traitors and in its Anti-Colonial moods denouncing Colonialists as fools. We might as well hang our destinies on a weather-cock as allow them to depend upon this journal, or upon any other indicator of the gusts which sweep backwards and forwards over the surface of English opinion without stirring the placid depths of ignorance and indifference that sleep below. By ourselves our destinies must be shaped; in our own forecast, our own energy and self-reliance, in the frankness and manliness of our own councils lies our hope for the future, whatever that future is to be. This is language un-familiar perhaps to the generation of Canadians which is passing away, but more familiar to the generation which is coming on.

We have already answered, in effect, so much of the *Times* article as relates to the consequences to Canada of the Washington Treaty and the San Juan decision. But we do not question the fact that Canada has suffered in various ways, both from the geographical ignorance of British statesmen, and from their diplomatic weakness. The best and most appropriate compensation for the loss of Portland and San Juan would be a full concession of commercial liberty and self-government, with authority to make commercial treaties for the extension of our commerce in any quarter to which our interest may point. Probably it will not be long before a movement in this direction is made.

A few months ago we ventured to predict, with reference to the heavy demand on our labour fund likely to be made by the Pacific Railroad, that that time would soon come when the Colonies, instead of being regarded by the mother country with complacency, as outlets for her surplus population, would begin to be viewed with jealousy as competitors for a limited stock of labour. That time has come already. Lord Derby is a statesman, who has achieved a high reputation mainly by the prudence of his speeches, which are generally so well poised

and guarded, that in case two and two should ever turn out to be five, his prescience would remain unimpeached. If it were conceivable that hereditary qualities should be transmitted through four centuries, we should say that he was the genuine descendant of the discreet chief, who, on Bosworth Field, hovered on the flanks of both armies, till fortune had declared in favour of the right. But now the great landowner has come out against emigration as straight as Pharaoh. Our journals reply with respectful solemnity to his economical arguments; courtesy, no doubt, forbidding them to tell him that the great argument in favour of emigration in the eyes of British peasants and mechanics, is his own existence. So, however, it is; emigration is socially—we do not say politically—democratic. The emigrant wishes to find, in the new country, not the social institutions of the old country over again, but something as unlike them as possible; and as we always take pains to assure him that Canada is another England, he prefers the United States to Canada. The tune piped by our emigration agents is in harmony, perhaps, with our own sentiments, but as anybody who is familiar with the poorer classes in England can tell them, it will not bring that bird off the bough. We will venture to add, as another hint to our Government in the selection of its organs, that the British mechanic and peasant resemble the rest of their species in being indisposed to confide in perfect strangers, about whom the only thing certainly known is that their advice is not disinterested. One word from a man whom the emigrating classes of England have reason, personally, to trust, would bring more emigrants than all that can be said by emigration agents of the ordinary kind.

A December Session of the British Parliament has been announced, we presume, for the purpose of voting the Alabama indemnity and the Pacific Railway guarantee. The Government will meet it without apprehension, if the health of the Premier is not

breaking down under the enormous load of work which he insists upon carrying upon his own shoulders from an unfortunate incapacity for making sufficient use of the services of subordinates. Conservative reaction appears, from the result of the last elections, to have nearly reached its limit. Its elements were not of a very durable kind, the smell of the Paris petroleum going for a good deal, and the ire of the Nonconformists, on account of Mr. Forster's practically Anglican Education Bill, which deprived the Government for a time of their votes, being also an important factor. The smell of the Paris petroleum has now gone off; that of the Conservative Republic of Thiers is rather fragrant than otherwise in the popular nostrils, and the Nonconformists have probably vented their indignation, and are returning to the standard. What is still more momentous, and not with reference to the fate of the Gladstone Government alone, the movement among the agricultural labourers has placed in the hands of the Liberals the weapon of county household suffrage, sharpened by the policy to which Mr. Disraeli committed his party in the case of the boroughs, for the sake of outbidding the Moderate Liberal Government of Lord Russell, and obtaining a lease—brief, as it proved—of power. Mr. Bright returns to Parliament, and he is in perfect harmony with Mr. Gladstone.

In one respect the Government is weakened, and it is a circumstance to which we beg leave to call the particular attention of the advocates of faction. Intemperance has now become a malady in England, scarcely inferior in virulence to the plague in Turkey, or to the disease which is undermining Mexico. The Government has passed a sanitary measure, in the shape of a Licensing Act, of a very moderate, not to say feeble, kind. Thereupon the whole body of publicans fling their influence, which is immense, into the scale of the Opposition, and in strange conjunction with the landed gentry, and still stranger conjunction with

the clergy of the Established Church, threaten the existence of an Administration which has simply shown itself not regardless of the physical and moral salvation of the people.

The appointment of Sir Roundell Palmer, (now Lord Selborne) as Lord High Chancellor, amidst universal applause, is worthy of special notice, not only because it places a lawyer of singular ability, learning and probity at the head of British and Imperial law; but on account of the manner in which the promotion has been won. The Chancellorship was offered to Sir Roundell, on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government, but was then declined by him because, though a general supporter of the Government, he could not conscientiously concur in the disestablishment of the Irish Church: it now comes to him again with honour multiplied ten-fold. Amidst such a state of things as is revealed by the *Silver Islet* transaction—or transactions—it is pleasant to see that integrity still exists in public life, and that the world still distinguishes it from its opposite. As Lord Selborne is a strong churchman, his accession to the Cabinet indicates that the Government meditates nothing more in the way of ecclesiastical change.

We can take no credit to ourselves for foresight in predicting the collapse of the Greeley coalition and the consequent re-election of President Grant. The coalition was more than heterogeneous: its candidate, selected for their own purposes by a knot of low wire-pullers, was absurd. We mourn for the South, once more consigned to the Dominion of the carpet-bagger, supported by the party bayonets of Washington; but the South will find a more complete and speedy deliverance from oppression in internal union for the recovery of its own liberties than in alliance with any Northern combination. Of General Grant's qualities as a ruler we have already spoken. With him as their figure-head, the "Cameron Ring," and all the Mortons, Forneys and Murphys, will recommence their auspicious

reign. The only measure of personal policy with which any one credits him is the annexation of San Domingo, which will now, probably, be revived, and may possibly lead to trouble. It is announced that he signalized his re-election as the head of the nation by boasting to his lieges of the craftiness with which he had employed "pickets," in plain English, spies, and spies of the most infamous kind, to betray to him the councils of his opponents. Lincoln was not made of the very finest clay of humanity; but he had grace, on his re-election, to speak with modesty and dignity of his own exalted trust, and with generosity of his defeated opponents. However, if General Grant is, in most respects, inferior to General Washington, there seems to be a bare possibility that in the most important respect of all, he

may turn out immeasurably his superior. General Washington was the first of the elective Presidents; it seems just possible that General Grant may be the last. The great fact that the institution is perfectly needless, and a vast political nuisance, appears to have dawned at last upon the minds of a certain number of American citizens, who have begun to agitate for its abolition. The organizations and interests connected with this quadrennial prize of faction and corruption are so strong that the attempt seems almost hopeless; but should it ever succeed, the benefit would be unspeakable to the United States, and to all countries which are affected by the policy of the Republic. The elective Presidency was a principal source of the indirect claims, as well as of the civil war.

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### A CHRISTMAS ODE.

*(From the German of Friedrich Rückert.)*

IN Bethlehem the Lord was born  
 Whose birth has brought us life and light,  
 On Calvary that death of scorn  
 He died, that broke Death's cruel might :  
 I wandered from a western strand  
 And sought through many an Eastern land,  
 Yet found I greater nought than ye,  
 O Bethlehem and Calvary !

Ye wonders of the ancient world,  
 How hath your pomp been swept away,  
 And earthly strength to ruin hurled  
 By power that knows not of decay !  
 I saw them scattered far and wide,  
 The ruined heaps on every side ;  
 But lowly glory still I see  
 Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb  
Wherein did toiling mortals build  
Death's utter darkness ; 'tis his gloom,  
Not peace, wherewith your depths are filled.  
Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old  
Could Life's enigma ne'er unfold ;  
'Tis solved for ages yet to be  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Syria's earthly Paradise,  
Fair Schiraz' gardens of the rose,  
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,  
Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,  
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,  
I trace his shadow everywhere ;  
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,  
Against which half the world to-day  
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne  
Lit by Thy Crescent's pallid ray ;  
The moon before the sun must pale,  
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,  
Of Him whose cry of victory  
Is Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Thou, who didst not once disdain  
The childish form, the Manger poor ;  
Who once to take from us our pain  
All pain didst on the Cross endure ;  
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,  
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,  
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

The Kings approach, to worship there  
The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd race ;  
And thitherwards the nations fare  
As pilgrims to the Holy Place ;  
The storm of warfare on them breaks,  
The World but not the Cross it shakes,  
When East and West in strife ye see  
For Bethlehem and Calvary !

O not like those, with weaponed hand,  
 But with the Spirit let us go  
 To conquer back the Holy Land,  
 As Christ is conquering still below ;  
 Let beams of light on ev'ry side  
 Speed as Apostles far and wide,  
 Till all the Earth draws light from thee,  
 O Bethlehem, O Calvary !

With pilgrim hat and staff I went  
 Afar through Orient lands to roam,  
 My years of pilgrimage are spent,  
 And this the word I bring you home ;  
 The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave  
 To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,  
 But seek within you, there shall be  
 His Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Heart, what helps it to adore  
 His Cradle where the sunrise glows ?  
 Or what avail to kneel before  
 The Grave whence long ago He rose ?  
 That He should find in thee a birth,  
 That thou shouldst seek to die to earth  
 And live to Him ;—this, this must be  
 Thy Bethlehem and Calvary !

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## SELECTIONS.

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### STANLEY'S DISCOVERY OF LIVINGSTONE.

The following brief extracts are taken from early sheets of "HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE." *Travels and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of four months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley. With maps and illustrations after drawings by the author. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1872. Toronto : (A special Canadian edition) Adam, Stevenson & Co.*

#### CHARACTER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

**D**R. KIRK, pitying the wearisomeness under which I was labouring, called me aside to submit to my inspection a magnificent elephant rifle, which he said was a

present from a Governor of Bombay. Then I heard eulogies upon its deadly powers and its fatal accuracy ; I heard anecdotes of jungle life, adventures experienced while hunting, and incidents of his travels with Livingstone.

"Ah, yes, Dr. Kirk," I asked carelessly, "about Livingstone—where is he, do you think, now?"

"Well, really," he replied, "you know that is very difficult to answer; he may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years. I should fancy, though, he must be alive. We are continually sending something up for him. There is a small expedition even now at Bagamoyo about starting shortly. I really think the old man should come home now; he is growing old, you know, and if he died, the world would lose the benefit of his discoveries. He keeps neither notes nor journals; it is very seldom he takes observations. He simply makes a note or dot, or something, on a map, which nobody could understand but himself. Oh, yes, by all means if he is alive he should come home, and let a younger man take his place."

"What kind of a man is he to get along with, Doctor?" I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

"Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think, he hates to have any one with him."

"I am told he is a very modest man; is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel," said he, with a laugh.

"Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do."

This was the tenor of the interview I held with Dr. Kirk—former companion of Livingstone—as well as my journal and memory can recall it to me.

Need I say this information from a gentle-

man known to be well acquainted with Dr. Livingstone, rather had the effect of damping my ardour for the search, than adding vigour to it. I felt very much depressed, and would have willingly resigned my commission; but then the order was "GO AND FIND LIVINGSTONE." Besides, I did not suppose, though I had so readily consented to search for the Doctor, that the path to Central Africa was strewn with roses. What though I were rebuked, as an impertinent interloper in the domain of Discovery, as a meddler in things that concerned not myself, as one whose absence would be far more acceptable to him than my presence—had I not been commanded to find him? Well find him I would, if he were above ground; if not, then I would bring what concerned people to know, and keep.

#### ORGANIZATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

I was totally ignorant of the interior, and it was difficult at first to know what I needed, in order to take an expedition into Central Africa. Time was precious, also, and much of it could not be devoted to inquiry and investigation. In a case like this, it would have been a godsend, I thought, had either of the three gentlemen, Captains Burton, Speke, or Grant, given some information on these points; had they devoted a chapter upon, "How to get ready an Expedition for Central Africa." The purpose of this chapter, then, is to relate how I set about it, that other travellers coming after me may have the benefit of my experience.

These are some of the questions I asked myself, as I tossed on my bed at night:—

"How much money is required?"

"How many pagazis, or carriers?"

"How many soldiers?"

"How much cloth?"

"How many beads?"

"How much wire?"

"What kinds of cloths are required for the different tribes?"

Ever so many questions to myself brought me no nearer the exact point I wished to arrive at. I scribbled over scores of sheets of paper, making estimates, drawing out lists of material, calculating the cost of keeping one hundred men for one year, at so many yards of different kinds of cloth, etc. I studied Burton, Speke, and Grant in vain. A good deal of geographical, ethnological, and other information apper-



taining to the study of Inner Africa was obtainable, but information respecting the organization of an expedition requisite before proceeding to Africa, was not in any book. I threw the books from me in disgust. The Europeans at Zanzibar knew as little as possible about this particular point. There was not one white man at Zanzibar, who could tell how many dotis a day a force of one hundred men required for food on the road. Neither, indeed, was it their business to know. But what should I do at all, at all? This was a grand question.

I decided it were best to hunt up an Arab merchant who had been engaged in the ivory trade, or who was fresh from the interior.

Sheikh Hashid was a man of note and wealth in Zanzibar. He had himself despatched several caravans into the interior, and was necessarily acquainted with several prominent traders who came to his house to gossip about their adventures and gains. He was also the proprietor of the large house Capt. Webb occupied; besides, he lived across the narrow street which separated his house from the Consulate. Of all men Sheikh Hashid was the man to be consulted, and he was accordingly invited to visit me at the Consulate.

From the grey-bearded and venerable-looking Sheikh, I elicited more information about African currency, the mode of procedure, the quantity and quality of stuffs I required, than I had obtained from three months' study of books upon Central Africa; and from other Arab merchants to whom the ancient Sheikh introduced me, I received most valuable suggestions and hints, which enabled me at last to organize an expedition.

The reader must bear in mind that a traveller requires only that which is sufficient for travel and exploration; that a superfluity of goods or means will prove as fatal to him as poverty of supplies. It is on this question of quality and quantity that the traveller has first to exercise his judgment and discretion.

My informants gave me to understand that for one hundred men, 10 doti, or 40 yards of cloth per diem, would suffice for food. The proper course to pursue, I found, was to purchase 2,000 doti of American sheeting, 1,000 doti of Kaniki and 650 doti of the coloured cloths, such as Barsati, a great favourite in Unyamwezi; Sohari, taken in Ugogo; Ismahili, Taujiri, Joho, Shash, Rehani, Jamdani or Kun-

guru-Cutch, blue and pink. These were deemed amply sufficient for the subsistence of one hundred men for twelve months. Two years at this rate would require 4,000 doti = 16,000 yards of American sheeting; 2,000 doti = 8,000 yards of Kaniki; 1,300 doti = 5,200 yards of mixed coloured cloths. This was definite and valuable information to me, and excepting the lack of some suggestions as to the quality of the sheeting, Kaniki, and coloured cloths, I had obtained all I desired upon this point. Second in importance to the amount of cloth required was the quantity and quality of the beads necessary. Beads, I was told, took the place of cloth currency among some tribes of the interior. One tribe preferred white to black beads, brown to yellow, red to green, green to white and so on. Thus, in Unyamwezi, red (sami-sami) beads would readily be taken, where all other kinds would be refused; black (bubu) beads, though currency in Ugogo, were positively worthless with all other tribes; the egg (sugomazzi) beads, though valuable in Ujiji and Uguhha, would be refused in all other countries; the white (Merikani) beads, though good in Ufipa, and some parts of Usagara and Ugogo, would certainly be despised in Useguhha, and Ukonongo. Such being the case, I was obliged to study closely, and calculate the probable stay of an expedition in the several countries, so as to be sure to provide a sufficiency of each kind, and guard against any great overplus. Burton and Speke, for instance, were obliged to throw away as worthless several hundred fundo of beads.

For example, supposing the several nations of Europe had each its own currency, without the means of exchange, and supposing a man was about to travel through Europe on foot, before starting he would be apt to calculate how many days it would take him to travel through France; how many through Prussia, Austria, and Russia, then to reckon the expense he would be likely to incur per day. If the expense be set down at a napoleon per day, and his journey through France would occupy thirty days, the sum required for going and returning might be properly set down at sixty napoleons, in which case, napoleons not being current money in Prussia, Austria, or Russia, it would be utterly useless for him to burden himself with the weight of a couple of thousand napoleons in gold.

My anxiety on this point was most excruciating. Over and over I studied the hard names and measures, conned again and again the polysyllables, hoping to be able to arrive some time at an intelligible definition of the terms. I revolved in my mind the words Mukunguru, Ghulabio, Sungomazzi, Kadunduguru, Mutunda, Sami-sami, Bubus, Merikani, Hafde, Lunghio-Rega, and Lakhio, until I was fairly beside myself. Finally, however, I came to the conclusion that if I reckoned my requirements at fifty khete, or five fundo per day for two years, and if I purchased only eleven varieties, I might consider myself safe enough. The purchase was accordingly made, and twenty-two sacks of the best species were packed and brought to Capt. Webb's house, ready for transportation to Bagamoyo.

After the beads came the wire question. I discovered, after considerable trouble, that Nos. 5 and 6—almost of the thickness of telegraph wire—were considered the best numbers for trading purposes. While beads stand for copper coins in Africa, cloth measures for silver; wire is reckoned as gold in the countries beyond the Tan-ga-ni-ka.\* Ten frasilah, or 350 lbs., of brass-wire, my Arab adviser thought, would be ample.

Having purchased the cloth, the beads, and the wire, it was with no little pride that I surveyed the comely bales and packages lying piled up, row above row, in Capt. Webb's capacious store-room. Yet my work was not ended, it was but beginning; there were provisions, cooking utensils, boats, rope, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tar, needles, tools, ammunition, guns, equipments, hatchets, medicines, bedding, presents for chiefs—in short, a thousand things not yet purchased. The ordeal of chaffering and haggling with steel-hearted Banyans, Hindis, Arabs, and half-castes was most trying. For instance, I purchased twenty-two donkeys at Zanzibar: \$40 and \$50 were asked, which I had to reduce to \$15 or \$20 by an infinite amount of argument, worthy, I think, of a nobler cause. As was my experience with the ass-dealers so it was with the petty merchants; even a paper of pins was not purchased without a five per cent. reduction from the price de-

manded, involving, of course, a loss of much time and patience.

After collecting the donkeys, I discovered there were no pack-saddles to be obtained in Zanzibar. Donkeys without pack-saddles were of no use whatever. I invented a saddle to be manufactured by myself and my white man Farquhar, wholly from canvas, rope and cotton.

Three or four frasilahs of cotton, and ten bolts of canvas were required for the saddles. A specimen saddle was made by myself in order to test its efficiency. A donkey was taken and saddled, and a load of 140 lbs., was fastened to it, and though the animal—a wild creature of Unyamwezi—struggled and reared frantically, not a particle gave way. After this experiment, Farquhar was set to work to manufacture twenty-one more after the same pattern. Woollen pads were also purchased to protect the animals from being galled. It ought to be mentioned here, perhaps, that the idea of such a saddle as I manufactured, was first derived from the Otago saddle, in use among the transport-trains of the English army in Abyssinia.

A man named John William Shaw—a native of London, England, lately third mate of the American ship 'Nevada'—applied to me for work. Though his discharge from the 'Nevada' was rather suspicious, yet he possessed all the requirements of such a man as I needed, and was an experienced hand with the palm and needle, could cut canvas to fit anything, was a pretty good navigator, ready and willing, so far as his profession went. I saw no reason to refuse his services, and he was accordingly engaged at \$300 per annum, to rank second to William L. Farquhar.

Farquhar was a capital navigator and excellent mathematician; was strong, energetic and clever; but, I am sorry to say, a hard drinker. Every day, while we lived at Zanzibar, he was in a muddled condition, and the dissipated, vicious life he led at this place proved fatal to him, as will be seen, shortly after penetrating into the interior.

The next thing I was engaged upon was to enlist, arm, and equip, a faithful escort of twenty men for the road. Johari, the chief dragoman of the American Consulate, informed me that he knew where certain of Speke's "Faithfuls" were yet to be found. The idea had struck me before, that if I could obtain the services of a

\* It will be seen that I differ from Capt. Burton in his spelling of this word, as I deem the letter "y" superfluous.

few men acquainted with the ways of white men, and who could induce other good men to join the expedition I was organizing, I might consider myself fortunate. More especially had I thought of Seedy Mbarak Mombay, commonly called "Bombay," who, though his head was "woodeny," and his hands "clumsy," was considered the "faithfulest" of the "Faithfuls."

With the aid of the dragoman Johari, I secured in a few hours the services of Uledi (Capt. Grant's former valet), Ulimengo, Baruti, Ambaria, Mabruki (Muinyi Mabruki—Bull-headed Mabruki, Capt. Burton's former unhappy valet)—five of Speke's "Faithfuls." When I asked them if they were willing to join another white man's expedition to Ujiji, they replied very readily that they were willing to join any brother of "Speke's." Dr. John Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul, at Zanzibar, who was present, told them that though I was no brother of "Speke's," I spoke his language. This distinction mattered little to them, and I heard them, with great delight, declare their readiness to go anywhere with me, or do anything I wished.

Mombay, as they called him, or Bombay, as we Wasungu knew him, had gone to Pemba, an island lying north of Zanzibar. Uledi was sure Mombay would jump with joy at the prospect of another expedition. Johari was therefore commissioned to write to him at Pemba, to inform him of the good fortune in store for him.

On the fourth morning after the letter had been despatched, the famous Bombay made his appearance, followed in decent order and due rank by the "Faithfuls" of "Speke." I looked in vain for the "woodeny head" and "alligator teeth" with which his former master had endowed him. I saw a slender short man of fifty or thereabouts, with a grizzled head, an uncommonly high, narrow forehead, with a very large mouth, showing teeth very irregular, and wide apart. An ugly rent in the upper front row of Bombay's teeth was made with the clenched fist of Capt. Speke in Uganda, when his master's patience was worn out, and prompt punishment became necessary. That Capt. Speke had spoiled him with kindness was evident, from the fact that Bombay had the audacity to stand up for a boxing match with him. But these things I only found out when, months afterwards, I was called upon to administer punish-

ment to him myself. But, at his first appearance, I was favourably impressed with Bombay, though his face was rugged, his mouth large, his eyes small, and his nose flat.

"Salaam aleikum," were the words he greeted me with.

"Aleikum salaam," I replied, with all the gravity I could muster. I then informed him I required him as captain of my soldiers to Ujiji. His reply was that he was ready to do whatever I told him, go wherever I liked—in short, be a pattern to servants, and a model to soldiers. He hoped I would give him a uniform, and a good gun, both of which were promised.

Upon inquiring for the rest of the "Faithfuls" who accompanied Speke into Egypt, I was told that at Zanzibar there were but six. Ferrajji, Maktub, Sadik, Sunguru, Manyu, Matajari, Mkata, and Almas, were dead; Uledi and Mtamani were in Unyanyembe; Hassan had gone to Kilwa, and Ferahan was supposed to be in Ujiji.

Out of the six "Faithfuls" each of whom still retained his medal for assisting in the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," one, poor Mabruki, had met with a sad misfortune which I feared would incapacitate him from active usefulness.

Mabruki, the "Bull-headed," owned a shamba (or a house with a garden attached to it), of which he was very proud. Close to him lived a neighbour in similar circumstances, who was a soldier of Syed Majid, with whom Mabruki, who was of a quarrelsome disposition, had a feud, which culminated in the soldier inducing two or three of his comrades to assist him in punishing the malevolent Mabruki, and this was done in a manner that only the heart of an African could conceive. They tied the unfortunate fellow by his wrists to a branch of a tree, and after indulging their brutal appetite for revenge in torturing him, left him to hang in that position for two days. At the expiration of the second day, he was accidentally discovered in a most pitiable condition. His hands had swollen to an immense size, and the veins of one hand having been ruptured, he had lost its use. It is needless to say that, when the affair came to Syed Majid's ears, the miscreants were severely punished. Dr. Kirk, who attended the poor fellow, succeeded in restoring one hand to something of a resemblance of its for-

mer shape, but the other hand is sadly marred, and its former usefulness gone for ever.

However, I engaged Mabruki, despite his deformed hands, his ugliness and vanity, despite Burton's bad report of him, because he was one of Speke's "Faithfuls." For if he but wagged his tongue in my service, kept his eyes open, and opened his mouth at the proper time, I assured myself I could make him useful.

Bombay, my captain of escort, succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari" (soldiers), men whom he knew would not desert, and for whom he declared himself responsible. They were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men, far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians could be. They hailed principally from Uhiyow, others from Unyamwezi, some came from Useguhha and Ugindo.

Their wages were set down at \$36 each man per annum, or \$3 each per month. Each soldier was provided with a flint-lock musket, powder horn, bullet, pouch, knife, and hatchet, besides enough powder and ball for 200 rounds.

Bombay, in consideration of his rank, and previous faithful service to Burton, Speke, and Grant, was engaged at \$80 a year, half that sum in advance, a good muzzle-loading rifle, besides a pistol, knife, and hatchet were given to him, while the other five "Faithfuls," Ambari, Mabruki, Ulimengo, Baruti, and Uledi, were engaged at \$40 a year, with proper equipments as soldiers.

#### VISIT TO THE JESUITS AT BAGAMOYO.

I selected a house near the western outskirts of the town, where there is a large open square through which the road from Unyanyembe enters. Had I been at Bagamoyo a month, I could not have bettered my location. My tents were pitched fronting the tembe (house) I had chosen, enclosing a small square, where business could be transacted, bales looked over, examined, and marked, free from the intrusion of curious sight-seers. After driving the twenty-seven animals of the Expedition into the enclosure in the rear of the house, storing the bales of goods, and placing a cordon of soldiers round, I proceeded to the Jesuit Mission, to a late dinner, being tired and ravenous, leaving the newly-formed camp in charge of the white men and Capt. Bombay.

The Mission is distant from the town a good half mile, to the north of it; it is quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are some ten padres engaged in the establishment, and as many sisters, and all find plenty of occupation in educating from native crania the fire of intelligence. Truth compels me to state that they are very successful, having over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in the Mission, and from the oldest to the youngest, they show the impress of the useful education they have received.

The dinner furnished to the padres and their guest consisted of as many plats as a first-class hotel in Paris usually supplies, and cooked with nearly as much skill, though the surroundings were by no means equal. I feel assured also that the padres, besides being tasteful in their potages and entrées, do not stultify their ideas for lack of that element which Horace, Hafiz, and Byron have praised so much. The champagne—think of champagne Cliquot in East Africa!—Lafitte, La Rose, Burgundy, and Bordeaux were of first-rate quality, and the meek and lowly eyes of the fathers were not a little brightened under the vinous influence. Ah! those fathers understand life, and appreciate its duration. Their festive board drives the Mukunguru (African jungle fever) from their doors, while it soothes the gloom and isolation which strike one with awe, as one emerges from the lighted room and plunges into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the wearying monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant ululation of the hyæna. It requires somewhat above human effort, unaided by the ruby liquid that cheers, to be always suave and polite amid the dismalities of native life in Africa.

After the evening meal, which replenished my failing strength, and for which I felt the intensest gratitude, the most advanced of the pupils came forward, to the number of twenty, with brass instruments, thus forming a full band of music. It rather astonished me to hear the sounds issue forth in such harmony from such woolly-headed youngsters; to hear well-known French music at this isolated port, to hear negro boys, that a few months ago knew nothing beyond the traditions of their ignorant mothers, stand forth and chant Parisian songs about French valour and glory, with all the

sang-froid of gamins from the purlieus of Saint-Antoine.

#### ON THE MARCH.

After a march of a mile through the tall grass of the open, we gained the glades between the jungles. Unsuccessful here, after ever so much prying into fine hiding-places and lurking corners, I struck a trail well traversed by small antelope and hartebeest, which we followed. It led me into a jungle, and down a water-course bisecting it; but, after following it for an hour, I lost it, and, in endeavouring to retrace it, lost my way. However, my pocket-compass stood me in good stead; and by it I steered for the open plain, in the centre of which stood the camp. But it was terribly hard work—this of plunging through an African jungle, ruinous to clothes, and trying to the cuticle. In order to travel quickly, I had donned a pair of flannel pyjamas, and my feet were encased in canvas shoes. As might be expected, before I had gone a few paces a branch of the *acacia horrida*—only one of a hundred such annoyances—caught the right leg of my pyjamas at the knee, and ripped it almost clean off; succeeding which a stumpy kolquall caught me by the shoulder, and another rip was the inevitable consequence. A few yards farther on, a prickly aloëtic plant disfigured by a wide tear the other leg of my pyjamas, and almost immediately I tripped against a convolvulus strong as ratline, and was made to measure my length on a bed of thorns. It was on all fours, like a hound on a scent, that I was compelled to travel; my solar topee getting the worse for wear every minute; my skin getting more and more wounded; my clothes at each step becoming more and more tattered. Besides these discomforts, there was a pungent, acrid plant, which, apart from its strong odorous emissions struck me smartly on the face, leaving a burning effect similar to cayenne; and the atmosphere, pent in by the density of the jungle, was hot and stifling, and the perspiration transuded through every pore, making my flannel tatters feel as if I had been through a shower. When I had finally regained the plain and could breathe free, I mentally vowed that the penetralia of an African jungle should not be visited by me again, save under most urgent necessity.

Notwithstanding the ruthless rents in my clothes and my epidermal wounds, as I looked

over the grandly undulating plain, lovely with its coat of green verdure, with its boundaries of noble woods, heavy with vernal leafage, and regarded the pretty bosky islets amid its wide expanse, I could not but award it its meed of high praise. Daily the country advanced in my estimation, for hitherto I felt that I was but obeying orders; and sickly as it might be, I was in duty bound to go on; but, for fear of the terrible fever, made more terrible by the feverish perspective created in my imagination by the embitterment of Capt. Burton's book, I vowed I would not step one foot out of my way. Shall I inform you, reader, what "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," and subsequently the reports of European merchants of Zanzibar, caused me to imagine the interior was like? It was that of an immense swamp, curtained round about with the fever—"a species of Yellow Jack," which was sure, if it did not kill me outright, so to weaken body and brain as to render me for the future a helpless imbecile. In this swamp, which extended over two hundred miles into the interior, sported an immense number of hippopotami, crocodiles, alligators, lizards, tortoises, and toads; and the miasma rising from this vast cataclysm of mud, corruption, and putrescence, was as thick and sorely depressing as the gloomy and suicidal fog of London. Ever in my mind in the foreground of this bitter picture were the figures of poor Burton and Speke, "the former a confirmed invalid, and the other permanently affected" in the brain by this fever. The wormwood and fever tone of Capt. Burton's book I regarded as the result of African disease. But ever since my arrival on the mainland, day by day the pall-like curtain had been clearing away, and the cheerless perspective was brightening. We had been now two months on the East African soil, and not one of my men had been sick. The Europeans had gained in flesh, and their appetites were always in prime order.

The second and third days passed without any news of Maganga. Accordingly, Shaw and Bombay were sent to hurry him up by all means. On the fourth morning Shaw and Bombay returned, followed by the procrastinating Maganga and his laggard people. Questions only elicited an excuse that his men had been too sick, and he had feared to tax their strength

before they were quite equal to stand the fatigue. Moreover, he suggested that as they would be compelled to stay one day more at the Camp, I might push on to Kingaru and camp there, until his arrival. Acting upon which suggestion I broke camp and started for Kingaru, distant five miles.

On this march the land was more broken, and the caravan first encountered jungle, which gave considerable trouble to our cart. Pisolithic limestone cropped out in boulders and sheets, and we began to imagine ourselves approaching healthy highlands, and, as if to give confirmation to the thought, to the north and north-west loomed the purple cones of Udoe, and topmost of all Dilima Peak, about 1,500 feet in height above the sea level. But soon after sinking into a bowl-like valley, green, with tall corn, the road slightly deviated from north-west to west, the country still rolling before us in wavy undulations.

In one of the depressions between these lengthy landswells stood the village of Kingaru, with surroundings significant in their aspect of ague and fever. Perhaps the clouds surcharged with rain, and the overhanging ridges and their dense forests dulled by the gloom, made the place more than usually disagreeable, but my first impressions of the sodden hollow, pent in by those dull woods, with the deep gully close by containing pools of stagnant water, were by no means agreeable.

Before we could arrange our camp and set the tents up, down poured the furious harbinger of the Masika season, in torrents sufficient

to damp the ardour and new-born love for East Africa I had lately manifested. However, despite rain, we worked on until our camp was finished and the property was safely stored from weather and thieves, and we could regard with resignation the raindrops beating the soil into mud of a very tenacious kind, and forming lakelets and rivers of our camp-ground.

Towards night, the scene having reached its acme of unpleasantness, the rain ceased, and the natives poured into camp from the villages in the woods with their vendibles. Foremost among these, as if in duty bound, came the village sultan—lord, chief, or head—bearing three measures of matama and half a measure of rice, of which he begged, with paternal smiles, my acceptance. But under the smiling mask, bleared eyes, and wrinkled front of him was visible the soul of trickery, which was of the cunningest kind. Responding under the same mask adopted by this knavish elder, I said, "The chief of Kingaru has called me a rich sultan. If I am a rich sultan why comes not the chief with a rich present to me that he might get a rich return?" Said he, with another leer of his wrinkled visage, "Kingaru is poor, there is no matama in the village." To which I replied that since there was no matama in the village I would pay him half a shukka, or a yard of cloth, which would be exactly equivalent to his present; that if he preferred to call his small basketful a present, I should be content to call my yard of cloth a present. With which logic he was fain to be satisfied.

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#### ON THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

The following discourse is taken from a volume by the Rev. H. R. Haweis M.A., Incumbent of St. James, Westmoreland St., Marylebone, London, and author of "Music and Morals." The discourses are entitled "Thoughts for the Times." It is right to mention that Mr. Haweis is a clergyman of the "Broad Church" School. He says "now when I look for some light to guide me; when I see not without anxiety, yet with a firm faith in the future, how the old things are passing away, while all things are becoming new; when I awaken to the consciousness that we are in the midst of one of those great transition periods which came upon the world about the time of Christ, or again about the time of the Reformation, shall I not look anxiously for some steady principle of belief—some sure method of inquiry? What is that method? What is that principle? I answer this: The principle is the love of truth; and the only sane method of inquiry must be one which is founded upon that principle."

**T**HERE never has been a time when there was such an intense anxiety to know something certain about God and about His re-

lations with man. Formerly these questions were settled by dogmatism, and by the assertions of so-called Revelation. The utterances

which we still call Revelation contain indeed the germs of the most precious truths upon which the heart and intellect of man can feed ; but in so far as the words of Revelation are dogmatic assertions put forward for you to believe, whether you can understand and appropriate them or not, in so far as they represent merely dogmatic as opposed to living truth, our age seems to have grown somewhat impatient with them, because man, constantly striving to make his religion, such as it is, bear upon his life, when he finds religious truth stated in such a manner as to obscure its connection with life and ordinary experience, then I say a man is tempted to become either a shallow formularist or an infidel.

There are, I have no doubt, numbers here present who are very much dissatisfied with many old forms of religious truth ; but I believe there are few here present who would not be willing to believe in God, and willing, even eager, to believe in a certain communion with Him, if they could only discover any rational grounds for such a belief. People sometimes accuse me of sowing doubt broadcast ; on the contrary, I sow belief broadcast. I acknowledge doubt ; if I did not acknowledge it I could not root it up. It is of no use to go up and down the world and pretend not to see the weeds, yet this is what some religious people want us to do. "Thoughts for the Times" are not for them.

When the mind has once been thoroughly shaken in its simple reliance on traditional assertion, I see no way out of the difficulty but one ; and that is, to take the facts of the world, to take the history of the world, to take the knowledge we have acquired about the world and human nature, and then to reason from these obvious standpoints to the Author of the world, and the relations which may subsist between that invisible and mysterious Author, Framers, Architect, Co-ordinator — call Him what you will — and the intelligent beings by whom we are surrounded. St. Paul guides us to such a method when he says, "the invisible things of Him, from the creation are clearly seen," — that is, seen by the lowliest as well as by the most advanced intelligence — "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Thus we have an appeal from

the visible universe to the mysterious invisible world, in order that we may get back again from the unseen to the seen, and grasp the hidden connection between this world and another.

Now I intend to speak to-day on "The Law of Progress," because it is in grasping this fact, that all things progress and develop, that we infer the beneficent nature of God, regarded as the intelligent source of order and progress.

If I could believe that, although God's ways are not our ways, and His thoughts are not our thoughts, nevertheless they are only dissimilar because they are so much more vast — not different in relations of thought and feeling, only immensely superior — then I should have no great difficulty in believing in a sympathy between God and man ; or, in other words, in bringing intelligent and sympathetic man into contact with some boundless source of intelligence and sympathy. Supposing that I see around me principles of most profound intelligence, an intelligence not different in kind, but immensely superior in degree to my intelligence, — then I say God is the seat of that intelligence ; and supposing I perceive that intelligence, unfolding itself in a certain order of progress, tends towards the improvement of the human race ; that such development tends also towards the multiplication of the objects of this progress, that it increases the well-being and elevates the felicity of those who are the subjects of it ; — may I not say I have got one step nearer to a Beneficent Principle, and may I not, by observing this sublime law of progress, come to some conclusion as to the intelligence, the beneficence, and the love of God? I think it will be seen before the conclusion of this discourse that no great stretch of imagination is required, in connection with the constitution of our nature, and with the impulses of man's heart and the aspirations of his whole being, to believe that God sympathizes with man, and watches over his development, and guides his progress towards the land of everlasting life.

I will ask you then to fix your minds upon the Law of Progress. What do you mean by progress? What is the Law of Progress? Lend me your close attention. It is *this* principle, that from one simple cause come many changes, and that from each one of those many changes

many other changes proceed.\* The Law of Progress is a procession from the simple to the complex; from what is homogeneous, *i. e.*, from what is of the same kind, to what is heterogeneous, or, to what is of a different kind; complexity coming out of simplicity, heterogeneity coming from what is homogeneous. That is the principle of the Law of Progress. I will give an illustration; first, of organic progress. I take a little seed. I cut it open and find it is all over very much alike, the same kind of pulp or matter—it is homogeneous. This seed is planted in the earth, when a change takes place in the seed; a little germ comes forth. It is evident that there has been a differentiation or action of separation at work, and now the seed, but lately all one pulp, is seen no longer to be homogeneous, but heterogeneous. This seed grows, and so long as it grows it develops, let us say into the sap of the tree, the bark of the tree, the branches of the tree, the leaves of the tree, and the fruit of the tree; and so long as that goes on, this seed is progressing from the simple state to the complex state. That is the law of organic progress.

Now this law rules throughout the universe; and may I not infer the great, orderly and overwhelming intelligence of God, when I see one simple law like this running through the whole of the universe? It is my intention to-day to unfold to you in some further detail this thought, which I trust may make us sensible of the divinely active and intelligent beneficence of God, and give us a better hold over the principles of divine and human life.

I will now dwell upon (1) Progress, as it is seen in the stages of creation; (2) Progress, as it is seen in the fundamental developments of Human Nature; (3) Progress, as it is seen in the secular and religious aspects of society; (4) and Progress as it is seen in the individual developments of the human spirit.

Now try and carry your thoughts far back into the past, to a time when the whole of this universe which we see, these stars, these planets, this earth, formed but one immense fiery mist. Astronomers tell us—and I believe the speculation is accepted by our best scientific men—that this universe was once nothing but a fiery homogeneous mass, or matter reduced to a state

of vapour by intense heat. As time goes on this mass begins to cool, and as it cools, a motion, a rotatory motion is set up, and from that motion, the vapour condensing into solidifying masses, the planets are thrown off in rings; and thus, we have the planets, the sun being the centre of what is known as our solar system. This theory is called, "The nebula hypothesis." Then, I say, in the first beginning of things, we find this law of progress—what is homogeneous, all of one kind, becoming complex; and so from this one fiery mist, we get the complexity of many worlds. That is one illustration of the law.

Let us now single out the earth. Go back to the world's beginning as described in the Book of Genesis. I am not likely to plead for the exact correspondence of the Bible, as a statement of scientific truth, with fact. I believe we may discover a great many important discrepancies in some parts of the Bible, between the Bible and science; but for all that, I do not think sufficient justice has been done to the account given in Genesis, as unfolding practically the kind of order in which this world came to be developed.† Substantially what do we read? We read of the earth being "without form and void," a great mass of homogeneous pulp, or whatever you like to call it, "without form and void;" in fact, very much the state in which science tells us that the world has certainly been at some remote time. Then the next thing we read is, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Now the latest researches of science tell us that *motion* is the beginning of all progress, the source of all development. Then we find *light* and *heat* mentioned in connection with fertility and vegetation, differentiation of life, and we now know that *heat* and *light* are only modes of motion. I need not point out how the progress is traced up through the organization of species, reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts, culminating in man, and taking what are called so many days or ages, for we need not suppose ordinary days to be meant; just as when we speak of "the present day," we do not mean to-day, but the present age.

But at last we come to man. Again, modern

\* Herbert Spencer.

† Mr. Capes has pointed this out in his *Reasons for Returning to the Church of England*.



science tells us that he was not the exalted creature who lived in a grand and perfect state, but that he was originally a naked savage. That was his first state. Nobody can read the first chapter of Genesis, without the glosses of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the delusive myths of popular teaching, without seeing that what is described there is not the ideal creature which we have put together out of our imagination and devout fancy, but an uncultivated savage, of low intelligence and feebler will, giving way to the first temptation that crossed his path, worshipping a fetish in the form of a serpent, such as the lowest savages worship to this day. Adam, as a man, was very much the kind of being which Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer have described. I do not lay any particular stress upon this correspondence between the Bible and Science. I do not think that the Bible is a repository of scientific truth, its value is of another description; at the same time it is only fair, when we hear the Bible held up to ridicule by men of science, to point out that the practical and substantial order of progress indicated in Genesis is, after all, not so very far wide of the mark. We read there an account of human nature, as we know it must originally have existed; and we have there an account, and a very detailed account, given of a progression from the simple to the complex, roughly similar to what we now know must have taken place.

Then I come to human society, and I am able to trace the same law of progressive development at work. Look over the surface of the globe, and you will see Agriculturists, Shepherds, Commerce, States, and Nations, a state of things very complex.† How did all this come about? It came from a simple beginning. It was developed in accordance with the Law of Progress, by a differentiation taking place in the race. Men were first hunters. They spent their time in capturing and slaying animals for food—"Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord,"—and in procuring furs and skins for clothing: "the Lord God made coats of skins and clothed them." Then followed the domestication of certain animals. Man kept flocks and tended them. "Jacob came into the land

of the people of the east, and he looked, and behold a well in a field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of the well they watered the flocks." That was a higher and more complex state of society. Then they learned the arts of agriculture, because their flocks led them a wandering life in search of pasture, and so they began systematically to cultivate the ground. "Seed time and harvest" became of importance to them, and we find such injunctions as, "Thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with divers seeds." This was a much more complex state of society. Next, people congregated together in towns. In Deuteronomy we read of "fenced cities," as well as "folds for sheep," and from town-life and country-life we get commerce. "Zebulun dwelt at the haven of the sea, and was a haven of ships," and as early as Genesis xxxvii. 28, we read of "the Midianitish merchant men who passed by." Life is growing more and more complex as time goes on, until we get the organization of tribes into states, or whole bodies of people living in different parts of the world called Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, all having spread and separated, apparently, from one centre, developing step by step under the law of Divine order, which is the Law of Progress.

When we have arrived at that point, what a grand, what a stupendous panorama, what a map of the world's history opens before our eyes! Once get this wonderful human race so far advanced as to break up into distinct nations, and you see the still more startling and definite action of an intelligent and beneficent principle at work. We have something very positive and simple to tell about the history of nations, and the more we know about their history the more we can see the marvellous intelligence that has presided over the development of the race, and the beneficence with which this has been conducted, through the Law of Progress, for the good of the world at large. I look abroad and see so many great names, Egypt, Chaldea, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome. And what do these names stand for? In my mind, each one of them stands for some gigantic step in the progress of civilization.

† Egypt speaks to us from the past, and impresses itself upon the mind even now—by those

† See Mr. J. S. Mill's *Representative Government*, chap. i.

† See Professor Maurice's *Moral Philosophy*.

great pyramids which we still see rising amidst the sands of the desert, she gives us the conception of *material force*; that is, the one thing which mastered the Egyptian mind more than anything else. Now, material force is an important element in every stage of the world's history and civilization. But to the Egyptians was given the power of realizing, of elaborating and of being thrilled by this vast conception. To this day we wonder at the masses of masonry erected by them, and speculate upon the sort of mechanical agencies which they must have had at their disposal.

If I glance at India, I find something quite different. India is the *seat of intellectual speculation*, the *source of thought*; and let me remind you that intellectual speculation has given many of the greatest and best things to the world. There is no important invention or discovery which does not owe much to the imagination and more to patient and deep thought.

In China I find the *source of regulating action*, and you all know the benefit of practical application. You know what a flimsy and hollow thing a sermon is, for instance, unless there is something to lay hold of, something practical, which helps us in the regulation of our lives.

To Persia belongs the perception of those mighty influences of *good* and *evil*, which in one form or another have fascinated and bewildered the world.

To Chaldea we must attribute the birth of astrology and astronomy.

When I come to Phœnicia I see that spirit of commerce and enterprise—a thing the value of which we appreciate in England above all places in the world; and we should look back with awe and reverence to those who first taught men to feel at home on what we call our native element, the sea, and made commerce the great work of a great national life.

Later on in the history of the world, we find in Greece the *source of mind governing matter*; Greece, the father and the mother of the arts; Greece, to whom was given that intense perception of the loveliness of the human form, and of all the artistic capacities in man. To Greece belongs that, and from Greece comes that gift of seeing beauty to the whole world.

In Rome, we discover the world's legislator. Rome gave law to all the nations of the earth.

The Justinian code of Roman Law lies at the root of half the European legislation of to-day. What a nation once does thoroughly she does for all time.

Then there is a mysterious nation which I have not mentioned yet; I allude to that Semitic nation, that missionary race, that race to whom was given the power of keeping alive a consciousness of the spiritual in the midst of crushing material forces. The gift of the moral law and the grace of the spiritual life comes from the Jews. This nation, as I pointed out elsewhere, seems to have been brought in contact with all the great nations of the world, at the time when those nations had reached their highest degree of civilization; and this strange and wonderful Semitic people, as we know, gave to those nations a moral law and a spiritual life, taking from them at the same time a good deal, but never losing their own individuality. And I cannot be unmoved when I remember that from this people came Jesus Christ, the Author of our religion—came Christianity, which was, as it were, the concentrated essence of all that was most highly spiritual in the world at that time,—came Christianity, which has watched over the development of the modern nations of Europe and America—Christianity, which has been most mighty, and planted itself with the tread of onward civilization, and which is at this moment developing, and only kept back by the unwillingness of man to accept the new aspects of divine truth, and the determination of religious people not to allow the free spirit of religion to incarnate itself in all the more modern forms of thought.

Brethren, standing thus between the Past and the Future, can I look back without a certain awe and conviction of Divine superintendence and purpose upon the development of the world? May I not say there has been one and the same mighty spirit at work here, a spirit not only of intelligence, but a spirit of beneficence? We are the heirs of all the ages. We, in our complex civilization, in our superior skill of maintaining the health of the body and regulating man's social happiness and stamping out disease, in discovering the laws of the mind, in using the forces of nature, in lightening the burdens of life, in legislating for the welfare of society—we are living witnesses that the Law of Progress has been going on, creating many de-

velopments out of the most simple things, until all things tend to grow into a more grand and complex unity; and we are not at the end even now. As I look forward into the future, I can see a time when men will point back to this age, and call it the infancy of the world. The arcana of nature have still to be revealed, the supremacy of justice and love has still to be vindicated, the palm-branch of universal peace has still to blossom and to bear fruit, and give its leaves for the healing of the nations.

I will ask you to rest your minds by a short pause, before I proceed rapidly to survey the history of the Christian Church.

When Jesus Christ came, He founded an outward and visible kingdom resting upon two great laws; one law was the *universal brotherhood of man*, not as a theory, for as a theory that universal brotherhood had been long known; but as an active principle, making every one acknowledge that there was something common between man and his fellow-man, upon which a commonwealth of love might be founded. Another law was the *communion between God and man*, that dream which all religions have shadowed forth, and which Jesus Christ proclaimed with a voice of thunder, which has resounded through the ages and still rings in our ears. Jesus made men feel that it was possible to pray to God, that it was possible for God to pour Himself into the soul of man, that it was possible for the development of every individual to be carried on under the superintendence of a Divine love.

Upon these two great principles the Christian Church was founded, and as long as the Christian Church adhered to them it went on conquering and to conquer. As long as it accepted this law of love, moulding it about new social and political modes of life, as long as it could shape the future, by adopting and consecrating the Law of Progress, it continued to rule, and by ruling, to bless the world. The interest of man in men, and of God in all men, shown by deeds of love, and the irresistible power of a holy life; that, I make bold to say, is the heart and marrow of Christianity, as it is sketched lightly but firmly by the Master's own hand in the Sermon on the Mount; and that was, and ever must be, the only life, and heat, and radiance which the Christian Church ever had or ever can have.

The Apostles knew that and taught that, and the Church of the Fathers entered into their labours.

From A.D. 400 to A.D. 1208, the Christian Church was almost an unmixed blessing to humanity. It was not widely at variance with the intellectual state of the times; it was, perhaps, a little in advance of it. It was the conservator of literature, the patron of the arts, the friend of science, and the censor of morals. About 1208 the Church made up its mind that it was a great deal of trouble to go on with the age, and stood still. About 1208 the Inquisition was established at Rome, and fixed dogmatic truth, thus erecting an immovable standard of belief and stopping progress; and all the strength, intellectual and spiritual, in the world has been struggling ever since with this dogmatic theology and these immovable forms.\* Whether they be forms doctrinal, or forms ceremonial, forms belonging to Rome or any other branch of the Christian Church, it matters little. It is the principle more than the thing which is deplorable. Immovable expressions of truth must yield to common-sense and to matters of fact. We must accept the development of knowledge, we must admit that the free spirit of Christianity will appear and re-appear under different forms. We must not attempt to check human progress or obstruct modern civilization, or silence the voice of modern science. We cannot do it. About 1208 science began to revive, began—I had almost said—to be founded. A little further on, in the following century, the conscience of man began to rebel against the forms of the Roman Church, until at the time of the Protestant Reformation, the yoke of ecclesiasticism became altogether too heavy for our fathers to bear, and they cast it off. The times were fatal to the old theology, there was a great retrogression on the part of Rome, for the Roman Church could not see that the Divine Law of Progress was daily and hourly forcing religion into new forms. And as it was in those days, so it is in ours. Even now the voice of science is ringing in our ears, which is none other than the voice of God, for it is the discovery of the laws of God; and even at this moment, we

\* See Introductory Discourse, "On the Liberal Clergy."

are, as a religious people, timid and terrified like the startled hare of the forest. We are closing our ears to the new revelation, as the old world closed its ears to the revelation which God made by the mouth of Luther, and Zuingli and Calvin.

But still, in spite of us, the majestic wave of progress moves on, submerging the worn-out beliefs and crumbling superstitions of the past. Strong and irresistible as the rolling tides of the sea come the new impulses, and we may not stay them. We deem them wild and lying spirits; they care not, they pass us by, they are full of holy scorn; they speak to their own and their own receive them, and we may go hence and mutter our threats, and tremble in the darkness and spiritual gloom of our empty churches; but outside our churches the bright light is shining, and the blessed winds of heaven are full of songs from the open gates of paradise, and men hear them and rejoice. How many are there, religious people, who never go to church, who despise Christianity, because they have only known it in connection with the forms of a barren worship, who despise Christianity, and yet are living high Christian lives. Thus we begin to see that although man has tried to imprison this glorious and free spirit in his Creeds and Articles, yet he cannot do it. There is a Christian spirit—be it said to our shame—working outside the Christian Church, an unacknowledged and anathematized Christianity still going on its triumphant way, leaving us alone in our orthodox sepulchres with the bones and ashes of bigotry and formalism.

But whose is still the figure that inspires all that is best and wisest in modern philanthropy and modern faith? The ideal form of the Christ still moves before us, and still we struggle after the forever attainable yet unattained. His life doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man is still the latest cry. Have we not but just now (1871) had a hideous parody of it in the Communism of the late revolution in Paris? Do not our own legislators begin to feel that peace and good-will can only be established between workmen and masters, between rich and poor, between learned and ignorant, by caring for all alike, by rescuing class from the oppression of class and then binding all classes together by common interests as members of a sacred polity of justice and mercy? What is

the most characteristic form of the religious spirit in the present age? If I look at the bright side I should say it is Philanthropy; and where do we get this word "Philanthropy?" Men used to care for themselves, their own family, their own society, and their own nation, but Jesus Christ revealed a moral tie and a spiritual communion which was superior even to the bond which bound together the members of one family. He told us that there were no bars between nations, that we were all of one blood, and one in the sight of God. Every philanthropic movement, every hospital that rises, every church erected in this great and populous city, has its roots deep down in the principle, announced by Jesus Christ, of the constraining love of our brother men. That philanthropy is the great principle upon which the Church of Jesus Christ is founded; we can say literally, with regard to all deeds of mercy, love, self-sacrifice, "the love of Christ constraineth us." This survives, the spirit of a Divine life is still operative.

Christianity has survived many shocks. Let me once more remind you how many. It has survived the metaphysical speculations of the Alexandrine school and the subtleties of a mongrel Greek and Asian philosophy,—those speculations which were so true to their authors, and which are so unintelligible to us; it has survived the winking of saints, and the mediæval Mariolatry, and the handkerchiefs of St. Veronica, and all kinds of silly visions and foolish revelations; it has survived historical criticism, and it will survive what are called the attacks of modern science. It will go on still as it has gone on; you never can annihilate the principles upon which the Christian Church is founded. Reduced to their simplest terms, stripped of casuistry, priestcraft, and superstition, they are seen to be the ultimate principles upon which human society depends for its happiness, I had almost said for its prolonged existence. Therefore, He who is Himself the incarnation of these principles, He who loved His fellow-man as never man loved another, He who spake as never man spake, He who was at one with God as man has never been since, He is still the Way, the Life, and the Truth to us; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

And, lastly, I come to trace the Law of Pro-

gress in the development of the human soul. I need only ask you to contemplate yourselves, body and soul; our very complex bodies having various attributes, our mind various attributes, our spirit various and manifold aspirations, yet bound together in one communion. How has this come about? It has come in the order of nature: first, an unintelligent infant; then a self-conscious child; then a being with varied powers and fecund activities; and ever a higher unity has been reached, as beneath our eyes the simple has passed into the complex existence. You, too, are one with the same great law which reaches through all organic and inorganic beings, from the beginning of time until time shall be no more; it is your privilege, consciously and willingly, to become one with that Spirit who fills the universe with the breath of His life. But there is this difference; when we speak of the progress of society or of organic progress, we speak of an unconscious progress; but in individual progress a man is, or may be, conscious of getting better or getting worse, his eyes are opened to see the good and the evil, he may ally himself with a power and a law which make for righteousness, or he may forbear, he may foster or blight his own progress.

Into what circle of Divine affinities art thou come, O my soul! to what principalities and powers, to what majesty and beneficence! Let God henceforward be thy friend, let the voice be heard that is even now whispering in thy ears, "This is the way, walk ye therein, when thou turnest to the right hand and when thou turnest to the left." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," the Master Himself is calling you to go up higher out of the dregs of your own carnality. He makes you sit down with Him in heavenly places, He enlightens your mind; you no longer see men as trees walking; you no more see through a glass darkly, you put away childish things; and rapt from the fickle and the frail you enter daily more and more into the joy of your Lord!

And now, my brethren, to conclude; the Law of Progress carries us on the wings of the spirit beyond the grave and gate of death and the barriers of things seen and temporal. When you have once realized the intelligence of God lifting up your intelligence, and His beneficence calling out your aspirations, and keeping your

love alive under unfavourable circumstances, can you ever lose the dream of an eternal life? Can you ever give up the immortality of the soul, and the individual consciousness of man after death? If you feel, although you have not got hold of God, He has got hold of you; do you think He will ever let you go? Shall any one pluck you out of His hand? Is there any question when the disintegration of the body takes place, and terminates the present mode of your existence, as to the permanence of *you* in your own individuality? I know you will point to the countless millions who have gone down to the dust, to the tribes of savages who seem never to have been the subject of any progress at all, to "the back-waters of civilization," or again to the thousands of promising and gifted men who have been cut off in the flower of their age. Do you suppose that with the superior intelligence we have seen to exist, and with the traces of a beneficence such as we may deem does exist—do you think that all these really have ceased to be? and that they have been called into life, been neglected or cared for, as the case may be; have withered here, or developed power and sublime consciousness of an infinite beyond, simply to be extinguished in the foulest corruption.

When the heart rises in prayer to God, there is an end of all such doubts, only the evil in the heart and in the world comes in and sweeps away the good influences; but when the good influences come back, you rise again out of the mists of doubt and disconsolation, because your mind has been taken possession of, and you can say breathing that divine air, "Lord, I am surrounded by an atmosphere of love, though it be also one of mystery; I cannot see clearly, through the dim telescope of the soul, those worlds on worlds that are beyond. Yet now Thou art with me—close beside me—encompassing me with a love most personal; in that love let me live and move and have being, content to be led like a child, not knowing whither I may go, yet content—able to say with the sublime indifference of the apostle, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'" And, "Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as He is pure."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**CALIBAN : THE MISSING LINK.** By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of English Literature and History in University College, Toronto. London : MacMillan & Co.

Dr. Wilson's new work is an admirable example of how two apparently diverse and disconnected departments of human knowledge may be brought together and welded into a homogeneous whole, by one who has an equally far-reaching knowledge of both subjects. Equally eminent in literature and science, Dr. Wilson has achieved in the present work the intellectual feat of bringing his knowledge of an apparently purely literary subject to bear in a most effective manner upon a doctrine which has hitherto been regarded as belonging exclusively to the domain of science. "Caliban" treats of two entirely different subjects ; and yet the two are so artfully interwoven, that it might find a place with equal propriety in the library of the literary student or in that of the more scientific observer. The work, therefore, may be regarded from two points of view : 1st, as a powerful and cogent piece of argumentation against the modern Theory of Evolution as applied to man, and, 2ndly, as an elaborate literary criticism of Shakespeare's "Tempest," and Browning's "Caliban on Setebos." From the first point of view, the author endeavours to show that Shakespeare "had presented, in the clear mirror of his matchless realizations alike of the natural and supernatural, the vivid conception of 'that amphibious piece between corporal and spiritual essence,' by which, according to modern hypothesis, the human mind is conjoined in nature and origin with the very lowest forms of vital organism." He shows that Shakespeare has thus left for us "materials not without their value in discussing, even prosaically and literally, the imaginary perfectability of the irrational brute ; the imaginable degradation of rational man." Side by side with the Caliban of Shakespeare, he places the Caliban of Browning ; and he shows us how "the new ideal of the same intermediate being" has been altered, almost beyond recognition, by the mighty change in thought and belief which has swept over the civilized world since the Elizabethan era. From the second point of view, the author devotes himself to a careful exposition of "the literary excellences and the textual difficulties of the two dramas of Shakespeare chiefly appealed to in illustration of the scientific element of enquiry."

It is needless to remark that it is next to impossible for a critic to do adequate justice to such a many-sided work as the present one. We shall, therefore, deal with it exclusively as a very important contribution to the ever increasing literature of "Darwinisms." Of the literary merits of the work it is quite unnecessary for us to pass any judgment, since the author is dealing with a subject which he has made peculiarly his own.

Dr. Wilson begins by pointing out that the most eminent zoologists agree in the statement that man is separated from the Anthropoid Apes as regards his physical and merely anatomical peculiarities, by a gulf less wide than that which separates the latter from the lower Quadrumana. This is certainly true, as far as mere brain-characters are concerned ; but in other respects man *does* differ anatomically from the higher apes more than these do from the lower ones ; and, as the author pertinently remarks, the acceptance of the above dictum "may well raise a doubt as to the fitness of a test which admits of such close affinities physically, and such enormous diversities morally and intellectually." On the Darwinian hypothesis, man is descended from the same stock as the higher apes ; these from still lower mammals ; these again from more degraded types of vertebrate life ; and so downwards, till the vertebrata are found to take their rise in some marine groups of invertebrates, probably nearly allied to the existing sea-squirrels or ascidians. The immediate progenitors of man, according to Darwin, "were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards : their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail having the proper muscles." They are supposed to have lived mainly in trees in "some warm, forest-clad land," and the males must have been provided with great canine teeth which served as formidable weapons of offence and defence. This product of the imagination of the evolutionist is, however, not as yet man : he "is still irrational and dumb, or at best only entering on the threshold of that transitional stage of anthropomorphism which is to transform him into the rational being endowed with speech." The vastness of the transformation demanded by the Darwinian theory is thus described by Dr. Wilson :— On the one hand we have "the irrational creature naturally provided with clothing—hairy, woolly, feathery or the like, armed and furnished in its own

structure with every needful tool ; and endowed with the requisite weaving, cell-making, mining, nest-building instincts, independent of all instruction, experience, or accumulated knowledge. On the other hand is man, naked, unarmed, unprovided with tools, naturally the most helpless, defenceless of all animals ; but by means of his reason, clothing, arming, housing himself, and assuming the mastery over the whole irrational creation, as well as over inanimate nature. With the aid of fire he can adapt not only the products but the climates of the most widely severed latitudes to his requirements. He cooks, and the ample range of animal and vegetable life in every climate yields him wholesome nutriment. Wood, bone, flint, shells, stone, and at length the native and unwrought metals, arm him, furnish him with tools—with steamships, railroads, telegraphic cables. He is lord of all this nether world."

The enormous difficulty presented by this supposed transition is laid bare by Dr. Wilson, in the most convincing and masterly manner. He points out that "it is not merely that intermediate transitional forms are wanting : the far greater difficulty remains by any legitimate process of induction to realise that evolution which consistently links, by natural gradations, the brute in absolute subjection to the laws of matter, and the rational being ruling over animate and inanimate nature by force of intellect." He points out that "the difficulty is not to conceive of the transitional *form*, but of the transitional *mind* ;" and he strongly expresses the opinion, which his great ethnological knowledge renders of special value, that the lowest savage can be regarded as nothing less than man, and that "it can with no propriety be said of him that he has only doubtfully attained the rank of manhood." The savage, however degraded, is in no stage of transition ; he is not half brute and half man ; and "his mental faculties are only dormant, not undeveloped." All his mental energies are expended in maintaining a precarious existence, in keeping up a daily fight against the forces of nature and his living enemies. Nevertheless, "the infant, even of the savage, ere it has completed its third year, does daily and hourly, without attracting notice, what surpasses every marvel of the 'half-reasoning' elephant or dog. In truth, the difference between the Australian savage and a Shakespeare or a Newton is trifling, compared with the unbridged gulf which separates him from the very wisest of dogs or apes."

Dr. Wilson again lays great stress upon an argument which, to our mind, is extremely weighty, though it has been wholly ignored by the advocates of evolution. He points out, namely, that the savage is not to be regarded as being the nearest approach which we have to man in a state of na-

ture ; but that the very degradation which makes him a savage, removes him far from the normal, natural man on the one hand, and still further from the brute on the other hand. On the contrary, the savage "exhibits just such an abnormal deterioration from his true condition as is consistent with the perverted free-will of the rational free agent that he is. He is controlled by motives and impulses radically diverse from any brute instinct. This very capacity for moral degradation is one of the distinctions which separate man by a no less impassable barrier than his latent aptitude for highest intellectual development, from all other living creatures."

Developing his argument still further, the author points out that, in constructing their hypothetical ladder between man and the higher mammals, the disciples of Darwin have to face the almost insuperable difficulty, that their imaginary semi-human transition form would necessarily have a worse chance of surviving in "the struggle for existence" than either the fully developed man or the fully developed brute. The transition can only be effected by the medium of some form in which neither the mental powers of the man nor the physical powers of the brute are present to an extent sufficient for the exigences of bare existence. In the supposed process "of exchanging native instincts and weapons, strength of muscle, and natural clothing for the compensating intellect, the transmuted brute must have reached a stage in which it was inferior in intellect to the very lowest existing savages, and in brute force to the lower animals." It has yet to be shown by the advocates of evolution how any imaginable process of "selection" could have preserved a being so helpless.

The scientific man has hitherto failed to depict in sufficiently bold outlines, the form and mental character of the hypothetical being which is supposed to have formed the intermediate link between the man and the brute. Dr. Wilson, however, points out that the genius of Shakespeare has "dealt with the very conception which now seems so difficult to realize. and, untrammelled alike by Darwinian theories, or anti-Darwinian prejudices, gave the 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'" Caliban is the "missing link."

Reluctantly leaving the subtle analysis and brilliant reasoning of the first two chapters of this fascinating work, we are introduced in Chapter III. to "Caliban's Island." The curtain rises, and we see "the ocean tides rise and fall upon the yellow sands of Prospero's Island," as yet unmarked in any sailor's chart. If space permitted, we would gladly linger a while upon the enchanted isle ; we would study Caliban, first as the monster of Shakespeare's drama,

then as the metaphysician and theologian of Browning's poem. We will not, however, do Dr. Wilson the injustice of attempting to give in brief what must be read in his own graceful and eloquent words to be properly appreciated. We will only say that no cultivated mind can fail to feel the living charm of our author's analysis of the poetical conceptions of Shake-

speare and Browning; whilst the work will be welcomed by every scientific man who believes in the ultimate victory of the Spiritual as opposed to the Materialistic Philosophy. The world has to thank Dr. Wilson for a work which is in itself both a poem and a valuable contribution to science.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

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One of the subjects connected with colonial affairs which has been long pressing for consideration and settlement in England is the question of Literary Copyright, and the right of Colonies to traffic in foreign reprints of English copyright works.

Without opening the subject of the nature of Copyright, or desiring to question the right claimed for property so intangible—but which, fortunately, is limited by law in its privilege and operation—we, however, cannot refer to this matter without expressing our disapproval of the policy of the publishing trade in its management of that property.

As the trade regard the character of the property, it is a serious injury to the public, and a mistake in their business administration. Antagonistic to the principle of free trade, it is open to objection on that account; and as a monopoly, especially as it concerns education and intelligence, its policy is the more questionable.

Particularly, however, in regard to Colonial Copyright the action of British publishers, together with the Imperial Authorities, has been most impolitic and injurious to all interests. In the absence of an universal Copyright Act, and especially while with the United States Government no international treaty existed, how short-sighted has been the conduct of the Mother Country in forcing, by its legislation, the conventionalities and conservative restrictions of a huge monopoly on the Colonial book trade, which is legally free, at the same time, to buy the untaxed reprint of American producers.

The position of Canada in regard to this subject, as our readers well know, has been most anomalous; and the fetters which have been placed upon the publishing trade of the country has been a serious check to the intellectual advancement of the community.

That this has been the case, while neither the British author or publisher has profited by the legal restrictions imposed upon the trade, shows the absurdity of the present state of things. We have had all the license to trade in cheap reprints of British copyrights, but we have not had the license to do that justice to the copyright owner which our native publishers would have willingly rendered, had they had the privilege extended to them of producing for their own market, even in competition with the American reprinter. Compensate the author, has always been the cry. But an embargo has always lain upon the native publisher to do justice, under legal penalties, while the American has had it left

to his honour to give such remuneration as he might, from the sales in both his own and the Colonial market. Verily, a strange policy! The Act our Parliament passed last session to remove the disabilities under which the native trade lie, and to protect the author, has been disallowed by the Home authorities, and the situation seems disheartening. The obtuseness and perversity of the official mind at Downing Street is proverbial, but it was hardly to have been expected that, after pressing the matter upon the attention of the Colonial Office for years, as has been done, in the interest of the author, and in justice to our native producing trade, so decided a repression of the liberty of self-government should be advised us. The impolicy of this course is the more apparent when it is considered that, while aiding our own industries, as against those of an alien people, we were, by the Act, making due provision for the author's remuneration, which has been disregarded hitherto. We understand that at last the subject has been referred by the Imperial authorities to the London Board of Trade, and we trust that the practical minds at the head of that Bureau will see the advantage and policy of adapting legislation to meet the exceptional circumstances of the case. Very modified opinions are now held by the British publishers in regard to the question, and we believe that, while conceding local publication of English copyrights in the Colonies—to compete with the American unauthorized reprints, which enter the Colonies under impracticable restrictions,—all that the British publisher now insists upon is to have the privilege, for a short period after publication of a copyright, of placing a popular English edition on the market so as to conserve the Colonial fields to himself. This privilege, we need not say, will be readily granted in the Colonies; and surely there should be no difficulty now in framing such legislation as will continue to the Colonial markets the boon of popular editions—of English or native manufacture, rather than American,—and which compensate the author in proportion to the extended fields secured to him.

The author, we dare say, will find it to his advantage to exchange in England the system of limited high-priced editions for extensive cheap ones; and thus remove the occasion for the charge that the English reader is taxed for himself and the Colonist, while literature would be made a more incalculable blessing to all than has hitherto been dreamt of.

By the time the present number reaches our read-



ers, we doubt not, most of them will be in possession of Mr. H. M. Stanley's narrative, "How I found Livingstone." This work promises to be the book of the season; and whatever it may or may not contribute to the literature of geographical science, it will certainly possess attractions, in its story of 'the lone man' and his self-imposed exile in Central Africa, and in its details of an expedition which, however much the Royal Geographers of Saville Row may scoff at, is one of the most plucky achievements of modern times.

The literature of travel is always an interesting study; and we will be much surprised if, in the forthcoming book, and with such a story to tell, the intrepid journalist fails to enthrall the most indifferent reader. The work is to appear simultaneously in London and New York; and Canadian editions, drawn from both English and American plates, have been arranged for and will, doubtless, be put upon the market at the earliest moment.

In noticing here the work of this young American correspondent who has so signally distinguished himself, it is not out of place to refer to the veteran New York Journalist whose labours are now ended forever, and upon whose ear the tumult of this world, with its fickle changes of applause and censure, fall now unheeded. So prominently figuring in the recent Presidential campaign, the death of Mr. Horace Greeley comes with a startling suddenness. And in this it has its lesson to public men, who may be tempted to disregard, in the excitements of political contests, what is due to their own health and physical well-being, as well as, in the reckless license of these contests, to do such injury to the health of the State. Of course now, all political rancour and hostility will be forgotten, and we doubt not that Mr. Greeley's memory will be long kept green in the hearts of the American people. Forgetting the faults and many inconsistencies of the man, they will, we feel sure, remember his many virtues and his long and earnest struggles in the cause of human brotherhood.

The book next in order of interest this month, perhaps, is the eagerly looked-for work of Mr. Darwin on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." The work, which is nearly ready, will come before readers at the period of the year—the holiday season—when the emotions in the younger specimens of the genus homo, at all events, are unusually active; and just after the prevalence of an extended epizootic epidemic, when the recollections of the 'emotional affections' of the equine race must be fresh in the memory of every reader of the book. Seriously, however, the book will be a curious and interesting study, and bids fair to be more popular in its character than any of the learned author's previous works. The volume commences with a statement of the general principles of expression, we understand,—that actions and expressions become habitual in association with certain states of mind. It proceeds to discuss the means of expression in animals, and then the various physiological expressions of emotion in man—such as the depression of the corners of the mouth in grief, frowning, the cause of blushing, the firm closure of the mouth to express determination, gestures of contempt, the dilation of the pupils from terror, &c., &c.—all of which are fully illustrated. The bearing of the subject is then handled, on the specific unity of

the races of man, and the part the will plays in the acquirement of various expressions, the question of their acquisition by our ancestors, &c.

We pass from this, however, to chronicle the appearance of a work of some novelty and interest, viz: Dr. Wyville Thomson's record of the investigations conducted on board H.M.'s ships *Lightning* and *Porcupine* on "The Depths of the Sea." The work, we believe, mainly interests itself in the subject of the character of the sea bottom, and the results of the dredging exploration along the floor of the North Sea.

The appearance of this work recalls the commission of the Ontario Government to Prof. Nicholson of University College, to dredge and explore the bottom of Lake Ontario this summer. We should be glad to know that the results of that undertaking will be made public at an early day.

We find also in this department, as worthy of notice, two new works in Astronomical Science, from the pen of Mr. R. A. Proctor, viz: "The orb around us"—a series of familiar essays on the moon and planets, meteors and comets, the sun and coloured pairs of stars, etc., and "The Star Depths; or, other suns than ours"—a treatise on stars and star-systems. In Physical Science, the completion of two works from the French may be noted; the one, "The Forces of Nature," a popular introduction to the study of physical phenomena, by A. Guillemin, translated by Norman Lockyer; and the other, the completed work of M. Deschanel on "Natural Philosophy." The latter is an admirable advanced text-book on the subject, and is profusely illustrated by excellent wood cuts.

As we have dealt with announcements mainly, in the above brief notes, and the exigencies of our limited space in this department preventing our dealing in any extended shape with current literature, we confine our further notices to the enumeration of the following forthcoming books.

Prominent among these are the new works of two distinguished Professors in our National University, viz:—Prof. Wilson's "Caliban; or the Missing Link," a work reviewed elsewhere in these pages, from early sheets; and Prof. Nicholson's "Manual of Palæontology." Both of these books will be soon ready, and will certainly meet with considerable sale. Dr. Nicholson's work is, with the exception of Prof. Owen's, the only important work on the principles of Palæontology. The Rev. Dr. Scadding's forthcoming book, on "Toronto of Old—a series of Collections and Recollections" is advancing in the press, and may be looked for early in the year. It will be replete with delightful topographical gossip, and most entertaining in its early historical annals of the city. Another Canadian work, soon to make its appearance is the Rev. Mr. Withrow's book on "The Catacombs of Rome"—a work on their history, structure and epitaphs, as illustrating the Early Christian Centuries.

We understand Dr. McCaul has given the author much assistance in the preparation of this work: few men living, it is admitted, are more at home on this subject than the president of University College, and hence the book will have more importance.

It is gratifying to find our native scholars entering the lists of authorship, and asserting a no feeble claim for literary honours.





